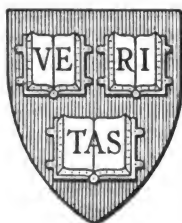
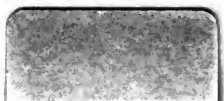


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ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1907

GOVERNMENT BY IMPULSE

BY SAMUEL P. ORTH

I

THE American people love their orators. No other people flock as we do to hear sonorous sentences, well rounded periods, plausible epigrams, multiplied alliteration, and picturesque metaphors. Nowhere else is a resonant voice so potent as in America. Where else in the world, and in history, could be reenacted the scene that witnessed the nomination of an obscure newspaper reporter for the highest office in the gift of a great nation, because of the full orotund of his voice and the appealing figures of his speech? And what greater tribute could be paid to man than was vouchsafed by the assembled thousands gathered from every state at the eastern gateway of the continent, to greet the necromancer of words as he returned to his native land from a world tour? It is not Bryan the statesman, nor Bryan the sage, nor Bryan the politician, but Bryan the orator, whom the masses adore.

And so of all orators in varying degree. The political orator exercises a mystic sway. The enchantment of the human voice is singularly complete over the average American audience. They will stand in downpouring rain for hours, they will fill the largest hall to suffocation, they will gather in unwieldy crowds at monster mass meetings, to hear a mighty wielder of phrases; they will get out of bed at unseemly hours in the morning, or stay up until midnight, to hear a stump speech from the rear platform of the train that bears the favored orator from town to town in a journey of triumph.

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And why do we love to hear our orators? It is not merely idle curiosity, for curiosity is transitory; it vanishes speedily, once that it is satiate. Nor is it surely for the logic or the wisdom or the originality of the orator. The public speaker who has a reputation for syllogisms or philosophy speaks to empty benches. We love to hear our political orators, not for what they teach, but for what they inspire. They make us enthusiastic. We love the thrills they give, the impulses they radiate. The function of the stump speaker is not conversion or conviction, but stimulation.

In some degree all republics have magnified the gift of speech. The spoken word is the medium of legislation and agitation. From the village debating club to Congress, volubility is the much sought gift. Oratory is, however, rarely the medium of logic. It is rather the vehicle of passion and the handmaid of impulse.

This fondness for the stimulant of loud-spoken words is only a mild manifestation of our national psychology of impulse. Our patronizing of the yellow journals is a less hopeful and a far less excusable manifestation of the same tendencies in our group temperament. Red headlines flaming forth uncouth exaggerations; great brazenfaced type uttering shameful slanders; melodramatic, overdrawn pictures portraying impossible situations; morbid news items magnified into disgusting prominence,—all these and a myriad other deplorable details we exalt above the sane, small-typed and small-paragraphed news items

of the conservative and legitimate newspaper.

And even of the drama and of literature and of art it is the sensational and the stimulating that attract the crowds. Crowds are always impulsive, masses are moved by nerve propulsion rather than by logic. And a government by crowds is a government by the impulses, by the convictions, by the predilections of the crowds.

From the point of view of good government, this is unfortunate. Sanity and sensationalism cannot dwell together in the same mind; emotional thrills do not lead to calm reflection, nor can impulse be the forerunner of reason.

It is this widespread desire of the people for the thrilling and the stimulating that bars many able men from participating in politics. The people reward the very qualities which the successful business or professional man avoids. The capacity that has made a man great in commerce is utterly unalluring to the public. The prosaic plodding of the man of affairs repels, but the fitful flights of the spell-binders always attract the public eye. It will be admitted that few men of great executive ability enter public life. Small recompense and honor await them at the doors of political service, and the pathway is strewn with thorns and sharpened stones. On the other hand, the political realm teems with "four-flushers" and charlatans, men of make-believe greatness and of inflated importance, whose immensity suddenly collapses after a decisive defeat at the polls.

II

The psychology of a people is reflected in its government. And with us impulse joins conviction in the creation of a government by parties. No other organization of the governmental powers is subject to such subtle, such sudden and spectacular changes as is a democracy. For a democracy must always be a government by parties; and par-

ties are the repository, not only of conviction, but also of prejudice, of dogma, and even of passion. Factional wars have threatened monarchies and laid waste principalities, while creedal differences have devastated whole continents and eradicated entire populations. In America we have a War of the Roses every quadrennium; and having outgrown religious intolerance, we have transferred to the political arena all the impulses of factional warfare.

Government is a human device for protecting society against encroaching individuals. The political parties that operate this device in a republic we have made paramount. For with us the party is not only the medium through which the public will is expressed, but it is the goal of supreme political contention. Controlling the parties amounts to controlling the government. We have therefore developed a complex party system covering the entire union; we have a party orthodoxy whose creed receives sanction from the fathers, a party tradition whose details are held as sacred as the faith, and a party tyranny that plays upon the entire gamut of human feelings.

And the party is controlled by that evanescent ephemeron who to-day is and to-morrow is not,—the politician. Even in this present day of political hysteria, that has added "muck rake," "boodle," "boss," and "machine" to our national vocabulary, even now when distrust towards their servants characterizes the people, it is perfectly apparent that the boss still rules, that the machine still works, and that the politician has his hands upon the levers. There is this difference between these gory days of reform and the good old days of quiescence: at present many a dilettante and demagogue has usurped the throne of the grim, tribute-loving boss. These "reform movements" are always the opportunity of countless charlatans.

We admit then that ours is a government by party, and that the party is controlled by the politician. The politician

must get his power through votes. So his daily task is the invention of cunning devices for catching voters. The average man is reached more quickly through his prejudices than through his reasoning faculties. Therefore it is that into the ordinary campaigns is carried casuistry rather than argument, passion rather than logic. Therefore it is that the vote-getter seeks to tingle the nerves rather than excite the brain cells. Therefore it is that the stump orator who has

"Held the banner upward from a-trailing in the dust,

And let loose on monopolies and cuss'd, and cuss'd, and cuss'd,"

has attracted more people than the statesman whose only claim to consideration was common sense and a keen power of analysis. Disraeli said that his country was governed by Parliament, not by logic; we can affirm that our country is governed by politicians, not by postulates.

In this play to control the votes of the people there are two parts; the one secret and sinister, the other open and alluring. The one is the "organization," the "machine;" the other is the real spectacular show, the part composed of orators and handbills and great headlines in party papers. This dual nature of his mechanism clearly reveals the intent of the politician. If he cared only for the naked, native truth, why all this plotting behind locked doors, why this red fire and ceaseless flow of florid rhetoric? A political party is simply a great, complex invention designed for the purpose of transforming human impulses into political majorities. One part of the device is designed to arouse and to hold the impulses, the other part to gather them into unity and to wield them for some specific purpose. So with every Tammany you must have both a Croker and a Cochran; and every Platt must have his Depew.

This dual power is almost irresistible. It was the coercion of the machine, using the frantic impulse of the crowd, that

gave the Prince of Yellow Journalists his sway over the Empire State. It has been the blending of these two forces that has covered the land with a chain of "organizations," has given to each city its uncrowned czar, and to every state its boss. The bosses feed upon the impulses of the people. When the voters resort to reason, the bosses starve. It is only by the crafty and judicious use of the wild and curious elements of human nature that the political gangs can thrive. The existence of "rings" is proof that the reason of the electorate is lulled.

An ordinary political convention reveals the same pathological condition of the public mind. Here you see the dual forces at work. The boss writes the platform, and calls it "the party's declaration of principles." He writes the slate, selects the committees, and gives his orders, all behind the scenes; while in front of the curtain the orator is proclaiming in perfervid rhetoric the tale of how the glories of the party have made the grandeur of the country.

Then listen to a debate in Congress and sift the wheat of statesmanship from the chaff of flamboyant demagoguery. This will fairly represent the proportion of rampant impulse to dormant reason in an ordinary congressional campaign. And what is to be said of the state legislatures and city councils? How woefully small is the proportion of careful, able men to the superficial votaries of the "organization," who shout to the galleries and pose for the cameras.

In any case, whether convention or congress, legislature or council, the power of the dual forces is revealed. You see the subtle strength of the boss entrenched behind the voters who have allowed themselves to be deceived by the noisy emissaries of the machine, voters who have been ruled by impulse, not by reason.

III

And it has always been thus in our land, even in the "heroic" days of the

political fathers. For human nature, like our old world, does not change much from age to age. Our fathers were swayed by impulses like unto those that move us. They were men, subject to heat and cold, to controversy and compromise, much like their grandsons.

The first political question to divide them was how much power should be centralized in the national government. Upon this important issue they split into Federalists and Anti-Federalists, the primordial political parties of America.

The first president was chosen with practical unanimity. Every one instinctively turned to Washington as the wisest leader to inaugurate the great experiment of the Federal state, and to start the new government under the untried constitution that had been adopted only after a bitter struggle. But with his election ceased the unanimity of sentiment, and Washington became the object of fierce partisan criticisms that extended even into his cabinet meetings, where Jefferson, the leader of the opposition, made a hateful onslaught on his chief.

When Washington laid down the cares of office there was great rejoicing among the Jeffersonians, who now turned their wrath and vituperation upon puritanic and stable John Adams. The third national campaign was one of great violence; the papers indulged in personalities that suggest the realms of libel, and the pamphleteers grew eloquent over absurd and imaginary dangers. In New York, Burr, the Machiavelli of his party, metamorphosed Tammany Hall from a benevolent secret society into a violent and vicious political machine, which wrested the city from Alexander Hamilton and put it under the domination of the Jeffersonians. In Philadelphia, staid and gentle Quakers forgot their mild manners and partook of the general excitement; while in punctilious Boston the partisan fire raged with blistering heat. To the Puritans, Jefferson was the embodiment of anarchism, an "atheist" and a "Bonapartist," seeking to join the

states to France and to make atheism the state religion.

But Jefferson was elected. His triumph was made the cause for deep mourning throughout New England. The newspapers appeared with black borders, and the doom of the Republic was confidently foretold. This absurd feeling was shared with the artisans and farmers by college professors, clergymen, and men of business.

Perhaps no other incident so well illustrates the political animosities of that day as the melancholy death of Hamilton at the hand of his great antagonist, Burr. Among the Federalists of the Northern states there was the most profound and sincere mourning for the fallen statesman, and an even more intense feeling against his slayer. But to the Jeffersonian South, Burr was the hero of that terrible duel, — the "Little David who hath slain the Goliath of Federalism," as they toasted him at their banquets. And the New England Jeffersonians heaped insult upon the great dead statesman, crying that "any of his clerks could have organized the United States Treasury." Thus incongruously and unfortunately mingled the patriotic love and the partisan hatred of our fathers over the bier of Alexander Hamilton. Death itself could not, even for the moment, still their factional fury.

Only once in our history has there been a lull in the strife of national politics; and it was due to an abounding commercial prosperity. This "era of good feeling" was ushered in by the days of plenty that followed the War of 1812. It was the happy lot of Monroe to preside over the land when partisanship was merged with industry, and political contentment followed in the wake of peace and plenty. But it could not last. The warring elements of human nature were merely slumbering, and they were ruthlessly awakened when the warrior Jackson boldly marched into the arena with his conquering army of uncouth frontiersmen and hunters, and wrested from the

original states the dominion they had hitherto exercised over the land.

So deep-seated were the political sentiments of the fathers that even foreign wars failed to evoke their unreserved loyalty. The War of 1812 was viewed by the New England Federalists as an unjustifiable attempt on the part of the Jeffersonians to despoil them of their property. They sullenly gave of their militia and of their taxes to its support. And the war with Mexico was met with protests that sound to-day very near to treason.

All these national outbreaks of political impulse were the reflection of local disputes and jealousies as intense and as discreditable as any modern municipal campaign, and in the personal nature of their encounters were far beyond anything we may witness to-day. The records that remain of their local political struggles reveal our fathers in personal encounters, in duels and in mobs, calling one another by opprobrious names in pamphlets and papers, and acting as if robbed of their senses.

In 1787, a minority of the Pennsylvania legislature refused to attend the last session, in order to prevent the presence of a quorum, and thus to make impossible the calling of a convention to consider the new Federal Constitution. A turbulent mob of Philadelphians carried the recalcitrant members by force from the tavern to the State House. New York was not represented in the first electoral college because the Federalist senate and the Anti-Federalist assembly were deadlocked and could not agree on the electors. Wild scenes were enacted in Albany during that session. Gentle and learned John Jay was counted out of the office of governor in 1792 by the Clintonians. The year 1800 saw Federalist committees terrorizing Jeffersonians in Boston, and saw Burr making the first poll list in America, that his Tammany might the more easily ferret out every voter.

And all this at a time when theorists

would say that ideal conditions existed for political purity! Universal suffrage was regarded with fear, and offices were invested with manorial dignity. There were property qualifications for voters and religious tests for office-holders prescribed by the laws of the original states. In nearly all the New England states the right to vote was limited to the men who owned a freehold valued at sixty pounds or had an income of three pounds a year. In New York a freehold of twenty pounds or a leasehold of forty shillings a year was prescribed. New Jersey required real estate to the value of fifty pounds, while Maryland and South Carolina required fifty acres of land, and Georgia ten pounds of taxable property. These were the property restrictions for voting.

But for holding office much more was required, the amount depending upon the dignity of the office. For instance, in Massachusetts the property requirements for a justice of the peace were about the same as those required for a voter; but to be governor of the state required an estate of one thousand pounds. The religious tests were even more narrow. New England barred Catholics and atheists from voting, and allowed only members of a protestant church to hold office. As a necessary preliminary to holding civil office Pennsylvania required faith in the inspiration of the Bible, Delaware demanded faith in the doctrine of the Trinity, and South Carolina faith in future punishments and rewards.

Yet even over a body of voters all of whom were property-holders, and over a galaxy of office-holders most of whom were church members, the excitable and impulsive elements of human nature held sway.

And when, in the early twenties, these barriers to suffrage and to office were swept aside by the mighty rush of democratic sentiment, the sway of impulse did not increase; it merely became more picturesque. It invaded the capital in the garb of Jackson's "squirrel hunters ;"

it moved eastward in irresistible volume from the new-found valley of the Mississippi, overflowing the Alleghanies and flooding the Atlantic plain. The "hard cider campaign" of 1840, wherein Whigs vied with Democrats in political orgies and absurdities, was no more a spectacle of rampant impulse than was the bitter personal warfare of the Jeffersonians against the Federalists in the early days of a selective franchise and a restrictive right to office.

In all periods of our history and in every presidential campaign the party leaders have sought to stir human prejudices and passions, and indeed it would be a prosaic sight to witness a national campaign without songs, marching clubs, oratorical geysers, party slogans, and red-fire.

Party slogans show the prevalence of stimulating sentiment and the absence of sedative reason. The earnest protests of John Quincy Adams were of no avail against the mighty shout of the Jacksonians, "Turn the rascals out!" No call to reason could stem the overwhelming tide of jingo sentiment that reëchoed the call, "Fifty-four forty or fight!" and "The re-annexation of Texas and the reoccupation of Oregon."

And in like manner to-day the voter is admonished to "stand pat," and to "let well enough alone;" he is told that he must vote for "American tin," and must remember the "full dinner pail." What are these but so many rattles for the baby?

IV

The impulse of the masses is like the flashing, erratic lightning. It has been the destruction of the ambition of many of our greatest men when they appeared for high office; because it has been attracted by secondary faults, or by idle tales, or by willful misrepresentation. The unthinking populace too often believe the canard; they allow trivial events to unbalance their judgment.

There was the princely Henry Clay.

Who ever was more widely acclaimed than this wonderful orator of the Whigs? The extraordinary in political life was commonplace to him. He never spoke to crowds, — he spoke to acres of people. His name was woven into song and story and paraphrased into a hundred appellations of endearment. For half a century he was the striking figure in our national life. Every journey he undertook was a progress, for towns emptied their populations into his pathway, and farms were deserted when he passed through a neighborhood. And whenever he arose to speak the nation was his auditory. The adoration of the American people for Henry Clay is one of the remarkable incidents of our political history.

Yet he was five times defeated for the presidency, — three times as a party candidate before the people, twice as a candidate for the nomination before the national convention. There were many reasons for these multiplied defeats, but principally the false charge that Jackson hurled against him in 1824, when Clay gave his votes in the House of Representatives to John Quincy Adams for president rather than to the emperor, Jackson. Adams made Clay his Secretary of State, and Jackson shouted, "Bargain and corruption!" It was a false and unjust cry. Clay was perfectly sincere in his desire to keep Jackson out of the White House, and John Quincy Adams could never be suspected of trickery. Yet the people believed the cry. It was reëchoed and rephrased every succeeding time the brilliant orator ran for the presidency. He could not live it down; he could not explain it away. Such was the credulity of the people and such their fickleness.

Clay is not a solitary victim to impulsiveness. A catalogue of the noted men who have been sacrificed to the misguided impulse and the blind unreason and dislike of the people would include the names of many of our really great men. Webster, Calhoun, Cass, Blaine, Reed, are included among the regal vic-

tims of the lightning of impulsive politics.

The usual explanation of this unfortunate phenomenon is that these great men are too big for the office. That is a stultifying admission for an American to make. No man is too great for the exalted office of president. But there are men too great to juggle with the follies and prejudices of the populace.

V

If sentimentalism and impulse enter so largely into the routine of an election, we cannot expect them to subside after the votes are counted. The rule of party does not cease with an election. It invades the council chambers of the state and infests the legislative halls. There are very few men in public life with courage and character enough to stand out against the wild clamor of their constituents. The imposing examples of great men whose judgment ruled their action in times of unusual public agitation are rare and inspiring.

The noblest instance of such coolness and steadfastness in our history is the example of Washington guiding the young nation safely between the Scylla of a war with England and the Charybdis of a military alliance with France, into the quiet precincts of neutrality and unbiased peace. There probably has never been a stronger influence exerted on a president than was brought to bear on Washington in those turbulent days. The Jeffersonians demanded, the populace clamored for, and even many Federalist leaders advised, an alliance with France. But Washington paid no heed to these demands; he was indifferent to clamor, and put aside the advice of his friends that he might follow his own cool judgment. President Hayes passed through a similar experience when he endorsed the resumption of specie payments. The angry shouts of the demonitizationists and the threats of the politicians were alike unavailing. His firmness and sound-

ness of judgment in this event entitle him to a high place in the list of the fearless servants of the republic. Indeed, it is such sound and unbiased service as this that in the ultimate issue alone saves the republic from a cataclysm of sentimentalism and impulse.

Our lawmakers are too shortsighted. A present clamor they interpret as an imperative command; whereas the people can easily be led into such clamor, for they are very childlike in their reasoning. They are not analytic, and seek the causes for their ills too near at hand. Sometimes they are right, and often they are wrong. The causes for economic and political conditions are usually remote and hard to locate. But when once their minds are fixed upon a supposed cause, the voters go for it with a directness that knows neither variableness nor shadow of turning. And the representative follows. He should stand between the people and their folly. But he usually lacks the courage. If all the acts passed thus in frenzy, to please the people, were erased from the statutes, our sheep-bound folios would shrink to octavos.

Many members of legislative bodies are elected to do certain specific things, and are therefore pledged to a certain definite course of action before they take their seats. To them the doorways to conviction are locked. They have sold their birthright for a mess of political pottage. This is one of the most baneful of our practices. No man has a right to manacle his judgment upon a question of far-reaching policy. Such a form of political slavery is more abject than caucus rule. It usually accompanies a bitter campaign, in which the pledged candidate has been made the dupe of some selfish interests or of silly sentiment.

Even constitutions, the fundamental adamant of our civic structures, that should be remote from every variable human passion and broad enough to carry securely the ever widening structure of government, have not escaped the impulsiveness of their makers. Thus, in

1850 Ohio wrote into her constitution a provision virtually prohibiting her from developing her great canal system. The taxpayers of the state had become alarmed and angry at the encroachments of public improvements upon the treasury, that had threatened the state with bankruptcy. There was widespread dissatisfaction with the canals. Railroads had superseded them. The framers of the constitution followed their impulse to prevent forever a recurrence of such conditions. But they forgot to consider the coming generations, and now Ohio is virtually robbed of her seven hundred miles of canals.

In Illinois and Wisconsin the Grangers got control of the state machinery in the seventies, and played havoc, not only with the laws, but with the judges on the bench, in their wild desire to get even with the railroads which they regarded as their particular foes.

The anti-canteen law is a good example of a measure passed under pressure of external excitement. The testimony of experts was thrown to the winds, and the guidance of misdirected though well-intentioned zeal was followed. The wild shouts of the jingoes stampeded the conservatives into the war with Spain. How far will zeal outstrip reason in the present campaign against capital?

V1

The founders of our government believed, with the French publicists of their day, that there was a mystic efficacy in the separation of the governmental powers. Thus we have in our political orthodoxy the triune powers, legislative, judicial, and executive, all distinct, yet uniting to form in a practical manner the Federal government. This form is adopted by all the states.

The virtue of this separation lies less in the protection against evil, scheming men than the founders thought; but in the safeguards it places between the people and their rash impulses it attains real

efficacy. Here we find the surest bulwark against that transient clamor, that impulsiveness which characterizes the political movements of all masses.

Of course it is necessary that these powers all remain directly in the custody of the sovereignty, the people. But they are subject to the voters in a varying degree. And the radicalism, the mobility of each power, varies directly in proportion to its remoteness from the source of political authority, the franchise.

The legislative body lies nearest the voter. It is therefore the least stable. Over it the populace exercises a mesmeric sway.

The executive office is less mobile. The personality of the executive head himself determines in a large measure the degree of conservatism of his department. His election by the people makes him amenable to their impulses. He keeps his hand upon the public pulse, and feels the fever of its indignation or the fervor of its approval; and he is usually human enough to be prompted by the symptoms. And his desire to please the people he transmits to the executive departments. This is unfortunate, because it measures the public business by a standard that is never applied to private business. A singular sentiment pervades these offices, a feeling that throbs with political vitality. The restlessness of change comes periodically over them. Business is business, whether conducted for a private citizen or for the public. It should be devoid of sentiment, removed from impulse, and utterly free from political domination. Until we achieve this absolute divorcement, our public business, our Post Office Department, Pension Bureau, Land Office, and all other departments of the executive office, will fall far short of the standard of efficiency that a private concern sets for itself.

The one division of government that represents the conservative wisdom of the nation is the judiciary. As far removed from politics as is practically possible, the courts of our land are the

conserving force of the union. When impulse and thoughtlessness sway the populace, these tribunals remain amenable to reason.

The Supreme Court of the United States has been the anchor of the ship of state in many storms of passion and prejudice. One shudders to think what must have happened long ago to our republic but for the liberal conservatism of this noble tribunal. From the infant days of the government to the present, it has remained unshaken by popular clamor and unreasoning impulse. Laws passed in the heat of transitory agitation have found their deserving end in the decisions of this court. Upon its convictions, firm and unchangeable, the waves of popular wrath have dashed themselves to spray. Not that the court has escaped denunciation, even suspicion, in critical times, when a decision was of unusual gravity. Popular disapproval was loud, for instance, when the income tax decision was handed down. And the Dred Scott decision rent the nation, prepared by political and economic conditions for the final test with slavery.

Occasionally even an impulsive executive has been unwise enough to utter public criticism of the federal judges; as did President Jackson when Chief Justice Marshall decided against him in the Cherokee Indian cases. That militant president said, "John Marshall has issued his judgment, let him enforce it." And later presidents have publicly criticised the court, though in more delicate terms.

These exceptions are rare enough to emphasize the rule. Our supreme court is a unique and a magnificent tribunal, and we can easily believe that it was conceived in a moment of inspiration, so that its unbiased wisdom might guide the destinies of the republic.

VII

Our government thus ranges all the intervals between impulse and reason,

between the impetuous and the stable elements in human nature. We cannot expect anything else. But we should strive after a just subordination of one to the other. The opposite of a republic is a despotism. It is possible to conceive a despotism ruled entirely by reason; of a republic this is impossible. In a despotism patriotism is found only in the heart of the despot; in a republic it is universal. In a despotism only one man is actively engaged in the government; in a republic all men are interested in it. In a despotism impulse is subordinated to calculation; in a republic impulse is paramount to reflection. A despotism is human nature enchained; a republic is human nature emancipated.

We prefer the government by human nature. The American ideal exalts the many and frowns upon the few. We believe in universal liberty and in universal suffrage. If this leads to a tyranny of impulse, of unreason, it is but an incident in the glorious reality of self-government. We believe that the greater the number of people interested in the government, the better for the people. It may not be so well for the government; but government exists for the people, not the people for the government. This is no doubt a magnificent ideal. In its exalted contemplation we are willing to suffer the annoyances and the wrongs that the giddy and frivolous elements of human nature impose upon us.

The government of a vast republic, covering an area that embraces every clime and every altitude, busied with every pursuit known to civilization, composed of every race born into the family of man; the government of a mighty republic, wherein every man has a vote and is eligible to office, can at best be but a government by human nature in the raw. There are twelve million voters in America. Many of them are illiterate, few of them are learned, most of them are patriotic, all of them share in the government. Upon these millions of free-men play the ambitions of party leaders,

the cunning of politicians, the selfishness of private interests, and the instincts of the civilized animal, man. When these facts are passed in review, we cannot be surprised that impulse bears so leading a part in our government. The vote of the ignorant, impulsive, prejudiced man counts for as much as that of the sage. And there are only a few sages. The average voter is amenable to all the outward and inward impulses that unite to make the current of public sentiment. Our government is just as sound as the common sense of all the people, and just as weak as the prejudices and impulses of the masses.

These human feelings are like the sea. Every passing breeze ripples its surface, every storm strikes up the waves; but only the dread earthquake shakes the abyss. The profound depths of human convictions are aroused only once in a generation. And when they are thus intensely and vitally stirred the people do not err. Their ultimate judgment of right and wrong is sound. For the social conscience grows as unerring as the individual conscience.

But in the lesser activities, the minor

problems, ours is essentially a government by impulse. The surface of the unstable sea is constantly in commotion and the judgment of the voters is swayed by the waves of feeling.

The betterment of the government, then, lies through the difficult pathway of self-control, so that gradually even the lesser impulses shall become amenable to reason. The one lasting foundation of self government is the fundamental sanity of human nature. The more this sanity penetrates all judgments, the surer the foundations. And, conversely, the more fickle and impulsive a people, the more readily do the foundation stones of their governmental structure crumble under the heat of passing excitement. Witness our South American neighbors.

To broaden the influence of reason in our plain Anglo-Saxon natures, to teach the virtue of moderation to abide with the virtue of courage, becomes the hard task of the patriotic citizen. Then the natural political propensities of the American people will become a noble rivalry of intelligent conviction, not a foolish and destructive warfare of blind partisanship.

THE HELPMATE¹

BY MAY SINCLAIR

XXVIII

EASTWARDS along the Humber, past the brown wharves and the great square blocks of the warehouses, past the tall chimneys and the docks with their thin pine-forest of masts, there lie the forlorn flat lands of Holderness. Field after field, they stretch, lands level as water, only raised above the river by a fringe of turf and a belt of silt and sand. Earth and water are of one form and of one color, for, beyond the brown belt, the

widening river lies like a brown furrowed field, with a clayey gleam on the crests of its furrows. When the gray days come, water and earth and sky are one, and the river rolls sluggishly, as if shores and sky oppressed it, as if it took its motion from the dragging clouds.

Eleven miles from Scale a thin line of red roofs runs for a field's length up the shore, marking the neck of the estuary. It is the fishing hamlet of Fawness. Its one street lies on the flat fields, low and straight as a dike.

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Beyond the hamlet there is a little spit of land, and beyond the spit of land a narrow creek.

Half a mile up the creek the path that follows it breaks off into the open country and thins to a track across five fields. It struggles to the gateway of a low, red-roofed, red-brick farm, and ends there. The farm stands alone, and the fields around it are bare to the sky-line. Three tall elms stand side by side against it, sheltering it from the east, marking its humble place in the desolate land. To the west a broad bridle-path joins the road to Fawlness.

Majendie had a small yacht moored in the creek, near where the path breaks off to Three Elms Farm. Once, sometimes twice, a week Majendie came to Three Elms Farm. Sometimes he came for the week-end, more often for a single night, arriving at six in the evening and leaving very early the next day. In winter he took the train to Hesson, tramped seven miles across country, and reached the farm by the Fawlness road. In summer the yacht brought him from "Hannay and Majendie's" dock to Fawlness creek. At Three Elms Farm he found Maggie waiting for him.

This had been going on, once, sometimes twice a week, for nearly three years, ever since he had rented the farm and brought Maggie from Scale to live there.

The change had made the details of his life difficult. It called for all the qualities in which Majendie was most deficient. It necessitated endless vigilance, endless harassing precautions, an unnatural secrecy. He had to make Anne believe that he had taken to yachting for his health, that he was kept out by wind and weather, that the obligations and complexities of business, multiplying, tied him and claimed his time. Maggie had to be hidden away, in a place where no one came, lodged with people whose discretion he could trust. Pearson, the captain of his yacht, a close-mouthed, close-fisted Yorkshireman, had a wife as reticent as himself. Pearson and his wife and

their son Steve knew that their living depended on their secrecy. And, cupidity apart, the three were devoted to their master and his mistress. Pearson and his son Steve were acquainted with the ways of certain gentlemen of Scale, who sailed their yachts from port to port, up and down the Yorkshire coast. Pearson was a man who observed life dispassionately. He asked no questions and answered none.

It was six o'clock in the evening, early in October, just three years after Edith's death. Majendie had left the yacht lying in the creek, with Pearson, Steve, and the boatswain on board, and was hurrying along the field path to Three Elms Farm. A thin rain fell, blurring the distances. The house stood humbly, under its three elms. A light was burning in one window. Maggie stood at the garden gate in the rain, listening for the click of the field-gate which was his signal. When it sounded she came down the path to meet him. She put her hands upon his shoulders, drew down his face, and kissed him. He took her arm and led her, half-clinging to him, into the house and into the lighted room.

A fire burned brightly on the hearth. His chair was set for him beside it, and Maggie's chair opposite. The small round table in the middle of the room was laid for supper. Maggie had decorated walls and chimney-piece and table with chrysanthemums from the garden, and autumn leaves and ivy from the hedgerows. The room had a glad light and welcome for him.

As he came into the lamplight Maggie gave one quick, anxious look at him. She had always two thoughts in her little mind between their meetings: Is he ill? Is he well?

He was, to the outward-seeing eye, superlatively well. Three years of life lived in the open air, life lived according to the will of nature, had given him back his outward and visible health. At thirty-nine Majendie had once more the strength, the firm, upright slenderness,

and the brilliance of his youth. His face was keen and brown, fined and freshened by wind and weather.

Maggie, waiting humbly on his mood, saw that it was propitious.

"What cold hands!" said she. "And no overcoat? You bad boy!" She felt his clothes all over to feel if they were damp. "Tired?"

"Just a little, Maggie."

She drew up his chair to the fire, and knelt down to unlace his boots.

"No, Maggie, I can't let you take my boots off."

"Yes, you can, and you will. Does *she* ever take your boots off?"

"Never."

"You don't allow her?"

"No. I don't allow her."

"You allow *me*," said Maggie triumphantly. She was persuaded that (since his wife was denied the joy of waiting on him) hers was the truly desirable position. Majendie had never had the heart to enlighten her.

She pressed his feet with her soft hands, to feel if his stockings were damp too.

"There's a little hole," she cried. "I shall have to mend that to-night."

She put cushions at his back, and sat down on the floor beside him, and laid her head on his knee.

"There's a sole for supper," said she, in a dreamy voice. "And a roast chicken. And an apple tart. I made it." Maggie had always been absurdly proud of the things that she could do.

"Clever Maggie."

"I made it because I thought you'd like it."

"Kind Maggie."

"You did n't get any of those things yesterday, or the day before, did you?"

She was always afraid of giving him what he had had at home. That was one of the difficulties, she felt, of a double household.

"I forget," he said, a little wearily, "what I had yesterday."

Maggie noticed the weariness and said no more.

He laid his hand on her head and stroked her hair. He could always keep Maggie quiet by stroking her hair. She shifted herself instantly into a position easier for his hand. She sat still, only turning to the caressing hand, now her forehead, now the nape of her neck, now her delicate ear.

Maggie knew all his moods and ministered to them. She knew to-night that, if she held her tongue, the peace she had prepared for him would sink into him and heal him. He was not very tired. She could tell. She could measure his weariness to a degree by the movements of his hand. When he was tired she would seize the caressing hand and make it stop. In a few minutes supper would be ready, and when he had had supper, she knew, it would be time to talk.

Majendie was grateful for her silence. He was grateful to her for many things, for her beauty, for her sweetness, for her humility, for her love, which had given so much and asked so little. Maggie had still the modest charm that gave to her and to her affection the illusion of a perfect innocence. It had been heightened rather than diminished by their intimacy.

Somehow she had managed so that, as long as he was with her, shame was impossible for himself or her. As long as he was with her he was wrapped in her illusion, the illusion of innocence, of happiness, of all the unspoken sanctities of home. He knew that, whether he was or was not with her, so long as he loved her no other man would come between him and her; no other man would cross his threshold and stand upon his hearth. The house he came to was holy to her. There were times, so deep was the illusion, when he could have believed that Maggie, sitting there at his feet, was the pure spouse, the helpmate, and Anne, in the house in Prior Street, the unwedded, unacknowledged mistress, the distant, the secret, the forbidden. He had never disguised from Maggie the temporary and partial nature of the tie that bound them. But the illusion was too strong

for both of them. It was strong upon him now.

The woman, Mrs. Pearson, came in with supper, moving round the room in silence, devoted and discreet.

Majendie was hungry. Maggie was unable to conceal her frank joy in seeing him eat and drink. She ate little and talked a great deal, drawn by his questions.

"What have you been doing, Maggie?"

Maggie gave an account of her innocent days, of her labors in house and farm and garden. She loved all three, she loved her flowers and her chickens and her rabbits, and the little young pigs. She loved all things that had life. She was proud of her house. Her hands were always busy in it. She had stitched all the linen for it. She had made all the tablecloths, sofa-covers, and curtains, and given them embroidered borders. She liked to move about among all these beautiful things and feel that they were hers. But she loved those most which Majendie had used, or noticed, or admired. After supper she took up her old position by his chair.

"How long can you stay?" said she.

"I must go to-morrow."

"Oh, why?"

"I've told you why, dear. It's my little girl's birthday to-morrow."

She remembered.

"Her birthday. How old will she be to-morrow?"

"Seven."

"Seven. What does she do all day long?"

"Oh, she amuses herself. We have a garden."

"How she would love this garden, and the flowers, and the swing, and the chickens, and all the animals, would n't she?"

"Yes. Yes."

Somehow he did n't like Maggie to talk about his child, but he had n't the heart to stop her.

"Is she as pretty as she was?"

"Prettier."

"And she's not a bit like you?"

"Not a bit, not a little bit."

"I'm glad," said Maggie.

"Why on earth are you glad?"

"Because — I could n't bear *her* child to be like you."

"You must n't say those things, Maggie; I don't like it."

"I won't say them. You don't mind my thinking them, do you? I can't help thinking."

She thought for a long time; then she got up, and came to him, and put her arm round his neck, and bowed her head and whispered.

"Don't whisper. I hate it. Speak out. Say what you've got to say."

"I can't say it."

She said it very low.

He bent forward, freeing himself from her mouth and clinging arm.

"No, Maggie. Never. I told you that in the beginning. You promised me you would n't think of it. It's bad enough as it is."

"What's bad enough?"

"Everything, my child. I'm bad enough, if you like; but I'm not as bad as all that, I can assure you."

"You don't think *me* bad?"

"You know I don't. You know what I think of you. But you must learn to see what's possible and what is n't."

"I do see. Tell me one thing. Is it because you love *her*?"

"We can't go into that, Maggie. Can't you understand that it may be because I love *you*?"

"I don't know. But I don't mind so long as I know it is n't because you love *her*."

"You're not to talk about her, Maggie."

"I know. I won't. I don't want to talk about her, I'm sure. I try not to think about her more than I can help."

"But you must think of her."

"Oh — must I?"

"At any rate you must think of me."

"I do think of you. I think of you from morning till night. I don't think of anything else. I don't want anything else."

I'm contented as long as I've got you. It was n't that."

"What was it, Maggie?"

"Nothing. Only — It's so awfully lonely in between, when you're not here. That was why I asked you."

"Poor child, poor Maggie. Is it very bad to bear?"

"Not when I know you're coming."

"See here — if it gets too bad to bear, we must end it."

"End it?"

"Yes, Maggie. *You* must end it; you must give me up, when you're tired —"

"Oh, no — no," she cried.

"Give me up," he repeated, "and go back to town."

"To Scale?"

"Well, yes; if it's so lonely here."

"And give you up?"

"Yes, Maggie, you must; if you go back to Scale."

"I shall never go back. Who could I go to? There's nobody who'd 'ave me. I've got nobody."

"Nobody?"

"Nobody but you, Wallie. Nobody but you. Have you never thought of that? Why, where should I be if I was to give you up?"

"I see, Maggie. I see. I see."

Until then he had seen nothing. But Maggie, unwise, had put her hand through the fine web of illusion. She had seen, and made him see the tragedy of the truth behind it, the real nature of the tie that bound them. It was an inconsistent tie, permanent in its impermanence, with all its incompleteness terribly complete. He could not give her up. He had not thought of giving her up; but neither had he thought of keeping her.

It was all wrong. It was wrong to keep her. It would be wrong to give her up. He was all she had. Whatever happened he could not give her up.

And so he said, "I see. I see."

"See here," said she (she had adopted some of his phrases), "when I said there was nobody, I meant nobody I'd have

anything to do with. If I went back to Scale, there are plenty of low girls in the town who'd make friends with me, if I'd let 'em. But I won't be seen with them. You would n't have me seen with them, would you?"

"No, Maggie, not for all the world."

"Well then, 'ow can you go on talking about my giving you up?"

No. He could not give her up. There was no tie between them but their sin, yet he could not break it. Degraded as it was, it saved her from deeper degradation.

He loved Anne with his whole soul, with his heart and with his body, and he had given his body to Maggie, with as much heart as went with it. In the world's sight he loved Maggie and was bound to Anne. In his own sight he loved Anne and was bound to Maggie.

It had come to that.

He did not care to look back upon the steps by which it had come. He only knew that, seven years ago, he had been sound and whole, a man with one aim and one passion and one life. But he and his life were divided, cut clean in two by a line not to be passed or touched upon by either sundered half. All of him that Anne had rejected he had given to Maggie.

As far as he could judge he had acted, not grossly, not recklessly, but with a kind of passionate deliberation. He knew he would have to pay for it. He had not stopped to haggle with his conscience or to ask, How much? But he was prepared to pay.

Up to this moment his conscience had not dunned him. But now he foresaw a season when the bills would be falling due.

Maggie had torn the veil of illusion, and he looked for the first time upon his sin.

Even his conscience admitted that he had not meant it to come to that. He had had no ancient private tendency to sin. He had wanted nothing but to live at home, happy with the wife he loved, and

with his child, his children. And poor Maggie, she too would have asked no more than to be a good wife to the man she loved, and to be the mother of his children.

This life with Maggie, hidden away in Three Elms Farm, in the wilds of Hollderness, — it could not be called dissipation, but it was division. Where once he had been whole he was now divided. The sane, strong affection that should have knit body and soul together was itself broken in two.

And it was she, the helpmate, she who should have kept him whole, who had caused him to be thus sundered from himself and her.

They were all wrong, all frustrated, all incomplete. Anne, in her sublime infidelity to earth; Maggie, turned from her own sweet use that she might give him what Anne could not give; and he, who between them had severed his body from his soul.

Thus he brooded.

And Maggie, with her face hidden against his knee, brooded too, piercing the illusion.

He tried to win her from her sad thoughts by talking again of the house and garden. But Maggie was tired of house and garden now.

"And do the Pearsons look after you well still?" he asked.

"Yes. Very well."

"And Steve — is he as good to you as ever?"

Maggie brightened and became more communicative.

"Yes, very good. He was all day mending my bicycle, Sunday, and he takes me out in the boat sometimes; and he's made such a dear little house for the old Angora rabbit."

"Do you like going out in the boat?"

"Yes, very much."

"Do you like going out with him?"

"No," said Maggie, making a little face, half of disgust and half of derision. "No. His hands are all dirty, and he smells of fish."

Majendie laughed. "There are drawbacks, I must own, to Steve."

He looked at his watch, an action Maggie hated. It always suggested finality, departure.

"Ten o'clock, Maggie. I must be up at six to-morrow. We sail at seven."

"At seven!" echoed Maggie in despair.

They were up at six. Maggie went with him to the creek, to see him sail. In the garden she picked a chrysanthemum and stuck it in his buttonhole, forgetting that he could n't wear her token. There were so many things he could n't do.

A little rain still fell through a clogging mist. They walked side by side, treading the drenched grass, for the track was too narrow for them both. Maggie's feet dragged, prolonging the moments.

A white pointed sail showed through the mist, where the little yacht lay in the river off the mouth of the creek.

Steve was in the boat close against the creek's bank, waiting to row Majendie to the yacht. He touched his cap to Majendie as they appeared on the bank, but he did not look at Maggie when her gentle voice called good-morning.

Steve's face was close-mouthed and hard set.

Maggie put her hands on Majendie's shoulders and kissed him. Her cheek against his face was pure and cold, wet with the rain. Steve did not look at them. He never looked at them when they were together.

Majendie dropped into the boat. Steve pushed off from the bank. Maggie stood there watching them go. She stood till the boat reached the creek's mouth, and Majendie turned, and raised his cap to her; stood till the white sail moved slowly up the river and disappeared, rounding the spit of land.

Majendie, as he paced the deck and talked to his men of wind and weather, turned casually on his heel to look at her where she stood alone in the level

immensity of the land. The world looked empty all around her.

And he was touched with a sudden poignant realization of her life; its sadness, its incompleteness, its isolation.

That was what he had brought her to.

XXIX

The rain cleared off, the mist lifted, and at nine o'clock it was a fine day for Peggy's birthday. Even Scale, where it stretched its flat avenues into the country, showed golden in the warm and brilliant air.

The household in Prior Street had been up early, making preparations for the day. Peggy had waked before it was light, to feel her presents which lay beside her on her bed; and, by the time Majendie's sail had passed Fawness Point, she was up and dressed, waiting for him.

Anne had to break it to her gently that perhaps he would not be home in time for eight o'clock breakfast. Then the child's mouth trembled, and Anne comforted her, half-smiling and half-afraid.

"Ah, Peggy, Peggy," she said, as she rocked her against her breast, "what shall I do with you? Your little heart is too big for your little body."

Anne's terror had not left her in three years. It was always with her now. The child was bound to suffer. She was a little mass of throbbing nerves, of trembling emotions.

Yet Anne herself was happier. The three years had passed smoothly over her. Her motherhood had laid its fine, soft finishing touch upon her. Her face, her body, had rounded and ripened, year after slow year, to an abiding beauty, born of her tenderness. At thirty-five Anne Majendie had reached the perfect moment of her physical maturity.

Her mind was no longer harassed by anxiety about her husband. He seemed to have settled down. He had ceased to be uncertain in his temper, by turns irritable and depressed. He had parted with the heaviness which had once roused

her aversion, and had recovered his personal distinction, the slender refinement of his youth. She rejoiced in his well-being. She attributed it, partly to his open-air habits, partly to the spiritual growth begun in him at the time of his sister's death.

She desired no change in their relations, no farther understanding, no closer intimacy.

To Anne's mind, her husband's attitude to her was perfect. The passion that had been her fear had left him. He waited on her hand and foot, with humble, heart-rending devotion. He let her see that he adored her with discretion, at a distance, as a divinely, incomprehensibly high and holy thing.

Her household life had simplified itself. Her days passed in noiseless, equable procession. Many hours had been given back to her empty after Edith's death. She had filled them with interests outside her home, with visiting the poor in the district round All Souls, with evening classes for shop-girls, with "rescue" work. Not an hour of her day was idle. At the end of the three years Mrs. Majendie was known in Scale by her broad charities and by her saintly life.

She had fallen away a little from her friends in Thurston Square. In three years Fanny Elliott and her circle had grown somewhat unreal to her. She had been aware of their inefficiency before. There had been a time when she felt that Mrs. Elliott's eminence had become a little perilous. She herself had placed her on it, and held her there by a somewhat fatiguing effort of the will to believe. She had been partly (though she did not know it) the dupe of Mrs. Elliott's delight in her, of all the sweet and dangerous ministrations of their mutual vanities. Mrs. Elliott had been uplifted by Anne's preposterously grave approval. Anne had been ravished by her own distinction as the audience of Fanny Elliott's loftier and profounder moods. There could be no criticism of these heights and depths. To have depreciated Fanny

Elliott's rarity by a shade would have been to call in question her own.

But all this had ceased long ago, when she married Walter Majendie, and his sister became her dearest friend. Fanny Elliott had always looked on Edith Majendie as her rival; retreating a little ostentatiously before her formidable advance. There should have been no rivalry, for there had been no possible ground of comparison. Neither could Edith Majendie be said to have advanced. The charm of Edith, or rather, her pathetic claim, was that she never could have advanced at all. To Anne's mind, from the first, there had been no choice between Edith, lying motionless on her sofa by the window, and Fanny at large in the drawing-rooms of her acquaintances, scattering her profuse enthusiasms, revolving in her intellectual round, the prisoner of her own perfections. To come into Edith's room had been to come into thrilling contact with reality; while Fanny Elliott was forever putting you off with some ingenious refinement on it. Edith's personality had triumphed over death and time. Fanny Elliott, poor thing, still suffered by the contrast.

Of all Anne's friends, the Gardners alone stood the test of time. She had never had a doubt of them. They had come later into her life, after the perishing of her great illusion. The shock had humbled her senses and disposed her to reverence for the things of intellect. Dr. Gardner's position, as president of the Scale Literary and Philosophic Society, was as a high rock to which she clung. Mrs. Gardner was dear to her for many reasons.

The dearness of Mrs. Gardner was significant. It showed that, thanks to Peggy, Anne's humanization was almost complete.

To-day, which was Peggy's birthday, Anne's heart was light and happy. She had planned that, if the day were fine, the festival was to be celebrated by a picnic to Westleydale.

And the day was fine. Majendie had

promised to be home in time to start by the nine-fifty train. Meanwhile they waited. Peggy had helped Mary the cook to pack the luncheon basket, and now she felt time heavy on her little hands.

Anne suggested that they should go upstairs and help Nanna. Nanna was in Majendie's room, turning out his drawers. On his bed there was a pile of suits of the year before last, put aside to be given to Anne's poor people. When Peggy was tired of fetching and carrying, she watched her mother turning over the clothes and sorting them into heaps. Anne's methods were rapid and efficient.

"Oh, mummy!" cried Peggy, "don't! You touch daddy's things as if you did n't like them."

"Peggy, darling, what do you mean?"

"You're so quick." She laid her face against one of Majendie's coats and stroked it. "Must daddy's things go away?"

"Yes, darling. Why don't you want them to go?"

"Because I love them. I love all his little coats and hats and shoes and things."

"Oh, Peggy, Peggy, you're a little sentimental. Go and see what Nanna's got there."

Nanna had given a cry of joyous discovery. "Look, ma'am," said she, "what I've found in master's portmanteau."

Nanna came forward, shaking out a child's frock. A frock of pure white silk, embroidered round the neck and wrists with a deep border of daisies, pink and white and gold.

"Nanna!"

"Oh, mummy, what is it?"

Peggy touched a daisy with her soft forefinger and shrank back shyly. She knew it was her birthday, but she did not know whether the frock had anything to do with that, or not.

"I wonder," said Anne, "what little girl daddy brought that for."

"Did daddy bring it?"

"Yes. Daddy brought it. Do you think he meant it for her birthday, Nanna?"

"Well, m'm, he may have meant it for her birthday last year. I found it stuffed into 'is portmanteau wot 'e took with him in the yacht a year ago. It's bin there—poked away in the cupboard ever since. I suppose he bought it, meaning to give it to Miss Peggy, and put it away and forgot all about it. See m'm—" Nanna measured the frock against Peggy's small figure—"It'd a bin too large for her, last birthday. It'll just fit her now, m'm."

"O Peggy!" said Anne. "She must put it on. Quick, Nanna. You shall wear it, my pet, and surprise daddy."

"What fun!" said Peggy.

"Is n't it fun?" Anne was as gay and as happy as Peggy. She was smiling her pretty smile.

Peggy was solemnly arrayed in the little frock. The borders of daisies showed like a necklace and bracelets against her white skin.

"Well, m'm," said Nanna, "if master did forget, he knew what he was about, at the time, anyhow. It's the very frock for her."

"Yes. See, Peggy—it's daisies, marguerites. That's why daddy chose it—for your little name, darling, do you see?"

"My name," said Peggy softly, moved by the wonder and beauty of her frock.

"There he is, Peggy! Run down and show yourself."

"O muvver," shrieked Peggy, "it *will* be a surprise for daddy, won't it?"

She ran down. They followed, and leaned over the banisters to listen to the surprise. They heard Peggy's laugh as she came to the last flight of stairs and showed herself to her father. They heard her shriek, "Daddy! daddy!"

Then there was calm.

Then Peggy's voice dropped from its high joy and broke. "O daddy, are you angry with me?"

Anne came downstairs. Majendie had the child in his arms and was kissing her.

"Are you angry with me, daddy?" she repeated.

"No, my sweetheart, no."

He looked up at Anne. He was very pale, and a sweat was on his forehead.

"Who put that frock on her?"

"I did," said Anne.

"I think you'd better take it off again," he said quietly.

Anne raised her eyebrows as a sign to him to look at Peggy's miserable mouth. "Oh, let her wear it," she said. "It's her birthday."

Majendie wiped his forehead and turned aside into the study.

"Muvver," said Peggy, as they went hand in hand upstairs again, "do you think daddy really meant it as a surprise for *me*?"

"I think he must have done, darling."

"Are n't you sorry we spoiled his surprise, mummy?"

"I don't think he minds, Peggy."

"I think he does. Why did he look angry, and say I was to take it off?"

"Perhaps, because it's rather too nice a frock for everyday."

"My birthday is n't every day," said Peggy.

So Peggy wore the frock that Maggie had made for her and given to Majendie last year. He had hidden it in his portmanteau, meaning to give it to Mrs. Ransome at Christmas. And he had thrown the portmanteau into the darkest corner of the cupboard, and gone away and forgotten all about it.

And now the sight of Maggie's handiwork had given him a shock. For his sin was heavy upon him. Every day he went in fear of discovery. Anne would ask him where he had got that frock, and he would have to lie to her. And it would be no use; for sooner or later, she would know that he had lied; and she would track Maggie down by the frock.

He hated to see his innocent child dressed in the garment which was a token and memorial of his sin. He wished he had thrown the damned thing into the Humber.

But Anne had no suspicion. Her face was smooth and tranquil as she came downstairs. She was calling Peggy her

"little treasure," and her eyes were smiling as she looked at the frail, small white and gold creature, stepping daintily and shyly in her delicate dress.

Peggy was buttoned into a little white coat to keep her warm; and they set out, Majendie carrying the luncheon basket, and Peggy an enormous doll.

Peggy enjoyed the journey. When she was not talking to Majendie she was singing a little song to keep the doll quiet, so that the time passed very quickly both for her and for him. There were other people in the carriage, and Anne was afraid that they would be annoyed with Peggy's singing. But they seemed to like it as much as she and Majendie. Nobody was ever annoyed with Peggy.

In Westleydale the beech-trees were in golden leaf. It was green underfoot and on the folding hills. Overhead it was limitless blue above the uplands; and above the woods, among the golden tree-tops, clear films and lacing veins and brilliant spots of blue.

Majendie felt Peggy's hand tighten on his hand. Her little body was trembling with delight.

They found the beech-tree under which he and Anne had once sat. He looked at her. And she, remembering, half turned her face from him; and, as she stooped and felt for a soft dry place for the child to sit on, she smiled, half unconsciously, a shy and tender smile.

Then he saw, beside her half-turned face, the face of another woman, smiling, shyly and tenderly, another smile; and his heart smote him with the sorrow of his sin.

They sat down, all three, under the beech-tree; and Peggy took, first Majendie's hand, then Anne's hand, and held them together in her lap.

"Mummy," said she, "are n't you glad that daddy came? It would n't be half so nice without him, would it?"

"No," said Anne, "it would n't."

"Mummy, you don't say that as if you meant it."

"O Peggy, of course I meant it."

"Yes, but you did n't make it sound so."

"Peggy," said Majendie, "you're a terribly observant little person."

"She's a little person who sometimes observes all wrong."

"No, mummy, I don't. You *never* talk to daddy like you talk to me."

"You're a little girl, dear, and daddy's a big grown-up man."

"That's not what I mean, though. You've got a grown-up voice for me, too. I don't mean your grown-up voice. I mean, mummy, you talk to daddy as if — as if you had n't known him such a very long time. And you talk to me as if you'd known me — oh, ever so long. *Have* you known me longer than you've known daddy?"

Majendie gazed with feigned abstraction at the shoulder of the hill visible through the branches of the trees.

"Bless you, sweetheart, I knew daddy long before you were ever thought of."

"When was I thought of, mummy?"

"I don't know, darling."

"Do you know, daddy?"

"Yes, Peggy. I know. You were thought of here, in this wood, under this tree, on mummy's birthday, between eight and nine years ago."

"Who thought of me?"

"Ah, that's telling."

"Who thought of me, mummy?"

"Daddy and I, dear."

"And you forgot, and daddy remembered."

"Yes. I've got a rather better memory than your mother, dear."

"You forgot my *old* birthday, daddy."

"I have n't forgotten your mother's old birthday, though."

Peggy was thinking. Her forehead was all wrinkled with the intensity of her thought.

"Mummy — am I only seven?"

"Only seven, Peggy."

"Then," said Peggy, "you *did* think of me before I was born. How did you know me before I was born?"

Anne shook her head.

"Daddy, how did you know me before I was born?"

"Peggy, you're a little tease."

"You brought it on yourself, my dear. Peggy, if you'll leave off teasing daddy, I'll tell you a story."

"Oh!"

"Once upon a time" (Anne's voice was very low) "mummy had a dream. She dreamed she was in this wood, walking along that little path — just there — not thinking of Peggy. And when she came to this tree she saw an angel, with big white wings. He was lying under this very tree, on this very bit of grass, just there, where daddy's sitting. And one of his wings was stretched out on the grass, and it was hollow like a cradle. It was all lined with little feathers, like the inside of a swan's wing, as soft as soft. And the other wing was stretched over it like the top of a cradle. And inside, all among the soft little feathers, there was a little baby girl lying, just like Peggy."

"Oh, mummy, was it me?"

"Sh-sh-sh. Whoever it was, the angel saw that mummy loved it, and wanted it very much —"

"The little baby-girl?"

"Yes. So he took the baby and gave it to mummy, to be her own little girl. That's how Peggy came to mummy."

"And did he give it to daddy, too, to be his little girl?"

"Yes," said Majendie. "I was wondering where I came in."

"Yes. He gave it to daddy to be his little girl, too."

"I'm glad he gave me to daddy. The angel brought me to you in the night, like daddy brought me my big dolly. You *did* bring my big dolly, and put her on my bed, did n't you, daddy? Last night?"

Majendie was silent.

"Daddy was n't at home last night, Peggy."

"O daddy, where were you?"

Majendie felt his forehead getting damp again.

"Daddy was away on business."

"O mummy, don't you wish he'd never go away?"

"I think it's time for lunch," said Majendie.

They ate their lunch; and when it was ended, Majendie went to the cottage to find water, for Peggy was thirsty. He returned, carrying water in a pitcher, and followed by a red-cheeked, rosy little girl who brought milk in a cup for Peggy.

Anne remembered the cup. It was the same cup that she had drunk from after her husband. And the child was the same child whom he had found sitting in the grass, whom he had shown to her and taken from her arms, whose little body, held close to hers, had unsealed in her the first springs of her maternal passion. It all came back to her.

The little girl beamed on Peggy with a face like a small red sun, and Peggy conceived a sudden yearning for her companionship. It seemed that, at the cottage, there were rabbits, and a new baby, and a litter of puppies, three days old. And all these wonders the little girl offered to show to Peggy, if Peggy would go with her.

Peggy begged, and went through the wood, hand in hand with the little beaming girl. Majendie and Anne watched them out of sight.

"Look at the two pairs of legs," said Majendie.

Anne sighed. Her Peggy showed very white and frail beside the red, lusty-legged daughter of the woods.

"I'm not at all happy about her," said she.

"Why not?"

"She gets so terribly tired."

"All children do, don't they?"

Anne shook her head. "Not as she does. It is n't a child's healthy tiredness. It does n't come like that. It came on quite suddenly the other day, after she'd been excited; and her little lips turned gray."

"Get Gardner to look at her."

"I'm going to. He says she ought to be more in the open air. I wish we could get a cottage somewhere in the country, with a nice garden."

Majendie said nothing. He was thinking of Three Elms Farm, and the garden and the orchard, and of the pure wind that blew over them, straight from the sea. He remembered how Maggie had said that the child would love it.

"You *could* afford it, Walter, could n't you, now?"

"Of course I can afford it."

He thought how easily it could be done, if he gave up his yacht and the farm. His business was doing better every year. But the double household was a drain on his fresh resources. He could not very well afford to take another house and keep the farm too. He had thought of that before. He had been thinking of it last night, when he spoke to Maggie about giving him up. Poor Maggie! Well, he would have to manage somehow. If the worst came to the worst they could sell the house in Prior Street. And he would sell the yacht.

"I think I shall sell the yacht," he said.

"Oh no, you must n't do that. You've been so well since you've had it."

"No, it is n't necessary. I shall be better if I take more exercise."

Peggy came back, and the subject dropped.

Peggy was very unhappy before the picnic ended. She was tired, so tired that she cried piteously, and Majendie had to take her up in his arms and carry her all the way to the station. Anne carried the doll.

In the train Peggy fell asleep in her father's arms. She slept with her face pressed close against him, and one hand clinging to his breast. Her head rested on his arm, and her hair curled over his rough coat-sleeve.

"Look!" he whispered.

Anne looked. "The little lamb," she said.

Then she was silent, discerning in the

man's face, bent over the sleeping child, the divine look of love and tenderness. She was silent, held by an old enchantment and an older vision; brooding on things dear and secret and long-forgotten.

XXX

Though Thurston Square saw little of Mrs. Majendie, the glory of Mrs. Elliott's Thursdays remained undiminished. The same little procession filed through her drawing-room as before,—Mrs. Pooley, Miss Proctor, the Gardners, and Canon Wharton. Mrs. Elliott was more than ever haggard and pursuing; she had more than ever the air of clinging, desperate and exhausted, on her precipitous intellectual heights.

But Mrs. Pooley never flagged, possibly because her ideas were vaguer and more miscellaneous, and therefore less exhausting. It was she who now urged Mrs. Elliott on. This year Mrs. Pooley was going in for thought-power, and for mind-control, and had drawn Mrs. Elliott in with her. They still kept it up for hours together, and still they dreaded the disastrous invasions of Miss Proctor.

Miss Proctor rode rough-shod over the thought-power, and trampled contemptuously on the mind-control. Mrs. Gardner's attitude was mysterious and unsatisfactory. She seemed to stand serenely on the shore of the deep sea where Mrs. Elliott and Mrs. Pooley were forever plunging and sinking, and coming up again, bobbing and bubbling, to the surface. Her manner implied that she would die rather than go in with them; it also suggested that she knew rather more about the thought-power and the mind-control than they did; but that she did not wish to talk so much about it.

Mr. Elliott, dexterous as ever, and fortified by the exact sciences, took refuge from the occult under his covering of profound stupidity. He had a secret understanding with Dr. Gardner on the subject. His spirit no longer searched for Dr. Gardner's across the welter of his

wife's drawing-room, knowing that it would find it at the club.

Now, in October, about four o'clock on the Thursday after Peggy's birthday, Canon Wharton and Miss Proctor met at Mrs. Elliott's. The canon watched his opportunity and drew his hostess apart.

"May I speak with you a moment," he said, "before your other guests arrive?"

Mrs. Elliott led him to a secluded sofa. "If you'll sit here," said she, "we can leave Johnson to entertain Miss Proctor."

"I am perplexed and distressed," said the canon, "about our dear Mrs. Majendie."

Mrs. Elliott's eyes darkened with anxiety. She clasped her hands. "Oh, why? What is it? Do you mean about the dear little girl?"

"I know nothing about the little girl. But I hear very unpleasant things about her husband."

"What things?"

The canon's face was reticent and grim. He wished Mrs. Elliott to understand that he was no unscrupulous purveyor of gossip; that if he spoke, it was under restraint and severe necessity.

"I do not," said the canon, "usually give heed to disagreeable reports. But I am afraid that where there is such a dense cloud of smoke there must be some fire."

"I think," said Mrs. Elliott, "perhaps they did n't get on very well together once. But they seem to have made it up after the sister's death. *She* has been happier these last three years. *She* has been a different woman."

"The same woman, my dear lady, the same woman. Only a better saint. For the last three years, they say, *he* has been living with another woman."

"Oh — It's impossible. Impossible. He is away a great deal — but —"

"He is away a great deal too often. Running up to Scarby every week in that yacht of his. In with the Ransomes and all that disreputable set."

"Is Lady Cayley in Scale?"

"Lady Cayley is at Scarby."

"Do you mean to say —"

"I mean," said the canon, rising, "to say nothing."

Mrs. Elliott detained him with her eyes of anguish.

"Canon Wharton — do you think she knows?"

"I cannot tell you."

The canon never told. He was far too clever.

Mrs. Elliott wandered to Miss Proctor.

"Do you know," said Miss Proctor, searching Mrs. Elliott's face with an inquisitive gaze, "how our friends, the Majendies, are getting on?"

"Oh, as usual. I see very little of her now. Anne is quite taken up with her little girl and with her good works."

"Oh! That," said Miss Proctor, "was a most unsuitable marriage."

It was five o'clock. The canon and Miss Proctor had drunk their two cups of tea, and departed. Mrs. Pooley had arrived soon after four; she lingered, to talk a little more about the thought-power and the mind-control. Mrs. Pooley was convinced that she could make things happen. That they were, in fact, happening. But Mrs. Elliott was no longer interested.

Mrs. Pooley, too, departed, feeling that dear Fanny's Thursday had been a disappointment. She had been quite unable to sustain the conversation at its usual height.

Mrs. Pooley indubitably gone, Mrs. Elliott wandered down to Johnson in his study. There, in perfect confidence, she revealed to him the canon's revelations.

Johnson betrayed no surprise. That story had been going the round of his club for the last two years.

"What will Anne do," said Mrs. Elliott, "when she finds out?"

"I don't suppose she'll do anything."

"Will she get a separation, do you think?"

"How can I tell you?"

"I wonder if she knows."

"She's not likely to tell you, if she does."

"She's bound to know, sooner or later. I wonder if one ought to prepare her?"

"Prepare her for what?"

"The shock of it. I'm afraid of her hearing in some horrid way. It would be so awful, if she did n't know."

"It can't be pleasant, any way, my dear."

"Do advise me, Johnson. Ought I, or ought I not, to tell her?"

Mr. Elliott's face told how his nature shrank from the agony of decision. But he was touched by her distress.

"Certainly not. Much better let well alone."

"If I were only sure that it *was* well I was letting alone."

"Can't be sure of anything. Give it the benefit of the doubt."

"Yes — but if you were I?"

"If I were you I should say nothing."

"That only means that I should say nothing if I were you. But I'm not."

"Be thankful, my dear, at any rate, for that."

He took up a book, *The Search for Stellar Parallaxes*, a book that he understood and that his wife could not understand. That book was the sole refuge open to him when pressed for an opinion. He knew that, when she saw him reading it, she would realize that he was her intellectual master.

The front door bell announced the arrival of another caller.

She went away, wondering, as he meant she should, whether he were so very undecided after all. Certainly his indecisions closed a subject more effectually than other people's verdicts.

She found Anne in the empty, half-dark drawing-room, waiting for her. She had chosen the darkest corner, and the darkest hour.

"Fanny," she said, and her voice trembled, "are you alone? Can I speak to you a moment?"

"Yes, dear, yes. Just let me leave

word with Mason that I'm not at home. But no one will come now."

In the interval she heard Anne struggling with the sob that had choked her voice. She felt that the decision had been made for her. The terrible task had been taken out of her hands. Anne knew.

She sat down beside her friend and put her hand on her shoulder. In that moment poor Fanny's intellectual vanities dropped from her, like an inappropriate garment, and she became pure woman. She forgot Anne's recent disaffection and her coldness, she forgot the years that had separated them, and remembered only the time when Anne was the girl-friend who had loved her, and had come to her in all her griefs, and had made her house her home.

"What is it, dear?" she murmured.

Anne felt for her hand and pressed it. She tried to speak, but no words would come.

"Of course," thought Mrs. Elliott, "she cannot tell me. But she knows I know."

"My dear," she said, "can I or Johnson help you?"

Anne shook her head, but she pressed her friend's hand tighter.

Wondering what she could do or say to help her, Mrs. Elliott resolved to take Anne's knowledge for granted and act upon it.

"If there's trouble, dear, will you come to us? We want you to look on our house as a refuge, any hour of the day or night."

Anne stared at her friend. There was something ominous and dismaying in her solemn tenderness, and it roused Anne to wonder, even in her grief.

"You cannot help me, dear," she said. "No one can. Yet I had to come to you and tell you —"

"Tell me everything," said Mrs. Elliott, "if you can."

Anne tried to steady her voice to tell her, and failed. Then Fanny had an inspiration. She felt that she must divert Anne's thoughts from the grief that made

her dumb, and get her to talk naturally of other things.

"How's Peggy?" said she. She knew it would be good to remind her that, whatever happened, she still had the child.

But at that question, Anne released Mrs. Elliott's hand, and laid her head back upon the cushion and cried.

"Dear," whispered Mrs. Elliott, with her inspiration full upon her, "you will always have *her*."

Then Anne sat up in her corner, and put away her tears and controlled herself to speak.

"Fanny," she said, "Dr. Gardner has seen her. He says I shall not have her very long. Perhaps — a few years — if we take the very greatest care —"

"Oh, my dear! What is it?"

"It's her heart. I thought it was her spine, because of Edie. But it is n't. She has valvular disease. O Fanny, I did n't think a little child could have it."

"Nor I," said Mrs. Elliott, shocked into a great calm. "But surely — if you take care —"

"No. He gives no hope. He only says a few years, if we leave Scale and take her into the country. She must never be over-tired, never excited. We must never vex her. He says one violent crying fit might kill her. And she cries so easily. She cries sometimes till she's sick."

Mrs. Elliott's face had grown white; she trembled, and was dumb before the anguish of Anne's face.

But it was Anne who rose, and put her arms about the childless woman, and kissed and comforted her.

It was as if she had said, "Thank God you never had one."

XXXI

The rumor which was going the round of the clubs in due time reached Lady Cayley through the Ransomes. It roused in her many violent and conflicting emotions.

She sat trembling in the Ransomes'

drawing-room. Mrs. Ransome had just asked whether there was anything in it; because if there was, she, Mrs. Ransome, washed her hands of her. She intimated that it would take a great deal of washing to get Sarah off her hands.

Sarah had unveiled the face of horror, of outraged virtue, and the wrath and writhing of propriety wounded in the uncertain, quivering, vital spot. During the unveiling Dick Ransome had come in. He wanted to know if Topsy had been bullying poor Toodles. Whereupon Topsy wept feebly, and poor Toodles had a moment of monstrous calm.

She wanted to get it quite clear, to make no mistake. They might as well give her the details. Majendie had left his wife, had he? Well, she was n't surprised at that. The wonder was that, having married her, he had stuck to her so long. He had left his wife, and was living at Scarby, was he, with her? Well, she only wanted to get all the details clear.

At this Sarah fell into a fit of laughter very terrifying to see. Since her own sister would n't take her word for it, she supposed she'd have to prove that it was not so.

And, under the horror of her virtue and respectability, there heaved a dull, dumb fury born of her memory that it once was, her belief that it might have been again, and her knowledge that it was not so. She trembled, shaken by the troubling of the fire that ran underground, the immense, unseen, unliberated primeval fire. She was no longer a creature of sophistries, hypocrisies, and wiles. She was the large woman of the simple earth, welded by the dark, unspiritual flame.

Dick Ransome turned on his sister-in-law a pale, puffy face in which two little dark eyes twinkled with a shrewd, gross humor. Nothing could possibly have pleased Dick Ransome more than an exhibition of indignant virtue, as achieved by Sarah. He knew a great deal more about Sarah than Mrs. Ran-

some knew, or than Sarah knew herself. To Dick Ransome's mind, thus illuminated by knowledge, that spectacle swept the whole range of human comedy. He sat, taking in all the entertainment it presented; and, when it was all over, he remarked quietly that Toodles need n't bother about her proofs. He had got them too. He knew that it was not so. He could tell her that much, but he was n't going to give Majendie away. No, she could n't get any more out of him than that.

Sarah smiled. She did not need to get anything more out of him. She had her proof; or, if it did n't exactly amount to proof, she had her clue. She had found it long ago; and she had followed it up, if not to the end, at any rate quite far enough. She reflected that Majendie, like the dear fool he always was, had given it to her himself five years ago.

Men's sins take care of themselves. It is their innocent good deeds that start the hounds of destiny. When Majendie sent Maggie Forrest's handiwork to Mrs. Ransome, with a kind note recommending the little embroideress, by that innocent good deed he woke the sleeping dogs of destiny. Mrs. Ransome's sister had tracked poor Maggie down by the long trail of her beautiful embroidery. She had been baffled when the embroidered clue broke off. Now, after three years, she leaped (and it was not a very difficult leap for Lady Cayley) to the firm conclusion. Maggie Forrest and her art had disappeared for three years; so, at perilous intervals, had Majendie; therefore they had disappeared together.

Sarah did not like the look in Ransome's eye. She removed herself from it to the seclusion of her bedroom. There she bathed her heated face with toilette vinegar, steadied her nerves with a cigarette, lay down on a couch, and rested, and, pure from passion, revised the situation calmly. She was an eminently practical, sensible woman, who knew the facts of life, and knew, also, how to turn them to her own advantage.

Seen by the larger, calmer spirit that was Sarah now, the situation was not so unpleasant as it had at first appeared. To be sure, the rumor in which she had figured was fatal to the matrimonial vision, and to the beautiful illusion of propriety in which she had once lived. But Sarah had renounced the vision; she had abandoned the pursuit of the fugitive propriety. She had long ago seen through the illusion. She might be a deceiver; but she had no power to hoodwink her own indestructible lucidity. Looking back on her life, after the joyous romances of her youth, the years had passed like so many funeral processions, each bearing some pleasant scandal to its burial. Then there had come the dreary funeral feast, and then the days of mournful rehabilitation. Oh, that rehabilitation! There had been three years of it. Three years of exhausting struggle for a position in society, three years of crawling, and pushing, and scrambling, and climbing. There had been a dubious triumph. Then six years of respectable futility, ambiguous courtship, and palpable frustration. After all that, there was something flattering in the thought that, at forty-five, she should yet find her name still coupled with Walter Majendie's in a passionate adventure.

It might easily have been, but for Walter's imbecile, suicidal devotion to his wife. He had got nothing out of his marriage. Worse than nothing. He was the laughing stock of all his friends who were in the secret; who saw him groveling at the heels of a disagreeable woman who had made him conspicuous by her aversion. Of course, it might easily have been.

Sarah's imagination (for she had an imagination) drew out all the sweetness that there was for it in that idea. Then it occurred to her sound, prosaic commonsense, that a reputation is still a reputation, all the more precious if somewhat precariously acquired; that, though you may as well be hung for a sheep as a

lamb, hanging is very poor fun when for years you have seen nothing of sheep or lamb either; that, in short, she must take steps to save her reputation.

The shortest way to save it was the straight way. She would go straight to Mrs. Majendie with her proofs. Her duty to herself justified the somewhat unusual step. And more than her duty Sarah loved a scene. She loved to play with other people's emotions and to exhibit her own. She wanted to see how Mrs. Majendie would take it; how the white-faced, high-handed lady would look when she was told that her husband had consoled himself for her highhandedness. She had always been possessed by an ungovernable curiosity with regard to Majendie's wife.

She did not know Majendie's wife, but she knew Majendie. She knew all about the separation and its cause. That was where she had come in. She divined that Mrs. Majendie had never forgiven her husband for his old intimacy with her. It was Mrs. Majendie's jealousy that had driven him out of the house, into the arms of pretty Maggie. Where, she wondered, would Mrs. Majendie's jealousy of pretty Maggie drive him?

Though Sarah knew Majendie, that was more than she would undertake to say. But the more she thought about it, the more she wondered, and the more she wondered, the more she desired to know.

She wondered whether Mrs. Majendie had heard the report. From all she could gather, it was hardly likely. Neither Mrs. Majendie nor her friends mixed in those circles where it went the round. The scandal of the clubs and of the Park would never reach her in the high seclusion of the house in Prior Street.

Into that house Lady Cayley could not hope to penetrate except by guile. Once admitted, straightforwardness would be her method. She must not attempt to give the faintest social color to her visit. She must take for granted Mrs. Majendie's view of her impossibility. To be

sure, Mrs. Majendie's prejudices were moral even more than social. But moral prejudice could be overcome by cleverness working towards a formidable moral effect.

She would call after six o'clock, an hour incompatible with any social intention. An hour when she would probably find Mrs. Majendie alone.

She rested all afternoon. At five o'clock she fortified herself with strong tea and brandy. Then she made an elaborate and thoughtful toilet.

At forty-five Sarah's face was very large and horribly white. She restored, discreetly, delicately, the vanished rose. The beautiful, flower-like edges of her mouth were blurred. With a thin thread of rouge she retraced the once perfect outline. Wrinkles had drawn in the corners of the indomitable eyes, and ill-health had dulled their blue. That saddest of all changes she repaired by hand-massage, pomade, and belladonna. The somewhat unrefined exuberance of her figure she laced in an inimitable corset. Next she arrayed herself in a suit of dark blue cloth, simple and severely reticent; in a white silk blouse, simpler still, sewn with innocent daisies, Maggie's handiwork; in a hat, gay in form, austere in color; and in gloves of immaculate whiteness.

Nobody could have possessed a more irreproachable appearance than Lady Cayley when she set out for Prior Street.

At the door she gave neither name nor card. She announced herself as a lady who desired to see Mrs. Majendie for a moment on important business.

Kate wondered a little, and admitted her. Ladies did call sometimes on important business, ladies who approached Mrs. Majendie on missions of charity; and these did not always give their names.

Anne was upstairs in the nursery, superintending the packing of Peggy's little trunk. She was taking her away to-morrow to the seaside, by Dr. Gardner's orders. She supposed that the

nameless lady would be some earnest, beneficent person connected with a case for her rescue committee, who might have excellent reasons for not announcing herself by name.

And, at first, coming into the low-lit drawing-room, she did not recognize her visitor. She advanced innocently, in her perfect manner, with a charming smile and an appropriate apology.

The smile died with a sudden rigor of repulsion. She paused before seating herself, as an intimation that the occasion was not one that could be trusted to explain itself. Lady Cayley rose to it.

"Forgive me for calling at this unconventional hour, Mrs. Majendie."

Mrs. Majendie's silence implied that she could not forgive her for calling at any hour. Lady Cayley smiled inimitably.

"I wanted to find you at home."

"You did not give me your name, Lady Cayley."

Their eyes crossed like swords before the duel.

"I did n't, Mrs. Majendie, *because* I wanted to find you at home. I can't help being unconventional —"

Mrs. Majendie raised her eyebrows.

"— It's my nature."

Mrs. Majendie dropped her eyelids, as much as to say that the nature of Lady Cayley did not interest her.

"And I've come on a most unconventional errand."

"Do you mean an unpleasant one?"

"I'm afraid I do, rather. And it's just as unpleasant for me as it is for you. Have you any idea, Mrs. Majendie, why I've been obliged to come? It'll make it easier for me if you have."

"I assure you I have none. I cannot conceive why you have come, nor how I can make anything easier for you."

"I think I mean — it would have made it easier for you."

"For me?"

"Well — it would have spared you some painful explanations." Sarah felt herself sincere. She really desired to

spare Mrs. Majendie. The part which she had rehearsed with such ease in her own bedroom was impossible in Mrs. Majendie's drawing-room. She was charmed by the spirit of the place, constrained by its suggestion of fair observances, high decencies, and social suavities. She could not sit there and tell Mrs. Majendie that her husband had been unfaithful to her. You do not say these things. And so subdued was Sarah that she found a certain relief in the reflection that, by clearing herself, she would clear Majendie.

"I don't in the least know what you want to say to me," said Mrs. Majendie, "but I would rather take everything for granted than have any explanations."

"If I thought you would take my innocence for granted —"

"Your innocence? I should be a bad judge of it, Lady Cayley."

"Quite so." Lady Cayley smiled again, and again inimitably. (It was extraordinary, the things *she* took for granted.) "That's why I've come to explain."

"One moment. Perhaps I am mistaken. But, if you are referring to — to what happened in the past, there need be no explanation. I have put all that out of my mind now. I have heard that you, too, have left it far behind you; and I am willing to believe it. There is nothing more to be said."

There was such a sweetness and dignity in Mrs. Majendie's voice and manner that Lady Cayley was further moved to compete in dignity and sweetness. She suppressed the smile that ignored so much and took so much for granted.

"Unfortunately a great deal more *has* been said. Your husband is an intimate friend of my sister, Mrs. Ransome, as of course you know."

Mrs. Majendie's face denied all knowledge of the intimacy.

"I might have met him at her house a hundred times, but, I assure you, Mrs. Majendie, that, since his marriage, I have not met him more than twice, anywhere. The first time was at the Han-

nays'. You were there. You saw all that passed between us."

"Well?"

"The second time was at the Hannays', too. Mrs. Hannay was with us, all the time. What do you suppose he talked to me about? His child. He talked about nothing else."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Majendie coldly, "there was nothing else to talk about."

"No — But it was so dear and naïf of him." She pondered on his naïveté with down-dropped eyes whose lids sheltered the irresponsibly hilarious blue. "He talked about his child — your child — to *me*. I had n't seen him for two years, and that's all he could talk about. I had to sit and listen to *that*."

"It would n't hurt you, Lady Cayley."

"It did n't. And I'm sure the little girl is charming. Only — It was so delicious of your husband, don't you see?" Her face curled all over in its soft and sensual smile. "If we'd been two babes unborn there could n't have been a more innocent conversation."

"Well?"

"Well, since that night we have n't seen each other for more than five years. Ask him if it is n't true. Ask Mrs. Hannay —"

"Lady Cayley, I do not doubt your word — nor my husband's honor. I can't think why you're giving yourself all this trouble."

"Why, because they're saying *now* —"

Mrs. Majendie rose. "Excuse me, if you've only come to tell me what people are saying, it is useless. I never listen to what people say."

"It is n't likely they'd say it to you."

"Then why should you say it to me."

"Because it concerns my reputation."

"Forgive me, but — your reputation does not concern me."

"And how about your husband's reputation, Mrs. Majendie?"

"My husband's reputation can take care of itself."

"Not in Scale."

"There's no more scandal talked in Scale than in any other place. I never pay any attention to it."

"That's all very well — but you must defend yourself sometimes. And when it comes to saying that I've been living with Mr. Majendie in Scarby for the last three years —"

Mrs. Majendie was so calm that Lady Cayley fancied that, after all, this was not the first time she had heard that rumor.

"Let them say it," said she. "Nobody'll believe it."

"Everybody believes it. I came to you because I was afraid you'd be the first."

"To believe it? I assure you, Lady Cayley, I should be the last."

"What was to prevent you? You did n't know me."

"No. But I know my husband."

"So do I."

"Not *now*," said Mrs. Majendie quietly.

Lady Cayley's bosom heaved. She had felt that she had risen to the occasion. She had achieved a really magnificent renunciation. With almost suicidal generosity, she had handed Majendie over intact, as it were, to his insufferable wife. She was wounded in several very sensitive places by the married woman's imperious denial of her part in him, by her attitude of indestructible and unique possession. If she did n't know him, she would like to know who did. But until now she had meant to spare Mrs. Majendie her knowledge of him, for she was not ill-natured. She was sorry for the poor, inept, unhappy prude.

Even now, seated in Mrs. Majendie's drawing-room, she had no impulse to wound her mortally. Her instinct was rather to patronize and pity, to unfold the long result of a superior experience, to instruct this woman who was so incompetent to deal with men, who had spoiled, stupidly, her husband's life and her own. In that moment Sarah contemplated nothing more outrageous than a little straight talk with Mrs. Majendie.

"Look here, Mrs. Majendie," she said, with an air of finely ungovernable impulse. "You're a saint. You know no more about men than your little girl does. I'm not a saint, I'm a woman of the world. I think I've had a rather larger experience of men —"

Mrs. Majendie cut her short.

"I do not want to hear anything about your experience."

"Dear lady, you shan't hear anything about it. I was only going to tell you that, of all the men I've known, there's nobody I know better than your husband. My knowledge of him is probably a little different from yours."

"That I can well believe."

"You mean you think I would n't know a good man if I saw one? My experience is n't as bad as all that. I can tell a good woman when I see one, too. You're a good woman, Mrs. Majendie, and I've no doubt that you've been told I'm a bad one. All I can say is, that Walter Majendie was a good man when I first knew him. He was a good man when he left me and married you. So my badness can't have hurt him very much. If he's gone wrong now, it's that goodness of yours that's done it."

Anne's lips turned white, but their muscles never moved. And the woman who watched her wondered in what circumstances Mrs. Majendie would display emotion, if she did not display it now.

"What right have you to say these things to me?"

"I've a right to say a good deal more. Your husband was very fond of me. He would have married me if his friends had n't come and bullied me to give him up for the good of his morals. I loved him —" She suggested by an adroit shrug of her shoulders that her love was a thing that Mrs. Majendie could either take for granted or ignore. She did n't expect her to understand it. "And I gave him up. I'm not a cold-blooded woman; and it was pretty hard for me. But I did it. And" (she faced her) "what was the

good of it? Which of us has been the best for his morals? You or me? He lived with me two years, and he married you, and everybody said how virtuous and proper he was. Well, he's been married to you for nine years, and he's been living with another woman for the last three."

She had not meant to say it, for (in the presence of the social sanctities) you do not say these things. But flesh and blood are stronger than all the social sanctities; and flesh and blood had risen and claimed their old dominion over Sarah. The unspeakable depths in her had been stirred by her vision of the things that might have been. She was filled with a passionate hatred of the purity which had captured Majendie, and drawn him from her, and made her seem vile in his sight. She rejoiced in her power to crush it, to confront it with the proof of its own futility.

"I do not believe it," said Mrs. Majendie.

"Of course you don't believe it. You're a good woman." She shook her meditative head. "The sort of a woman who can live with a man for nine years without seeing what he's like. If you'd understood your husband as well as I do, you'd have known that he could n't run his life on your lines for six months, let alone nine years."

Mrs. Majendie's chin rose, as if she were lifting her face above the reach of the hand that had tried to strike it. Her voice throbbed on one deep monotonous note.

"I do not believe a word of what you say. And I cannot think what your motive is in saying it."

"Don't worry about my motive. It ought to be pretty clear. Let me tell you — you can bring your husband back to-morrow, and you can keep him to the end of time, if you choose, Mrs. Majendie. Or you can lose him altogether. And you will, if you go on as you're doing. If I were you, I should make up my mind whether it's good enough. I should n't think it was, myself."

Mrs. Majendie was silent. She tried to think of some word that would end the intolerable interview. Her lips parted to speak, but her thoughts died in her brain unborn. She felt her face turning white under the woman's face; it hypnotized her; it held her dumb.

"Don't you worry," said Lady Cayley soothingly. "You can get your husband back from that woman to-morrow, if you choose." She smiled. "Do you see my motive now?"

Lady Cayley had not seen it; but she had seen herself for one beautiful moment as the benignant and inspired conciliator. She desired Mrs. Majendie to see her so. She had gratified her more generous instincts in giving the unfortunate lady "the straight tip." She knew perfectly well that she would n't take it. She knew, all the time, that whatever else her revelation did, it would not move Mrs. Majendie to charm her husband back. She could not say precisely what it would do. Used to live solely in the voluptuous moment, she had no sense of drama beyond the scene she played in.

"Your motive," said Mrs. Majendie, "is of no importance. No motive could excuse you."

"You think not?" She rose and looked down on the motionless woman. "I've told you the truth, Mrs. Majendie, because, sooner or later, you'd have had to know it; and other people would have told you worse things, that are n't true. You can take it from me that there's nothing more to tell. I've told you the worst."

"You've told me, and I do not believe it."

"You'd better believe it. But, if you really don't, you can ask your husband. Ask him where he goes to every week in that yacht of his. Ask him what's become of Maggie Forrest, the pretty work-

girl who made the embroidered frock for Mrs. Ransome's little girl. Tell him you want one like it for your little girl; and see what he looks like."

Anne rose too. Her faint white face frightened Lady Cayley. She had wondered how Mrs. Majendie would look if she told her the truth about her husband. Now she knew.

"My dear lady," said she, "what on earth did you expect?"

Anne went blindly towards the chimney-piece where the bell was. Lady Cayley also turned. She meant to go, but not just yet.

"One moment, Mrs. Majendie, please, before you turn me out. I would n't break my heart about it, if I were you. He might have done worse things."

"He has done nothing."

"Well — not much. He has done what I've told you. But, after all, what's that?"

"Nothing to you, Lady Cayley, certainly," said Anne, as she rang the bell.

She moved slowly towards the door. Lady Cayley followed to the threshold, and laid her hand delicately on the jamb of the door as Mrs. Majendie opened it. She raised to her set face the tender eyes of a suppliant.

"Mrs. Majendie," said she, "don't be hard on poor Wallie. He's never been hard on you. He might have been." The latch sprang to under her gentle pressure. "Look at it this way. He has kept all his marriage vows — except one. You've broken all yours — except one. None of your friends will tell you that. That's why I tell you. Because I'm not a good woman, and I don't count."

She moved her hand from the door. It opened wide, and Lady Cayley walked serenely out.

She had had her say.

(To be continued.)

THE POWER THAT MAKES FOR PEACE

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

FEW movements of the last half-century have commended themselves more to thoughtful men than the present organized effort for the establishment of the principle of international arbitration, and through this the securing of a world peace. In the last two decades this cause has gained in strength and coherency, and the world owes a debt which can never be paid to the men who have persistently pressed upon the attention of nations its importance and its feasibility.

The last decade in the history of the peace movement is its best. The establishment of the Hague Tribunal, the gift of Mr. Carnegie for a fitting building for its meetings, and, above all, the focusing of international attention upon the feasibility of and necessity for international arbitration, have marked real progress in the practical solution of the problem of world peace. Every friend of humanity must feel encouraged at these steps, and must have had his faith quickened for the work of the future. That that work shall be a real one; that it shall lead not merely to international gatherings, but to international agreements; that it may make war not only less horrible, but less frequent; that it may bring about a common understanding under which questions of dispute may be adjudicated by reason, not by force; that it may create a public opinion that shall prove a powerful factor in restraining nations from war; all these things we may reasonably hope for. The movement will hasten them in just such measure as it is led wisely, sanely, effectively.

Any such movement, which has to do with the larger relations of mankind and which touches fundamental human tendencies and qualities, is likely to pass through a period of progress followed by

a period of depression. It is likely to receive strength from unexpected sources and to be weakened by unexpected defections. It is sure to suffer from the lack of knowledge on the part of those who oppose it; and it is equally sure to suffer from the zeal of its own friends, who expect more of an organized movement than any organization can accomplish. The history of the present-day peace movement is in some respects the analogue of the history of the anti-slavery agitation of a century ago. The movement against slavery appealed, as does the movement against militarism, to the higher moral instincts and inspirations of men. The men of the nineteenth century saw clearly the vast evils of slavery, as the men of the twentieth see clearly the evils of war and of militarism. In proportion as one appreciates such burdens to the social order, one is tempted to be influenced by his emotions and to find himself stirred with indignation at a condition of affairs which he seeks at once to remedy. It is at such times that one is led to overestimate the power of an organization and to assume that it can take the place of the deeper underlying human education which alone can deal with such conditions. It is at such times that men are prone to become the partisans rather than the advocates of a cause, and to lose their perspective of social forces and of human nature. The advocate of peace is likely to be a real force in the progress of the movement for world peace; the partisan of peace has an attitude of mind likely to injure rather than to help the cause he supports. The man who is so eager for world peace that he is ready to fight for it has forgotten for the moment the long history of our race and its rise from savagery to civilization.

As one profoundly interested in this movement, I venture to call attention to certain fundamental human qualities which must inevitably be reckoned with in any such movement, and to point out at the same time certain directions in which our neglect of these considerations may lead us to hinder rather than to further our cause.

When we look back over the history of our race, so far as we know it, it seems clear that man is fundamentally a fighting animal. The fact that he is a fighting animal is perhaps the most important element in his evolution, and has had as much to do as any other quality with the slow process of improvement which has made the world of to-day out of the world of fifty thousand years ago. The whole process of civilization has been a development out of this life of continuous fighting and toward a life of comparative peace.

Just what this power is which has brought men out of a life of warfare into a life of comparative peace is a question about which men differ. Some will answer vaguely that the power is a combination of forces which have evolved the human race; some call it religion; and many have believed during the last two thousand years that it is Christianity. But however our notions may differ as to what the power may be, there is no difference as to the process. We know that the process by which men have passed from a life of warfare to a life of peace is nothing other than the slow and sure process of the education of the minds and of the consciences of men, and we know further that this slow and sure process is the only one that will ever bring a true world peace. There are no short cuts by which men may be made good, or by which men may be made peaceful, though good men have sought in all ages to find such. If the world could have been saved by an organization, it would have been saved a thousand years ago by the Christian church; if it could have been saved by legislative

enactment, it would have been saved centuries ago by the parliaments of the nations; if it could have been saved by administrative process, it would have been saved by the rulers who have governed it for two thousand years. There is no such royal road to peace. The world, if it is ever to know universal peace, will find it only through that same slow process by which we have attained our present civilization; and however important peace congresses and international agreements and international tribunals may be, let us not lose our perspective of their true place in this process. They are not the agencies which are to do the real work, but are only the methods by which public opinion is to be influenced and quickened.

Nor can one afford to forget, when he seeks to serve the cause of world peace, the elemental influences to which our human nature responds and the fundamental virtues to which they give rise. To bring about peace we cannot make human nature over; we can hope only to discipline and to refine it. That fighting spirit of our race, the spirit that is in every man, the spirit that has been ingrained in us by hundreds of thousands of years of our race life, and that has played so great a part in our evolution from barbarism to civilization, is not wholly bad. It grew on the one side out of aggressiveness, selfishness, suspicion; but on the other side its roots went deep into the nobler qualities of bravery, courage, loyalty, patriotism. The whole process of civilization has been an effort not to eradicate this spirit, but to discipline and refine it; to retain the old-time virtues while getting rid of the old-time vices. The man of the highest civilization to-day is no less a fighter than his savage ancestor of ten thousand years ago, but he holds the spirit of the fighter under the discipline of self-control and of the law. We could not, if we would, banish from our social and political life the things which appeal to this fighting spirit, because they pervade our whole

civilization, our literature, our language, our religion. When a band of scholars rises to its feet and breaks into that martial song, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," it is partly the appeal to this old-time inbred human spirit which stirs them, as well as the motive of Christian duty and of Christian service.

For this reason it seems to me unwise in the advocate of world peace to seek to banish such patriotic sentiments and influences. Such a criticism as has been made of the Jamestown Exposition, on account of the naval display which is to be had in connection with it, seems to me, on the whole, to hinder, not to further the cause of universal peace. To make such a criticism and to urge the banishment from our everyday life of all those things which appeal to the fighting spirit of man is to forget the long story of human development. It is to confuse symptoms with causes. For it is not soldiers and cannon and ships which make national quarrels, but the injustice, the greed, the selfishness, the ambitions, and above all the ignorance of man, which sets armies and navies to their dreadful work. If we could to-morrow destroy every war vessel and dissolve every army, it would not insure universal peace, any more than the destruction of all the liquor in the world would bring about universal temperance. We serve best the cause of peace when we recognize frankly the process out of which we have come, when we deal clear-eyed with the universal human spirit and the elemental human tendencies, and when we lend ourselves to that process which the power that makes for righteousness has given us, the process of the education of the great mass of mankind. It is when we take a step in that slow evolution of education that we take a real step toward a true world of peace. A nation helps the cause of peace when it takes official part in a world's congress for this cause, but it works immeasurably more efficiently when it deals justly and fairly with its own citizens and with other nations. A university

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does well to send its representatives to a peace congress, but it does a real work for peace when it sends into the world men who deal rightly with their fellow-men. A corporation helps the cause of peace best when it deals fairly, not only with its own interests but with the interests of its employees. A labor union aids the cause of peace most effectively when it develops a policy of unselfishness and fairness instead of a policy of selfishness and greed. A soldier stands for peace when he uses the military power justly, fairly, mercifully. We bring a world peace nearer when we so educate the individual man as to bring about a common understanding between men and between nations. The first step to individual agreement is individual confidence; the first step to international peace is international confidence and respect for the common motives of nations. And the first step in common confidence and respect is common knowledge and acquaintance. Ignorance of the motives, of the ideals, of the purposes of those with whom we have to do is the author, not only of armies and navies, but of wars and battles.

The old-time savage life was a life of isolation. Each man held a suspicion and dread of his neighbor which was in proportion to his ignorance of his neighbor's purposes and ideals. The first steps of civilization were those which led to association and acquaintance; and these must be the first steps in an international peace which is to be lasting. Intellectual and social isolation has bred more wars than hatred and revenge.

Among the many causes of our Civil War, one which is seldom thought of was the intellectual and political isolation of the Southern States. The Southern leaders sincerely believed in 1860 that they could organize a nation which could go on perpetuating slavery in disregard of the public opinion of the rest of the world. Had these leaders been men in touch with the world's thoughts and the world's ideals they would have known

that slavery was already dead, that no civilized nation could long maintain it, that the world was already ripe for its abandonment; and they themselves realized before the war was half over that, even if the Southern Confederacy were established, slavery was gone. A nation pays a fearful price for intellectual and moral isolation, a price paid down in centuries of suffering and in the blood of unnumbered battlefields.

However deeply we may regret war, however sincerely we may desire peace, there are probably few men who do not sincerely believe that for years to come our nation, in common with other nations, must maintain an army and navy, whatever limitations may be placed on their development.

So long as an army and a navy are to be maintained, it is important that the men who make up the military service shall be drawn from citizens of the highest character. If we are to place in the hands of men military power, it is above all essential that they shall be men of high intelligence and of high ideals.

There has grown up in Europe, and in America in recent years, amongst those active in the cause of international peace, a disposition to discredit and to belittle the military service; a tendency to discourage by all means young men of high character from entering the service of the army and of the navy.

In the light of our history and of our development this effort also seems to me against the interest of the peace movement, not in favor of it. No citizen or group of citizens can belittle the service of one's country in any direction without striking a blow at the same time at the deeper human qualities of loyalty and patriotism which lie back of all service and of all devotion.

No man who will look carefully into the work of the army or the navy can fail to realize that a career in either branch of our military service is one to which any man may give himself with the fullest devotion and with the highest ideals.

Americans, as a rule, know little about the actual work of either of these services, and few realize that when a man enters the service of the army or the navy, whether as officer or as enlisted man, he enters a great school, a school in which is taught not only the discipline of self-restraint, of cleanliness, of devotion to duty, but also the elements of an education. An enlisted man who enters a regiment of the army, barely able to read and write, comes out, if he be a man of ambition and industry, at the end of three years, in possession of the fundamentals of an English education. His officer stands to him not only in the relation of military director, but in the relation also of a teacher and of a friend. There is no career open to an American boy, unless it be that of a teacher, which offers a larger opportunity than that of the army or navy officer to minister to the service of men.

There are, to be sure, in both services men who do not take their profession seriously; there are men who are lazy and who are indifferent; but the great body of officers are earnest, hard-working, patriotic men. There is no life to which an American boy can give himself better worth his metal than that which he can find in either of these services. To belittle this life, to minimize its value, to seek to place it under social condemnation, is to strike a blow, not for peace but against that inbred spirit which stands for courage and loyalty and patriotism. For one cannot destroy the old-time fighting spirit of the race without weakening at the same time these elemental human virtues.

Of the truth of this statement the world has had an object lesson so striking that he who runs may read. For more than twenty-five centuries the Chinese have developed under a philosophy which led them to belittle in every way the soldier's life and to exalt in comparison with it the life of commerce and of peace. In this matter the philosophy of Confucius has been accepted by that

nation with a completeness and sincerity seldom shown in the history of any religious or philosophical evolution. The Chinese have become essentially a peaceful people. No nation needs to fear their aggressions. Amongst them the profession of the soldier has come to be considered the lowest of all callings.

The result of centuries of education in this philosophy is that China is at the mercy of all the so-called Christian nations; but, what is more serious, the process of eradicating the old fighting spirit has not only banished the worse qualities of that spirit, but it has also rooted out the old-time human virtues of loyalty and patriotism. There are those who have read in the teachings of Jesus Christ a similar lesson. "Blessed are the peace-makers" has been taken to mean "blessed are the peaceful." As a matter of fact, one can scarcely find a greater contrast than is shown in this respect between the philosophy of Jesus Christ and the philosophy of Confucius. Christ lived at a time when the burdens and horrors of war were felt in every hamlet and in every home. The military power held the social order at its mercy. Yet He never sought to array society against the soldier or the soldier's calling. On the other hand, looking beneath the surface of things, He dealt with the causes which made men and nations selfish and cruel and warlike, and to the soldier He said, "Live your life as a soldier honestly, justly, mercifully," knowing full well that he who lived the soldier's life in this spirit served the cause of peace as truly as he who advocated peace upon the housetops.

It is in view, too, of this age-long racial history that I cannot make myself believe that the artificial remedies which have been advocated as an antidote for war have serious significance. The idea that war can be made so dangerous that men will not engage in it, or that peace can be arbitrarily brought in by force, fails alike to take account of our racial history and of the underlying influences

which move men. Such remedies have the same significance in the social order that the Keeley cure for drunkenness has in medicine.

The nation which should act on such a theory might well expect to share the experience of a doughty Confederate colonel who, after the Civil War, returned with his war-worn and defeated veterans to his native village and was twitted on the fact that four years earlier he had boasted that he and his men could lick the Yankees with popguns. "So we could," answered the colonel stoutly, "but the Yankees would n't fight that way."

The truth is, there are no such short cuts to peace. Dreadful as war is, there are some things even worse. Under certain circumstances a nation will fight if it have left in it a spark of the elemental human virtue. And the remedy for such conditions lies far back of any influences which force or arbitrary restrictions can create.

And so I venture, in this day of enthusiasm for organization, to recall the fact that the cause of universal peace which we advocate is really no new thing, that it is nothing other than the cause of universal education; not necessarily the education of the school, but the education which makes man understand man, which makes state understand state, and which brings nations into relations of confidence and trust with other nations. Let us by all means further by these formal gatherings the cause of international organization, but let us not lose our perspective with respect to the organization, and the results which it may accomplish. And let us by all means not forget that the process which is in the end to bring about the result is, after all, the same slow process which has brought us up from savagery to the civilization of our day. That process we may hasten, but it cannot be done by disregarding our age-long racial history or our inbred human nature.

The beginning of the peace movement lies in the promotion of common confi-

dence and better understanding, not in the effort to belittle and to ostracize any class of citizens. The largest result which it may hope to gain is by focusing public attention, by creating a better understanding, by replacing ignorance with knowledge, by creating an international conscience. The real work will always remain the work of educating the consciences and the minds of the great mass of mankind.

It is through this slow process that we may venture to hope that the time will come when international differences shall be in the keeping of international tribunals; and it is by the furthering of this sure process that the peace advocates

of to-day may hope to bring about a movement which shall have as its consummation the deliverance of the world from the burden and horror of war. The cause of organized peace is worthy of our race and of its highest representatives. Let us hope that they may go forward in this effort, not only with true enthusiasm, but also with true judgment; that they may preserve a fair perspective, realizing that the causes of war lie far back of armies and navies, in the fundamental qualities of human nature; and that such organized effort will have force and value in proportion as those who direct it preserve a true vision and a serene judgment.

NOON AT PAESTUM

(In the Temple of Poseidon)

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

LORD of the Sea, we sun-filled creatures raise
 Our hands among the clamorous weeds,—we too,
 Lord of the Sun, and of the upper blue,
 Of all To-morrow, and all yesterdays.
 Here, where the thousand broken names and ways
 Of worship are but shards we wandered through,
 There is no gift to offer, or undo;
 There is no prayer left in us, only praise.

Only to glory in this glory here,
 Through the dead smoke of myriad sacrifice;—
 To look through these blue spaces, blind and clear
 Even as the seaward gaze of Homer's eyes;
 And from high heart and cup, red wine to pour
 Unto the Unknown God.—We ask no more.

THE DIME NOVEL IN AMERICAN LIFE

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

I

ARE not more crimes perpetrated these days in the name of the dime novels than Madame Roland ever imagined were committed in the name of liberty? It looks that way. Nearly every sort of misdemeanor into which the fantastic element enters, from train robbery to house-burning, is laid to them.

But these offending books must be only base counterfeits of the originals of their name. When the average American of fifty years of age or upward hears about dime novels he thinks of Beadle's. They were the first and the best of their order. Although nearly all of them bubbled over with thrills, they were not of a character to provoke breaches of the peace. For a few years they had a great run, incited many imitations, all of a lower grade; and at length, after suffering a gradual deterioration in quality, dropped out under the competition. Many of Beadle's original novels deserved the social and financial conquests which they won.

What boy of the sixties can ever forget Beadle's novels! To the average youngster of that time the advent of each of those books seemed to be an event of world consequence. The day which gave him his first glimpse of each of them set itself apart forever from the roll of common days. How the boys swarmed into and through stores and news-stands to buy copies as they came hot from the press! And the fortunate ones who got there before the supply gave out — how triumphantly they carried them off to the rendezvous, where eager groups awaited their arrival! What silver-tongued orator of any age or land ever had such sympathetic and enthusiastic audiences as did the happy youths at those trysting-

places, who were detailed to read those wild deeds of forest, prairie, and mountain!

And how those heroes and heroines and their allies, their enemies and their doings, cling to the memory across the gulf of years! The writer of this article has a far more vivid picture of some of the red and white paladins whom he met in Beadle's pages than he has of any of Red Cloud's, Spotted Tail's, or Black Kettle's fierce raiders, whom he saw at unpleasantly close range, or of the white warriors who alternately defeated them and were defeated by them, in the irruptions into Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and Wyoming, in the later sixties and early seventies. Through Beadle's hypnotic spell, —

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

Soon after the middle of the nineteenth century the Beadles began selling ten cent books, each a complete work in its field. They comprised manuals of games of many kinds, family medicine, etiquette, letter-writing, dreams, cookery, prose and poetical quotations, and so on. Most of these attained such a sale that the publication of little books on American adventure suggested itself.

Irwin P. Beadle, his brother Erastus F. Beadle, and Robert Adams were the founders of the Beadle publications. Orville J. Victor was the editor. Beadle's dime novels, issued once in each month at first, but much oftener subsequently, made their appearance in 1860. Many Americans who were old enough to read at that time remember 1860 better from that circumstance than they do because it was the year of Lincoln's election and the secession of South Carolina.

These little books ranged from 25,000

to 30,000 words, or about a third of the average bound novel of to-day. Conveniently shaped for the pocket, they promptly became an inseparable part of the outfit of the boy (and to some extent of the girl also) of the period. Their paper covers were salmon-colored. And they were just as free from yellowness on the inside as they were on the outside.

Orville J. Victor organized victory for the house of Beadle. He selected some writers of ability and standing to contribute to his series. He discovered other writers who made reputations in higher fields of literature afterward. He invented a few writers who quickly "made good." Rules of possibility, morality, and action in the narrative were laid down by him, which all writers had to observe. Mr. Victor himself, who, at the age of eighty, is to-day not only alive but also mentally and physically alert, had done some good journalistic and literary work before the first of Beadle's novels was issued. He had edited two or three papers, was a leading contributor to *Graham's Magazine*, a well known periodical of the days just before the Civil War, and had written some short biographies of Paul Jones, Israel Putnam, and other American heroes.

A contributor to the *North American Review*, writing a little over forty years ago in that periodical, said this:—

"A young friend of ours was recently suffering from that most harassing of complaints, convalescence, of which the remedy consists in copious draughts of amusement, prescribed by the patient. Literature was imperatively called for, and administered in the shape of Sir Walter Scott's novels. These did very well for a day or two, when, the convalescence running into satiety of the most malignant type, a new remedy was demanded, and the clamor de profundis arose: 'I wish I had a dime novel.' The coveted medicament was obtained, and at once took vigorous hold of the system."

That was a typical boy of the sixties.

There were millions like him, as well as many thousands of girls, back in the spacious times of Abraham Lincoln.

Malaeska, the Indian Wife of the White Hunter, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, published in the summer of 1860, was the first of Beadle's dime novels. Although forgotten long since, Mrs. Stephens was as well known to the literary world of that year as Edith Wharton or Mrs. DeLand is to that of 1907, and she was much better known to the social world than is either of these writers.

Like many greater novelists of the olden day,—Scott, Cooper, and others.—Mrs. Stephens began her chapters with a poetical quotation; but she departed from most of her contemporaries and predecessors in rejecting the "happy ending." The time of the tale, the eighteenth century, saw a large part of the country east of the Alleghenies still in possession of the red man. After her father killed her white husband, Malaeska carried their child to her father-in-law Danforth in New York City (a town which was more familiar with sights of the blanket Indian then than Tahlequah or Pawhuska is to-day), was prevented by Danforth from revealing her relationship, and went back alone to her tribe. Years afterward she returned, met her son just as he was about to be wedded, told him of his Indian blood, and in the general catastrophe he killed himself and she died.

The plot was crude, but there was action in it. Editor Victor always insisted on action in his stories. In Malaeska herself there was some vitality. A little of the aroma of the forest swept through the book's pages. Mrs. Stephens received \$250 for the story; but the compensation for these tales usually ranged from \$100 to \$150.

Harry Cavendish's *Privateer Cruise*, Mrs. Metta V. Victor's *Backwoods Bride*, and Col. A. J. H. Duganne's *Massasoit's Daughter* were a few of the best known of the earlier Beadle's. Mrs. Victor was the wife of the editor of the series, and

she had won some reputation as a writer before she appeared in this company. She wrote half a score of stories for the Beadles. By far the most popular of them all was *Maum Guinea and Her Plantation Children*.

Maum Guinea was a tale of slave life, and appeared in the early part of the Civil War. It was spirited and pathetic, and had a good deal of "local color;" its sales exceeded 100,000 copies, and it was translated into several languages. "It is as absorbing as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*," was the judgment which Lincoln was said to have passed on it. The *New York Tribune*, the *New York Evening Post*, and other prominent papers in that day of large deeds, when newspaper space was valuable, gave some space to Mrs. Victor's story.

One day in the fall of 1860 a bustling youth of twenty crossed from the wilds of New Jersey, entered the office at 141 William Street, New York, and laid a manuscript on the desk of Editor Victor. It was a great moment in the annals of the house of Beadle. The boy was Edward S. Ellis. The manuscript told the adventures of *Seth Jones, or the Captive of the Frontier*, the most successful novel which ever bore the Beadle imprint.

A few years later Dr. Ellis, who is alive to-day, graduated from the 10-cent into the \$1.50 class of fiction writers, and he has also, in the past fifth of a century, written histories and educational works, some of which have been very popular. His juveniles, many of which have been translated into several languages, exceed in number the sixty-seven years of his life. His readers, diffused through America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea, won't allow him to stop. As a writer of Indian tales he easily holds the world's long-distance record.

"How de do? How de do? Ain't frightened, I hope. It's nobody but me, Seth Jones of New Hampshire."

As read to-day, these words, for thousands of Americans, will rouse recollections which will turn time's flight back-

ward several decades. This salutation was Seth Jones's introduction to Alfred Haverland (and likewise to the reader of the story) at Haverland's clearing in the wilderness of Western New York near the close of the eighteenth century. They may also serve to recall, faintly at least, the woodcut picture on the cover of the book, of a stalwart bearded man garbed in fringed hunting shirt, fringed breeches, and coonskin cap, and armed with rifle, powder-horn, and knife. To-day, costume, armament, and picture would strike the observer as archaic; but on the scale of their time all were adequate.

Seth, who had been a scout among the Green Mountain boys under Ethan Allen in the war of the Revolution a few years earlier, and who was fully equipped in the tricks of the fighting frontiersman's trade, told Haverland that the Indians of the vicinity were about to go on the war-path again, and his warning was immediately verified by the capture of Haverland's sixteen-year-old daughter Ina, and by the burning of Haverland's house just as the latter and his wife had fled from it to seek refuge at a white settlement twenty miles away. Just at this moment Evarard Graham, a sweet-heart of Ina, turned up, and, under Seth's leadership, joined in the cautious pursuit of the Indians and their captive. After some wonderful, though not inherently impossible, adventures, lasting several days, Ina was recovered, and she and her rescuers reached the settlement and safety.

About this time it was divulged that Seth Jones was a myth, that his real name was Eugene Morton, and that his uncouth garb and language were a mask which he assumed in searching the frontier for his affianced, Mary Haverland, sister of the backwoodsman in the tale, from whom he had become separated during the Revolutionary War. He discovered her soon after he met Alfred at the clearing; but he postponed revealing himself until the clouds rolled by. There was a double wedding—Ina

and Graham, Mary and Morton — with a fiddler and revelry as accompaniments. And then —

"Slumber, with the exception of the sentinels at the block house, fell upon the village. Perhaps the Indians had no wish to break in upon such a happy settlement, for they made no demonstration through the night. Sweetly and peacefully they all slept. Sweetly and peacefully they entered on life's duties on the morrow. And sweetly and peacefully these happy settlers ascended and went down the hillside of life."

Believing that this tale could be made a "best seller," the counting-room rose to the occasion with Napoleonic audacity. One morning the residents of most of the big towns of the United States found staring at them from gutters and dead walls the words, "Seth Jones," which were followed a week afterward by "Who's Seth Jones?" The book's appearance on the news-stands in immense stacks a few days later answered that query. This booming and the plaudits of its readers quickly exhausted several editions, and sent the sales ultimately up to more than 600,000 copies, in half a dozen languages.

The Civil War, which started about three quarters of a year after the advent of Beadle's novels, opened a new and vast market for them. In their leisure moments the soldiers craved cheap and exciting reading. Beadle bundled it like bales of hay and sent it to them in carloads. And, in their rate of increase, the carloads kept step with the expanding armies.

Mrs. Stephens, Col. Duganne, Mrs. Victor, Mrs. Mary A. Denison (who wrote *Chip, the Cave Child*, and a few other novels for this series) and Dr. Ellis, fairly represented the Beadle contributors when the corps was at its best estate. Of all the persons connected with these publications in their great days, only Ellis, Mrs. Denison, and Editor Victor are alive to-day.

Prosperity killed Beadle. He would

have done better had he done worse. The streams of money which flowed to him made 141 William Street seem, to some envious persons, like a branch of Secretary Chase's United States Treasury. Rivals sprang up in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other places, who pandered to passions which Beadle shunned. These soon began to take away many of his patrons, and with the hope of regaining his ascendancy he lowered the tone of his publications. It was vain. The days of his supremacy never returned.

The blow which hit Beadle first and hardest came from his own household. "Over there is a man," said Erastus F. Beadle, the head of the firm, one day, to one of his leading contributors, "who will be content with his routine work forever." He referred to George Munro, who was a bookkeeper for the house. The original partners had by that time been reduced in number by the withdrawal of Irwin P. Beadle, leaving in the concern Erastus F. Beadle and Robert Adams. Less than a year after Beadle passed this judgment, Munro stepped out, hunted up Irwin P. Beadle, and the two began publishing Munro's "Ten Cent Novels." That was in 1866. With the Munro competition began the decline and fall of the house of Beadle.

Munro's novels won a large patronage from the start, and in connection with these he drifted into other fields of publication, establishing the *Fireside Companion* in 1867, and beginning the "Seaside Library" in 1877. The latter contained the work of many foreign writers of ability. At the time of his death in 1896 Munro had amassed a fortune of ten million dollars.

Beadle's pocket-form publications were changed into the large folio page "Beadle's Dime Library" in 1876, and the name Beadle and Adams still figures on dime and half-dime publications issued by N. J. Ivers and Company, New York. But the glory of the house of Beadle vanished when the pocket-form tales passed on.

II

By the close of the seventies several sorts of "dime," "half-dime," and "nickel" novels appeared, the Indian eventually dropping out as the reservation corraled him, and the cowboy, the detective, and the train robber taking his place. At length the dime novel—a term applied to all the cheap fiction indiscriminately—became an atrocity. Many are published to-day in the United States, and almost as many like them in quality and scope are printed in England.

Not all the dime novels, though, even of to-day, deserve this epithet. Between some of them and some of the bound novels the only recognizable difference is the difference between ten cents and \$1.50.

Of the writers of the "dimes" and the "half-dimes" of the past third of a century the best were Thomas C. Harbaugh, Albert W. Aiken, Edward L. Wheeler, Joseph W. Badger, Jr., and Col. Prentiss Ingraham. There are whole "libraries" of Buffalo Bill "dimes," but Ingraham wrote most of them. Bill himself is credited with the authorship of about a dozen of them. Among them is *Death Trailer, the Chief of the Scouts, or Life and Love in a Frontier Fort*. As Colonel Cody had seen something of life, and possibly of love, at frontier posts, the reader would presume that this book would be the "real thing." It starts out briskly, as most of the "dimes" did:—

"Mingling with the rumble of wheels and the rattle of hoofs upon the stone road, came the clear notes of a bugle, piercing the deepest recesses of the chaparrals, and floating far off over the prairie until the sound died away upon the evening air. Suddenly out of a dense piece of timber dashed a horseman, well mounted, and wearing the uniform of an officer of the cavalry of the United States army."

Dime novel horses never trot or walk, — they always gallop. The officer who dashed out of the timber was Col. Hugh Decatur, the place was Texas, near the

Rio Grande, and the colonel, with his daughter Helen and an escort of four dragoons, was on the way to Nebraska, where he was to take command of a military post. After a breathless succession of encounters with Cortina's Mexican guerrillas, road agents, renegade jayhawkers, and villains of a promiscuous and desperate order of villainy, — in which regulators, avengers of different kinds, British noblemen, and other titled personages figure, and in which daylight is let into many sorts of mysteries, — the end came at Castle Glyndon, in England, where Helen became Lady Radcliffe.

Injun Dick, Detective, or Tracked from the Rockies to New York, is a typical tale by Aiken, who was probably the most skillful, and nearly the most prolific, of writers of detective stories.

"You have seen your last sunrise, as I am going to shoot."

Thus the story opened. There was no preface. In dime novels deeds and not words talk. Scene: A mining camp on the Bear River, in southwestern Colorado. Personages: Dick Talbot, hero of a score of Aiken's tales; Joe Bowers, another Aiken favorite; Limber Bee, and Limber's wife, Alethea, "about twenty-five, tall and queenly, with the most magnificent hair, and eyes black as the raven's wing." Limber, drunk as usual, and insanely jealous of Talbot, was to be the executioner, and Talbot the victim.

"You have been trying to separate me from my wife, the peerless Alethea, and you must die."

Right here Joe Bowers's frying-pan, loaded with flapjacks, hit Limber in the face; he went down under the blow; the bullet intended for Talbot flew wide of the mark, and Talbot sprang upon him and held him down until he begged for mercy. Alethea, angry at Talbot for sparing Limber, revenged herself subsequently on both by running away with a mysterious stranger, who assassinated Limber, and by making off with Talbot's, Bowers's, and Limber's gold, hidden in their cabin. Tracked across the

continent, the stranger, who turned out to be Malachi Everest, a notorious burglar, was encountered red-handed in robbing a safe in New York, and killed by Talbot.

Aiken had a record of one story a week for a long time. When pressed, Wheeler and Badger often equaled this gait. Some of the dime-novel writers had several aliases. Col. Thomas C. Harbaugh wrote under his own name and those of Capt. Howard Holmes and Maj. A. F. Grant (in the "Old Cap. Collier" series). Though retired from the dime providing business, Col. Harbaugh is an active contributor to-day to literary papers in Chicago and other places.

The most prolific, however, of all the dime novelists was Col. Prentiss Ingraham, who wrote more than six hundred cheap stories in all, besides many plays and poems. One of his "dimes," forty thousand words, was written on a "rush" order in twenty-four hours, and that was before the popularization of the typewriter. It has been mentioned here that Ingraham wrote most of the Buffalo Bill stories. Ingraham had been an officer in the Confederate army, and afterward served under Juarez in Mexico, in the Austrian army against Prussia, in Crete against Turkey, and in part of the Cuban war of 1868-78 against Spain; and he had traveled widely in Europe, Asia, and Africa. He led a far more adventurous life than Buffalo Bill, and more adventurous than did the hero of almost any of his own tales. In *A Rolling Stone*, one of Beadle's books, his friend William R. Eyster, a well-known dime novelist, told some of the story of Ingraham's life. In the past quarter of a century the average compensation to Aiken, Ingraham, and their associates was \$150 for writing "dimes," and \$100 for "half-dimes."

III

What did the dime novel stand for? What influence did it have on the minds of its readers? What forces did it repre-

sent in the evolution of American society?

The aim of the original dime novel was to give, in cheap and wholesome form, a picture of American wild life. At the time when it began to be published, 1860, less than fifteen years had passed since the country's boundary had been pushed from the Sabine, the Red, and the Arkansas rivers, and the Rocky Mountains, onward to the Pacific. In that decade and a half we had gained Texas, Oregon, New Mexico, and California, and had enlarged the national area to an extent equal to that of the entire territory east of the Mississippi. A real frontier in 1860 along the line of the Missouri and the Arkansas, with thousands of fighting Indians beyond that line, and some of them east of it, gave the reader an ardent concern in the adventures in *Malaeska*, *Seth Jones*, *Massasoit*, and other tales which told of life when the frontier was in New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. These tales had both contemporaneousness and vitality.

"As editor I sought the best work of the best writers in that particular field of fiction," said Mr. Victor a few years ago to the author of this article. "All was up to an excellent standard of literary merit. The detective and love story came later, when rank competition on the ten-cent trade made it seem necessary to introduce these elements. Almost without exception the original dime novels were good. Their moral was high. All were clean and instructive."

This judgment by the man who shaped these little books will be accepted by most persons who remember them in their best days. Ethically they were uplifting. The hard drinkers, and the grotesquely profane and picturesquely depraved persons who take leading rôles in many of the dime novels of recent times were inexorably shut out from their progenitors of Beadle's days.

These tales incited a love of reading among the youth of the country. Though

making no pretensions to be historical novels, they often dealt with historical personages. Many of the boys and girls who encountered Pontiac, Boone, the renegade Girty, Mad Anthony, Kenton, and Black Hawk in their pages were incited to find out something more about those characters and their times, and thus they were introduced to much of the nation's story and geography. Manliness and womanliness among the readers were cultivated by these little books, not by homilies, but by example. It can be truthfully said that the taste and tone of the life of the generation which grew up with these tales were improved by them.

No age limit was set up among Beadle's readers. Lincoln was one of them. So was Seward, and Henry Wilson of Massachusetts. Report of a later day had it that Toombs — who, however, as an officer of the Confederacy, was on the wrong side to find them accessible in their early days — was a devourer of these tales when he could get at them. "The man," said Zachariah Chandler, "who does not enjoy *Onomoo, the Huron*, has no right to live."

One at least of Beadle's tales registered itself in the politics of the time. *Maum Guinea*, Mrs. Victor's slavery tale, which issued at a critical moment in the Civil War, and which, republished in London (all Beadle's novels were republished in London until 1866), circulated by the tens of thousands in England, had a powerful influence in aid of the Union cause at a time when a large part of the people of that country favored the recognition of the independence of the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Victor's own "Address to the English People," issued at the same time, and in connection with the London edition of the novels, was widely distributed in England, and helped to overcome the sentiment which was clamoring for the breaking of the blockade and the purchase of Southern cotton for Lancashire's idle mills.

"My dear fellow," said Henry Ward

Beecher to Mr. Victor afterward, "your little book and Mrs. Victor's novel were a telling series of shots in the right spot." This is testimony which counts. Beecher was a special commissioner from Lincoln to England in 1863, to counteract the hostility to the Union cause in the Palmerston cabinet and among the aristocracy.

The very small claim which the black man ever had upon the dime novelists ended with Appomattox and emancipation; but the red man had a far longer and more prosperous career. While Red Cloud, Black Kettle, and their compatriots ravaged the frontier, the Indian tales had an easy ascendancy. The annihilation of Colonel Fetterman and one hundred of his troops near Fort Phil Kearney in 1866, and the slaughter of Custer and two hundred and fifty of his men on the Little Big Horn in 1876, sold forest and prairie stories by millions of copies. But that was near the end of the Indian's service for the fictionists. The campaign against Chief Joseph and the Nez Percés in 1877, and the rounding up of Geronimo and the Apaches in 1886, shut up the last of the descendants of King Philip and Pontiac on the reservations, and the novelists had to turn to other fields for material. Before Sitting Bull's ghost-dance irruption at Pine Ridge in 1890, the cowboy and detective tales had supplanted the Indian story in the popular favor.

For a few years the Santa Fé trader and the cowboy ran a flourishing career among the dime novelists. Soon after the Mexican war Capt. Mayne Reid, one of the heroes of that conflict, began his tales of the Southwest — *Rifle Rangers*, *Scalp Hunters*, *Captain of the Rifles*, and the rest of them, — some of which told of bloody deeds along the Santa Fé trail, and a few of which were reprinted among Beadle and Adams's "dimes" and "half-dimes." Like most of the early cowboy tales, these stories had Indians among their leading characters, intermixed with "Greasers."

The alien white ingredient in these tales injected an element of variety which the youthful reader appreciated. Reid had seen the Mexican at close range. He knew enough of the Mexican language to make his imprecations and oburgations — his “Sacre-e-s” and “Carambas” — sound real. This delighted the boy readers, and set the fashion in profanity which later writers in this field followed. Reid, J. E. Badger, Oll Coomes, P. S. Warne, and others, who told of the wild riders of the plains, red, yellow, and white, made every foot of ground between the Missouri and the Sierra Nevadas, and the Arkansas and the Rio Grande, familiar to dime novel readers.

More than a quarter of a century ago, however, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railway ended the days of the old trail and its story tellers. Between the railroads which transported the cattle from the ranges to the stockyards, and the barbed wire fences of the settlers who are abolishing the ranges, the cowboy as a picturesque feature of the Western landscape has passed out, and the dime novel will know him no more. This leaves the detective in possession of the stage.

In certain directions the detective tale has attractions for writers and readers beyond those offered by the average Indian story. The white “bad man” is more versatile in his badness than is his red or yellow counterpart. His field of activities is far wider. For the past half century the Indian’s operations have been shut in between the Missouri and the Sierra Nevada Mountains, but the white crook’s ravages have covered the whole landscape between the two oceans. Aiken’s *Black Hoods of the Shasta* made life exhilarating in the neighborhood of the Golden Gate, but in most of his most popular tales the action centred in New York. In Boston, St. Louis, Philadelphia, New Orleans, St. Paul, and other towns, the Vidocqs of Harold Payne, William H. Manning, Edward Willett, J. W. Osbon, and others cut their Gordian knots.

Calling the roll of the items in the vast output of Wheeler, Ingraham, Aiken, and their associates, it would seem that there could not be enough truth in the United States to last them. No complaint of this sort, however, was ever made by any of their constituents. In their pages the reader encountered life in all tints of shade and brightness. His imagination was kindled. He was incited to do things; and commonly the things which he wanted to do were heroic.

There were no problems in any of the dime novels, old or new, not even in *Maum Guinea*. Duganne’s *Massasoit* appeared before psychology was invented. If a paragraph or two of Arthur Dimmesdale’s soul torture had strayed into any of Beadle’s novels, the whole series would have been ruined. The things which were done in those little books were physical, and they were told in language that made pictures in the mind. There were no verbal puzzles in any of them, like those which James or Meredith impose. Long ago James said novelists ought to make their readers do a share of the work. Capt. Mark Wilton, Major S. S. Hall, Dr. Frank Powell, and their coworkers believed that their duty to their readers was to entertain them.

Between the writer and his constituents there was a bond of affection which incited him to make them glad to be alive. In the mind of every healthy boy there is romance. For that boy’s entertainment the producer of dime fiction strewed romance through farm, mining camp, and city street. Out of his surroundings, however sordid, the boy was lifted. He became, to himself, the centre of the universe. At the particular spot on the globe on which he stood all the parallels and the meridians converged. In no more intense a degree than this did exaltation ever come to the Count of Monte Cristo; — the world was his. What was Edmond Dantes’s paltry twenty million dollars to the vast treasures, physical and spiritual, spread out by Osbon before “Plucky Paul, the Boy Prospector,” and his tens

of thousands or hundreds of thousands of readers?

And the boy got all of this without any prefaces. The action began right in the first line. No little Peterkin ever needed to ask any Old Kaspar what this was all about. The battles with Indians and "Greasers," the capture of road agents and bank burglars, and the retribution which hit the villain who attempted to cheat the girl out of her patrimony, told their story in language so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, never made any mistake in grasping it.

From Beadle's days onward most of the dime tales have been American. Names, scenes, atmosphere, are familiar. In reading them the American boy's soul soared and sang. This is why the average youth who found *Rob Roy* and *Ivanhoe* dull was immensely entertained by Ellis's *Bill Biddon*, or Leon Lewis's *Daredeath Dick*, *King of the Cowboys*.

Were these things all illusions? Many of them were, yet they were pleasing illu-

sions. Illusions jolt us every day, which the dime novelists never touch, and which we would not want to read about. Some of us might like occasionally to see time's clock turned back to the days when the world was young enough and rich enough to have illusions that make us glad.

Was everything that the dime necromancers told us melodrama? Much of it unquestionably was. But an age which has seen a nation rise from Balboa's isthmus at the wave of a Prospero wand from Washington; which has recently looked on while a people in the Caribbean committed suicide; which is watching Nome's argonauts, up under the Pole Star, rival the glories of the Comstock under the reign of Mackay, Flood, and O'Brien; and which held its breath in November, 1906, while Roosevelt and Croker, like Castor and Pollux, rushed to rescue the nation from a New York editor who had built up an army in a night, has no right to object to melodrama in fiction.

SCHOOL REFORM IN BOSTON

BY DAVID SPENCER

A SIGNIFICANCE singularly marked and singularly broad attaches to the reconstitution of the Boston School Committee. The reform involved no technical problem of the schools, but concerned itself merely with the reconstruction of a faulty administrative system; it consisted, in fact, solely in the reduction of the school committee from a membership of twenty-four to a membership of five; yet so fundamental and so timely was this simple measure that its effect upon Boston school administration, great though that has been, is but a part of its scope. The reformers found themselves building better than they knew. They found that the principle of their reform was widely

applicable, that elsewhere it had already been applied, and, later, that its application would be urged in Boston to affairs outside the schools. In the light of their success, indeed, the reformers believe that the principle upon which they worked is now become of interest, not chiefly to the schoolmaster nor exclusively to the Bostonian, but to the thoughtful citizen in every municipality of the country.

The principle thus proclaimed so important is not new and is nothing cryptic; it is simply concentration of authority and responsibility for the sake of efficient administration. It is a common mandate of expediency, to be followed where abstract principles are not at issue; it coun-

sels merely economy of time and energy, by asserting that business, as business, had better be taken from the hands of many men and put into the hands of a few. The idea is important because it has heretofore been considered, and has doubtless properly been considered, to present a policy dangerous to adopt in American affairs. It is now the more important because, being obviously applicable, without present danger, to the administration of the American city, it has as yet been very seldom so applied. The effects of its application in Boston are almost worthy to be called blessed. In them and in the story of the reform which produced them, the principle will best reveal its certain and increasing value.

The story of the reform movement can best be told, however, in the story of two minor revelations, both of which, happily, will help to illuminate the principle in question. The two other revelations were: a political lesson for reformers — and a man.

The man is James J. Storrow. Mr. Storrow does not pretend to be an educator, but he is a true school reformer. For purposes of organization the schools stand less in need of the psychologist and the professional pedagogue than of the man of affairs; and thus, as the work of the schools must ultimately depend upon the organization of them, the practical organizer is often the truest school reformer. Now a true reformer of the schools is rarest, perhaps, where school reform is most the fashion. For school reform is a good shibboleth: it serves the rising politician for a slogan, it sanctifies the scheme of the grafter, and compels attention to the Utopian symmetries of the dreamer and the disproportioned enthusiasm of the crank. These are the false prophets of the schools, of whom some lack ideals and some lack powers, and all alike lack the magnanimity of true leadership. The true reformer towers above them. Large service to our city schools demands all that they lack, and

more. It demands vision,— the power to foresee the future of the community and its need, to comprehend the changing function of the schools in the social whole and their deepening import in the life of the individual, and from this comprehension to conceive a standard for the work. Something of an idealist, in other words, the school reformer must be, yet without losing his grasp of the practical situation. And to this capacity for applied idealism he must add political leadership. The progress of American education depends — and may it never cease to depend! — upon the public intelligence and the public will. Concentration for efficiency can never in America be applied, as in Germany it is applied, to the extent of taking the control of the schools out of the hands of the people. But the people are inclined to seek principles where they can find them embodied in men. Fortunate the city that finds a man who can “illuminate” a saving principle! Partly on account of this necessity for political leadership, the layman who would reform the schools — and it is the layman who must do a large part of that reforming — must have another remarkable trait: he must be far above pride of opinion. He must be frank to seek the expert’s advice and careful to weigh it in the balance with the practical exigencies of the moment. Only thus, in technical matters, can he be sure that he advocates before the people a saving principle. As a reward for all which, he will have the opportunity for continued well-doing; like charity, he must bear all things and seek not his own. These four qualities — vision, leadership, magnanimity, devotion — combined for Boston in James J. Storrow; without the combination of them in a single man, the application to the schools of a fundamentally remedial principle might have been long delayed.

For the “political lesson for reformers” lay in the need of the man. In 1904 the schools of Boston were governed by a committee of twenty-four members, whose business was transacted mainly in

twenty-six sub-committees. Meetings of the whole board were taken up chiefly by an "avalanche of votes, or by formal speeches intended to attract attention rather than enlighten, and to be sensational enough for a headline in the next morning's paper rather than to change the conviction of fellow-members."¹ The system, in spite of the presence on the committee of many able and high-minded men and women, had become a morass of encumbrances, recriminations, conflicting rulings, and petty graft. A radical change was needed, but for years no radical change had been attempted. At last, in April, 1905, after a struggle which swayed long in the balance, the "Storrow Bill" was passed by the state Legislature. By its provisions, a new board of five members was to be chosen at the next city election. The old Committee was to be "concentrated" for the sake of efficient administration. In December came the political battle over the personnel of the new "small board." The field was hotly contested by persons who violently opposed the reform, but who could "illuminate" no principle whatever; but the vote resulted in the election of five admirable candidates. The record thus far made by these gentlemen is a matter of congratulation to all who supported them. Now here was a hard fight in the Legislature, followed by a sharp city contest and thereafter by administrative labors of peculiar difficulty and importance. One who watched all this with the eye of a strategist has said of it, "Reforms are conceived, begun, guided, defended, only by the leader. The leader is the only fulcrum by which the world of civic unrighteousness may be forced from its orbit." To the success of the Boston school reform many men and many forces contributed; but the influence of James J. Storrow was upon them all, persuasive, continuous, directive. It would be hard to tell how often,

without it, the movement might have gone astray. As necessary to reform as principle is the leader.

Such is the story of the reform campaign, as it depended upon the man and embodied the "lesson." The connection of these incidental revelations with the principle of the reform lies in this, that the principle of the reform is entirely different and in a sense directly opposed to the principle which the "revelations" may be said to embody. But this very opposition makes the need of a leader "as a fulcrum" fit, curiously enough, into a broad argument for "concentration for efficiency." The work of the new Boston Board, which will best illustrate the practical effects of the reform, can itself be more profitably reviewed in the light of this broader argument. For the argument puts a new construction upon the reform, causing it to appear no longer as an isolated educational movement, but as part of a wide social readjustment demanded by the peculiar needs of our day. It presents, in other words, a philosophy into which the results of the reform fit like the articles of a creed.

The philosophy is as simple as the reform, and as fundamental. It concerns itself merely with the question, "How many?" The campaign demanded concentration to the point of one-man power; the reformers worked for concentration to the point of five-man power. Here is a difference, apparently, only in degree. As a matter of fact, however, there is involved also a difference in kind. It frequently happens in human affairs that a difference between five and one means more than a difference of four. In this case it means a difference of four *plus* the difference between the kind of command needed in a fight and the kind of command needed in the administration of public affairs.

Evidently the latter sort of command, far more than the former, is characteristic of our day. Broadly speaking, the age is not an age of war. Modern civilization seldom reproduces that stress of tribal

¹ From a speech by Mr. Storrow before the Committee on Cities of the Massachusetts Legislature.

conflict which evolved the tyrant. The fear of swift death at the hands of hostile tribesmen no longer compels us to submit to the command of a single military leader. Under milder penalties, and in those few activities which are the softer analogues of war, the necessity for one-man power does still, of course, exist. Witness our case in point, the political campaign: whether for reform or for party power, its success depends on leadership. Witness also athletics and the sterner exigencies of railroading and of life at sea. These examples show our continued need of commanders in activities which partake of the nature of war; but such activities cannot be called distinctively modern.

Yet activities distinctively modern do demand a certain degree of concentration. The "unconcentrated" representative assembly is no more truly a typically modern form of control than is the tyrant. It is true that in the long struggle for personal liberty against the power of kings, the representative assembly played an indispensable part. To establish democracy and to define its scope, the discussions of deliberative assemblies were essential. That work is likely to remain uncompleted for centuries, and the deliberative assembly, in consequence, for centuries indispensable. This argument does not demand that representative assemblies be condemned root and branch. No one is likely to deny that wherever prolonged deliberation is necessary, the large assembly will always be the best agent of civilization, — witness the great associations of scientific men, of merchants, and of educators. Nor are we likely to recommend radical changes in our national government. That institution has still before it the great work of extending and defining democracy. It is the heart of democracy, which beats as strongly now as when our body politic was born. We have no desire to apply the knife to it. But the extremities are not the heart. City government, school government, church government, the control of public trusts and corporate affairs

generally, do not involve the functions of the national government. They do not call for the extension and definition of democracy by means of large representation. In them small representation will guard quite as well the democratic principle and will serve much better the business in hand.

For in these cases the business in hand is not the establishment or the defense of principles, but the construction of practical policies; it is literally business, not in the sense of detailed execution, but in the sense of organization and direction. The age of discussion is merging into an age of administration, and the extremities of the social organism are the first to feel the change. Distinctively modern activities are economic activities, for which the large representative assembly is not the best agent. Deliberations upon questions of policy must be carried effectively and expeditiously to definite conclusions. When an assembly is forced by reason of numbers to become a debating society, it cannot properly administer, even under well-established principles, interests which are unequivocally practical. Such interests, when they are public interests, demand more than one head; it is not safe, ordinarily, to entrust them to a single man; but they demand conference rather than debate, and the limit of conference is the limit of conversation in which every one concerned can join without temptation to speechmaking. The exact number, and the manner of putting that number into office, will naturally vary with place and circumstances; but the essential point is the "conversational limit."

The Boston school reformers found direct election a necessity, and thought five a good number. This decision is easily tested. With the story of the reform campaign already before us, we may turn to examine the effect of its success in the record made since January, 1906, by the new Boston School Committee. This record has been mentioned above as a matter for congratulation. Such it might

be, of course, without proving that the results were due specifically to concentration. The personal integrity of the gentlemen composing the board is beyond question a chief cause of many happy effects. Moreover, if it were shown that specific improvements in the Boston schools were due directly to the reduction of school-committee membership, irrespective of persons, it would not follow that similar specific improvements would ensue upon reductions of other school committees, of boards of trustees, of boards of aldermen, common councils, commissions, and like bodies generally. Boston school business differs from the business of other institutions. But if we find in the Boston schools a number of specific benefits due to improved conditions of administration, irrespective both of persons and of the nature of the affairs in hand, we may reasonably conclude that like improvements in the conditions of administrative action would follow like reductions of other administrative bodies. Other cities have an equal chance to get good men; other affairs depend equally upon the general conditions of administrative action; concerning the good deeds of the Boston School Board, therefore, we need but ask if to any extent they are due to conditions inherent in a conference of five, but hardly to be looked for in an assembly of twenty-four.

One might well ask in the first place if the personal character of the new board is not due in a measure to the fact that the board consists of only five men. Of the old board of twenty-four at least a third could not be relied upon for entirely honest and efficient service. A school-employee once boasted that he controlled nineteen of them. The present committee, to a man, is honest, earnest, hard-working, and efficient. Members habitually refuse even to discuss appointments, which are now entirely under the jurisdiction of the superintendent, subject only to confirmation by the board. It is the sort of board one might hope the people would elect, but of whose election one

could never be sure. Yet when we consider that eight of the old committee came up for election every year, whereas of the new committee the people will never be called on to choose more than two at a time, may we not feel some assurance of continued good choice? When the attention of the voters is concentrated upon candidates for two places, there is some likelihood that they will avoid mistakes; such a result is more likely, at least, in the election of two candidates than in the election of eight. In the election of two there is no chance, either, for selection by wards. The old committee corresponded in number very nearly to the number of Boston wards, — twenty-five. There was a consequent tendency to the evils of ward representation, a tendency reproduced wherever there are enough candidates to "go round" among the wards. Concentration makes this tendency inoperative, except, perhaps, in a large way: five members may be profitably taken from five large sections of a city, thus securing difference in point of view without inviting ward politicians to exercise their influence. Concentration, besides, increases the chance of good party nominations. In the first election under the provisions of the Storrow Bill, an independent body called the Citizens' Union was able to persuade the dominant parties to endorse good men despite strong influences against it. In the second election under the new régime, David A. Ellis, candidate for reelection, received both the Republican and the Democratic endorsement, and won against Julia E. Duff, a member of the old board, who controlled thousands of votes and who violently opposed the whole reform. When parties must show their hands in nomination for an office ostensibly beyond party spoilsmanship, they are more likely to be careful if they find themselves unable to hide venal henchmen in a crowd of nominees. On the whole it is not too much to say that the principle of concentration tends to insure the election of good men.

There is a corollary to this proposition in the argument that a small committee is less open to graft than a large one. The question involved may be purely hypothetical, but discussion of it will serve to reveal the greatest defect in a large committee system. There is at least a show of reason, too, in the argument itself. Publicity is the greatest enemy of graft, and the doings of one man in five are more public than the doings of five in twenty-four. It is in a system of sub-committees that graft finds its most favorable atmosphere. The public usually watches meetings of the whole board, most of which, in fact, are bound to be open; but sub-committees, adroitly formed, usually meet in executive session, unnoticed of the press; and sub-committee measures are railroaded through the meeting of the whole board under cover of misunderstanding. This sort of thing was repeatedly charged against the old Boston School Board, with ample confirmation from the records; against the new board it simply cannot be charged with the slightest show of truth. In any case, the weakness of large boards is that they are bound to break up into sub-committees. This is true of them whether they have much to do or little; it is not rush of business that causes it, but their own weight. Consequently the large board is sure sooner or later to offer good cover for the dodgings of the grafter. Better, surely, not to have even the cover.

And while the quiet political wire-puller is using the sub-committee system in one way, the demagogue will use the solemn assembly of the whole board in another. The meeting of a board large enough for speeches is too good an opportunity to be lost. "You may go into executive session if you like," said one member of the old board, "but what I am going to say has already been given to the newspapers." Better, surely, to exclude speech-making from the meetings of an administrative body.

But the greatest evil of the large board with its sub-committees lies in the lack of

unity in its work. In the mere matter of unanimity of opinion the small board has an advantage. Under the old Boston Committee the rules and regulations for the schools were amended in one year twenty-three times, in another, twenty-five times. Originally an excellent body of rules, based on years of experience, they finally became almost unintelligible. It was simply a case of "too many cooks." The new board's first business was to codify and revise the rules. The old board broke its conflicting regulations right and left. Under a consistent code it is now the invariable policy of committeemen and school officers alike to insist on recognition of its provisions.

A still more fatal defect than this of conflicting rules is presented in what Mr. Storrow said in defending his bill: "[A] thing that would soon strike a new member of the [old] school board is the fact that, although he may be faithfully attending the meetings of his five or six sub-committees, yet he can never really grasp the school business. This is the inevitable result of the system; . . . twenty-[one] other committees [are] grinding out business and putting things into operation without any notice to the board, or else rushing matters through the board after incomplete explanation." It is safe to say on the other hand that every member of the new board knows all that is necessary about the business properly before that body. Nothing is put into operation without the cognizance of the whole board, and nothing is "rushed through." There is far more deliberation on the new board than there was on the old. It is credible that there should be, for before five men issues are hard to confuse. To convince a board of five, without advantage of oratory and with no chance to fall back on sub-committee findings, is a task which demands the inspiration of a good cause.

Thus of any small board it may be hoped that its compactness will bring unity of administration, with such concomitant benefits as harmony of rulings

and certainty of deliberation. By virtue of this necessary unity a small board is also a more democratic body than a large board; its work, that is to say, is more clearly exposed to the public view. So diffused was the work of the old Boston School Board that not even the members themselves could grasp it, to say nothing of the public. The matter of hearings is a case in point. The old board hearings were private, sub-committee affairs. Only the findings came to the whole board and the printed minutes. As late as November, 1905, the public was apprised of a sub-committee plot to protect an unfit principal, the means of publicity being the report of a sturdy minority of one! Such things are impossible on the new board. Its work is done in a single room, at known hours, and by a single body. Whatever is tabled, referred, passed, or lost appears, as so disposed of, in public minutes. Hearings upon important matters, such as corporal punishment and coeducation in elementary schools, have been entirely public and searching. And in the printed minutes of the meetings the eager citizen may find a record of consistent accomplishment instead of a tangle of minority and majority reports from sub-committees.

Consistent accomplishment has thus at least some connection with small membership; but the connection will become more clearly inevitable as we consider another aspect of that unity of administration which small membership permits. Small membership forces each member to see the functions and duties of the board in their just proportions and in their complete inter-relations. Sharing responsibility to the whole public for work of the board, no member of it can forget his duty to the city in his desire to favor a district. In the old Boston School Board there were nine district sub-committees; in the new board there are none. Though the members of the new board live in different parts of the city, they are charged with no responsibility for their respective sections; as they are members

of no body but the main body, their jurisdiction covers the whole city. Thus "geographical" favoritism has no formal sanction. More important still, each member must see the work of the board as a whole. He must measure his duty to the children by his duty to the teachers, and both by his knowledge of the state of school finances. His view of the situation must be as complete as his responsibility; he has no sub-committee labors to excuse him from seeing the whole circle of affairs. One striking result of this completeness of view has already appeared in the work of the new board. The old board, harried by the recommendations of seventeen standing committees and nine division committees, so far exceeded its appropriation for 1905, that Boston teachers had to go without their December salaries. Mr. Storrow, replying to charges against the new board by Mrs. Duff, wrote as follows: "This board has not felt justified in appointing teachers to positions for which it did not have the funds to pay the salaries; and we are certain that this year no teachers will be faced by a bankrupt school committee, unable to pay the salaries of the Christmas month." It is conceivable that the better element of the old committee might have prevented so miserable a fiasco, had not confusion of powers and duties, inherent in a sub-committee system, kept the matter from appearing in a clear light. It is even conceivable that five of the least worthy of the old committee-men, had they been charged with complete responsibility for the work of their board, might have succeeded in conducting at least a more respectable retreat. Unquestionably the mere matter of numbers had something to do with the mistake. It is probable that the members of a large board can never secure so just and so complete a view of the business before their body, as is forced upon the members of a board of five.

There can be no doubt, in the case of the small Boston School Committee, of the thorough understanding, by each mem-

ber, of the duties before the board. The old board spent hours on minor matters, the new board goes to the heart of things. Under excellent professional advice it has begun constructive work at exactly the points where reform is most needed. American schools stand most in need of better teachers and of smaller classes. Thanks to the new board, Boston is in the way of securing both. A merit system of appointment, and changes in the requirements for certificates to teach, will go far towards securing better teachers for entrance into the service. A supervisor of substitutes, to help raw teachers in their work; a system of requirements for promotion, in the way of professional and academic study and successful teaching; and a liberal system of leave of absence on half-pay, for purposes of study and travel, — all these, the work of the new board, tend to keep good teachers in the service and to increase their powers for good work. A school appropriation based on the valuation of taxable property prevents much advance towards higher salaries and smaller classes, but every possible shift in this direction has been tried. Reorganization of the business department and stringent economy in materials have been made to yield something for increased salaries and smaller quotas of pupils. Thus the board has seized unerringly upon the most effective means for improving the schools, and has subordinated other means in an effort to increase its efficiency. Much work has been done besides, but none that shows so well the insight of the committee into its own problem. Perhaps a committee of twenty-four might have done as well; but the old board never did. At least it is possible that for other institutions, in Boston and out, a reduction of the governing body might produce similar effectiveness of administration. When a few men share the full responsibility for certain public affairs their grasp of them is likely to be sure and firm.

There remains one further advantage

of the small board: it must leave the execution of its policies to paid official experts. This result is hardly less important than the administrative unity just insisted on, and is in effect more striking because more concrete. There used to be an American notion that citizenship in the United States was sufficient training for any public duty whatever. Happily, the notion is passing. Perhaps the schools will be the last institution to be free from its effects, because every American seems to be born with the notion that an educational hobby is meant for riding and that the best place for riding it is the public school. Personal interference with the running of the schools is still the usual school-committee-man's conception of his duty. But such a conception is surely wrong. School-committee duties are best summed up in the word "administration." Now "to administer the law is to declare it or apply it; to execute the law is to put it in force." In part legislative and in part judicial seems to be the proper complexion of school-committee functions. Such also are the functions of most boards of control. These boards represent the public in dealing with the affairs of an institution; and the public is willing to pay professionally trained experts to advise the board as to the needs of the institution and to carry out the policies inaugurated under such advice. The board cannot itself execute its policies, nor ought it to act without professional advice upon technical matters. Specialists are not lacking: in hospitals there are doctors and nurses; in libraries, trained librarians; in city governments, police, firemen, accountants, engineers, counsel; in charitable institutions, the modern trained charity-worker; and in schools, the teacher and supervisor. These experts should know their work and should be allowed to do it unmolested.

Interference, however, is a great temptation to the member of a large board, particularly if the precedent of non-interference has never been firmly established.

Concentration usually does establish it. A large committee divides its work, making a sort of specialist of every member and increasing the temptation to interfere. A small committee retains its general character and gets so forcible an impression of its general duties that it has no time to play specialist. Accordingly, we find a marked difference on this point between the old Boston School Board and the new. One of the first acts of the new board was to define clearly the duties and powers of its school officers. The position of supervisor was dignified by increased salary and a six-year term of office, secured by legislation. The appointing power, subject to confirmation by the board, was more firmly fixed in the superintendent. In the old days members used to interfere by personal order with the working of the schools, in order to make places for applicants. Admission to the Boston Normal School was secured by personal influence. Nowadays, persons who cannot get rid of old habits go to members in the hope of getting positions or admissions — and are referred to the superintendent, with the surprising information that he will act under the rules. In the old days, bad boys with "important" fathers triumphed over teachers, supervisors, and

superintendent, by "going higher up." Nowadays they go up only to find that short cuts do not count and that regularly constituted authority is to be upheld. Transfers of pupils to create a new class or secure a new building in one district used to leave another with empty seats which cost the city thousands of dollars. Members of district committees grew so careless as to grant transfers verbally. Now transfers are made only upon the signature of assistant-superintendents. Concentration has helped the board to rely on its experts and on its rules.

Would it not help other boards to do the same? Is there not in the reduction of large boards to smaller membership some guarantee of better general character, of less politics, of more consistent and more effective administration, and, finally, of this wholesome reliance on official specialists? Boston has experienced these effects in her school system. At a meeting of the Boston Economic Club last January, G. K. Turner of New York told what concentration had done for the city government of Galveston. It took a flood to bring Galveston to it; may something less costly force other cities to adopt the "saving principle." May a true reformer arise for every board of twenty-four!

THE LAW AND THE LADY

BY LILY A. LONG

NAOMI STAPLES, nearer sixty than fifty, strong, erect and quiet, sat opposite Judge Warren in his law office and listened to the demolition of the familiar past which had been her life, and which had seemed as unassailable as her own identity.

"I blame David very much," the judge said at last, with the exasperated desire to hold someone responsible for any tangle, which is an unconscious testimony to our faith in the essential justice of the universe. "He should have got a divorce when Lucinda ran away. Certainly he should have had a divorce recorded before he married you."

"But he thought she was dead, you know," Naomi said. She spoke in an absent fashion, as though her mind were far away from her words. "A divorce would have seemed crazy."

"He should have investigated. It was too serious a matter to take chances on. Good heavens, David should have realized what it might mean to you! I blame him very much."

"Then I don't," she said, arousing herself from her half-attentive abstraction. "David wasn't one to take thought. You know that as well as I. If anyone should have thought of it, I should. I always had to remind him about things, from paying the taxes to calling on the minister. But I don't see as either of us was much to blame. Lucinda had left him four years before, and it was common talk that she was dead. Perhaps she wanted us to think so; but for all that Lucinda was always flighty, she wasn't tricky. I don't believe she would ever have thought of coming back to stir things up if that sharp lawyer Dodge hadn't got hold of her,—I'll say that for her."

Judge Warren turned the pages of a legal digest impatiently. He had no need to consult the authorities further, but it gave him a chance to avert his eyes from the uncrowned woman who so quietly discussed her own sentence.

"It's hard on you," he muttered.

Naomi understood the implication of sympathy for an inexpressible humiliation, and the lightening of her face was almost a smile.

"Oh, I don't think *that* matters much," she said.

"You don't?" Astonishment made the judge stare. "Why, I thought a woman"—

Naomi lifted her head ever so slightly.

"I was David's wife in the sight of God and men for over thirty years. That stands."

"But legally —"

She smiled, and spoke with the gentle patience of a mature mind helping a child to comprehend.

"Do you remember what sort of a day last Saturday was? It was a golden day, beautiful enough in the morning to make your heart ache. In the afternoon I went up to David's grave and planted bulbs that will come up in white and yellow and crimson flowers before the snow is gone next spring. In the evening, this man Dodge, who says he is Lucinda's lawyer, came to the house to say that Lucinda had come back to claim what belonged to her. That was last Saturday, August 31. Now if the printer that made that calendar you have hanging there on the wall had made a mistake and given August thirty days instead of thirty-one, and left that Saturday out, would it do away with the day that I know I lived through? Don't you see that it's the same way with this? There may be a

misprint about the record, but David and I know that I am his wife,—not only was, but *am*."

The lawyer smote his open book with his clenched hand. "By God, I believe you are right."

"And I 'm not worrying about the children, either," Naomi went on, thoughtfully. "It would be different if they were school-children among school-children. You see I've had all week to think it out. Now they are both grown and married, and well married, and this talk in Warrenvale can't touch them very close. No, there is just one thing I want you to tell me the law of. That's the property."

Judge Warren nodded his head respectfully. It was entirely contrary to feminine precedent as he understood it, that a woman suddenly robbed of her "marriage lines" should take things in this unemotional and practical way; but no one ever treated Naomi Staples otherwise than with respect when it came to a question of handling property.

"Just what have I a right to claim?"

"Well,—not much, I'm afraid."

"My clothes?"

"Yes, and jewelry and personal effects."

"Jewelry!" She laughed with quick derision. "I haven't been much given to that. I have the watch David gave me before we were married, and my wedding ring,"—she held the word steadfastly and the judge did not fail her by the quiver of an eyelid,—"*and some trinkets the children have given me at Christmas and birthdays. Those are mine?*"

"I'd like to see any court that would let Dodge touch them."

"I'm not going to give him a chance. You can tell me the law as well as the court can, and that is all I want at this time. When I know just where I stand I'll know what to do. The money in the bank,—how about that?"

"If David had made a will, as I often told him to, it would be different. I

would have something to fight on, then. But as he left it to the law to distribute his property, the court will have to order the money paid over to his—"

"To Lucinda," she cut in. "I supposed that would be the way, but I thought I'd ask on the chance that the children might have a claim."

"Not in this state. You see, the law doesn't recognize the existence of children born,"—he stammered,—"*of either the children or yourself. It simply proceeds as though you were not.*"

"Well, for that matter, there isn't so very much money in the bank just now," she said, with a gleam of satisfaction in her eye. "I had to draw on that when David was sick; and I'm glad I spent so much on his funeral,—solid silver the handles were, and everything to match. I heard people thought it was extravagant, but I guess it was Providence. Dodge won't get his hands on that, anyhow. That settles about everything except"—and for the first time she had to make an effort to keep her voice steady—"except Hilltop Farm and the house. I suppose I haven't any claim on them?"

He shook his head without looking at her. There was a moment's silence in the room.

"Do you remember what Hilltop Farm looked like when I married David Staples?" she asked curiously.

The old judge pushed his chair back and walked across the room, to ease his nervousness by action.

"Of course I remember," he said, explosively. "There isn't a man or woman of our age in Warrenvale who doesn't remember how you took hold of that stony, unprofitable, twenty-acre patch of waste ground and turned it into a gold mine. No one here had ever thought of raising asparagus for the city markets. It was genius,—the same sort of genius that has made men famous."

Naomi's deep eyes deepened. She knew that she had achieved. Life, love, and death, are the common heritage of

the race, but not to all is given the power of creation. Through the long, hard years there had been daily joy for her in that knowledge, and the joy could not die on the moment, though the fruit of her toil was to be torn from her and cast in the dust.

"It was a great thing you did," the judge continued, warming to his subject. "You took David when he was broken-spirited, discouraged, hopeless, and you made a man of him. You took his poverty-stricken little farm, and turned it into a veritable garden of Eden. You took his dilapidated little four-room house, and turned it into a place that all Warrenvale is proud of. There isn't a prettier home in the town."

Naomi's lip quivered for a moment, but it was rather with scorn than with weakness. "And now you say that the law will take it from me,—the law, which is supposed to do justice between man and man?"

"I said it was hard on you," he muttered.

"It is n't that,—I can stand things. I am not one to whimper. But it is not right. It is not just. How, then, can it be the law?"

"The law has to go by rules," the uncomfortable judge made answer. "It has to—strike an average. It does n't claim to do ideal justice. It sometimes even does a wrong in a particular case, to prevent an uncertainty which would lead to a more widespread wrong. Nobody could deal in property, for instance, unless the ownership went by established rules."

"It is n't just property," said Naomi, slowly. "Not to me. To her it is, I suppose. I would n't mind if it were just wood and mortar worth so many thousands and dollars. But it is home to me,—and more. It was home at a time when things meant to me what they never can again. It is alive with memories. And in a queer kind of a way, it is n't just memories. The things I hoped for are alive in the house to me. It is—everything."

"But all that is beyond the jurisdiction of any court," the judge said gravely.

Naomi searched his face, and the stifled pain in her eyes was more tragic than any cry. For a long moment she seemed to be weighing the world for which he stood in the balance of her own mind. Then her look fell, and the lines of her face hardened.

"So, after all, I must depend on myself," she said, slowly. "Well, I've fought my fights alone before this. I had to mortgage the farm, you remember, to build the house, and many people thought it was crazy, and made a mock of me. But I could n't bear that the children should have that other place to remember among their first impressions. I had to start them right. I wanted them to look back always to a beautiful childhood. And so they do, now. Hilltop Farm will always be to them the most beautiful memory in the world."

"And quite right, too. I suppose," he added, with rather too obvious an intent to change the current of her thoughts, "I suppose you will be going on now to make your home with either Tom or Patty."

"Yes." She pulled herself together, and dropped the trap-door upon her emotion. "They have both wanted me to come, ever since their father died, but I kept putting them off. But now I'm going. I don't think Warrenvale and I will have much to do with each other after this. I'm going this evening."

"You don't need to hurry. Dodge has n't got his decree yet."

"But you say he will get it, and that's all I wanted to know. I shall go right home and pack up my belongings,—clothes and jewelry and personal presents, you said,—and then I'll turn the keys over to you for Lucinda, and take the east-bound train at eight o'clock. By the way,"—and she reached for her handsome Boston bag,—“will you bear witness that I did n't use any money I had n't a legal right to for my ticket?"

Tom sent me this check last week, so I should n't have any excuse for putting off my visit longer. It just comes in handy. Will you cash it?"

The Judge handed her ten clean ten-dollar bills in exchange, with obvious relief. He had, indeed, been silently cogitating for the last half hour on the ways and means for supplying his suddenly impoverished but most independent client with money for current expenses.

"Is there anything else I can do?"

"No, thank you. I'm used to looking out for myself, you know. Good-bye, Judge."

"Surely not good-bye for good, Naomi?"

"Most likely."

They had been school-children together fifty years before, and had lived their lives out in village intimacy. The judge's voice was unrecognizably husky when he pressed her hand and muttered,

"Good-bye, Naomi. God bless you!"

But there was no dimming of Naomi Staples's clear eye. She nodded quietly and walked out into the street with her own firm and light step.

People turned to look after her as she went from place to place, for there was no one in Warrenvale who did not know that Lucinda Staples had come back, after thirty-five years of absence, to lay claim to her husband's now valuable estate. There had been hardly any other subject deemed worthy of discussion since the man Dodge, who represented himself as Lucinda's lawyer, had appeared with her on the scene a week ago. The legal and social aspects of the case were so thoroughly threshed out that any boy in the street could have explained all the technicalities to the court. There was no question of disputable identity to complicate matters. Lucinda Staples, now worn and dingy and hardly used, was still, unquestionably, the Lucinda who, wearying after a dull year on Hilltop Farm, had given Warrenvale its one sensation in a generation by running away from home to join a wandering

opera company. Her return had been an equal sensation. She was David Staples's widow, — she, and not the long-respected Naomi. And the provincial moralists were greatly perplexed.

But no one spoke of these matters to Naomi as she went from place to place that morning. There was something in her abstraction that forbade even a wordless expression of sympathy. She paid all her outstanding bills, secured her ticket and railway berth, and arranged with Jim Stinson, the local express agent and general utility man, to come to Hilltop Farm for her trunk at six o'clock. Then, with the slate clear, she went to the livery stable where she had left her horse and buggy, and started on the two-mile drive that lay between the village and her home.

Every step of the way was familiar. As she drove slowly up the winding country road, she knew just when to look for this and that especial vista. She looked intently, deeply, registering each scene upon her visual memory; but again and always her look came back to the goal of her journey, where a white house gleamed out against the green background of the higher hill, — the white house which had been the dream of her early ambitions, the pride and joy and satisfaction of her maturer life. When a turn of the road hid it she knew just where it would reappear, nearer and more clearly detailed. The colonial columns at the front thrilled her again as they had in the first days of her possession, and as they had never failed to thrill her on every return to her home. The windows that overlooked the valley were intelligent to her eyes. The air of substantial comfort, of dignity and prosperity, about the place, greeted her like a presence. She looked at her creation with the same high look that had awed the villagers, and the place looked back at its creator with conscious response.

She put away the horse and took a scrutinizing survey of the barn and the garden. Every part of it was as familiar

as the lines of her own hand. But she did not linger here. There was much to be done inside.

It was time for her luncheon, and with a thoughtful glance at the clock she proceeded with the work she had planned for herself for the afternoon. First, she set the table for her meal,—the last she would eat in this house. This was no mere midday consumption of food, to be dispatched in the summary fashion of womankind. It was a function, a memorial service, in which she was to take part, and she proceeded with the care befitting the performance of a ritual. Her finest damask she laid on the table, with the best china and silver, and the embroidered centre-piece which she had always reserved for her most appreciative "company." She went to the garden for a spray of trailing nasturtium, and arranged it gracefully in an old silver vase in the centre of the table. Then she brought out bread and butter and her best jelly. She was not particularly fond of sweets, and seldom cared to taste her own jellies; but this special kind had taken the prize at the state fair, and it was entitled to this formal recognition. The white breast of a cold roast chicken, with sweet pickles from her choicest lot, and tea and cake, completed the repast. Her critical eye viewed the table with quiet satisfaction. It was quite as nice as any table she had ever seen. It was worthy of even this occasion.

She ate with deliberation and enjoyment, and then restored everything to immaculate order. The ceremony was complete.

Then she went to the attic for a trunk, for she must begin her packing. All here was in the perfect order that rejoiced her housewifely soul. A row of little blue and white bags hung from the ceiling, each labeled to show at a glance the variety of household supply which it carried in reserve. The window to the east, where the rain was apt to come in during a storm, was open. She carefully closed it. On the north side was a row of trunks,

and Naomi ran her eye over them with a flicker of disdainful amusement. David had always bought the trunks as household necessities,—would Judge Warren think she had a right to take one away with her? That big trunk which they called Tom's,—well that *was* Tom's, come to think. His father had bought it for him when he went to college, and it had grown too shabby in those four years for him to countenance when he went out into the world to make his fortune afterwards. Yes, that one definitely was Tom's, not David's, and if Tom's, then no one could gainsay her right to use it. She thumped it down the two flights of stairs to the front hall, with a triumphant sense of having scored one against the law.

It was not difficult to gather the personal belongings which Judge Warren said she had a right to. She knew the genealogy and collateral relations of every article in the house, and she collected, with expedition and yet with that same air of disdainful care, the books, pictures, and trinkets which had been the tallies of the passing holidays for thirty years. Some were absurd and pathetic, evidences of the children's unhampered choice in their first eager bargainings; some absurd and magnificent, David's taste having run to peacock-feather fans and carved teak. She packed them carefully among her dresses, with a passionate sense of rescue for each piece saved.

The trunk packed and corded and ready for Jim Stinson when he came, Naomi glanced at the clock again. She still had an hour left for the task she had had in her mind from the beginning,—the ceremonial review and farewell to the house. Before she departed forever from the spot which meant so much to her, she must gather up and fix in that inner treasure-house of memory which lay beyond the reach of the Law every look and aspect of the House. Something her heart must have to rest upon in all these years to come. The smouldering bitterness died in her sad eyes, and with every

faculty sensitive to the significance of the hour, she moved slowly from one room to another, tasting the special quality of each with delicate perception. This front bedroom, facing the west, had been her own since the house was built, and its glory had always been the flood of sunset light that held the day fast, long after shadows had filled the valley below. She snapped the window shades to their highest, letting the light fill the room and fall in a shower of radiance across the things she so familiarly knew. The room had been furnished with little besides sunshine and invisible hopes for the first few years; but as the crops prospered under her care, real furniture had been added, each piece a treasure, carefully selected, planned for, lived with. That Braun photograph of a Corot had meant a winter's study of the art-dealers' catalogues. She lingered before it with a moment of rebellion. Not to rescue what David had so loved seemed hard to the point of cruelty; but she had determined to abide — oh, strictly! — by Judge Warren's opinion, and by his judgment she had no right to anything she had herself bought with David's money. Her lip curled at the thought that Lucinda had a better right; but the scorn died in a moment. She could afford to forget her — now. The still sunshine in the picture had leaped into palpitating life under the kindred touch of the western glow from the window, till all the room seemed to be joyously alive. She closed the door softly, as though she were shutting in something that must not be disturbed.

This room under the eaves was Tom's — and clean to bareness it was, as he had always loved to have it. The iron cot and the military camp-outfit had been his own choice. How they always understood each other, they two! The room was thronged with memories of the curly-headed boy, the eager youth, the strong man who was now waiting for her in the far city. The man belonged to many. The boy had been hers alone. She

crossed the room to shake out the folds of the college banners that drooped against the wall, and as she came back she let her hand linger on the white pillow of the cot. Almost it seemed as though a curly head might turn under her light pressure, and Tom's funny voice — She went out quickly.

This was Patty's pretty room. That wide ledge under the window was where the child had been in the habit of curling up with her fairy tales in those far-away years — those everlastingly near-by years — when the adventures of Cinderella were the events of the day. Here she had stood while Naomi's fingers fastened her bridal wreath, and here, after the ceremony in the flower-decked parlor below, she had flung a sobbing farewell to her old room with its girlhood memories. Now Naomi kissed her hand to the room. She did not weep. There was only a steady tenderness of farewell in her look, as there had been when she kissed Patty to self-control and placed her hand in that of her perplexed young husband.

Here, down the stairs, Patty had come in those trailing white robes that made her seem consecrated and apart; and there, before the bay-window, — the spot was invisibly marked forever, — she had stood. And her first look, when the solemn vows had been spoken, had been for her mother, — not for the young husband at her side, but for her, Naomi. No other picture could overlay that, though other pictures thronged the silent spaces on every side; and chiefly one that brought up before her again the first aspect the room had worn when she and David came into the empty, finished house that first evening after the workmen had left, and looked about it solemnly; and David turned and kissed her in his shy and awkward way.

She passed through the dining-room slowly. How it had always struck the note of the opening day with sunshine! How the warm colors had glowed under the evening lamp! Here they had drawn

together, each day renewing the bond that made them one people. Had it not, indeed, been communion bread and sacramental wine that they had shared in this room? The hush upon the place echoed the "nevermore" of her heart.

As she entered the kitchen, the flutter of the white muslin curtain at the window seemed to ask her attention, like an insistent child. The house had been so still that the eager little motion seemed intentional, — a call for her approval, or an urging of its readiness for service. She smiled at the curtain with quick responsiveness. Yes, they understood each other. Then, lighting a candle, she went down to the cellar to complete her review. The separate bins for the garden vegetables, the big cupboard of famous preserves, the neat arrangement of garden tools not in use, all responded to her silent challenge like soldiers on parade. Her deep eyes approved silently. The years might slip from her hand to-night like a crumpled scroll, but her life was justified. The victory she had wrung from fate was all complete.

The sound of a horse's feet on the gravel outside warned her that Jim Stinson had come, and she went up at once, with the lighted candle in her hand, closing and locking each door behind her as she went.

"You there, Mrs. Staples?" Jim's voice called.

"Yes."

She set down the candle on the kitchen table, and went out to where Jim stood by the side door. "The trunk is in the front hall. You better drive around that way and put it on your wagon while I get old Job from the barn. You're to take him down to Moody's livery on your way to the station."

"All right." But he did not move at once. Jim Stinson, like everyone else in Warrenvale, knew why Naomi was going away. He looked at her curiously and tapped his boot with his whip. As a man and a neighbor, something was demanded of him. He looked out over the

garden and remarked impersonally, "It's a blame shame, that's what it is."

"What's a shame?" asked Naomi, absently.

"Why, that this place should go to Lucinda Staples, after all that you've done for it."

"Oh!" She started as though someone had suddenly reminded her of something lost. "I had quite forgotten about Lucinda for the time being."

Jim stared at her. It seemed rather an unnecessary strain on his credulity.

"I've had other matters on my mind," she said; and unconsciously her voice was stern with something of the impersonal sternness of Fate. "That reminds me, Jim, I was going to ask you to witness my signature. Your commission as notary public has n't run out yet, has it?"

"No, ma'am," said Jim, wonderingly.

"I want you to seal this paper for me. It is a list of the things I have taken from the house. I swear it is correct and complete, and that everything else has been left in the house just as it stands. Now I'll sign it, and you sign here. I copied that part for you to sign out of an old deed, so I know it's right."

"But I ain't got my seal here," gasped the surprised man of law.

"That's all right. You can put the seal on afterwards. See that you do, and then give the paper to Judge Warren, with the house keys, first thing to-morrow morning. He'll tell you it's all right. I didn't have any witness to see what I took, but I guess my affidavit will count for something, if any question ever comes up.

Jim signed. People seldom discussed Naomi's instructions with her. Then she locked the side door from the outside and gave him the key, and went herself to the barn for Job. In a few minutes they had left Hilltop Farm behind them and were clattering down the road to Warrenvale.

Except for the spattering pebbles kicked loose by the horses' feet, and an occasional stumble by Job, who found

the ways of Providence surprising in thus suddenly turning him into a led horse, the journey was made in silence. Naomi was absorbed in watching the evening light gathering upon the familiar farms and fields and patches of wood they passed. Jim thought it strange that not once did she turn to look at Hilltop Farm behind them. One would have expected a woman to show some little feeling about giving up her home. But when they reached the bridge at the edge of the village, she suddenly put her hand on the reins.

"Let me out here. I'll walk the rest of the way. Don't forget to turn the keys and that paper over to Judge Warren first thing. And now good-bye, Jim."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Staples." And as she was climbing down over the wheel he added gruffly, "We won't forget you in Warrenvale."

"I don't think you will, Jim,—not just at once," she said, with a faint smile.

She waited until he had gone on, and then she walked to the middle of the bridge and leaned her arms on the railing and looked back up the road. It was the point, as she knew well, from which Hilltop Farm could be seen to the best advantage. The white building, vivid against the green background, was at the end of a long up-leading vista, and often, on her return from town, had she stopped here to watch the sunset glare burn red as fire upon the Farm windows,—as now. More than once her heart had given a sudden leap with the thought that the place was really afire, so redly the windows glowed,—as they did now. And this time the red did not fade with the shifting sunset. The western light changed, but steadily, fiercely, leapingly red the windows still glowed, and though Naomi did not move, her eyes dwelt with deep content on the house she had built.

There was a growing sound from the village,—the sound of voices, of shouts, of running feet, of hard-driven wheels.

"Your house is afire," the foremost

shouted,—the two boys astride one galloping horse; and galloped on.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" was the far-away cry along the road toward town.

Judge Warren, in a light cart, pulled up suddenly when he saw the silent figure leaning against the hand-rail.

"You are here!" he cried, in great relief. "I was afraid—Jump in, and I'll get you there in a hurry."

She shook her head. "My train is due in half an hour."

"Naomi! Do you know your house is burning?"

"It will be burnt to the ground before you can possibly get there. See, the roof is going."

A red flare leaped high into the air, fringing the heavy rolls of smoke that poured from the pierced roof. It was like a battle banner,—the flaunting of dauntless spirits riding to triumphant defeat.

Another buggy came tearing up to the bridge, the man Dodge leaning forward over the dashboard to lash his horse on.

"The house is afire!" he shrieked from afar, when he saw Naomi.

She nodded.

"It's my house,—it's Lucinda's house!" he shrilled at her.

"Yes."

He pulled the horse up and leaped from the buggy to confront her.

"I believe you set it afire yourself, you—!" He gurgled in inarticulate fury.

Naomi faced him, erect, quiet, so untouched by his clamor as almost to seem unconscious of it.

"I came away with Jim Stinson soon after six, but it is just possible that you may be right," she said thoughtfully. "I remember now that when Jim called to me I set down my candle on the kitchen table, and like as not the wind blew the muslin curtain right against the flame. It could easily have happened that way. I locked the door from the outside and we came right away, and I can't seem to remember that I *did* blow out that candle."

"It's arson. I'll have the law of you. It's my property. You will have to pay

for this. I'll have the law." He flung his frantic words at her like missiles.

"Have a care, Mr. Dodge," Judge Warren warned grimly. But he did not look at Naomi.

"I think," said Naomi calmly, "that the law has had about all that it can get from me. I own nothing that would be worth attaching, if that is what you mean."

"The insurance money belongs to the widow, anyhow," Dodge said suddenly. "You don't get a cent of that." And he jumped into his buggy and whipped on up the road.

"You go too, Judge," Naomi said, turning with a little smile to Judge Warren, who had been watching her with troubled eyes. "You won't any of you get there in time to save anything,—see that burst of flame!—but you'd better be on the ground. I shall stay here till the train comes. And, if you don't mind, Judge, I'd rather see the last of it alone."

He drove on at that, joining the excited procession that was pushing its way up the hill in the hope of being in at the death. But Naomi had understood the situation perfectly. By the time the judge reached the farm, there was nothing but a failing bonfire where the house had once stood, and the crowd of men and boys about the yard had given over their futile attempts to save anything. The long shadows cast by the occasional spurts of flame leaped like mocking spirits about the ruins, and to the judge's fancy there was something consciously fantastic in the way they danced; but gradually they tired and dropped down, the flames fell away from the charred beams, and the quiet shadows of the night and the trees came timidly on to reclaim their freehold.

The judge had been trying to avoid Dodge, whose scolding was an affront to the scene, when he saw Pringle, the one

insurance agent of the town, on the other side. The troubled look came back into his eyes. He would have given much not to meet Pringle here and now. So, setting his heavy jaw a little, he picked his way across the yard to where the agent stood apart, absorbed in contemplation of the smoking mass.

"I'm afraid this hits you pretty hard, Pringle," he said soberly, as the other looked up with a countenance of undecipherable emotions.

Pringle tossed away the straw he had been chewing and straightened up. In his eye there was a curious excitement.

"No," he said, slowly. "Fact is, it doesn't touch me at all."

"You don't mean to say the place wasn't insured? Why, I told Naomi Staples she ought not to carry a cent less than five thousand on it."

"Yes, that's what I wrote on it,—twenty-six years ago the first policy was issued, and she's always kept it up as regular as clock-work."

"Has it lapsed, then? I don't wonder if she forgot, with all she has had on her mind."

"No, not lapsed exactly. Fact is, she canceled the policy to-day."

"Canceled it?"

"At noon. Said she was going to leave, and had no responsibility for the property after this. Insisted on my repaying a part of the premium for the unexpired term, and gave up her policy. She came to see me after leaving your office this forenoon."

The two men looked at each other with expressionless faces for a long moment. From the distance the whistle of an engine came sharply up the Hilltop road, as the east-bound train fled away into the friendly night. Then Judge Warren reached for his tobacco pouch.

"I always said," he remarked, "that for a woman Naomi Staples had an uncommon sense of justice."

THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT

(1858-1862)

VI

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

XVIII

WAR BREAKS

WHEN the colonies met "in order to form a more perfect union," they planted unconsciously the acorn of nationalism, which has grown up into a mighty oak, its network of roots penetrating and binding the states into an apparently indissoluble Union. This national oak now towers over all the states, shadowing deeply their childhood independence. And so long as justice for the weak and the love of peace, of wisdom and righteousness breathes through its mighty limbs, the states will be loyal and its leaves will stay green. But, to change the simile, let the sinful lusts and the moral cowardice of wealth take the place of courage and manly innocence in our country's eye, with their companions, arrogance and godliness, then, let there be no mistake, the last rally of Democracy — the simple, honest, upright Democracy of our forefathers — against the tyranny and political degradation which must inevitably follow, will be on the childhood theory of the indestructible independence of the states. But, however this may be, the dogma of their sovereignty which prevailed — and it may be said, generally unchallenged at the adoption of the Constitution — had all of its vitality at West Point long after it had become hopelessly involved with the inexorable destiny of the country.

The reason runs back to several sources: one branch to the isolation of West Point and the exuding crust of co-

lonial conservatism; the other, deeper, more dangerously procreative and far-reaching, to a text book on the Constitution, by William Rawle of Philadelphia, a jurist of national reputation, at one time a United States district attorney, to whom, it is claimed, Washington offered the attorney-generalship.

Without qualification Rawle¹ maintained, "It depends on the state itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself whether it will continue a member of the Union. To deny this right would be inconsistent with the principle on which all our political systems are founded, which is, that the people have in all cases a right to determine how they will be governed. . . . And the doctrine heretofore presented to the reader in regard to the infeasible nature of personal allegiance is so far qualified in respect to allegiance to the United States. . . . The states then may wholly withdraw from the Union. . . . The secession of a state from the Union depends on the will of the people of such state."

In view of the predominance of Southern views and ideals, together with the

¹ On July 1, 1886, Jefferson Davis wrote to Hon. R. T. Bennett, late Colonel of the 13th North Carolina Infantry, a judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and the Confederacy's calmest yet most profoundly eloquent memorialist, "*Rawle on the Constitution* was the text book at West Point, but when the class of which I was a member entered the graduating year Kent's *Commentaries* were introduced as the text book on the Constitution and International Law." (See *Southern Historical Society Papers*, vol. xxii. p. 83.)

fact that the statesmen of the South were fulminating Rawle's doctrine with more and more impressive seriousness as the commercial power of the North and its antagonism to slavery became more and more obvious, is it any wonder that the theory should stay green at West Point? On the contrary, should not the wonder be that any graduate from the South remained loyal? And yet over half of the Southern graduates living at the breaking out of the war stood by the Union — a number to lose their lives, many to be wounded and maimed, and about all to be cast off and disowned by blood and kin. Those loyal Southerners I have always thought were our greatest moral heroes. For what days of mental trial and nights of bitter anguish they went through! Put yourself in their places — all the yearning ties of home, boyhood's friends, sweethearts, the old plantations beckoning from their fields and runs and woods, the firesides, the churchyards whose silent dust had called their boyish tears to flow fast as they stood beside the freshly dug graves — all appealing to them to go with their section, come what may. Ah! young husbands and mothers of to-day, happy among those you love and, happily, too, unacquainted with trouble, the writer knows what he is telling about of the trials of the loyal Southerners in those days. He sees the tears standing in the eye, and then on their way down the cheeks, of one of the sweetest daughters of the far South, as in her quarters at Fortress Monroe, in 1862, she told him of her cross. Not a drop of Northern blood in her veins or those of her knightly Virginian husband, and not a connecting link by marriage with a Northern family. Her only child, a little girl, was playing on the floor and wondered why her mother's face should be so wet. But such pure, smiling courage and gentle loveliness! the foot of a rainbow in a meadow, moonlight on clouds, never were lovelier or purer than the light which glinted those falling tears as she said, "Oh, nothing, dear Katie," and kissed the child.

That woman was the wife of my first commanding officer; and the writer never thinks of her or of him that he does not see Hampton Roads, hear the lonely bells of the warships proclaiming the hours of the night, — the famous little Monitor was lying low and dark among them, — and the waves coming in and murmuring along the starlit beach. O kindest and best of friends, friends in sunshine and in shadow, your young subordinate trusts that from time he may be allowed to visit you in that upper and better world.

Can there be any question that those who fell on the field or died in the hospital or at home had a heavenly comforter at their side as the earth began to fade away? Or that the spirit of West Point hastened to accompany each one up to the very gates, saying with swimming eyes to the Keeper, "I wish you would let him in — he has followed the path of duty to the end, and I feel tenderly for him." "Did you say he followed the path of duty to the end?" asks the Keeper. "Yes, to the very end." And as the gates open and turn on their hinges they break out into a triumphant psalm. And behold! he enters the Valley of Vision.

It would be unworthy of the writer, after accompanying any one, even in thought, to the gates of Heaven, to come back to earth harboring the least spirit of faultfinding or reproach for those Southerners who followed their section. No, he found no fault when he parted with them; he finds no fault now; nor does he wish to discuss the question of right or wrong. The war that divided us looms, like an extinct volcano, far away against the skyline of the past. But as I view it through its azure veil, it is covered with green, with magnolia and cypress, with holly and sassafras, with beech, maple, and elm, with laurel and oak, to its soaring rim, and over its once fire-belching crater soft clouds are floating, tinged with the hopes and the glory of a common country.

But not so did it look in March, 1861,

to us at West Point, or to the community at large. I wish that this pen was in the hand of some one who is on such terms with words — those immortal heralds of thought who at the touch of genius become radiant — that at a beck from him out from their ranks they would step and marshal themselves so as to convey to the reader born since the war a true, deeply calm, and spiritually informing vision of those days; of how they looked to us and to eyes that had seen much more of the world than ours. For just think for a moment what mighty elements were involved. Civilization and the destiny of the Republic moving on under the impulse of God's holy purposes. From the scene — black smoke pouring out of the chimneys of public opinion, showing that the fates were firing up; the land overhung with the clouds of war, their gray, inky abysses lit up from time to time by quick, angrily swerving flashes, followed by a dull outburst of thunder muttering into a foreboding silence — I turn away with a sigh. For I would like to set it forth as it was, — not only to gratify a longing to give as complete expression as Providence has vouchsafed me to give of what appeals to my heart, but much more, to instruct, enlighten, and mercifully to soften future judgment on the conduct of all, of North and South, in whatsoever one or the other did that was wrong. But as I turn reluctantly from the scene I know full well that in due time and for all time it will at last have its interpreter, and take its place among the fountains of inspiration.

On the 11th of March my roommate, John Asbury West of Georgia, resigned; and on the same day Pierce Young, "Joe" Blount, and "Joe" Alexander, all of Georgia, handed in their resignations. General Young has been mentioned; Blount and Alexander were both of my class, and both were very dear friends. The former lived on the same floor with me, and many was the pleasant hour we passed together, and I associate him with one very funny thing that used to take place in that angle. It so happened that

Blount, West, Comly, "Jim" Drake, and three or four others of my closest friends, were in the "immortals," — the last section in French, — and their preparation for recitation consisted in gathering in our room about five minutes before the bugle blew and having me translate the reading lesson. If I read over the *Benefactor Recompensed* to that crowd once, I read it a dozen times. If any one were to stop me with an inquiry, "How's that, Morris?" or, "What's that, Schaff?" he would be squelched immediately by all the others exclaiming indignantly, "Oh, for God's sake! what's the use of stopping him for that! Go on, Morris, go on! the bugle will blow in a minute;" and on would go the translator. Dear, dear fellows! I believe one and all of you are Immortals now, far, far above the reach of any earthly bugle, and should we ever meet again, if one of you will produce the old *French Reader*, we'll try to reread the *Benefactor Recompensed* for the sake of West Point memories and this dear old lark-singing earth.

Of course, West and myself talked the state of affairs over and over again, sometimes long after taps had sounded and the only light in the room was that of the stars or the moon. It meant so much for him; and more than once he broke out into the bitterest denunciation of all fire-eaters and abolitionists. His congressman was his fellow-townsmen of Madison, Georgia, — Honorable Joshua Hill, — and if the proceedings in Congress be consulted, it will be found that he was among those who tried to hold the South back from precipitating war. West's letters from his family were all of a peaceful tenor, too, yet brimming with anxiety for the outcome — and they were not the only letters filled with care and dread and sorrow in the Southland. Early in March the papers of his state published a list of the officers of the newly, or to be, organized forces of Georgia, and his name and those of all the other Georgia cadets appeared in the lists.

Well, events were moving fast. Louis-

iana seized the United States Arsenal at Baton Rouge, and Alabama, after seizing that at Mt. Vernon, went marching in a fierce spirit against Fort Pickens. Day after day South Carolina added to the height and strength of her batteries bearing on Sumter, and an orgie of wild, frenzied, delirious cheering hailed every step toward revolution. Meanwhile the Southern Confederacy at Montgomery, elated by the extended hand of Europe and blind to the hollow treachery of her smile, began to drink deeply of the cups of fate, and grew more and more defiant, leaving no doubt of war in the minds of whoever contemplated her almost savage glee over the prospect of a death grapple with the North. How little she dreamed in her new, shining, and rustling robes that her pall was weaving in the deep silence of the North! Oh, what sarcasm there is in the irony of Fate.

One day there was a meeting of a company of Georgians; when my roommate came back from it, he told me with sadness that he had resigned. In due time came the packing of his trunk, and one after another of his things we laid away in it, as boys will pack a trunk. When the hour came he went and said good-by to all of his close friends, returning with moist eyes. And while he was out of the room I stood at my window. Below me lay Douglas Garden, and beyond rose the hills, their rocky ribs partially hid by cedars and stunted forest trees. I can see them all now as I wondered whether I would ever have so close a friend again; for until I knew him well — I made friends slowly — a deep sense of loneliness would come over me at intervals as a cadet — a longing for something, and I suppose that something was a friend.

When the hour had come to part, I went with him to the cadet limits near the library, and I do not believe there was a word said by either as together we walked side by side for the last time. And now we were at the end. He threw his arms around me and almost sobbed, "God bless you, Morris." "Farewell,

dear John." Soon he disappeared down the roadway to the landing. I waited. The little ferry boat set out for Garrison's, and soon I saw a figure waving a handkerchief, and I fluttered mine. And those little colors of boyhood's love floated till the river was crossed; then his came down and he disappeared forever from my view. Oh, find your way alone as well as you can, dear pen; you and the paper are both dim, for there is a deep mist in my eyes.

West died long ago — but from a leaning field of shocked wheat that faces a setting sun my heart is beckoning to me. What is it, Heart? "As long as I beat, in me the friend of your youth shall live."

Upon the departure of West I was moved to the 8th Division, to room with Wharton of my class. On the floor below lived Custer in the tower room, and Rosser in the one facing the area. I have already referred to Custer, and I would like to refer to him again, if only to speak of those streams which rise so far up among the hills of our common natures. I have in mind his joyousness, his attachments to the friends of his youth, and his never-ending delight in talking about his old home. I sometimes think that the sense of immortality is not vouchsafed to man alone. Why should not the old home with its garden, its fields with their flocks, their lilies, and their tasseling corn, even the little, light-hearted brooks themselves, all have those dreams of immortality too? And I wonder if they do not find it in a boy's memory.

I should like to refer also to Rosser, the great Confederate cavalryman, who was Custer's antagonist on so many fields. Once, when the former was visiting me, he told me of the fight at Trevillian Station, when his command and Custer's were in a hand-to-hand battle: at some time in the combat, after both had emptied their pistols, they abused each other most outrageously across the dust-covered canvas top of an old army-wagon. Rosser was a good and great

fighter. He was a good and a warm friend. May the sunset of his life be soft and clear!

And now this narrative, after winding through so many fields, has reached the very eve of the Great Rebellion.

West left on March 12, and on April 12 South Carolina opened her batteries on Fort Sumter; and the war began. Those thirty days at West Point, and, for that matter, everywhere, were days of portent. It is true we were mere boys, but nevertheless we were more or less conscious of the country's impending trial; for like a mighty cross it threw a shadow over all the land. And I wonder if I may say that, as in imagination I put myself back under that shadow, a feeling of deep awe comes over me as one after another of the mighty forces getting ready for the struggle of four years dimly reveals itself. And as they break on the writer with more and more clearness with every beat of imagination's wings,—it really seems as if I could hear the lull on the shores of "the isle that is called Patmos,"—there is a great temptation to let his pen tell what it sees. But these transfigurations embracing the country, pale and hesitating on the threshold of a starry course: Liberty, her eyes filled with a lofty innocence, standing between the pillars of the world's hope, the smoke of the sacrificial altars that look so like winding sheets; Slavery on a waste that spreads far and wide facing her end under a sullen sky,—for she knows that the days of her course are numbered; the sun-bursts of glory on the West Point men and every man in whose breast is the bird singing of honor and truth and courage and duty;—however vivid all these may be, they belong to the domain of Poetry and not to Prose. And yet so close lies the province of prose to that of poetry in the kingdom of art, that whenever a new furrow is ploughed in one of its old fields the ploughman is very apt to turn up the seeds of a celestial flower that has blown across the line. However this may be, whosoever wishes

to enjoy a poet's vision of those days, let him read *In State*, by Forceythe Wilson.

The news of the firing on Sumter, which roused the North into a mighty passion,—its like probably no future generation will ever feel,—reached West Point some time between eight and half-past nine in the morning. For when my section was dismissed at half-past nine, the area was spotted with cadets talking anxiously about it. Who the first one was to communicate the news to me I am not right sure, but my impression is that it was either Custer or Elbert of Iowa; but at any rate I recall just where I was, in the area almost in front, but a little beyond the guardhouse toward the 8th Division. It is only necessary to refer to the New York papers of that morning to feel the excitement that swept the country. And here let the writer quote a letter from Tully McCrea, to whom he is indebted for many refreshing memories in the preparation of these articles:—

"The next thing that stands out with distinctness was the splendid effect produced, instantaneously, when the news of the firing on Fort Sumter was received. It was the same there as everywhere: every Northern cadet showed his colors and rallied that night in Harris's room in the 5th Division. One could have heard us singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in Cold Spring. It was the first time I ever saw the Southern contingent cowed. All of their Northern allies had deserted them, and they were stunned. You remember how the superintendent sent them off in a body the next morning by way of Albany, for fear that they would be mobbed if they went through New York City."

It may seem strange, but the writer does not remember that patriotic gathering in Harris's room, and for the very good reason that he was not present. Where or with whom he was that night has gone completely from his memory. Had he been with them, something tells him that their voices would be ringing now in his memory. It would have been a

great honor to join in singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner' on a night like that and with a crowd like that — some of whom gave their lives for it so soon and so gallantly too. No, I was not there. I am sure I was not in mischief; but what I was thinking about as their voices were ringing in the old Division, Heaven only knows. Was I with one of the stunned Southerners? Perhaps.

The cadets referred to by McCrea as having been sent by way of Albany had submitted their resignations and were waiting for their acceptance. And I think the current of the narrative may eddy for a moment about a touching incident connected with one of the number.

I was walking with him, a classmate, a few years after the war, on a moonlight night in his own war-stricken city. In the course of our rambles — and for a month we met almost nightly — he opened his heart to me and told me of his life in the Confederacy. He said that neither he nor his family ever believed that secession was the South's remedy, but that public opinion forced them to acquiesce and him to resign. Well, he served in a staff corps until about the middle of the war, then got a short leave of absence, and with such funds as his family could spare, arrayed in the clothes of a Southern "cracker," he floated down one of the Southern rivers, — its softly musical Seminole name would be recognized at once, — tying up his dug-out by day and making the rest of the lonely journey by night till he reached the coast. Thence he found his way north, and when the war was over he went back to his old home. And now comes the pathos of it. Let me say that from the moment you met him you were sure that you were in the presence of a man modest in mind and manners and of a gentle and refined nature; his smile and his greeting were both winsomely natural. Well, no hand reached out to greet him when he got home, and his old friends were formal with him, and he as much as said that he was more of an exile than if he were

beyond the sea. Not many years after our meeting death came, and his delicate, wearied spirit found rest. I pitied him. And now, as I turn away from this incident, whose deeply tragic features are obvious, but which only the soldier can appreciate fully, there is a feeling of loneliness and a vague consciousness of some immeasurable sadness in the world; a feeling not unlike that which comes over us when, in the dead hours of a dimly starlit night, we hear a house dog mourning pitifully far away in a dooryard, or the single long low of a bereaved animal far up in the woods.

Before the current began its increasingly melancholy eddy around the foregoing incident, there was music stirring in the narrative — the Northern cadets challenged by the firing on Sumter were singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." But this is Good Friday, and, while the above was being penned, now and then a youth bearing a pot of Easter lilies has passed the window. Oh, how the shadows come and go in the mind! now darkening and now blending gloom into sweet hope of a Resurrection morning for us all, where neither loyalty to a Confederacy nor services under this flag or that have any meaning.

XIX

SERGEANTS AND OTHERS

The first shot that was fired on Fort Sumter was from a mortar battery at Fort Johnson, at 4.30 A. M., April 12, 1861. General Crawford, one of the garrison, whom I saw often at the head of a division of the Fifth Corps, says that the stars were still up — but they must have been paling at that hour — and that the sea was calm. The battery was commanded by Captain G. C. James, and the shell was fired by the hand of his lieutenant, Wade Hampton Gibbes — the Gibbes whose historic encounter with Upton has already been mentioned. It was a strange coincidence that he

should be in the first distinctively political combat at West Point, and the first Southerner, if not American, to send a shot at the flag of his country that had "covered both sections with glory and protection." Oh, the futures, and too often the hardships, of the children around the hearth of fate! A bird or a squirrel will carry an acorn or a hickory nut to the top of some bald, soaring ridge; there it will grow, — very like its only companion, a grim boulder, brooding over eons of time, — and there in solemn loneliness will it spread its leafless limbs against a fading sky. So, it seems to me, Gibbes stands against the darkening twilight sky of the Confederacy, and there he will stand alone whenever the student of history looks for the first step in the tragedy of our war between the states, while wrapped in their winding-sheets far below in the shadowed valleys of oblivion lie in peace his gallant contemporaries.

The New York newspapers — they reached the Point between eight and nine in the morning, — gave every particular of the bombardment as it went on, keeping us keyed to the very pitch. We could see the shells bursting over the fort. We could see the buildings burning, the black smoke surging angrily up over the flagstaff, and then, smitten by a south wind, driven hot with its cinders into the perspiring, begrimed faces of the resolute gunners. We wondered how soon the flames would reach the magazine. We knew that the little garrison was practically without food. How long could the loyal Kentuckian, Major Anderson, and his regulars hold out? How our hearts beat when we read that, when the flagstaff was shot down, Sergeant Hart, having secured a little spar, nailed the flag to it and hoisted it again over the stormy parapet. Oh, officers of the regular army, let us keep in tender memory our first sergeants, for they were closer to us than we or they knew. For we know well that no company ever honors its commander in peace times except

through its first sergeant; and surely how was it in the war? Oh, gallant and grim old fellows, the law made a difference between us: you had to stand uncovered in our presence, you had to go at our bidding, no social or unstudied word could pass between us; but we knew, when the colors went forward, and we each faced our duty, that there was no difference then, no difference between us as we met the final test of our courage and manliness. Your steadying voice, your stern "Forward, Company G;" your encouraging "Stand up to it, men," as the shells burst in your faces; your "Let's take those colors, men;" "Pick up the captain tenderly, corporal, and carry him back, but right on, regulars!" Oh, first sergeants! Heroes, makers of armies, winners of victory, I hope that every officer who draws a sword in your presence will be just and kind, and give you the honor you deserve.

When the Confederates destroyed my ordnance depot at City Point by exploding a tornado in it, August, 1864, killing over one hundred and fifty persons and about half of my detachment, I found my first sergeant, Harris, who had been so faithful, lying dead under the timbers of the great wharf building. A child asleep in a cradle or on a mother's lap could not have worn a sweeter or more innocent face as he lay with eyes closed, at rest. I know what it is to have and to lose a good first sergeant. And while I am writing these lines of captains and colonels and generals, some of whose names are dear to fame, a voice comes to me from every field I saw, from Chancellorsville to Petersburg, saying, "Don't forget the first sergeants." And now comes a voice to me closer and dearer than all, — that of West Point herself, — I believe I know the tenderness of that voice well. "For the sake of their manliness, for the sake of their courage and devotion to duty, let them stand with me in the light of your little lamp as long as it burns on your page."

And now from tattered colors comes

another voice: "Pray do not forget the men who bore us, the color sergeants." Dear old banners! I have not forgotten them — but like yourselves they have passed through the gates, and there is on their faces the transfiguring light that comes from the sense that they bore you well. You or they have no need for my little lamp; poetry and art have lit their eternal lamps all along the line for you and them.

Referring to the relation of a West Point officer to a sergeant, perhaps the following incident will illustrate it well. When Grant came to Watertown Arsenal just after the war, Corporal or Sergeant Hunt of the detachment came to me and said that he would like a chance to speak to the general, that he had served in the same regiment with him before the war. I told him to come along, and took him into the office, where Grant was talking with the commandant. Mrs. Grant and Stanton — the only time I ever saw him — were standing nearby.

"I do not know whether you remember me or not, general. I was Corporal Hunt of Captain ——'s company, with you at Fort Vancouver, Oregon, before the war," said the old soldier.

Grant reached out his hand and in his quiet voice said, "Sergeant, I remember you well;" — and there was that simple, honest look in Grant's face which never belied the warmth of his heart when he met a friend.

To return to that shot of Gibbs, — Crawford says that it burst right over the centre of Fort Sumter. Yes, but it burst in the heart of every Northerner, too, and the like never has been seen. The North rose to its feet, and, ready to lose every dollar it had in the world, putting aside every fear of poor mortality, pain, hunger, weariness, and every fear of death itself, it picked up the challenge. On Sunday, the 14th, Anderson marched out, after saluting the flag he had defended so well, and on Monday, the 15th, Lincoln called for 75,000 men; within forty-eight hours Massachusetts men,

equipped and armed, were on their way. There was no discussion now at West Point, but I recall a feeling of awe. It was obvious to every one in close social relations with the South that all depended on Virginia. Only one or two of her cadets had resigned. Field and Fitz-Hugh Lee were still on duty, and a number of cadets from North Carolina, Tennessee, Maryland, and elsewhere in the South, were holding on, and among them were perhaps my closest friends. But on the 22d the Old Dominion slipped her anchors and headed straight for the tempest of rebellion. And with her went all of her sons at the Academy, and, except a very few, every one from the South. Among those from Virginia was my classmate, Dearing, James Dearing of Lynchburg.

The mention of his name will recall to every one who was at West Point with him, and to every old Confederate artilleryman or cavalryman who served with him, his tall figure, his naturally hearty greeting, and his naturally happy face. Moreover, to those who were his close friends — I am sure to every one who was in D Company with him — there will come into their vision groups of fellow cadets in gray and white, now in barrack and now on stools in camp, and in their midst will be Dearing playing on his banjo and singing "Dixie." The first time I ever heard that song, so consecrated to the Confederacy, it was sung by him. I wonder how many camp fires he enlivened with that same banjo. But what went far beyond the crackling-toned instrument to light up the wan face of the Confederacy, was his cheerful and naturally buoyant voice. He became a brigadier-general, and was mortally wounded at the battle of High Bridge just a few days before Appomattox. Our fellow classman, Mackenzie, then a major-general and in command of a division of cavalry, learning that Dearing was seriously wounded, went to see him. And one spring day after the war was over, when we were

walking through the Common in Boston, talking of bygone days, he told me that Dearing, although near his end, greeted him with all of his old-time cordiality, and inquired affectionately for us all. The gallant, fine-hearted, cheery-voiced fellow lived only a few days, then passed away.

His photograph, which he sent me from New York when on his way home from West Point, is now in an old album. To the living the album will soon mean nothing, but it means and recalls a great deal to me every time my eye falls on the dimming faces of some of my early and dear friends.

Among those who resigned the same day with Dearing, April 22, was Niemeyer of Virginia, who was killed during Grant's Rapidan and Richmond campaign in 1864; Willet, a very modest and lovable man from Tennessee, who fell, I believe at Shiloh, and Graves at Chickamauga. And now as I look over the long list, — there were thirty-three of them, — Twyman and Lovejoy, W. R. Jones and Faison, Clayton and Washington, Logan, Marchbanks, and Kinney, "Bob" Noonan, "Rube" Ross, and Taliaferro, a feeling of sadness comes over me, and I wish I could see them all. Yes, I wish that all of my class might meet again, and, drawing the benches under the elms into a circle not far from the evening gun, be once more the happy boys we were; I am sure the old flag on the staff over us would ripple out joyfully. I am sure too we could talk over the war without a single jar; and should Hardee and Reynolds come along arm in arm, we would all rise and give them a right hand salute; but should old Bentz, the bugler, reappear off across the plain, on the walk which he always followed when he blew the calls for chapel, we would yell to him to come right over, and we would shake the hand of the dear old soldier well.

And now, as so often happened with my Uncle Toby when he described his sieges and war experiences, the reunion

has become a reality and we are about all there. Moreno of Florida, with his soft liquid Castilian eyes, — Senator Mallory, Confederate Secretary of the Navy, married his sister, — has brought along his guitar and is singing once more the sweet little Spanish song, "*Leugo al instante*;" Dearing is about to give us "*Dixie*;" but who are those coming across the plain — and who is that at their head, swinging his cap? Oh, it is "Jim" Rollins of Missouri! the sun is shining on his golden hair, the dimple is in his cheek, affection is glowing in his handsome face, and on his brow is the same old seal of the gentleman. We throw our arms around him, for he was the darling of us all. And upon my soul! here comes Van Buren, with all of his old-time courtly good manners, the same to one and all, and there is a general cheer of hurrah for Van. And here come Drake and Riddle and little Wetmore, who, if he had stayed, would have graduated at the head of our class, — in about every way he was the most brilliant youth I ever saw, — and here comes George McKee. I have a little book in which some of the men who resigned wrote their names as they came to bid me good-by; in it is McKee's, whose Kentucky mother stopped his resignation just in time. It is written on the blade of a savage bowie-knife with, "*Good-by, Morris, God bless you!*" over it. Mac takes his place as of old in the very centre of the class, his distinguished, handsome face and black eyes lit up with all the old-time fervor as he greets us all. And here come Joe Blount and Lovejoy and little Jim Hamilton and Clayton and Semmes, and we are all hands round the dear Southerners. And who is that drawing near with that natural sweet smile? Why, boys, that's Jasper Myers; and every fellow jumps up and cries, "*Make way for dear old Jasper!*" and there is n't a hand that has n't a heart in it as all the Class of 1858 welcome him again. Hats off, boys! here comes Sep Sanderson, who fell between his guns at Pleasant Hill; and with tears

in our eyes we hug the dear fellow who is blushing like a girl with modesty. And now West, who is sitting between McCrea and myself on the same bench, turns to me and says, "Morris, where is Murray?" And I lean over and say in low tones, "John, don't you know that he was captured the day Hood made his attack on Sherman's left at Atlanta, the day McPherson was killed? He died in one of your Southern prisons — and, John, they say he died hungry." Whereupon my impulsive old roommate rises and with his high tenor voice calls the class to attention:—"Men, we are all here but little Murray, and Morris tells me that he died in one of our Southern prisons. I offer this hope for the sake of the name of Southerners, that in all future wars in which our countrymen are involved, there will be no Andersonvilles or Salisburys." But before he can go a word further, Sanderson exclaims, "Let me add, for the sake of the name of Northerner, West, that there will never be another Elmira with its horrible mortality;" and, "No more Camp Mortons," shout Beebe and Fred James. The writer, who with a pensive heart leaned more than once on the fence that enclosed the Confederate burial-ground at Rock Island, the little headboards in weather-worn ranks rising pleadingly out of the matted grass, — there are two thousand of them who hear no trumpets now, — the writer said, "And may there be no more Rock Islands, John." "Allow me to finish, men," says the Georgian. "Let us, the Class of 1858, assembled at West Point here under the flagstaff, and in the presence of all that is sacred to the Christian and to the honor of the soldier and the gentleman, let us beg our countrymen who are to follow us to see to it that all who fall into their hands, no matter who the enemy may be, black or white, civilized or uncivilized, shall be treated with mercy; and that no prisoner of war shall ever die for want of food, or clothing, or kindness. War is horrible enough at best, let us appeal to

the higher nature of mankind for its redemption — so far as it may be—from barbarity and from a cold indifference to the unfortunate. I think I can pledge to such a prayer every one who followed the Confederate flag with me." And every Southerner present exclaims, "We stand by you, West, on that sentiment." And hardly have they uttered their assent, when, behold! out of a cloud comes Murray himself, escorted by angels who for a moment sing, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," around us ere they rise. And who is this standing just outside the circle, with a band of heavenly light across her brow? Behold! it is the little chapel. "Young gentlemen, I heard your voices and I thought I'd join you all once more." And off go our caps as to a sweetheart, and she is escorted to the very midst.

Just then the architect of the new West Point came along and said, rather fiercely we thought, "What are you doing over here, Chapel? Get right back to your place." Her eyes fell before the stern gaze of the architect; but before she could turn to obey or lift them upon us, knowing that her days were numbered, the class cried out, "Stay right where you are, dear sweetheart — you are our guest to-day, stay where you are!" Clayton, of North Carolina, who had been dreaming, his eyes off up the river, feasting as in the days gone by on the old heavenly view, hearing the stern voices, turned and asked, "Schoaff, who is that little fellow, smoking the cigarette and ordering the chapel around?" "Why, Clayton, he is one of Boston's most able and distinguished architects. He will be immortal by his new West Point." But without waiting for any further commendation, the North Carolinian broke in, — "See here, you gentleman of the Right Line Pen and Yards of Tracing Paper, please to go way back to Boston. We are the old class that entered in 1858, before you were born; some of us were on one side and some of us were on the other, but we are all on one side to-day

and having a reunion. We are celebrating the days of West Point's glory, we are again at her fountains of truth, honor, and courage." — "But who authorized you to come over here?" inquired the architect, addressing the chapel coldly. "I heard their voices, and without getting a permit, I thought I'd like to join them once more," she said almost tearfully; "we have been dear friends for many a day." Hearing this touching appeal, the Battle Monument came down and put his arm gently in that of the architect and started to escort him over to Garrisons. But before he had gone many paces Mackenzie hurried alongside, saying to the Battle Monument, "The men to blame, if there be any, for plans that affect you or the chapel, are the officials who accepted them, and not the architect; he only submitted his plans, and if they did not like them they need not have taken them. The chances are that the new

West Point will in stateliness far exceed the old. And however that may be, this is not a day to be marred by hurting the feelings of any one. We are about to march, come and join us." Bentz, the old soldier, hearing the word "March!" instinctively took the attitude of a soldier and lifted his bugle to his lips; then, facing toward the quarters of the Academy band, sounded the first call for parade. The full band appeared, we all fell in in two ranks, then formed in two platoons, Dearing in command of the second, McCrea in command of the first, Mackenzie in command of all; and then, with the band at the head, we escorted the little chapel, who had stood with her arm in that of the Battle Monument,—directing her talk kindly to the architect at her side from time to time,—back to her place, cheering all our old professors and the stern old barracks as we passed them on our way.

(To be continued.)

THE LUTE-PLAYER

BY JOHN B. TABB

HE touched the strings; and lo, the strain,
As waters dimple to the rain,
Spontaneous rose and fell again.

In swaddling-clothes of silence bound,
His genius a soul had found,
And wakened it to light and sound.

COWPER AND WILLIAM HAYLEY

(From Unpublished Sources)

BY EDWARD DOWDEN

WILLIAM HAYLEY, the warm-hearted friend and the biographer of Cowper, prepared for posthumous publication two manuscripts, each of considerable length, relating to incidents in the life of the poet which were not fully told in his biography. These, which are now in my possession, have never appeared in print, nor in the extended form in which Hayley left them would they perhaps be entitled to publication. One of them tells in detail the efforts of Hayley, at length crowned with success, to obtain a pension for Cowper. The other and the more curious is entitled, *The Second Memorial of Hayley's endeavours to serve his friend Cowper, containing a minute account of Devices employed to restore his dejected spirits*. The first is dated 1794; the second was written in 1809, after Cowper's death, and after the appearance of the *Life of Cowper*.

Fragments of the story which Hayley tells are known; it is known that through his exertions several persons of eminence addressed letters to the dejected poet, which, it was hoped, might bring him cheer; but why it was an urgent matter with Hayley to obtain such letters as these has — so far as I am aware — never been told. Fragments of a well-meant plot, conceived in the service of Cowper, have come to light; but the pivot of the plot has not, if I am right, been ever exhibited, nor has it been shown in what degree Lady Hesketh and Cowper's young kinsman Johnson ("Johnny of Norfolk") were amiable accomplices in the plot.

The *Second Memorial* is addressed to Johnson, several of whose letters, as well as letters of Lady Hesketh and of others,

are given in transcriptions. The starting-point of Hayley's well-meant efforts was a mournful communication — hitherto, I believe, unpublished — bearing the postmark of Dereham, but having no signature, which he received at Earham on June 20, 1797. The contents of the letter and the hand-writing told clearly enough from whom it came; the same fixed wretchedness is expressed in it which appears in the unsigned letter, written a month previously, to Lady Hesketh, and printed by Southey. "Ignorant of every thing but my own instant and impending misery," wrote Cowper to Hayley, "I know neither what I do, when I write, nor can do otherwise than write, because I am bidden to do so. Perfect Despair, the most perfect that ever possess'd any mind, has had possession of mine, you know how long, and, knowing that, will not need to be told who writes." The intimation in this letter that Cowper had been "bidden" to write, whether through some compelling force of his own dark mind or through some supernatural injunction, suggested to Hayley that the supernatural might be used as a device to lift Cowper out of his melancholy. His response ran as follows: —

EARTHAM, June 24th, 1797.

My very dear dejected Friend, The few lines in your hand, so often welcome to me, and now so long wished for, affected me thro' my heart and soul, both with joy and grief — joy that you are again able to write to me, and grief that you write under the oppression of melancholy.

My keen sensations in perusing these heart-piercing lines have been a painful prelude to the following ecstatic Vision:

— I beheld the throne of God, Whose splendor, though in excess, did not strike me blind, but left me power to discern, on the steps of it, two kneeling angelic forms. A kind seraph seemed to whisper to me that these heavenly petitioners were your lovely mother, and my own; both engaged in fervent supplications for your restoration to mental serenity and comfort. I sprang eagerly forward to inquire your destiny of your mother. Turning towards me with a look of seraphic benignity, she smiled upon me and said: "Warmest of earthly friends! moderate the anxiety of thy zeal, lest it distract thy declining faculties, and know, as a reward for thy kindness, that my son shall be restored to himself and to friendship. But the All-merciful and Almighty ordains that his restoration shall be gradual, and that his peace with Heaven shall be preceded by the following extraordinary circumstances of signal honour on earth. He shall receive letters from Members of Parliament, from Judges, and from Bishops to thank him for the service he has rendered to the Christian world by his devotional poetry. These shall be followed by a letter from the Prime Minister to the same effect; and this by thanks expressed to him on the same account in the hand of the King himself. Tell him, when these events take place he may confide in his celestial emancipation from despair, granted to the prayer of his mother; and he may rest satisfied with this assurance from her, that his peace is perfectly made with Heaven. Hasten to impart these blessed tidings to your favourite friend," said the maternal spirit; "and let your thanksgiving to God be an increase of reciprocal kindness to each other!"

I obey the Vision, my dear Cowper, with a degree of trembling fear that it may be only the fruitless offspring of my agitated fancy. But if any part of the prophecy shall soon be accomplished, a faint ray of hope will then be turned into strong, luminous, and delightful conviction in my heart, and I trust in yours, my

dear delivered sufferer, as completely as in that of

Your most anxious and affectionate friend,
W. H.

Postscript. If any of the incidents speedily take place, which your angelic mother announced to me in this Vision, as certain signs of your recovery, I conjure you in her name, my dear Cowper, to communicate them to me, with all the kind despatch that is due to the tender anxiety of sympathetic affection! Heaven grant that I may hear from you again very soon! Adieu!

Something of comedy mingles with graver matter in the good Hayley's sincere distress and his odd flights of imagination. At the throne of God perhaps members of the British House of Commons, perhaps even judges, ermined and bewigged, perhaps — if one may be so bold as to conjecture — even Anglican bishops, shovel-hatted and aproned, are not set mighty store by, as such. As for the prime minister and the excellent George III, they, at least on earth, were exalted persons, and difficult of access. The sanguine Hermit of Earham — Hayley often signed his letters as "Hermit" — never got within hail of prime minister or king for his purpose of raising the poet's dejected spirits, and thus he is responsible for placing the sainted spirit of Cowper's mother in the list of prophetesses who prophesy "a false vision and a thing of nought."

If Hayley's fancy was somewhat clumsy his heart was generous. With extreme anxiety he waited to learn what impression his letter had produced. On July 12, Johnny of Norfolk, who was not the most regular of correspondents, wrote to assure him that the perusal of the "marvellous Vision" by Cowper himself, and, ten days later, his listening to the letter read aloud, had a much better effect than could with any confidence have been anticipated. He listened, indeed, in silence; but some movement of repugnance or revolt would not have been surprising.

"He never looked better in his life," writes Johnson, "as to healthy complexion than he does now;" but perhaps this was less owing to the Vision than to Johnson's own prescriptions — "half a pint of ass's milk in a morning, an hour and a half before rising, and the yolk of an egg beat up in a glass of port wine at 12 o'clock."

Hayley's letter he had forwarded by the hand of an acquaintance to Lady Hesketh at Clifton. He ended by entreating Hayley to persuade some one or more who answered the description of the Vision to write to Cowper, from which confirmation of the heavenly announcements he expected the happiest results.

Lady Hesketh at first feared that "dear warm-hearted Hayley's wonderful letter" might only have "sunk the dear soul lower, and made him think it an insult upon his distress. . . . I well remember," she adds, "how *angry* any marks of kindness used to make him formerly." So she writes on July 15 to Johnson; but a fortnight later, in writing to Hayley himself, she has nothing but praise for the "charming Vision," for the "friendly heart which inspired the Idea, and the lively Genius that executed it." She only feared that it would prove impossible to get any part of the prophecy fulfilled, and that should Cowper find none of the promised letters arrive, he might drop lower down in "that cruel gulph of Despair in which he has been so long and so deeply involved." With much feeling she refers to the melancholy letter which she had received from Cowper in May; very warmly she commends Cowper's young kinsman for his unwearied devotion; should Johnson be incapacitated for the service, she would herself, if sufficiently recovered from the illness which had brought her now as a convalescent from Clifton to Cheltenham, "take the charge of this lost creature;" but what could she do at present with her almost total loss of voice?

Hayley, in his reply, is grateful for "the friendly spirit of tender and indulgent

enthusiasm" with which Lady Hesketh entered into his purpose and his hope. He evidently wishes it to be thought that the Vision was not wholly a pious fraud, and he explains to some extent his plans for procuring the fulfillment of the "maternal spirit's" prophecy:—

"The Vision arose," he writes (August 6), "from my very acute sense of our dear friend's sufferings and my intense desire to relieve them. After reading his most affecting billet of Despair, I fell into deep meditation upon it; and, while my eyes were covered by my hand, I seemed to behold something very like the Vision I described. The images appeared so forcible to my own fancy that I immediately resolved to make a bold, affectionate attempt to render them *instrumental*, if possible (with the blessing of God and good angels), to the restoration of our invaluable friend. I accordingly settled in my own thoughts different projects for producing the series of events announced in the Vision, before I ventured to send him the letter, which you so kindly and partially commend. . . . I have reason to believe the dear subject of the Vision has, by this time, received letters from Mr. Wilberforce and Lord Kenyon. Steps are taken that other and more important letters may follow these. . . . Your Ladyship's excellent understanding will shew you the propriety, I might say the *necessity*, of keeping the device *as secret as possible* to promote its success. On this principle many persons, engaged to write to the dear sufferer, will not know *exactly why* they are engaged to write to him."

Neither the letter of Wilberforce nor that hoped for from Lord Kenyon had in fact been written; but Hayley was apt to take his anticipations for accomplished facts. Wilberforce was a member of Parliament; Kenyon — the chief justice — was a judge; a bishop was still needed to fulfill the first part, and that least difficult of accomplishment, of the celestial prophecy. Five years previously, in June, 1792, Hayley on his return from Weston,

then full of zeal to procure a pension for Cowper, had breakfasted in London with Lord Thurlow, for whom, in the early days when Thurlow was a law clerk, and the poet spent his hours with his cousins Harriet and Theodora, "giggling and making giggle," Cowper had predicted the lord chancellorship. "You shall provide for me when you are Lord Chancellor," said Cowper; and Thurlow with a smile assented — "I surely will." At the breakfast, to Hayley's surprise, appeared Lord Kenyon; but, undaunted by the two great persons, the Hermit gallantly pleaded the cause of his distressed friend and was listened to with favor. He now ventured, with Cowper's barrister acquaintance Samuel Rose as an intermediary — "that friendly little being" is Lady Hesketh's description of Rose — to apply to the chief justice for the desired letter. Why it was needed, beyond the fact that such a letter might cheer the drooping spirits of Cowper, was not explained. To Kenyon it seemed an embarrassing task to address in this way a man of literary eminence who was personally unknown to him. The letter accordingly, to Hayley's great mortification, did not arrive.

Meanwhile, Hayley had fixed upon Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, as the mark for his next benevolent attack, while Lady Hesketh of her own initiative, though acknowledging that Hayley was the prime controller of the "complicated machine," hoped, through her companion at Cheltenham, Mrs. Holroyd, a sister of Lord Sheffield, to approach Beilby Porteus, "our good Lord of London," — bishop no. 2, — with the like intent. Moreover, in a letter to Johnson (August 27) she added some lines, designed to coöperate with Hayley's letter of the Vision, which Johnson might show to Cowper, if it seemed good to him to do so:—

"I dreamt very lately, my dearest cousin," she wrote, "that I saw you quite well and cheerful — restored by a gracious and merciful God to all your comforts and all your religious privileges, and

rejoicing in his mercy and kindness, which, you told me, had been exercised towards you in a very wonderful manner. I own I feel strongly impressed that this will prove true, and that I shall once again be enabled to rejoice in the restored health and spirits of a cousin so truly dear as you have always been to your affectionate friend and cousin H. Hesketh."

It was reported to her by Johnson that her postscript had been shown and was well received. Lady Hesketh's innocent "dream" hardly reached the dignity of a pious fraud; it was a genuine hope translated into dream. She had not quite approved of Hayley's audacity in laying the scene of his Vision at the throne of God, and, if only it could be ascertained that Cowper had forgotten the details, she thought that the letter might, to its advantage, be recopied, with this particular omitted, as a revised and emended Vision. She feared that the audacious Hayley, with all his generous zeal and all his learned acquisitions, might still be a stranger to "the great truths of Christianity" — a fear which Hayley afterwards ascribed to the suggestions of some unfriendly gossip. Whatever his religious opinions might be, his code of morals, in one particular at least, had partaken, as Southey amiably puts it, of patriarchal liberty. His beloved little sculptor, the pupil of Flaxman, — a boy of rare promise, — though received by Hayley's "dear irritable Eliza" as her own, was a natural son.

Of "those two shining lights of the age," as Lady Hesketh names them, Wilberforce and Lord Kenyon, the former at least was willing to let his beams descend on Cowper. He directed that a copy of his recently published book, *A Practical View*, should be sent to Dereham — it proved to be a book of amazing popularity — and he accompanied the volume with a letter (August 9) conceived in the happiest spirit. Six weeks later came a letter from the Bishop of London, which Lady Hesketh justly described as a "charming performance." Porteus was

himself a poet; at least his verses on *Death* had won, nearly forty years previously, the Seatonian prize. In his letter he gracefully applies to Cowper himself, with "T were" altered to "T was," the lines from *Table Talk*,

"T were new indeed to see a bard all fire,
Touched with a coal from heaven, assume
the lyre,"

and the four verses that immediately follow. Lady Hesketh had playfully reproached the faithful Johnson with his somewhat spasmodic efforts at correspondence. Johnny needed a flapper from the island of Laputa; when he did write, he was always in a hurry. He was ordered to choose the calmest and quietest hour he could pick out of the twenty-four, and then he should remember not to "set out with letters a *foot long at least*, and literally with only three words in a line or four at most." But now that a letter from that "wonderful mortal," Mr. Wilberforce, had arrived and a letter from our good Lord of London, Johnny of Norfolk copied both these documents for Hayley's "infinite gratification," and added a narrative of his own:—

"On Thursday (Sept. 28th) came a letter from the Bishop of London, and yesterday morning I found the first favourable opportunity of reading it to our beloved Cowper. His remarks were these: 'Never was such a letter written, never was such a letter read to a man so overwhelmed with despair as I am. It was written in *derision*; I know, and I am sure of it.' 'Oh, no! no! my cousin! say not so of the good Beilby, Bishop of London!' 'I should say so,' he replied, 'of an Archangel, were it possible for an Archangel to send me such a letter in such circumstances.' This only has passed hitherto, but I suspect that he was gratified notwithstanding, upon the whole. He heard me with the silence of death, and, except at one passage in this amiable Bishop's letter, never opened his lips." A word of Porteus—"That *Love* [of God] you must possess surely in as full extent as any human being ever did"—

had drawn from Cowper's lips the exclamation, "Not an atom of it!"

Johnson believed that the sufferer's mind was occupied very frequently about the letters having come to him, "though I am certain," he adds, "he does not suspect *why* they have come so nearly together." He supposed that Cowper did not connect them in his mind with Hayley's Vision, and he repented a thousand times that he had sent away Hayley's letter to Lady Hesketh. He begged that it might be returned immediately, and resolved to place it, with the letters of Wilberforce and Porteus, on Cowper's desk, where he knew that Cowper would notice it and read it when he was alone. Johnson himself would assume an air of having entirely forgotten the Vision, lest Cowper should in any way "suspect the incomparable contrivance."

To this design Lady Hesketh was strongly opposed. "I think and have always thought it highly necessary," she writes with emphatic underlinings to Johnson (November 7), "that on the arrival of every letter which comes to corroborate the truth of that wonderful Vision, you should express (though not violently or in such a way as to alarm him) your surprise and satisfaction at this happy coincidence of circumstances. . . . I could wish you, my dear Johnny, to sift our poor cousin a little, and endeavour to find out what he thinks of the letters he has received, which, you may say, afford to you a full proof that his dear Mother's prophecy is very near its completion." Lady Hesketh greatly desired that letter might follow letter, in order that Cowper's mind might be thoroughly roused and kept in motion with an advancing assurance of hope.

Another letter had in fact arrived. Hayley, in September, had expressed his expectation that considerable aid would be derived from "episcopal coadjutors." Lady Hesketh, herself "an angelic coadjutor," had proved her "instantaneous and happy influence over the Lights of our Church" by securing the coöperation

of that "angel on earth," Beilby Porteus. A disappointment followed. Dr. Beadon, Bishop of Gloucester, had married a relation of Hayley, Miss Rachel Gooch, "for whom, in her childhood," Hayley writes, "I had felt such affection that during my residence at Cambridge I painted a minute resemblance of the interesting child and had it set in a ring." On Dr. Beadon's marriage the poet had addressed a few friendly verses to the bride and bridegroom; but not many of his friends escaped some kindly effusion of occasional verse. To his surprise and indignation a very ungracious refusal to write to Cowper came to Eartham, not from the bishop direct, but through his father-in-law Dr. Gooch, whereupon the manuscript before me becomes illegible with its vigorous cancelings which perhaps conceal emphatic words. Do the blurrings and blottings bear witness to one of Hayley's "Triumphs" — or failures — "of Temper"?

More than compensating satisfaction came from a highly distinguished man, Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, the apologist for the Bible. Lady Hesketh, with a woman's shrewdness, had expected little from Dr. Beadon. "Is he clever?" she asks Hayley, "and will he understand the nature of your request?" But "in regard to the Bishop of Llandaff . . . there can be no doubts of *him*." The result in each instance agreed with Lady Hesketh's anticipations. Watson was now settled at Calgarth Park, Kendal, but he did not fail to visit his diocese three times each year. He was occupied in improving an estate for the benefit of his family, nor did he regard it as his fault that some of the best years of his life had been thus employed. If he had "commenced an agriculturist," he said, "it was because he desired to secure a moderate competence for eight children," and experience had brought him to Lord Bacon's opinion that to cultivate our Mother Earth is the most honorable mode of improving our fortunes.

Hayley, in writing to Watson, men-

tions the fact that Lord Thurlow had visited the Sussex coast in the autumn of 1797. The summer had been for Hayley a time of anxiety, not only on Cowper's account, but because the dear "juvenile sculptor," his son, had suffered in health from a cold caught from masses of wet clay used in modeling, and all medicines had failed to give him relief. His own favorite panacea, "the salutary sea," was tried with a better result. "We came dripping from it together this morning," he tells Lady Hesketh (September 6), "and saw Lord Thurlow in our way, who has been prevented by the unseasonable rains from passing a morning with us, which he promises to do very soon, and he has, with great good-nature, allowed the young sculptor to prepare a lump of the finest clay to model his grand visage." This, he tells the Bishop of Llandaff, would form "a good prelude for the awful project of modeling your countenance," whenever "the aspiring little artist" could pay his respects at Calgarth Park. From which flattering introduction Hayley passes to his petition for a letter to be addressed to Cowper. The bishop replied in the most genial manner; he would, of course, follow the example of Lord Thurlow, a man of whom he thought highly, "tho' he is not so good a Whig as he might be;" he would sit for the young artist; and as to Cowper he had obeyed Hayley's commands, and dispatched a letter "by this post" (October 18). It was a manly and generous letter, written as if through an impulse of spontaneous gratitude arising from a perusal — not for the first time — of Cowper's poems; it closed with an invitation to the Lakes, and an offer of the hospitality of Calgarth Park.

How Watson's communication was received is told at length in a letter of Johnson to Hayley: "At the very moment of this letter's arrival and delivery into my hands (for the dear soul would not touch a letter himself on any account) we were sitting by the study fire, intent upon that admirable little book of the learned bishop,

An Apology for Christianity. 'Dear me!' said I, 'here is a letter from the author himself.' You may be sure our poor friend was rather startled at the wonderful coincidence; and so in truth was I, and inwardly thankful to that kind Providence, whose finger I discern so plainly. The dear soul raised his eyes for a moment, but seemed so struck by the suddenness of the affair that I could not profitably read the letter then. I therefore laid it upon his desk, and went on with our book. Before night, however, I broke the seal, and communicated the contents to him. He said nothing while I read; nor yet when I ceased to read; and the matter was left to work upon his mind."

Following Lady Hesketh's advice, Johnson took the first prudent opportunity of connecting the letter from Bishop Watson with Hayley's "inimitable Vision:" "One day, after dinner, as we were all using the finger-glasses, 'Miss Perowne,' said I, (Miss Perowne was lady-housekeeper to Johnson) 'don't you recollect something about a letter's coming to Mr. Cowper in the Summer from Mr. Hayley, containing a wonderful Vision, which he had lately had?' 'I certainly do remember it,' (said she) 'and have often thought of it since.' 'Sam' (said I) 'take away the water-glasses and set the wine upon the table.' This, as I intended, turned the subject; but in the evening I started up in a great hurry, just as we were sitting down to tea: 'By the bye, I will go and look for Mr. Hayley's letter.' Mr. Cowper immediately called out 'No, pray don't.' *Johnny*: 'Because it strikes me there is a kind of accomplishment of what is predicted.' *Mr. C.*: 'Well! be it so! I know there is, and I knew there would be; and I knew what it meant.' These are the very words that passed, for I slipped out of the room, and wrote them down with a pencil on the back of a letter. Since that time I have never mentioned the subject; but the next letter that comes, I will renew the attack. It is some consolation to us in

the meantime to know that he has not forgotten the Vision. And now, my dear Sir, let me say that Mr. Cowper is in bodily health much as he was when I wrote last, and much as he was in spirits. But jump for joy when I tell you that he resumed his Homer on the 10th of October, and has continued to revise it, and charmingly to correct without missing one day ever since. We go on rapidly, a Book in a week, and sometimes more; now in the 12th Iliad. Our evenings have been long devoted to Gibbon's marvellous work, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. We have delightfully travelled with him to the end of the chapter which he has given entirely to Justinian's laws; and our poor dear friend interrupts me frequently to remark any striking passage as we go along."

Still no letter had arrived from Lord Kenyon. It was believed by Hayley that a letter from him, as coming from a stranger, would be more gratifying to Cowper than one from Thurlow, with whom the poet was personally acquainted. Thurlow's interest with the Lord Chief Justice was secured by the indefatigable Hayley. It is stated in Mr. Thomas Wright's biography of Cowper that Lord Kenyon wrote to Cowper. This is perhaps an error. Certainly, as late as March 15, 1798, Lady Hesketh expressed to Hayley some indignation occasioned by his silence: "Lord Kenyon has never written at all, nor will you, I hope, dear Sir, apply to him *any more*. You have done your part sufficiently as regards this luminary of the law; and could the pleadings of friendship have prevailed you would long since have gained your cause; as it is, I hope you will plant your batteries against hearts more penetrable than that of the learned Lord in question."

The diligence of Southey obtained for him two letters addressed by Thurlow to the Chief Justice, which Southey supposed to reveal the whole of the benevolent plot for Cowper's restoration to hope and happiness. In fact they only show

that Hayley was the chief conspirator. Lord Thurlow apologetically condenses in his opening sentence the whole situation from his own point of view: "I have been pressed by one mad poet to ask of you, for another, a favour, which savours of the malady of both." The experiment, Thurlow thought, was at least harmless and charitable. Lord Kenyon apparently still demurred, and Thurlow was good enough to draw up for his guidance an outline of the sort of letter which he supposed to be required, or, as Southey puts it, a form of testimonial which was to accredit a man to himself. No word of Thurlow's indicates any acquaintance with Hayley's *Vision*, nor was this flight of fancy known to Southey. The "mad poet," the Hermit of Eartham, had probably sense enough to be aware that Thurlow was not the man to become a partner in the task of corroborating *Visions* revealed at the throne of God.

Hayley flattered himself with the thought that his efforts on behalf of Cowper had not been useless. He tried to believe that the resumption of work on *Homer* was in some degree due to the encouragement which the *Vision* and the letters that followed it may have brought to the afflicted translator. In truth Cowper's state of mind while engaged in revising his *Homer* presents a curious problem in mental pathology. His physical health during the year 1797 was but little affected by his malady; he rode out with Johnson, or walked out, every day; his daily half-bottle of wine had been increased to a bottle with excellent results; his cheeks had a certain ruddiness of hue. Nor was he incapable of intellectual exertion. He studied details in his own work with close attention. "What do you think of this?" Johnson writes to Hayley on December 5, "our blessed Bard *now* said to me in the gentlest of all possible voices 'Is there such a word as *midmost*?' Johnson's *Dictionary* was in my hand in a moment, and no sooner did I mention Dryden and Pope as having used the very word than he

was seated and scratching upon the paper in an instant." Johnson's description in the same letter of how the work went on may be added to somewhat similar records which are already in print: "I know you will excuse a hasty line, because a hasty line is all that I can steal from the importunate demands of Homer, who, interleaved and like a mountain, lies before me on the writing-desk, touching my very chin. I am preparing a transcript fairly and for the press of the last alterations of our beloved Cowper: incorporating also certain former variations and notes, which proceeded from his admirable pen before he left Weston, and with which I imagine you acquainted, as I frequently find your handwriting among them. The dear translator is as well as usual, and more than commonly intent upon rendering with *fire* and *faithfulness* a fiery line in the thirteenth Book of the *Iliad*."

Yet while Cowper could thus for a time keep his mind above his misery, the misery lay below, and to make real escape from it was impossible. He was persecuted by both audible and visual illusions.

On the 15th of November, 1797, Johnson began to enter in a diary, which was continued during a great part of the next year, the words in which Cowper told, or shadowed forth, his distracted fancies. They are almost too pitiable to put on record, yet taken in connection with the fact that he was revising his *Homer* at the rate of a book each week, they make us feel as if he had, so to speak, a double mind, and that the sane mind and the insane stood independent of each other and apart. The notices of four days, copied by Hayley, probably represent what went on for weeks and months: "November 15 — While Mr. Cowper was dressing this morning, and just as the Church clock struck nine, he heard the following words, which seemed to come out of the wall behind his bedstead: 'You shall hear that clock strike many months, in that room, upon that bed.' In the course

of the night he had heard several voices of the terrifying sort, but remembered only one which said 'Bring him out! bring him out!' November 19 — He heard these words 'You are welcome to all sorts of misery.' November 28 — Mr. Cowper told me, at two different times in the course of the day, that he had these two notices upon his bed. First he had these words: — 'When Mr. Johnson is gone they will pelt you with stones.' This he told me before dinner; and towards evening he said — 'I saw a man come to my bedside last night, and tear my neck cloth off; and it will be so, I know it will.' Dec. 2. He told me at breakfast he heard this:

'Sad-win! I leave you with regret,
But you must go to gaol for debt.'

"Do you know the meaning of Sad-win, my cousin?" (said I). 'Yes I do, the Winner of Sorrow.'"

Enough of these painful memoranda! Happily no Samuel Teedon was at Dereham to interpret the voices. It is clear, too, that Hayley's device was of small avail; for one in Cowper's state an experiment in the thyroid treatment would have been more likely to bring help than a score of "inimitable Visions."

The death of Mrs. Hayley, the Hermit's "pitiable Eliza," in the late autumn of 1797, — not in 1800 as the *Dictionary of National Biography* erroneously states, — did not cause Hayley to forget his friend. The Hermit was hardly more a hermit after the event than he had been before it. Hayley and his wife, with kind consideration for their mutual esteem and peace of mind, had lived apart. But the threefold cord which bound together the chief conspirators for Cowper's good seemed for a time to be broken. Johnson, indeed, wrote to Hayley, and tried, a little awkwardly, to say "what a owt to 'a said;" but Lady Hesketh found it difficult to write sympathetically in a case so peculiar, and preferred to be silent. The correspondence was reopened by Hayley himself taking the initiative, and inviting Lady Hesketh, with her "good coadjutor of Norfolk" and "the

dear Cowper," to Earham or its neighborhood. To accept the invitation was impossible, but Lady Hesketh wrote at great length, full of hope for the complete restoration of Cowper's health, expressing her desire that he would devote himself rather to original composition than to the task of a translator, and relieving herself of much indignation against the publisher — another of the tribe of Johnson — who had announced the appearance of Cowper's lines *On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture*, without having obtained permission from either the writer or his friends. Loud also was her complaint against the Treasury, which had neglected to send Cowper his pension. Of twelve quarters due he had received only one, and Lady Hesketh hastily assumed that such neglect was peculiar to Cowper's case. The times bore hardly upon the Treasury, and Cowper was only one of many who suffered.

During 1798 Hayley was overwhelmed with real and deep distress caused by the early stages of the long and fatal illness of his beloved son. There is true feeling and, bearing in mind the facts, real pathos in the words which he wrote, on a closing day of January, to Lady Hesketh: "I have limited the hopes and purposes of my remaining life to these two grand objects — to promote the professional prosperity of my little artist, and to witness and contribute to the recovery of my favourite friend to the utmost of my power." Hayley still believed that his plot had effected some good, and that Cowper was progressing towards sanity, happiness, and health. No further efforts, however, were made to obtain letters from members of Parliament, "episcopal coadjutors," or "luminaries of the law." This special experiment to raise the unhappy poet's dejected spirits had come to an end. Lady Hesketh's sense of the Hermit's disinterested zeal on behalf of her cousin found material expression in her gift of "a most elegant standish of cut-glass and silver," gracefulest of ornaments for a

poet's table. And never probably in the history of cut glass did an elegant standish evoke more applause and lyrical enthusiasm on the part of the receiver.

There is a passage in the *Second Memorial* in which Hayley digresses from his immediate narrative and recalls an incident of his visit to Weston in 1792. To extract it will add something to what he, and Southey after him, told of the moment, so dreadful to Cowper, when Mary Unwin was for the second time the victim of a paralytic seizure. His first words to Hayley were, says the *Life*, "wild in the extreme, and Hayley's answer would appear little less so, but it was addressed to the predominant fancy of his unhappy friend." The words actually spoken are recorded in the *Memoir*: "Returning from her apartment to me, with a countenance of absolute distraction, he exclaimed, 'There is a wall of separation between me and my God.' I looked fixedly in his face and answered with equal celerity and vehemence of expression, 'So there is, my friend, but I can inform you I am the most resolute mortal on earth for pulling down old walls, and by the living God I will not leave a stone standing in the wall you speak of.' He examined my features intently for a few moments, and then, taking my hand most cordially, he said with a sweet appearance of recovered serenity: 'I believe you,' and, as I have said in his *Life* in mentioning that dreadful alarm, from that moment he rested on my friendship with such mild and cheerful confidence that his affectionate spirit regarded me as sent providentially to support him in a season of the severest affliction." When the time came for Hayley to say farewell, and this was not until by his use of medical electricity he had effected a considerable improvement in Mary Unwin's condition, the parting with Cowper was one of affectionate tenderness. Cowper dwelt on the great comfort and support which he had derived from Hayley's visit, pressed the hand of his departing guest, and said with his own peculiar sweetness

of voice and manner, "Adieu! I ne'er shall look upon thy like again."

It may be thought, and not unreasonably, that Hayley's visionary devices for Cowper's restoration were the lost labors of a love which was not wise. This certainly cannot be said or thought of his long and unremitting efforts to secure a pension for his friend; nor should we know how unremitting these efforts were — for Hayley's modesty withheld him from making the facts public either in his *Life of Cowper* or in the *Memoirs* of his own life, prepared for posthumous publication — were it not that he put them on record in a series of unpublished letters, addressed in terms of the tenderest affection to his son, and written almost immediately after the events which they recount. The alarming illness of Mrs. Unwin during Hayley's visit to Weston in 1792 led him to think anxiously of what Cowper's position might be, supported only by contributions from his relations, if he were deprived of her generous care. Hayley's own finances were shrinking. He thought that some sinecure office might be bestowed upon Cowper by the government, or some office the duties of which could be performed by a deputy. The temper of the time, however, did not favor his project. Cowper was a Whig; a gentleman familiar with the prime minister had said in public that, though a man of genius, he was "an absolute Jacobin;" from which accusation, when it was reported to him, Hayley warmly defended the gentle poet. On his way to Weston he had spoken of Cowper to Thurlow, then lord chancellor; and the solemn tenderness of Thurlow's voice when he said, "He is a truly good man," lived in his recollection. On his return to London he pleaded with great warmth for Cowper before Thurlow and Kenyon. He even suggested that it might be hinted to the king that to place the afflicted Cowper beyond possible want would be an appropriate act of personal thanksgiving to Heaven for his Majesty's recovery from his own mental malady; but to attempt

this, Thurlow declared, would be an affair requiring great delicacy. Though Thurlow's temper was indolent, Hayley believed that his heart was warm. Before the close of June he addressed Thurlow in a letter, made up of verse as well as prose, in which he expressed a hope that his lordship might renew his personal acquaintance with "our dear William of Weston," under Hayley's own roof. He referred to Thurlow's recent retirement from office in flattering terms:

Yes! now your hand with decent pride
Relinquishes that seal unstained,
Which Bacon, law's less upright guide,
With many a sordid spot profaned.

But Thurlow's retirement had been virtually enforced; it left him in no mood of amiability; and instead of the gracious reply which Hayley had expected, no answer came at all. "Judge of my surprise and mortification," he exclaims. At length the indignant Hermit relieved his feelings in a series of stanzas which he dispatched to the good cleric Carwardine with a suggestion that, if he had courage enough, he might repeat them to his patron:—

Why, wrapt in clouds no sun pervades,
Sullen as Ajax in the shades,
Why Thurlow art thou mute,
When courtesy, unstained by art,
Addresses to thy manly heart,
An amicable suit?

Verses — with others that follow — which indignation made.

Hayley, despairing of the ex-chancellor, now directed his hopes toward Pitt, the prime minister, whom he had known as a wonderful boy of fourteen — even a more wonderful boy, he admits, than his own sculptor, Tom — and from whom he had received, at a more recent date, an offer of the Poet-Laureateship, vacant by the death of Thomas Warton. On December 11, 1792, he wrote to Pitt, stating fully the case of Cowper, and mentioning, among other circumstances, that, in her long protection of the invalid, Mary Unwin had expended £1200, "all the ready money she possessed." Mr. Long,

of the Treasury, undertook to present the letter in person; "but after detaining my letter many months," writes Hayley, "with continual protestations that he was forever seeking in vain an opportunity to present it in a favourable season, my unfortunate epistle, which had kept me in an aguish fever of expectation and disappointment, returned unopened and unrepresented into my hands, in the beginning of June 1793."

Thus more than a year had passed since Hayley's attempt upon Thurlow. He could only, as he puts it, practice the military maxim of drawing courage from despair. The letter to Pitt was now dispatched by post, with some explanatory memoranda, and alas! with the inevitable verses. "The stars," he writes, "did not appear more propitious to my verse than they had proved to my prose; neither the one nor the other obtained for me the honour of a reply." Both "the Jupiter" and "the Pluto of politics" — Pitt and Thurlow — seemed to have scorned his rhymes. Hayley's second visit to Weston, in October, 1793, quickened his zeal. Although Cowper was able to work with him in revising Hayley's *Life of Milton*, and on his own translation of *Homer*, it became evident that the translator's mind was "sinking under the influence of incipient insanity." Had Thurlow been more active, had Pitt been more generous, Cowper's intellect, Hayley reflected, might have been saved. Wounded as his pride had been by Thurlow's silence, he determined to sacrifice his pride to his friend's service; he called on "Pluto," the scorner of his verses, and boldly took him — in words only — by the throat.

"My Lord," said Hayley, "you *must* point out to me some method by which I may serve our poor Cowper; what is it possible to do for him?" To his suggestion of an appointment for Cowper, with a deputy to undertake the work, Thurlow was adverse. "'No!' replied the gloomy, yet courteous, Pluto, 'an office would only make him mad; you must get him a pension.' 'I fear, my Lord,

these are bad times for a pension.' 'No! they are not bad times for it.' 'I rejoice to hear your Lordship say so, but how can I possibly obtain it for our friend? I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Pitt when a boy, and, though I have not seen him since that time, I have a great inclination to solicit the favour of a private conference with him, then state the case with all the little eloquence I have, and trust to his heart.' 'I am afraid you would not find he has much feeling; perhaps you had better write to him.' 'To tell you the truth, my Lord, I have written to him on this most interesting subject already, but not successfully. My letter has not obtained the honour of a reply.' 'Well!' said the softened Pluto (a little touched by this oblique reproof to himself), 'I do not pretend to know much of political affairs at present; perhaps, as you say you have lately seen Lord Spencer, you know more than I do; but this I can tell you, that if you could get Lord Spencer to signify to the Minister an earnest desire that Mr. Cowper should have a pension he would soon have it.'"

Gibbon's influence with Lord Spencer was considerable; he was a friend of Hayley, and was now in London. To Gibbon accordingly he immediately applied. The great historian sympathized deeply with Hayley, desired to be of service, but for political reasons at that time felt that it would not be proper to request Lord Spencer to solicit any favor from the prime minister. He urged that Hayley should himself seek an interview with Pitt, and he assured his friend that, conscious of a disinterested motive, he would speak to the prime minister with the same ease and spirit with which he was at the present moment speaking to himself. In great uncertainty as to what was best for Cowper's interests, Hayley turned to Lord Egremont for advice. Lord Egremont was not only friendly but eager in his anxiety to be of service. He believed that a letter addressed by Hayley to Lord Spencer as a great patron of literature would give the fairest chance

of success; but Hayley considered that it would be wanting in delicacy, if not in loyalty towards Gibbon, to write to Lord Spencer without his sanction; and Gibbon still expressing his disapproval of the step, though in the kindest and gentlest way, the design was relinquished.

Driven to bay by repeated disappointments, Hayley turned upon Pitt. In a short note he fervently solicited the grace of a few minutes' conversation. An immediate answer came, appointing the place, the day and the hour — Downing Street, on Friday, at eleven o'clock. The early hours of that formidable morning Hayley spent with his friend, the painter Romney. Perceiving his agitation, Romney prescribed a glass of port wine, which medicine succeeded only in producing a stupefying headache. As Hayley stepped into the coach, Romney's petted and cock-combical servant, Joseph, who, it was agreed, should attend Hayley, astonished him by choosing not an outer but an inner seat. Hayley, with the mildest of reproofs, explained that, though on other occasions he might welcome Joseph's company, it was not fitting that master and man should arrive as companions at Mr. Pitt's door; Joseph, with "an obliging alacrity," mounted behind, and the Hermit arrived in a fit of laughter at the appointed place in Downing Street. Pitt received his visitor, not with the solemn condescension of the Atlas of the State but with the endearing gayety of a friend; he listened with the kindest attention, and every appearance of sympathy. When Hayley rose to leave, he promised to consider the various possibilities and choose that one which seemed most for Cowper's advantage; he begged, however, that for the present no communication as to the favorable turn the interview had taken should be made to Cowper; "wait a little," he added; "you are going immediately, you say, into Sussex; I will see what can be done, and write to you very soon on the subject." Tears came to Hayley's eyes and he kissed the hand of Pitt "in a transport of sensibility."

Pitt's promise was made on November 29, 1793. During December Hayley waited daily for the post with eager anxiety, but no letter came. The year closed with disappointment and mortification. The new year opened with the mournful tidings of the death of Gibbon. One dear friend was gone, but one remained whom still it might be in Hayley's power to serve. In writing a letter of sympathy and condolence to Lord Spencer, he took the opportunity of urging once again the claims of Cowper, and explained the circumstances which had withheld Gibbon from being himself the advocate of Hayley's surviving friend. He recited the story of his conference with Pitt, and begged Lord Spencer to recall to the prime minister's mind — if a favorable occasion should arise — the promise which had not been fulfilled. The answer of Lord Spencer was sincere, frank, and gracious. The state of politics did not lead to frequent communication with Pitt; but should chance bring them together at the house of some common friend, he would not fail to recall the subject to his remembrance. The good Hayley was again sanguine of success. But now came from Rose (February 11) a report of Cowper's melancholy state, — despondency so deep that it might seem as if no advantage in point of fortune could send any ray of sunshine through the gloom. Moved to indignation with Pitt, yet finding for him such excuses as had been suggested by Lord Spencer, Hayley determined to put his fate, as regards the effort to obtain any advantage for Cowper, to the touch, and gain or lose it all. The following courageous letter to Pitt deserves to be placed on record: —

It is not often that a Hermit can be deceived by a Prime Minister; yet I am an example that such an extraordinary incident may happen; for in truth, my dear Sir, I most credulously confided in your kind promise of writing to me soon concerning your liberal intentions in favour of my admirable friend Cowper.

Alas! instead of hearing from you such tidings as I hoped would make him happy, I have just heard from another quarter that he is recently sunk into that gloomy wretchedness, and half-frantic despondency, from which I was sanguine enough to expect that your just esteem and beneficence might preserve him.

Now, perhaps even your kindness may hardly give him a gleam of satisfaction. Your enemies (a great man cannot live without enemies) affirm that you have little feeling; this opinion I have long rejected, from my disposition to cherish an enthusiastic regard for you; but the rejected opinion I am now unwillingly putting to the test. You must have little feeling indeed if this intelligence does not make you lament, as I do most cordially, that an unfortunate delay in providing for a man of marvellous genius may have conduced to plunge him in the worst of human calamities.

How far it is probable that your favour might have preserved him from this evil, or may be likely to restore him from it, perhaps my Lord Spencer may be able from fuller information to judge better than I can at present. He is a neighbour and a friend to the great afflicted poet, yet, if I remember right, not personally acquainted with him: and his Lordship has kindly promised me (should opportunity arise) to recall to your remembrance what I said to you in Cowper's behalf. Lord Spencer enters (as you kindly did when you allowed me the honour of conversing with you) into the cruel singularity of Cowper's situation, and I am confident you both sympathise in thinking that our Sovereign's munificence could not be more worthily exerted than towards this wonderful man, whether it shall please Heaven to bless him with a restoration of his rare mental endowments, or still to afflict him with a melancholy alienation of mind.

I will not utterly relinquish the hope that you may yet be able to serve him; afflicting as the delay has proved, I am inclined to impute it to such difficulties as

men, even of excellent hearts and high stations, too frequently find in their endeavours to befriend the unfortunate.

I write in the frank and proud sorrow of a wounded spirit, but with a cordial and affectionate wish that Heaven may bless you with unthwarted power to do good, and with virtue sufficient to exert it.

I retain a lasting sense of the very engaging kindness with which you allowed me to pour forth my heart to you on this interesting subject, and I am most sincerely, my dear Sir, your very grateful though afflicted servant,

W. HAYLEY

Eartham

Feb. 27, 1794.

"The Minister," writes Hayley, "did not condescend to answer this letter."

The rest of the story is well known — how Hayley was summoned to Weston by Mr. Greatheed, in the hope that his presence might be of some service to Cowper, how the little sculptor followed his father and was kindly received by the invalid; and how a letter (April 19, 1794) from Lord Spencer arrived, announcing that a pension of £300 a year had at last been granted. Hayley's delight was great; his labors of two years had not been unavailing. But the delight was tempered by the circumstance that Cowper himself was in no condition at that time to be disturbed even by tidings of good cheer.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER

PRISCILLA was late, but by running she succeeded in getting on board the ferry-boat just before it started — the last passenger. Somewhat breathless, she walked through to the other end and sat down in a corner. The boat was not crowded, in fact there seemed to be curiously few passengers, and she saw no one whom she knew. "I suppose I shall be the very last one to get there," she thought; "and there 'll only be a moment before the steamer sails. It's strange that there are not more people going over, and no one with rugs and things. Can I be too late?" She looked at her watch and was reassured. Her fellow-passengers were wonderfully nice-looking people, she thought, and then dismissed them from her mind and lost herself in an idle reverie in which she did not take account of the passing minutes.

Meanwhile the nice-looking people, being occupied with affairs of their own, paid no attention to her, until at last one

of them, glancing in her direction, realized in a startled way that the girl sitting in the corner was not, after all, Aunt Avis's maid, but quite a different person.

"Just look!" she said to her cousin. "That must be Anne over there all by herself."

"She has changed a good deal," said Augusta, putting up her lorgnette. The combination of Miss Harfield and her lorgnette was imposing.

"All but the red hair," replied Kitty, "and even that has grown prettier. How stupid of Aunt Martina to send her off by herself. A pleasant way of beginning her visit! Aunt Martina always does shirk these things, and I suppose she got up a headache. Well, come on, Augusta, let's go and speak to her."

Priscilla looked up, startled, as the pair stopped in front of her. "We have come to introduce ourselves," said Miss Harfield in her best manner of blended dignity and graciousness. "I am your

cousin Augusta and this is Kitty. You know our names, even if you don't remember our faces."

"I think you must mistake me for some one else," said Priscilla, embarrassed.

"But you can't be any one else," broke in Kitty. "There's no one else for you to be. Don't say you've forgotten our very names!"

Priscilla had risen and stood looking from one to the other. "I'm sorry, but I don't know what you are talking about," she said, the color mounting to her cheeks. When Priscilla blushed she was lovelier than ever.

Kitty grasped her hand. "But you are Anne!" she exclaimed.

"No, I am not Anne," said Priscilla.

The two stood gazing at each other, and Miss Harfield, holding firmly to her dignity, looked at them both with an expression of displeased surprise.

"But do please explain!" cried Kitty.

"What excessively odd people," thought Priscilla. "Because you have made a mistake?" she asked, smiling.

"I should think you would see the necessity," said Miss Harfield, resenting the smile.

"Oh, Augusta!" said Kitty. "You see," she added, turning again to Priscilla, "we naturally did n't expect to see any one but the family on the boat, and so —"

"But why not?" asked Priscilla. In her perplexity she glanced vaguely about and was startled to find the view from the window curiously unfamiliar. "But surely this is the ferry-boat for Hoboken," she said faltering.

"Oh!" said Kitty, and there was silence for a moment.

"I don't see how such a mistake can have been made," said Augusta, stiffening into her most reserved Harfield manner.

"Let me explain," said Kitty, whose wits were quicker than her cousin's. "This boat was taken for a particular purpose and left just after the regular

ferry-boat. And you got on by mistake." Even Kitty looked serious.

The tears were very near Priscilla's eyes. "I see," she said. "I missed my own boat, just as I was afraid I would. And then when I saw this one I thought I had n't missed it after all, and jumped on at the very last minute."

"And you were going to Hoboken," said Miss Harfield, not with an interrogative inflection, but as one asserting a damaging fact.

"Yes, to see a friend off on the King Canute," said Priscilla, too troubled to notice inflections.

"Oh dear," sighed Kitty.

"And now, what can I do?" asked Priscilla.

"Oh dear!" said Kitty.

At this moment Dick sauntered up. "I think this must be my cousin Anne," said he.

"There has been a mistake," said Miss Harfield, and Priscilla blushed pinker than ever.

"This young lady got on the boat by accident," continued Miss Harfield.

"And she'll have to go on with us," gasped Kitty.

"I'm sorry to inconvenience you," said Priscilla, struggling not to cry. "How horrid they are to me!" she thought.

"I'm so sorry," said Kitty, sympathetic at once. "You'll miss your friend — and — we'd like to make you as comfortable as possible — but you won't have a very pleasant day."

"But where are you going?" asked Priscilla, more and more confused and distressed.

"To Harfield," said Kitty. "We are the Harfields," she added by way of further explanation. But Priscilla still looked quite blank and Dick took up the tale.

"The fact is, Miss —"

"Lathrop," murmured Priscilla.

"Thank you, my name is Harfield. Well, the fact is, Miss Lathrop, the reason why we are a family party is that we

are going to Harfield for the funeral of our aunt. We have got so far on the way that it would hardly be possible for us to take you back and so we are very much concerned on your account."

"Oh!" said Priscilla, shocked. She looked around at them all with tears of distress in her eyes. "How can I forgive myself? Please don't let me be a trouble to you. If I might just sit here by myself until you can put me off somewhere."

"We are very sorry for your inconvenience," said Miss Harfield, trying to be as civil as she owed it to herself to be. She turned inquiringly to Dick. "Can the boat make a landing anywhere?"

He shook his head. "We are more than half way over to the island," he said. "I'm sorry, Miss Lathrop," he added, turning to her, "that we cannot do better for you. We can only try to make you as comfortable as possible."

"But the intrusion," said Priscilla in dismay. "If I cannot leave you, at least you must not trouble yourselves about me at all. Please try to forget that I am here." She looked appealingly at them all.

Miss Harfield felt distinctly that they had done everything which the situation required. "Of course, under the circumstances, you will excuse us," she said, preparing to take Priscilla at her word; but neither Kitty nor Dick seemed to notice her signal. Augusta, who was by no means a woman of resource, stood for a moment looking uncomfortably from one to the other, and then, at a loss what to do next, hastened away to seek assistance.

"Come and sit down," said Kitty to Priscilla. "Of course you are dreadfully disappointed not to see your friend off," she went on in her friendly way, "but you must n't distress yourself about us." She hesitated, scarcely knowing how to convey the idea of a gentle and modified affliction without seeming heartless.

"You see," she continued, "Aunt Avis was very, very old. She was our

great-aunt, you know. We all know that life had ceased to be any particular pleasure to her. And then—we are a very large clan, and we are all taken to Harfield to be buried. And being so many we don't always know each other very well. For instance, Anne. She has come to visit one of our aunts and we have n't seen her since she was a small child, but she used to have hair like yours—and your dress is black, you know—and so we took you for her. Well, I was going to say, you must n't think us too light-minded. The older people and Aunt Avis's granddaughter are all on the other side of the boat. It's generally arranged that way. And the rest of us are on this side. And please don't be uncomfortable about us."

"It certainly is hard lines for you, Miss Lathrop," put in Dick, taking advantage of the first pause.

Priscilla had not been unaware of his regard. "It was my own stupidity," she replied.

"It was a most natural mistake," protested the young man; "and since you are, in a way, cousin Anne's substitute, I hope you'll try to feel amiably towards us. I'm sorry we can't make it a pleasant day for you."

It was evident that the brother and sister were—to say the least—quite willing to make the best of things. In the mean time Miss Harfield, on the other side of the boat, was filled with vexation. She was not the woman to leave Dick, the pride of the family, and Kitty, its most irresponsible member, in the hands of a strange girl, whom she was already prepared to look upon as a minx, aside from the indecorum of the situation under present circumstances. She had gone in search of Aunt Maria, but found her so occupied with old Aunt Susanna (who, old as she was, ought not to have come at all, Augusta thought), that any immediate interruption was clearly impossible. In her extremity she turned to a rosy-cheeked, stout little gentleman who was at the moment gazing reflectively at a

row of black-veiled women sitting opposite him. "Certainly I'll go over there," he whispered, as soon as the matter had been explained to him, and departed with an alacrity which had in it a suspicion of relief. When he appeared in the other cabin, Kitty rushed to meet him.

"Oh, Uncle Jerry," she exclaimed, "do come and see this sweet girl! Has Augusta told you? Well, do be nice to her. Augusta was snippy. And she could n't help it, poor thing. It's horrid for her. And of course she simply *has* to come with us and have lunch at the house and all."

Personally Uncle Jerry succumbed at once to the peach-bloom complexion and the lustrous brown eyes, which did not, however, prevent him from seeing the advisability of dislodging Dick; and as that young man seemed immovable, and as a contest over youth and beauty between an uncle and nephew appeared — no matter how worthy his motive — a trifle unseemly, he betook himself once more to the other cabin and, more successful than Augusta, returned bringing with him a feminine replica of himself. The resemblance, however, was confined to external appearance, for whereas Jerry was distinguished by a certain artlessness of character, his sister's wavy white hair covered the brain of the family diplomatist. Aunt Maria at once took command of the situation. Her methods were kindly, and it was in the most benevolent way imaginable that she assumed possession of Priscilla, not giving her a chance to speak to any one else.

"She is perfectly dear," thought the girl gratefully.

The little journey was soon over. When the boat drew near the wharf, Aunt Maria was obliged to return to her own place, but not before giving some definite directions.

"You had better stay here," she said to Priscilla, "until we all get away. After that you can walk where you like. You can hardly lose yourself. That is the house, over there to the right. If you get

there in about an hour, that will do very nicely. Of course we expect you to lunch with us." She hurried away without waiting for a reply.

"I can't go there to lunch," thought Priscilla. "I really can't. I wonder if it would be rude if I ran away until it is time to go back. I wonder if any one would notice" — Here she felt an arm linked in hers.

"I never can get used to funerals," said Kitty with a little shudder.

Priscilla looked at her, startled. The boat had now made the landing, and there was a stillness followed by subdued but unusual sounds; the shuffling tramp of men carrying a burden, directions given in low tones. Her heart sank suddenly. Oh, this was far worse than she had thought. Up to this time her morning's adventure had seemed excessively embarrassing, very inconvenient, and more than a little fantastic; but she had not realized that it was the actual funeral cortège which she was accompanying. Now she was seized with a shivering sense of the stark reality of it all. Presently Kitty was summoned.

"Good-by," she whispered, giving Priscilla's arm a last squeeze. "Don't run away."

When they were all gone she went out on deck. A panic seized her at being left on the deserted boat, and she ran hastily down the gangway and stood for a moment hesitating which way to turn. She could see the procession stretching, long and black, down the country road, the coffin carried in front. She turned her back on it and walked slowly in the opposite direction, where a path led between overarching trees up a little hill. It was a heavenly spring day. The air, warmed by the sun, cooled by the nearness to the sea, was divinely fresh and pure. Overhead, the foliage, still tenderly, delicately green, was not yet dense, and she looked through it to the large blue sky. Only the singing of the birds broke the silence. She gained the top of the knoll and looked down, directly into

the Harfield burial-ground. The procession had followed a bend in the road and passed through the open gateway and had now massed itself in a black group. Instinctively she closed her eyes, but in a moment, drawn by an inexplicable fascination, opened them again. The black group hid the grave from her view, but she saw it in her imagination. Poor old Aunt Avis! No, she must not look, it was an intrusion. Turning aside, she walked a little way down the hill again, and seated herself under a tree; but the clergyman's voice came to her through the still air, speaking undistinguishable words. Was she never to get away from it all? For the first time in her life she realized that the one thing in the whole world that one cannot get away from is death.

She could not tell how long she sat there, but Kitty and Dick, themselves subdued and serious, came in search of her.

"Are n't you well?" asked Kitty, startled by her pallor.

"Oh yes." The color came back with a rush. She looked at them with a sort of wonder — these two young people who had a share in so many graves. "I have never been to a funeral before," she said with a little catch in her voice. Dick maintained afterwards that this was precisely the moment when he fell in love with her.

Loath to go in, they loitered along the country road until the sweet spring air had somewhat lightened their spirits.

"Cousin Harriet won't like it if we are late," said Kitty at last, and they turned their faces toward the house, Priscilla finding herself wonderfully reconciled to the prospect of facing the ordeal.

It was not so terrible after all. The first subdued bustle of arrival had already subsided, the guests had betaken themselves upstairs, and Cousin Harriet and Cousin Caroline were flitting about the lower rooms, attending to the last touches of hospitality. The old homestead had descended to these two little

elderly ladies, and with it the duty of entertaining the funeral guests. Of late years they seldom left Harfield, living there the year round; and with the passage of time their connection with the living members of the family seemed to be chiefly through the dead. Far from being depressed by their surroundings, they were vivacious little women, even somewhat worldly, — but that was in the blood, — accepting with cheerful philosophy whatever befell.

Cousin Harriet had been forewarned of the unbidden guest. "Who is she? Does she belong to any one we ever heard of?" she had asked.

"Oh, no," Aunt Maria had replied. 'She's nobody at all. Well-mannered and astonishingly pretty, but really nobody at all. She lives with her mother up in Harlem, and I should judge that they are perfectly respectable people. It was just one of those extraordinary accidents. And I do think it was very stupid of her.'

"And Kitty and Dick have charge of her?"

"Not at all," replied Maria with spirit. "I took charge of her myself all the way over, and I'm very much vexed that she did n't come to the house as I told her, without waiting to be hunted up. Kitty was the first person to notice her, and you know how feather-headed that child is. And Dick — well, dear Harriet, you know how Dick is — and for that matter, how all our men are when there is a pretty face in question. One has to exercise diplomacy. It's very tiresome. But I'll hand her over to Jerry going back, and he won't let another man come near her — and thank Heaven, one need n't worry seriously about *him*."

However, there were a couple of hours yet to be provided for, and Harriet's first glance at Priscilla, walking up to the door between Kitty and Dick, convinced her that it would be well not to take chances. The names on the tombstones all — or very nearly all — belonged to the best families. She greeted Kitty and

Dick with affection, and Priscilla with hospitable civility; but Dick was handed over to Cousin Caroline and Kitty was sent with a message to Aunt Maria, while Harriet herself showed the stranger to an upper room, where, following the line of division observed on the boat, the less afflicted of the ladies of the family were awaiting the announcement of luncheon. Priscilla effaced herself as far as possible, and when the others went downstairs, followed them shyly. She longed to see everything in the interesting old house and could not resist stealing curious glances at the portraits and the beautiful antique furniture. Meanwhile Harriet had been giving careful thought to the best way of disposing of the too attractive guest. It was the custom of the family, when the company was too large to be seated in one room, to have an extra table laid in the library and to put the young people there, while Harriet at one end of the long dining-room table and Caroline at the other, dispensed hospitality and gathered in family news. Augusta was to preside in the library, and Harriet determined to put Priscilla in her charge. Kitty did n't matter so much; but as for Dick, she would make a place for him in the dining room.

Priscilla, standing near the library door, saw the procession of uncles, aunts, and elderly cousins, filing into the dining-room. Last of all came Dick, walking very slowly, with old Aunt Susanna on his arm. Priscilla had not seen her before, and of all the persons whom she had met on this remarkable day, she thought that Aunt Susanna was the most wonderful. She was at the same time so old and so beautiful; a slender, erect old lady, with lustrous white hair, a delicately pink and white complexion, finely cut, aristocratic features, and eyes of a vivid blue seldom seen in old age. Only about her mouth and chin did the ravages of time show themselves, and their effect was diminished by the soft folds of white lace. The contrast between her and the tall, broad-shouldered, hand-

some young man was one of the prettiest things imaginable, and Priscilla, quite forgetful of herself, stood gazing with appreciative eyes, until the couple disappeared from her sight.

As it happened, Aunt Susanna had been expected to eat her luncheon in the south sitting-room, to which she was taken on her arrival. She had been at first somewhat agitated and it was felt that she needed very special care. In fact, it was against every one's advice that she had come; but she was a willful old lady who refused to be dictated to. With the death of her sister she was now the eldest member of the clan and the only representative of her generation, and her ideas of propriety demanded that she should pay the last tribute to Avis; but as she stood by the grave she felt that her turn would come next and the thought shook her. However, after she had sat for half an hour in the big, comfortable chair in the south sitting-room and had sipped a glass of old Madeira, she began to feel that it was time for some diversion. She had paid her tribute to poor Avis and could do no more. When her turn should come she hoped that she would die in a manner not unbecoming a Harfield and a Christian, but meantime she preferred not to think about it. She sent for Dick, who was her great favorite, and Harriet conveyed her message with alacrity; nothing could have happened better. So Dick came and talked to her in that manner of chivalrous deference blended with *bon camaraderie* which old women love in young men, and she revived greatly; and when told that her luncheon would be brought in to her, said briskly, "Certainly not! Give me your arm into the dining-room, Dick."

Arrived there, she would have him sit next her, and Harriet and Maria congratulated themselves on such a successful arrangement. Short-lived exultation, for in crossing the hall after luncheon was over, Aunt Susanna stopped and turned to speak to some one, drawing her hand away from Dick's arm. As she

started to go on again, her foot caught in a rug and she stumbled. At the moment, Dick's eyes were elsewhere. He was looking at Priscilla, who, after a somewhat depressing meal, eaten in the shadow of Augusta's frigid civility, had come into the hall and was standing close by, enchanted at getting another glimpse of the beautiful old lady; and it was Priscilla who darted forward and prevented her from falling. There was a fright and a flurry, everybody pressing forward anxiously, and competent hands laid hold of Aunt Susanna. But when Priscilla tried to withdraw, the little old hand clung to her arm, the blue eyes looked up into her face, and Aunt Susanna exclaimed, —

"But which one are you, my dear? I don't seem to have seen you before."

Priscilla, blushing and confused, was spared the embarrassment of answering, for Aunt Maria said hurriedly, "Let Dick and me take you to your room, Aunt Susanna. I'll explain then."

"Nonsense!" said the old lady, who was much less disturbed by the accident than any one else. "I'm all right. A miss is as good as a mile. However, I'll go to my room. You come with me, my dear, and explain yourself. I can't think whose child you can be. Come, Dick, you can take my other arm and then we'll have no more trippings or slippings. Nobody else need come. Too many people are confusing."

So the three walked away together and nothing could be done, for no one could venture to dispute the commands of the autocratic old lady. When the explanation was made, she found it diverting. Priscilla and her adventure served well to distract her thoughts from serious subjects, particularly as she liked young people to be good-looking and the girl fulfilled all requirements in that respect. She enjoyed Priscilla's evident admiration too, and was incidentally pleased by her interest in the old house.

"I was born here," she said, "and lived here until I was married. That portrait was painted when I was eighteen."

She indicated a picture hanging on the opposite wall, and Priscilla and Dick went together to look at it.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Priscilla. But there was no resemblance to the old woman in the radiant face of the young girl. Even the eyes, blue as they still were, did not seem the same. "To think," murmured Priscilla under her breath, "that one must grow old!"

The pity of it overcame her. That one must lose all that young loveliness and at best have only the fragile beauty of age, a beauty pathetic in its suggestion of imminent extinction! She went back to the old woman with a wonderful tenderness in her face. "It is *most* beautiful," she said.

"But you would n't have known who it was, would you?" asked Aunt Susanna, a little sadly.

"But a portrait of you now would be equally lovely," said Priscilla quickly, in her sincere voice.

The old lady patted the girl's arm with her little white, blue-veined hand. "That was prettily said, my dear;" and she added in a tone of satisfaction, "Yes, I have something to be thankful for."

Harriet came in to help her with her wraps, and Priscilla retreated, but not before Aunt Susanna had told her that she would expect to see her on the boat. There was a carriage to take some of the older ones to the wharf, and as they were starting, Harriet exchanged a word with Maria.

"Do try to divert her mind to something else. I'm afraid she's getting a little childish."

"I shall certainly do my best," replied Maria. "It ought not to be difficult, now that her curiosity is satisfied."

But it was impossible to turn Aunt Susanna from her whim. In vain did Maria try to keep her from demanding Priscilla, and failing in that, to keep Dick out of the way. Nothing would do but that she must have them both, one on either side of her; and as an easy-chair was arranged for her on the boat,

Priscilla found herself part of a conspicuous group. She was acutely uncomfortable, for she could not be unconscious of the disapproving looks of those silent, black-robed figures who sat against the wall; while Aunt Maria's alert watchfulness, as she hovered about them, was only too evident. "If I could only get away!" thought poor Priscilla.

To make matters worse, Aunt Susanna was in the excited stage of fatigue, and displayed a liveliness that scandalized the family. Even Dick, who was not by way of being conventionally gloomy, looked deprecatingly at Priscilla, as if to ask her not to be too much shocked. She really was shocked, in spite of the most tender compassion for what she could divine to be a strange phase of the weakness of old age. She scarcely opened her lips and yet felt that she was considered in some degree responsible for this ghastly vivacity. It was an unspeakable relief when Aunt Susanna finally lapsed into drowsiness.

At the first moment of release she rose to leave the cabin. She did not know how to say in so many words, "I am sorry to have been in the way;" but her manner expressed so sweetly all that the most right-thinking girl would naturally feel under the circumstances, that Aunt Maria ought perhaps to have been disarmed. However, Aunt Maria, who had been long-suffering under compulsion, took no notice of her as she hastily took her place at Aunt Susanna's side, but motioned imperiously to Dick to stay where he was. Courtesy compelled him to wait for a moment to hear what she was saying to him, and so Priscilla walked the length of the cabin alone. No one spoke to her, but she felt that every one was looking at her. She held her head erect, but her cheeks tingled and she had much ado to keep the tears from her eyes.

"I could n't help it!" she said to herself. "How can they think that I could help it?"

But at the door Dick overtook her. "Let me take you on deck," he said;

and she consented, little suspecting that therein she was putting the capstone on her offenses. They walked through the other cabin, but there no one took much notice of them. They were nearly home now. Everybody was tired, and the incident of Priscilla was an old story. Only Kitty started forward, but thought better of it and forbore to join them.

It was a relief to get out into the air, and as Priscilla leaned on the rail she kept her face turned away from Dick until she could recover herself. For the first moment neither spoke, and then Dick said, —

"You must n't misunderstand my poor old aunt. The whole thing was too much for her, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I don't misunderstand. I only felt sorrier and sorrier for her. It seems so dreadful to grow old — even though one may look so lovely. And the only alternative is to die while it is still pleasant to live!"

"But don't let us think of that," remonstrated Dick. "Just think how pleasant life is now. Poor Aunt Susanna has had her good times — a good many of them too."

In fact, Dick could not realize what a hard day it had been for Priscilla, being, himself, accustomed to his family and to the family funerals, which he took simply as he took everything. For with all his sophisticated traditions and habits he was singularly free from mental complexity. He lived in each day as it came, elaborately as to externals, simply as to essentials, with a mind open to take anything that fortune might bring. To-day fortune had brought this charming girl, and already he told himself that her coming meant much to him. He had no intention of losing sight of her, and time was pressing.

"Will you let me call on you and your mother?" he asked, and when she consented he wrote her address down; and then came Uncle Jerry in search of him, with a message from Aunt Maria, who desired him to escort Aunt Susanna to

her carriage. After this, not very much attention was paid to Priscilla. Uncle Jerry, to be sure, lingered by her side for a moment and Kitty bade her a friendly good-by; but Aunt Maria was unresponsive when she tried to express her thanks for all their kindness, and Aunt Susanna did not notice her when she was led past, looking white and tired. The old lady clung to Dick and made him get into the carriage with her. It was a relief to the girl when the good-byes and thanks were over and the Har-

fields had all driven off in their respectable family carriages.

As she leaned back in her humbler conveyance she found herself very tired and a little dazed. She thought of herself as she had started out in the morning, and wondered whether her mother would find her changed. That she could never again be quite the same, she knew, for on this strange day she had become aware of Death; and, although as yet unrecognized, Love was knocking at the door of her heart.

CAR-WINDOW BOTANY

BY LIDA F. BALDWIN

ONE thinks of the botanist as in silence and solitude wandering by some forest brook, or penetrating into almost impenetrable swamps, or climbing rocky mountain paths, lured on by the hope of finding some rare and curious flower. But I in my own experience have had some of my best finds from the windows of a railway train.

It was with people sitting all around me, and the engine puffing noisily away on an up grade, that my delighted eyes first fell on the one-flowered pyrola. The railway cutting had been made in the heart of the deep forest, and as the bank settled down, some of the rarer and shyer forest growths, such as ground-pine, arbutus, and pyrola, in the course of years had slipped over the brink of the cutting and were now part way down the bank. Inside the car were tired and grimy faces; just a few feet outside were forest freshness and greenness, and the white blossoms of the pyrola with their delicate flush.

Sometimes there is no bank on either side of the railway, and from the car window one catches glimpses into the edges of forests, or looks down upon

swamps and small clear ponds, or gazes across broad level meadows; but more often one's view from the car window is confined to the narrow ditch of water just beyond the road-bed and to the sides of the cutting just beyond the ditch. Even in that confined outlook there are always possibilities; and it was in just such a ditch of water, as our train slowed up on the outskirts of Buffalo, that I saw growing great numbers of what looked like miniature calla lilies. There were the same golden, erect spadix, and the same ivory-white spathe rolled back in the very curve of the spathe of the calla lily; but the flower was not one quarter the size of the calla. As usual my botany was in my handbag; and the temptation to make a quick dash from the train, to try to secure one specimen for analysis, was almost irresistible. But I did resist the temptation; for the bank was steep, and I never could have climbed back in time if the train had started while I was trying to secure my flower; and a lonely woman would have been left in the dusk, watching the train bearing her friends vanish in the deepening twilight. But the small white beauties

were never forgotten, and years afterwards I found the flower, *arum palustre*, growing in a swamp not many miles from my old home.

One July day I came down from Quebec to Portland on the slowest of trains. The road ran for much of the way, first on one side, then on the other, of the Chaudière River, but never far out of sight of its clear brown waters. Fortunately for me, our locomotive used wood for fuel, and consequently every few hours we would stop at some great woodpile in a forest clearing while the trainmen threw a fresh supply of wood into the tender; and some of the passengers took advantage of the stop to make short explorations into the forest. About mid-day, as we were riding slowly along, I began to notice a pink-purple flower that was new to me, growing here and there in rather marshy places. Shortly after I had first seen the flower the added slowness of the train showed that we were coming to another wood-pile. The instant the train stopped I was out of the cars, over the low rail fence, and picking my way carefully from grassy hummock to grassy hummock; and soon I had found a specimen. Upon analysis it proved to be calopogon, familiar to all New Englanders from childhood, but new to my Ohio eyes.

I have never made any formal herbarium, and the only botanical record I have ever kept consists of the date and place of my first seeing the flower written opposite its scientific name in the margin of the pages of my old school-girl's copy of Gray's Botany. But that is the only record one needs to whom all the flowers one knows are either old friends or new acquaintances, — in either case distinct individuals. Often, as I have been turning the pages of the old botany in a bit of analyzing, I have stopped at the page on which is written, opposite the scientific name of the calopogon, "Saint Henry's, Canada, July 11, 1884;" and across the more than twenty years that lie between, I smell once more the balsam of the Can-

adian forest, and see the amber-brown waters of the Chaudière River, and hear the shouts of the trainmen as they throw the great sticks of wood up to the tender; and giving color to all this mental picture is the pink-purple blossom of the calopogon.

But all trains do not have the accommodating habit of stopping for wood just after you have seen a strange flower; in that case, all that you can do is, take the best mental landmarks you can, and then at the first opportunity go back for your specimen. One summer I was going down on the express from Philadelphia to Cape May. As you near the coast the road runs through very level country, and between the railway and the pine wood lies a strip of marshy ground about forty feet wide. Each year, as I go back to the sea-coast, I watch eagerly for my first sight of the two characteristic flowers of the Jersey coast, the swamp mallow and the sabbatia. On this particular morning I had already seen many of the great mallows with their rose-pink flowers, so like those of the hollyhock that not even the most careless eye can fail to notice the family resemblance; and I had welcomed them as a sure sign of the fast-nearing seashore.

Now, with my face, as usual, close to the window, I was watching the sparse marsh grass most narrowly to see if I could detect amidst it the pink star-shaped flower of the sabbatia. Suddenly the marsh grass was set thick with spikes of yellow flowers, just rising above the level of the grass. There was only that one hurried look as the train went by; but from that look I felt almost certain of two things: the first was that I had never seen that flower before, and the second, that it must be close of kin to an old flower friend of mine, the white fringed-orchis.

Then and there I determined to get that flower, and the first thing was to make sure of its location. At first this seemed almost hopeless, since for miles back we had had that narrow strip of

marsh grass flanked by the unchanging pine woods; but in a few minutes our road passed under another railway; here was one landmark, and in a couple of minutes more we went past a way station slowly enough for me to read the name on the board; now I knew that I could find my plant. The next day we took one of the local trains from Cape May, got off at the station whose name I had read, and started down the track. After a walk of a mile we passed under that other railroad; and about two miles farther down the track I saw again the yellow spikes of the flowers barely o'ertopping the grass.

It had been a hot July morning with a sultry land breeze blowing, and as we walked the three miles down the unshaded track, we had weariedly and unavailingly slapped at mosquitoes at every step. All of these discomforts together had not daunted my courage; but the swarms of mosquitoes that arose buzzing at my first step into the marsh grass made me draw back to the comparative security of the railway track, with the feeling that no flower could repay one for facing those swarms. A second look at the yellow flowers growing not thirty feet away gave me fresh courage and I started again. I was as quick as possible; but when I was back once more on the track, this time with my hands full of the flowers, face and hands and arms were one mass of blotches from the mosquito bites.

Upon analysis the flower proved to be the yellow fringed-orchis, the handsomest species of its genus, and the one most closely allied to the white fringed-orchis. Our train had been running about forty miles an hour; I had never even known that there was a yellow orchid, but in that one quick glance from the express train the unmistakable family look of the orchis had shown.

Success and pleasure in car-window botany depend not so much on a scientific knowledge of structural details as on the ability of the eye to recognize at a

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glance the characteristic effect produced by a mass of details. It is this ability which enables you to be sure that you recognize the faces of old flower friends in the hurried glance cast from the window; which enables you to tell with certainty gray-blue clump of *houstonias* from gray-blue clump of *hepaticas*, wind-swept bank of purplish *phlox* from wind-swept bank of wild *geranium*; and it is that same ability to recognize the characteristic effect produced by a group of structural details which enables one to place without analysis the new flower in the right family.

I have always been secretly very proud of the certainty with which at the first sight of the yellow flower I felt that it was an orchis, but all my feeling in connection with it is not that of pleasure. Certain flowers always recall to me certain sounds; in most cases the sound associated with a flower is the one heard at the time at which I first saw the flower; and to this day, with the thought of the yellow fringed-orchis is inseparably joined that most persistent and irritating of sounds, the buzzing of the mosquito.

But the true history of a car-window botanist is not always a record of successful achievement, of the triumphant finding of his flower; he also has his haunting disappointments, his glimpses of strange flowers which he is never afterwards able to place. One July day, riding through northern New Hampshire, I saw just over the fence at the edge of the woods a tall plant, evidently some kind of a lily. It bore a single dark orange-red flower, which did not droop as do the flowers of the meadow lily, but stood stiffly erect. I have never seen that lily since; though never does a July come, especially if it is to be spent in a new place, that I do not think, "Maybe this year I shall find my lily." Perhaps, after all, such experiences are not to be classed with the disappointments either of life or of car-window botany,—is it not rather true that to both they give zest and expectancy?

The charm of such botanizing is not

alone in finding or in hoping to find some new flower; even more enduring is the pleasure that comes from the recognition of the faces of old friends in new surroundings. An April day's journey was made one long pleasure; for the swamp-like ditch just below the road-bed shone golden with the intense yellow of the marsh-marigold, an old friend from my earliest childhood; and when the railway ran half-way up a hillside, I saw amidst the dead leaves of last year the little clumps of the clustering blue hepaticas, and recognized even in those fleeting glances the singularly starry effect produced by the numerous white stamens; and as the train crossed over the creeks, that flow over rocky bottoms from out the hemlock woods, I saw in the opening up the creek bed the June-berry trees in showers of white bloom, looking doubly white against the dark green of the hemlocks, just as I had seen them the day before in the hemlock woods of Mill Creek at my own home.

One of the keenest pleasures of the railway botanist comes from his enjoyment of the massed color of great quantities of flowers of the same kind. One morning our train was running along through the level Jersey country; it was at that wretched hour of the morning when you have just taken your place in some one else's seat while the porter is getting your own ready, and you have that all-over miserable feeling that comes from a night's ride in a stuffy sleeper. In an instant all discomfort was forgotten in the sight of a wide salt meadow that seemed one mass of the pink swamp-mallows. The gray morning mist was turned silvery white by the rising sun, and giving color to it all were the wide stretches of the pink swamp-mallows. It was all one shimmering mass of misty silvery-gray, sunlight radiance, and rose color as delicate as that of the lining of some sea-shells.

Once again, this time on one of our home roads near Pittsburg, I felt the beauty of the color of great masses of

flowers. The railway runs along about half-way up the bluffs by the side of the Beaver River; as we rounded a curve, the steep bank above me turned suddenly intensely red with the vivid color of the scarlet campion. Only those who notice most closely have any idea how rare a color in our wild flowers any shade of true red is. Nearly all the flowers that are commonly spoken of as red are in reality purplish pink or reddish lilac. Indeed I know only two wild flowers whose color is a true red. One of these is the cardinal lobelia, whose petals are of the darkest, clearest, most velvety red; and the other flower is the scarlet campion. The color of this latter is true scarlet, and the river bluff that June morning fairly glowed with its bloom. It is Holmes who compares the color of the cardinal flower to that of drops of blood new fallen from a wounded eagle's breast; but any true comparison for the color of this other flower must be founded on life, and on life when it is at its fullest of strength and of enjoyment.

Even the most ardent car-window botanist will not claim that the only place from which the beauty of the color of flowers in mass can be appreciated is the window of a railway train. To all there come memories of fitful spring days when in long country drives they have seen partly worn-out meadows and barren hillsides turned to the softest blue-gray mist by the delicate color of countless blossoms of *houstonia*. And as they drove slowly along the partly dried, muddy roads of mid-April the effect of every varying phase of the spring weather on the massed color sank slowly into their consciousness. They had time to notice how blue was the color-mist lying on the sheltered meadows in the sunshine, and how coldly gray it was as it crept up the hillsides across which the chill spring wind was blowing.

And if one lives in a country where there are chestnut ridges, one looks forward through all the spring to that one week of late June and earliest July when

the chestnut trees will be in bloom. The long staminate flowers of the chestnut are a soft cream-yellow with a greenish tint; and on the ridges where the trees grow in abundance the great irregular masses of their blossoming tops do not stand out against their background of the dark green foliage of midsummer, but blend softly with it, giving to all such an indescribable effect of lightness and airiness that the whole wooded ridge seems not to be fastened securely to the earth, but to be floating cloud-like above it. During that one week of the chestnut blossoming one stops at door or at window in the midst of the early morning work to watch for the moment when the first rays of the rising sun, falling on the cream-yellow of the chestnut tops, turn them into their own deep gold; and at the restful close of day one lingers on the

doorstep through the long June twilight till their blossoming tops can no longer be distinguished from the dark foliage of the other trees in the gathering darkness.

All one's life long the pictures of old meadow lands gray-blue with the mist of the houstonias are recalled by the alternate glinting sunshine and bleak gloom of an April day; and the blossoming chestnut woods form the background to many recollections of the old home life. But these pictures which have become a part of one's inmost consciousness are scarcely more dear than that one, seen for a few moments, of the low-lying Jersey meadows flushing rose-pink with the mallows in the misty morning sunshine; or that other "vision of scarce a moment," the river bluff scarlet with the flowers of the campion, seen from the windows of a railway train.

A CRY IN THE MARKET PLACE

BY CHESTER FIRKINS

I CRY, oh God, for refuge and for rest!
I cannot pray;—there is no time to kneel.
(Can the spoke stop the whizzing of the wheel?
Can the cast coal in the red forge protest?)
I cry, by my dead fathers of the West,
Who, in their dire travail, yet could feel
The wild, clean pulse of Nature in the peal
Of storm upon the lordly mountain-crest.

I cry, by right of my ungotten sons,
For respite, for some slacking of the pace,
Some quiet in this rage of life that stuns
The Soul for slaughter in the Market Place.
I cry, in pity for the little ones,
Whose shriveled shoulders must bear on the Race.

IN UNKNOWN PORTUGAL

BY ISABEL MOORE

To the experienced and weary sight-seer, as well as to the Innocent Abroad, there lies a peculiar charm in the untrodden ways; indeed, perhaps even more so, for to the Innocent Abroad every way is yet untrodden, every country a fairy-land, every journey a magic carpet that transports one at the wishing. But to one who knows his continental tour, who has weathered the delights of Paris, basked in and survived the associations of Italy, and lived down the sombre pleasures of England, the untrodden ways are peculiarly "desirous to be in." And of such are the ways of Portugal.

Poor, proud, sunken Portugal! It is difficult for us to realize that she was ever an intrepid nation; and there is something distinctly pathetic in the manner in which a present-day Portuguese will revert several centuries in his pride of patriotic achievement. Vasco da Gama was Portugal's; and Camoen. There can be no doubt that she has been great. Let her people derive from the fact such solace as they may. Yet, in spite of this natural national feeling and the many evidences of past glory still existing throughout the land, the Portuguese, with a very few exceptions, have no true appreciation of their ancient treasures. When questioned about anything archaeological or historical, they invariably say that it is *muito antigo* (very ancient), apparently quite satisfied, themselves, with such vague assurance.

Garcia de Resende, the Portuguese chronicler of the reign of D. João II, said that he compiled his general *Cancionero* in order to preserve poems, *trovas*, and romances which were in danger of being lost, "like so many other things in Portugal." Would that more of his countrymen had done likewise! Sir Richard

Burton struck the same note when, traveling in Portugal in 1866, he observed, "There is still much to do in identifying the Moslem remains of Portugal as well as of Spain."

This is only too true, not alone of the Moslem remains, but also of the Roman and Gothic antiquities, the literature, the music, the art, the prehistoric remains. The treasures of ancient Portugal are to-day in a chaotic condition, little known to the world at large or appreciated by the Portuguese; and perhaps it is for this very reason, however deplorable in itself, that the untrodden ways of Portugal afford a keen pleasure alike to the jaded traveler and to the Innocent Abroad.

I

There stands a little white town, dignified and gracious, on the top of a hill which is like a natural fortification rising almost abruptly from a sea of rolling grainfields marked now and again with long lines of shaggy eucalyptus trees, a deserted convent, or the brandishing lateen sails of a stout windmill on some lower eminence.

It is Evora, a city of about eleven thousand inhabitants, a *capital alemtejana*, or ancient capital of the province of Alemtejo in the south of Portugal (part of the Roman province of Lusitania), to be reached to-day by train from Lisbon, through low-lying lands of cork-tree groves. The serenity that rests upon it like a hand of benediction could result only from the combination of a wonderful urbanity of climate with an inborn human consciousness of having seen the world in the making; of standing by, and observing, and weighing, and thereby attaining a poise of

outlook with regard to all matters, both human and divine. For Evora, in her own way, is an epitome of the centuries. She rests on her laurels. Because of her memories she is tranquil. And yet she does not altogether sleep, as do so many of the old-world cities. Perhaps she reveals the inner beauties of her being only to those who love her. Sheer good fortune is it, then, to be among that number; so, as I was carried across the rolling lands that reminded me half of the western prairies of North America and half of traditionary desert wastes, — possibly a child's picture-book memories of the African Sahara, — I rejoiced in that I was to be reckoned one of the chosen few of "those who know."

People had told me that I should not like Alemtejo. Why they thought this, I had no means of ascertaining; but I always held a secret belief that they none of them had any idea what they were talking about. Alemtejo was *muito arido* (very arid) they had said, — parched, flat, colorless. Northern Portugal was the only part of the kingdom worth considering. No assertion or contradiction had been mine, for I was then in the outer darkness of ignorance; but it is the fashion for the Portuguese to decry the south of their country and to glorify the north. Furthermore, prairies can be wonderfully beautiful! Now the time had come for me to see with my very own New York eyes what Alemtejo was really like; to make my own judgments; to form my own conclusions about beauties and relative values. And, as is not infrequently the case in this old world of contrary human nature, Alemtejo seemed to me very lovable.

Down, down, down, the whole province dips to the borders of Spain in gentle, sweeping curves that would delight the eye of an artist. What the Portuguese and — even more particularly — the English of Portugal condemn as arid, flat and colorless, seemed wonderful great masses of golden browns and olives, sky-lines of rapturous curvings, well-

springs of vision. The rock of the fortress of Palmella to the south looked like a veritable fairy-tale. In files, in groups, or in solitary stateliness, in the laps of the earth hollows, on the slight prairie crests, or along the almost imperceptible slopes, were the stone pines with their flat, outspreading tops, the very sight of which suggests by association scenes from the Scriptures. In time the train, puffing and rolling like a happy porpoise in a high sea, plunged me among interminable groves of cork-trees. It was the first glimpse I had ever had of cork-trees, and they reminded me of great elderberry blossoms when they are drooping with the richness of their own freight. Cork-cutting was in process, it being the month of June, so that many a tree was of a scalped, cinnamon color, while others were of their outer intact gray.

After a morning of this sort of thing — I had left Lisbon at half past eight — the toy train pulled into the remote little station of the city of Evora (or Eborá as the old form of the word is), and deposited me in the midst of a gesticulating crew of porters and peasants. One of these personalities quickly detached itself from its fellows and took possession of my bag, leading me with a considering and protecting care through the human wilderness out into the highway. The station bell, like the dinner bell of a Catskill Mountain boarding-house, gave the signal for departure, and the friendly little train moved off toward Spain.

"Would the senhora walk, or go to the hotel in a *carro*?"

The senhora decided that she would walk, if the distance were not too great. Nothing with even the faintest semblance to a hotel could be seen. But, on my guide's assurance that it was not far away, we started forth.

The Hotel Eborense is very like other Portuguese hotels, I found, only rather cleaner. Indeed, I grew very fond of the spot later on, — it became so inextricable a part of the blessed Eborense memories. My arrival, this first time, was somewhat

chaotic, and the worthy landlord was rather startled by the sudden and quite unheralded appearance of an American *senhora*, traveling alone, and demanding board and lodging in hopeless Portuguese. It certainly was an episode entirely outside the usual run of his experiences. But he rose nobly to the exigencies of the occasion, and I was soon housed and fed. The window of my little room overlooked a most serene and orderly garden enclosed by high white walls, — a view that came to symbolize for me the quintessence of rest.

A letter of introduction to a canon of the cathedral, from his cousin, a friend of mine, I sent to him by a servant. Not only was I anxious to avail myself of the immediate privileges that it would command, but I felt a ridiculous desire to instate myself to a certain degree in the eyes of mine host of the Hotel Eborense. The canon was a person of undoubted standing in the community.

He appeared at the hotel in quick response to my card and letter of introduction. Indeed, he came before I had finished my four o'clock dinner, and was accompanied by a friend of his — a Spaniard — who was considered to be proficient in the English language. They sat down at the table with me and had coffee, and were very friendly and delightful. The canon himself was certainly one of the dearest of men; most kindly, and sympathetic to the degree where he could sympathize with enthusiasm; just on general human grounds, without in the least feeling the necessity of understanding particular enthusiasms. A round, plump, cleanly man, in whose deep, keen eyes — with their occasional sparkle of humor — was written a bitter heart history that I afterwards came to know about. His manner was simplicity itself. He wore the canonical red stockings and red waistband outside his black cassock, and a hard, black, glossy bowler hat, with a wide curly brim, over the edge of which bobbed two fascinating green tassels.

With these two eager and courteous men as guides, I proceeded, during the next couple of days, to see the beauties of the monastery of Nossa Senhora do Espinheiro, now being restored; the Manuelinho cloister doorway in the courtyard of the Collegio de Loyos, and the wonderful *azulejos*, or blue and white tiles, of its chapel walls; the rare old library that is richest in manuscripts of all the Portuguese libraries; the museum of valuable Roman antiquities that have been discovered throughout the provinces of Alemtejo and Algaeve; and the curiously repulsive yet interesting Chapel of Bones in the crypt of the Church of San Vicente. My particular quest, however, was that of dolmens and other prehistoric remains; and my first forthgoing on the gentle hobby of dolmens was on the afternoon of a peculiarly tranquil day. The Portuguese custom is to dine at four, and this leaves the long, delectable, beautiful time of the lingering day unbroken in its possibilities for enjoyment. One does not have to return from a glorious tramp in the woods, or hurry a lazy drive, or break in upon a twilight confidence, to go and dress for dinner. The inner man is satisfied, disposed of; and the time of psychological communion is supreme.

I meditated on the wisdom of the Portuguese dinner hour as we bowled along over the level and well-trodden road through the country toward the east of the city. The canon shared with me the back seat of the red-paneled, canonical carriage, and his friend, Senhor Ricardo, sat facing us. We were bound for the Outeiro das Vinhas, where, they assured me, was one of the best-preserved dolmens of Alemtejo. Our road was one of the many ribbon-like ramifications from the city across the rolling prairie land, bordered all along on either side with ancient and extremely shaggy eucalyptus trees. The dolmen itself is in a low and regular plain near Degebe, six kilometres east of Evora. Nothing indicates an accumulation of earth, or artificial *monte*.

There are six large stones still erect, and two fallen ones, besides the *mesa* or table rock. In places they are so worn as to have the appearance of wood; indeed, many a piece of petrified wood has not so much the appearance of wood as has this sheer rock.

Leaving the carriage in the road, we picked our way across the stubble fields to this lonely and grim relic. My companions were visibly impressed, although they had seen the dolmen many times before; and I — well, I felt that at last I was in touch with primitive man, was shorn entirely of our modern, up-to-date, work-a-day world. Had I been alone I should have knelt beside it in the sandy soil. Like all dolmens it opened toward the east, — the place of the sun-god's birth, and the memory came back to me of Borrow's description of what he calls a Druid stone on "the Hill of Winds," in *The Bible in Spain*. This was at Arroyolos, to the northwest of Evora. Ever since that childish time, when his picture laid a firm hold upon my "imagination all compact" — the "noble city of Evora" and its environs had become my Mecca. For once, then, a dream was realized! We were silent, we three, the Spanish grandee, the Portuguese priest, and I. As we turned away and left the age-old monument to its lonely vicissitudes, the long shadows, like creeping fingers, reached across the fields and road, and the cathedral chimes were borne to us through the silent evening. A regular African jungle of chimes it was, such as I have never heard anything like elsewhere.

Passing through the Moorish Quarter, we reëntered the city by the half-ruined gateway in the rua de D. Isabel, famous as the scene of the surprise and capture of the Moors by the Gothic knight Geraldo. With fine flourishes and much hissing and whipping we flashed through the sleepy town, for our coachman was greatly impressed by the importance of the expedition. Even yet Evora is the most Moorish of Portuguese

cities. The streets — particularly in the Moorish Quarter — are very narrow; many events and traditions are commemorated in the Moorish names, and there is often there that vibrant consciousness of human beings unseen, yet near at hand, so characteristic of Moorish seclusion.

A communion with Evora's hilltop is not easily to be forgotten. Its crest is the crown of her labors, for there, within reach of one eye-sweep, — almost side by side, — are the wonderful remains of the Roman Temple to Diana, beside the great Catholic cathedral. Near by is the Palace of the Inquisition, Evora having been the first Holy Office in Portugal; and down an adjacent street is the house where Vasco da Gama lived after his discovery of India. Until quite recent years this house was decorated on the outside walls with figures of Indians and Indian animals and plants, and there were also some gildings said to have been made from gold that Gama brought from India. The Temple of Diana is the most beautiful of the many fine Roman remains in Portugal. The disposition of its columns is in the same proportion as those of the temples of Antonio and Faustina at Rome. They are of granite, the capitals (pure Corinthian) and the bases being of white marble.

The cathedral is a curious result of Roman and Gothic architecture. The Gothic predominates, and is of the earliest form introduced into Portugal, almost without ornament and influenced in its pillars and capitals by the Roman Byzantine, — the style sometimes spoken of as the Mosarabe. Of the two towers that guard the western entrance, the southern one is old and very fine; the northern one is more modern and inferior in design and proportion. The interior of the building is brown stone mortared with white, the whole effect being unexpectedly beautiful. The north transept chapel has a finely carved white stone façade, simple in every line, direct to a certain degree of severity, and — as a result of its

character — with a peculiarly upright effect in its entire bearing. The dome, too, is very fine, almost flower-like in its airy perfection. The clustered groins have about them a peculiar lightness, what might be fancifully called movement, a sense of grace in strength. It is not a large dome, in fact it is a small one, yet the culmination of extended heights, like the gathering together of the diverging lines of the whole into one hand, gives the impression of size.

As we swung into complete view of the crowned hilltop, the canon of the Roman Catholic faith said, in his carefully chosen English and with a gentle inclusive wave of one hand toward the cathedral, the Temple of Diana, and the direction from which we had just come, "It is the same God!"

And this exactly expressed what we all of us were feeling, — the fundamental sense of divinity among all races of mankind.

I lingered in my window very late that night — indeed, until the beginning of day — gazing out into the starlight. A number of the town boys, with their *guitarras*, were serenading some dusky beauty not far away; and nothing could have been more in keeping with the scene than those rhythmical swaying *fados* which, quite likely, had their origin in the camp songs of the Roman soldiers. The boys were indefatigable, and made music the whole night through, until the gently blended dawn just before the sun appeared, when the whole atmosphere became a smoky gray with dim pinks, out of which sounded the clear sweet bugle call from the fort, and the awakening birds. In the cool air I watched the steadily growing light of the sun-god cross the sea of prairie lands that were like the desert stretching toward its kindred of the far east.

II

It was my great desire to see more, at this time, of the dolmenic remains of Alemtejo, particularly the one with a

window. Spanish dolmens not infrequently have windows, it seems, but there is only one of the kind in Portugal. The region of Algave, the uttermost southern province, also attracted me. In Greek literature Algave has the designation of Cyneticum, and the inhabitants are called the Cynetes or Cunetes, from which doubtless comes the name of Cape Cuneus, spoken of by Pliny and known now as Cape de Santa Maria. This is the cape which, as Ferguson noted, Strabo mentioned as having dolmens; in fact, many stone implements and arrowheads very similar to those found in the west of North America, both hewn and polished, have been found throughout Algave. I could do nothing, however, — my time being limited, — but journey northward.

Porto — or Oporto, as the corrupt English form has it nowadays — is the most modern and progressive of Portuguese cities. Between it and Lisbon there is an incessant rivalry, and has been for centuries. I visited the principal places of interest there: the museum, where there is an exceptionally complete collection of Moorish tiles and several sarcophagi of Roman, and, presumably, pre-Christian times; I went to the place near the present bridge, where formerly was the bridge of boats by which Wellington crossed to be entertained in the big white house at a high point just beyond the walls of the ruined convent, and across from which also is the tower that Wellington used as his stronghold; and I saw the remains of a Moorish castle at the entrance of a ravine outside the city, where the superstition yet lingers that a *Moirá Encantada* (enchanted Moress) haunts the spot.

My most important accomplishment in Porto, however, was the purchasing of a cheap parasol — a gray cotton parasol it was, with a guinea-hen-speckled border. This may not seem to have any direct connection with dolmens or with memories of Portugal; but it has, in a sort of way, because it really saved my life when I was making the ascent of the Citania

Hill, and so might almost be considered my chiefest Portuguese memory! The broiling sun glared down at me all the way, as though possessed with a frenzied desire to shrivel me off the earth entirely and at once; but — the gray cotton sunshade intervened. This, however, is anticipating events.

From Porto I took the train to Braga. It was a skittish little train, that stopped with sudden jerks or ambled along so slowly that it kept always going and yet almost stopping. But, "I dance to the tune that is played on the guitarra," as the people of northern Portugal say; so one goes as the train goes. I spent the night here at the hotel *Bom Jesus*, set high among the mountains and overlooking other ranges and the beautiful valley in which rests the ancient town. It is lovely, yet rather artificially so; redeemed, perhaps, by a sweet unconsciousness of its artificiality. In the morning I departed in a low, rattle-trap sort of carriage for Guimarães, intending to make the side excursion from the village of Taypas to the excavated hillside of Citania.

My road, leading out of the big amphitheatre valley, was pretty, but sizzling hot. The country is a country of grapes. Not only are vineyards abundant, but nearly every wayside tree is wreathed in a thrifty grapevine, till the landscape really looks as if an entirely new variety of tree had come into being. My coachman — who proceeded to take an almost fatherly care of me — was greatly interested in the forthcoming crop of grapes; and I, to be frank, was greatly interested in the crop of stones that graced each hilltop! We had not gone far before we drew up in front of a wayside hostelry, where my coachman dropped off and secured unto himself a glass of refreshment. I asked for a lemonade, whereupon he assured me that it was no place for a *senhora* to drink; so I had to content myself with giving a penny to a beggar who had come up to the carriage step, and went on my way with a parched throat, as a concession to the local proprieties!

We met a goodly number of creaking ox-carts, the oxen wearing on their necks high-standing wooden yoke-boards that are generally most beautifully carved. The designs of these primitive works of art are both curious and varied — the tops are often ornamented with rows of tufts of cow's hair, and sometimes portions of the board are painted crudely like North American Indian work; but more often the wood is left in its natural color, and soon becomes very dark, polished by the natural forces of use and exposure.

We entered the little town of Taypas as though I were a duchess at the very least, and stopped to make inquiries for the Citania road. It left the village, we learned, past a wayside shrine of seven virgins who were being consumed in the flames of eternal damnation. This remains my most vivid remembrance of Taypas, where there are, I am told, some old Roman baths that I should like to have seen.

About two kilometres from Taypas we came to another stop, and my coachman told me that we had arrived. Two women came up from a nearby cottage, one of them with the largest pair of gold earrings in her ears that I have ever seen, — and the Portuguese women frequently wear very large ones. A man presently joined the consultation. It seemed that we were in the tiny hamlet of Breteiras and that I was now under the necessity of getting out of the carriage and climbing the Citania Hill, for which purpose a guide was indispensable. My coachman expressed laudable and profound regret that it was obligatory for him to remain with his horses. The general idea seemed to be that a boy could be found.

After some delay, one was procured from a neighboring field and came up to the carriage with deep wonder in his eyes. Having my need explained to him, he at last agreed to show me the way up the hill, and, after sundry instructions and cautions, we started on foot along a half-effaced road that presently revealed it-

self as the bed of a dry brook. The first thing I did, when out of sight of the villagers and the coachman, was to stop and unbend my length upon the ground beside a spring of fresh water, and imbibe from it in nature's own manner. My guide stoically watched me. He had, it soon appeared, a wholesome fear of my Portuguese, and withdrew like a sensitive plant before my attempts at conversation. I can't say that I altogether blamed him, for all I could indulge in was a sort of Spenserian pen language; but I felt that he might have given me a chance. We met two men in a clearing, chopping wood, and, with thoughts of brigands and Miss Stone in my mind, I trembled as I noticed that one of them was clad in a much worn black and red striped sweater of undoubted American make. The incongruity of it in that place amused me, of course. As the only time in my life that I had encountered rudeness from a Portuguese peasant was once when I met one who had lived in the States for some years, and had taken out papers as an American citizen, and had learned most of the evils and none of the good of the republic, I began to wonder what might happen. Nothing did, however. My guide's stout stick, I felt, was for me, in a defensive way, even if he did n't care for my conversation. Indeed, no notice was taken of our passing.

A hard, hot climb it was! And a most wonderful view all along as well as from the top, out over another amphitheatre valley like that of Braga, filled with the sudden hills and abrupt valleys so characteristic of northern Portugal. The heat was merciless, and there came into my mind the saying of the Good King Alfred of England:—

"Thou, O Father,
Makest of summer
The long days
Very hot."

But — I had the grey cotton sunshade, and what could one expect of a Portuguese July? My guide strode ahead with a soft, regular, toed-in patter of his bare

feet, which excited my admiration and which I vainly tried to emulate. Portuguese gentlemen always assume that a woman is a helpless crippled creature, to be waited on, hand and foot; but a Portuguese peasant has quite the contrary idea. To him a woman has the endurance and capacity of a mule; and my guide was quite surprised when I called a halt and sank, panting, by the roadside. I assured him that it was the heat merely, not the distance, that afflicted me. He seemed satisfied, admitting that it *was* warm. At last we came out into what had apparently been part of the main thoroughfare of the prehistoric town. Beside it, for part of the distance, were portions of the ancient aqueduct, very small, and hewn out of the solid rock. All of this once buried city was built of dark granite: in some cases mere boulders of vastly varying sizes piled loosely together with earth; in others, stones of more uniform bulk laid with greater regularity; and, in case of some of the foundations and round towers, the great stones had been fashioned into regular shape and placed in a zig-zag on-end manner with some sort of mortar, — a construction which denotes not only the existence of implements for cutting and laying such stone work, but also a knowledge of geometrical figures and the science of building.

I asked my guide how many years it was since any excavations had been made there, and he told me twenty or thirty. There were grown men in the village, he said, who remembered seeing the work in progress when they were boys. The excavations that were made were under the direct supervision of Senhor Sarmiento, a learned and poetic citizen of Guimarães. Until then, all of this wonderful place was buried with earth and *débris*, except possibly the upper parts of the towers or *castros*. These are three in number. A venerable cork-tree has grown up within one of them, and a stone cross has been erected near by, as has also a tiny Roman Catholic chapel, to which the peasants make yearly pilgrimages.

Citania belongs to what is called the prehistoric period; that is, the prehistoric age immediately preceding the arrival of the Romans in the Spanish peninsula, after which there came about in many cases what Senhor J. Leite de Vasconcellos (the most authoritative Portuguese archæologist) calls the Romanization of the *castros*. It is well known that when the Romans invaded the district which they afterwards called the province of Lusitania, they found many of these *castros* or fortified villages, — almost always on the tops of high hills and usually near mountain streams. On the Monte of Sabroso, almost directly opposite to Citania, is another such *castro*, where as yet no extensive excavations have been made, although Dr. Sarmento unearthed there several objects of bronze, among which was a bracelet of Celtic design and a small axe-head of polished stone.

I loitered as long as possible on the Citania Hill, taking photographs and measurements. Then I picked a few sprigs of purple heather that lived in the footsteps of prehistoric man, and we started down.

III

The treasures of Citania have been removed to the museum of Guimarães, now in process of erection by the Society of Sarmento. At present they occupy the old cloisters and courtyard at the back of the new building: tombstones, graven signs and symbols, disks of stone, stone tablets, and small stone figures.

At Guimarães I fell in with a particularly satisfactory guide, a lad of about eighteen, dirty and ragged, a *bom rapaz* who happened to remind me of one of my best friends at home. He took me to see the old castle where Affonso Henriques had lived, both as duke and king (for Guimarães saw the birth of the Portuguese monarchy); he showed me too the baptismal font of Affonso Henriques, the little Gothic memorial of Wamba the Goth, the ancient *Camara* or town hall, and the home of Dr. Sarmento. Portu-

guese of the lower classes are most courteous to strangers; more so than their so-called betters. They are curious, of course, and not infrequently amused by the ways of the "mad English" (no distinction ever being made between English and Americans), but they are always courteous. Furthermore, they have not yet discovered the process of emptying the sojourner's pockets. Indeed, one gardener whom I came across down in Alemejo goes on record for actually refusing a tip; and I made the journey from Porto to *Bom Jesus*, drove from Braga to Guimarães, with the extra distance and attention necessary to the ascent of the Citania Hill, and returned from Guimarães to Porto, paying in tips the magnificent sum of about two American dollars in penny and ten-cent doles. To the *bom rapaz* I gave half a dollar, which ensured me his complete protection until the train pulled out of the station. For me he utterly discarded his associates of a lifetime, and laid in wait for hours at the hotel entrance. When I appeared, he came toward me like a skipping faun. He smoked cigarettes incessantly, with a prosperous air that I knew my five hundred *reis* had procured for him. So boastful of me did he become, that he proclaimed abroad my largess, as a result of which one of his townsmen approached me diffidently at the station, to tell me in an entirely friendly and disinterested manner that I had given too much money to the *bom rapaz* for his services. Doubtless I had.

Not Solomon in all his glory, not William Beckford, who captured Portugal with his personality, his wealth, and his French cook, could have had a more triumphal progress through the countryside than I had from Braga through Guimarães. I was considered a female Cæsus of erratic but harmless methods; and, as whatever I did or wanted meant a little gain to some one of them, they humored me to the top of my bent. It is pleasing to feel like a goddess once in a while, and a rich one at that! But it is

difficult to remain for any period on the pedestal. Fortunately, my time was extremely limited, and in the railway carriage — which I had entirely to myself — I underwent the necessary metamorphosis, reaching Porto an ordinary mortal once more — dusty and tired and hungry and humble of spirit.

Another interesting region in the north of Portugal is that extending from Vianna do Castello up to Gontinhães. Vianna do Castello is a very old city, and, on the heights called Santa Luzia de Britonia, are the ruins of other *castros*. Historians mention this region of Santa Luzia as being a somewhat extensive one, and tell of a northern castle as well as of a southern. The Santa Luzia of Vianna do Castello is undoubtedly the southern one; the one to the north is not so easily located. But it can be found, by careful questioning of the country people and local authorities. It is called to-day the *Castro dos Mouros*, and stands on the peak of Terrugen, that rises yet higher than the hillside of Matança, where are the remains of the town of Cividade and the tradition of a great battle between the Moors and the Goths.

This part of the province of Minho is wrapped in dim traditions of battles. Where now stands the little chapel of San Braz, in its peaceful circle of venerable olive trees, there is said to have been a mighty conflict between the Romans and the Lusitanians; or, according to some, between the Lusitanians and the Moors.

The Lusitanians called a battle *azar*, and unto the present time the valley in which stands the chapel of San Braz is called Balthazares, from Valle d'Azares.

Following the valley road — all this locality can be tramped over in a day — one comes to a garden where, behind massive stone walls, stands the beautiful dolmen of Gontinhães. While we do not need it to convince us that we are, indeed, upon historic ground, it is the final association; carrying us back into the remote ages before the Goths and the Moors fought, before the Romans and the Lusitanians fought, to a time when a primitive people were in possession of the fair and much desired land.

Yet, in spite of dolmens and Roman remains, the feeling of this northern province of Portugal is distinctively Gothic, and of the early kingdom — unlike Alentejo, which is as distinctively prehistoric, Roman and Moorish. In spirit one dwells more with "the wolves of the north," as St. Jerome called the Gothic and Vandal hordes; the fighting personality of Affonso Henriques; the prowess of the Cid, who was knighted in the mosque of the Portuguese town of Coimbra; the Crusaders; and the churchly records.

But all of fair, forgotten Portugal — old and new, north and south — inspires a memory of the line from one of Camoens's least translatable sonnets:

"Perpetua saudade da minha alma."

(Perpetual home-sick longing of my soul.)

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

BY EDWIN MIMS

IN Mr. Henry James's recently published book entitled *The American Scene*, the chapters on Richmond and Charleston are especially noteworthy. The restless analyst visited these cities with every desire to be romantically affected by "any small inkling (a mere specimen scrap would do) of the sense of the 'South before the War.'" Scratching for romance throughout the country, he calculated most fondly on the vivid images, mainly beautiful and sad, which he hoped would survive in the South. He was not altogether disappointed in Charleston, to which the author of *Lady Baltimore* was his guide; but he found Richmond "simply blank and void" — nowhere the Southern character or the backward reference, scarcely a suggestion of the old Southern mansions with their wide verandas and the "rank sweet gardens." Sadder still was the fact that there was no record of that life, as if legend would have nothing to say to these people. The collapse of the old order, the humiliation of defeat, the bereavement and bankruptcy involved, represented, with its obscure miseries and tragedies, a "social revolution the most unrecorded and undepicted, in proportion to its magnitude, that ever was." Only the statue of Washington with its mid-century air, and the statue of Lee with its commonplace surroundings, typified the high note of the old régime. The Confederate museum with its "sorry objects" but added to the impression of the void. An old Confederate soldier, talking volubly of the epic age; the lady who presided over the museum, — "soft-voiced, gracious, mellifluous," — with her thoroughly "sectional" good manners; and a handsome young Virginian, "for all the world like the hero of a famous novel," — these alone suggested

"the social tone of the South that *had* been."

One cannot but wish that Mr. James had been as fortunate in his Richmond guide as in his Charleston, for if "the handsome young Virginian" had been Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, the latter would have revealed to him, at least a few miles from Richmond, some of the relics of old, unhappy far-off things, and related to him with the real Virginia accent stories that would have given the very form and pressure of the olden times. Nearly thirty years ago Mr. Page, then a young lawyer in Richmond, felt something of the void so felicitously described by Mr. James: he somewhat wistfully yearned towards the old plantation life. Now and then, even in Richmond, however, he would accost the Old Gentleman of the Black Stock in the antique section of the city, or a country carriage, "antiquated and high-swung and shackling, but driven by an old gray-headed darkey and full of fresh young country girls." Immediately he was back among the overgrown fence-rows and fields of his own country home. Endeavoring faithfully to follow the law as a profession, he felt more and more the stirring of the artistic impulse and the ideal of preserving in some sort "a picture of a civilization which, once having sweetened the life of the South, has since then wellnigh perished from the earth." One day a letter — like one of those sorry objects that Mr. James found in the Confederate museum — fell into his hands. Written in an illiterate hand on coarse blue Confederate paper, by a young girl in Georgia to her sweetheart in the Confederate army, it had been found upon one of the battlefields around Richmond. The love story and its tragedy, transferred to a more

aristocratic setting, was the basis of his first story, *Marse Chan*, which, after being held by a magazine for three years, met with an instant response from the people of both sections. No one would claim that Mr. Page has written of ante-bellum life or of the tragedy of the Civil War in the grand style, — it will be perhaps a long time before any one does; but that legend has not entirely turned its back upon the South, that the section is not “utterly disinherited of letters,” — I use Mr. James’s words, — is evidenced in his own stories and in those of his fellow authors who have since 1876 written of Southern life.

Some of these writers had already interpreted various abnormal aspects of Southern life, generally the picturesque life of the negro, the “cracker,” the mountaineer, and the creole. While there was in all of them the suggestion of the life before the war, it was reserved for Mr. Page to portray in short story, novel, and essay, Southern ante-bellum civilization with some degree of fullness. Using the negro as the medium of expression, he yet left the impression in all his works of the old-time mansion seated amid the immemorial trees, and of the gentlemen and gentlewomen who lived and loved and died, always animated by what now seem to be certain old-fashioned ideals. It is true that the life of which Mr. Page writes is almost altogether that of the Virginia plantation, and so not representative of the lower South, — and yet this is the tradition of Southern life that has been everywhere cherished by Southerners as the ideal towards which all Southern society moved. The Scotch-Irish element in Southern life, as well as others, has been subordinated in the popular mind to this tradition of cavalier Virginia, which in turn has always been greatly influenced by the traditions of cavalier England.

In this sense, therefore, Mr. Page is, as is no other Southern writer, the interpreter of a state of society that has always seemed remote to Northerners, and that, amid the swift changes now taking place

in the South, has become largely a memory even there. The present seems a particularly opportune time for the publication of a complete edition of his writings — especially for so noteworthy an edition as the Plantation Edition, with every possible mechanical device to make it attractive and beautiful.¹ There will assuredly not be lacking many readers, North and South, who will take this opportunity of learning from a genuine story-teller the main elements of a civilization which seems to his somewhat partial eyes to be “the sweetest, purest and most beautiful ever lived.” The author boasts that he belongs to the new order of Southern life, he feels “a thrill of new energy fill his heart,” he “gives loyal and enthusiastic adherence to the present, with all its fresh and glorious possibilities,” and yet his imagination has found its home in the picturesque civilization of old Virginia. In the new glitter he has not forgotten the old radiance.

Mr. Page, by inheritance, environment, and temperament, is preëminently qualified for the rôle here suggested. In his veins flows the blood of several generations of Virginia gentlemen and gentlewomen. Robert E. Lee himself was not more genuinely aristocratic. The Nelsons and the Pages were among the Cavaliers who came to America during the reign of the Puritans in England and settled in fine estates on the York River. In his essays on “Life in Colonial Virginia” and “Two Old Colonial Places,” Mr. Page describes with vividness and charm these ancestral places — Rosewell and Yorktown — and recalls with pride the part played by their owners in the social and political life of colonial and revolutionary times. The most distinguished of these was Thomas Nelson, the war governor of Virginia, and John Page, the first governor of the new commonwealth — both of them sacrificing their large fortunes for the good of their coun-

¹ *Novels, Stories, Sketches and Poems.* By THOMAS NELSON PAGE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906. 12 vols.

try, and leaving behind traditions of patriotism, honor, and social prestige. The many allusions in their descendant's stories to old furniture, old silver, and old portraits are suggestive of his pride in the precious heirlooms of his family—some of them associated with Charles I. While his immediate ancestors lacked the wealth and influence of the earlier ones, they were characterized by the same high-mindedness and refinement.

Mr. Page was brought up at Oakland in Hanover County, with which readers of *Two Little Confederates* and *Among the Camps* are familiar. A plain weatherboard building "set on a hill in a grove of primeval oaks and hickories . . . spreading their long arms about it, sheltering nearly a half acre apiece; the orchard beyond which peeped the ample barns and stables; and the flower garden—roses around the yard and in the garden, of every hue and delicate refinement of perfume,"—these are among the images he has cherished most. This home has figured largely in all Mr. Page's stories, although in some of them the mansion is finer and the estate vaster. Most that he has written is in the nature of reminiscence. When the war broke out he was eight years old, old enough to have seen with boyish eyes the social life which was so soon to pass away. If in later years he often impresses one as idealizing the past, it must be borne in mind that the imagination of childhood is particularly strong. The war was no hearsay with him. He was within sound of the guns of battle in three great campaigns. His uncle and his father, although—like all of his heroes—they had been opposed to secession, cast in their lot with their commonwealth; and Oakland became at once a parade ground and a depot of war supplies. The women and the children and the slaves kept in vivid touch with the stirring events of those times, for Oakland was situated between the two roads that led to Richmond, and all during the war the Confederate or Federal armies were passing through the plantation. It was indeed the

heroic age to an eager-hearted imaginative boy, who with his companions, black and white, hunted in the forests, played at war, carried food and clothing to the Confederate soldiers, captured deserters, and even watched from a hilltop a skirmish between the opposing forces. He felt too the privations that thickened as the war progressed, and shared the universal desolation that was left in the track of the armies. He knew the wrongs of a later time, when fine gentlemen were in the power of newly enfranchised slaves and renegade white men, and when refined women were subjected to the coarsest insults.

While to a large degree these great and tragic times were his real education, he yet had the privilege of being prepared for college by his father, who in the dedication of *Santa Claus's Partner* is referred to as one "who among all men the writer knew in his youth was the most familiar with books." The mellow Elzevirs and Lintots, including the classics, Latin and English, were typical of Southern libraries. His collegiate training was of such a nature as to accentuate his intimate knowledge of Southern life, for he went to the college which was endowed by George Washington and was at that time presided over by Robert E. Lee,—the men whom he always considered the flower of the civilization that he loved. Later he studied law at the University of Virginia, which, in its beautiful lawn and its stately columns, as well as in its traditions of honor and of scholarship, has always been the pride of conservative Southerners. In Richmond—the abiding place of so many people who were intimately connected with the Confederacy—he followed the profession of law, the ideals of which were incarnated in the old Virginia lawyer about whom he was to write with such genuine charm. His first wife was Miss Anne Seddon Bruce, the niece of the former Attorney-General of the Confederate government; she brought to him at once the stories of a great Virginia plantation and the most

sympathetic appreciation of his early literary work.

When we add to all these influences, hereditary and contemporary, his own temperament, — for to those who know Mr. Page, his genial sympathy, his fine breeding, and his innate courtliness mark him as a typical Virginia gentleman, — we can see readily that Hawthorne was not better adapted to the delineation of New England Puritanism, or Scott to the setting forth of the age of chivalry, than was Mr. Page to the description and interpretation of ante-bellum life.

He has therefore not had to work up "local color" to write about the master of the big plantation or the young heir apparent. The type of the Virginia gentleman varies all the way from the blustering high-strung colonel in *Polly*, — for all the world like Squire Western with his "damme's," — or the fiery General Legaie in *Red Rock*, to the dignified and masterful Dr. Cary or General Keith. There is a family likeness in them all, however. "To be a Virginia gentleman was the first duty; it embraced being a Christian and all the virtues. He lived as one; he left it as a heritage to his children. Out on the long verandas in the dusk of the summer night, with his wide fields stretching away into the gloom and the woods bounding the horizon, his thoughts dwelt upon serious things; he pondered causes and consequences." There is the inevitable comparison with the eighteenth-century squire: "Sir Charles Grandison could not have been more elegant nor Sir Roger more generous." Admirable as he was in prosperity or in war, he commands our sympathy most in adversity, — as, for instance, Dr. Cary living in his cabin and greeting with old-time hospitality a Northern family. "The thoughtful, self-contained face, the high-bred air, the slightly aquiline nose, the deep eyes, and the calm mouth and the pointed beard, made a perfect Vandyke portrait. Even the unstarched, loose collar and turned-back cuffs added to the impression. Ruth seemed to have been suddenly carried

back over two hundred years to find herself in the presence of an old patrician."

The younger men were gayer and more light-hearted, much given to self-indulgence. They threw themselves almost recklessly into the festivities and dueling of that era; and yet, when war came they proved to be "the most dashing and indomitable soldiery of modern times;" and in the reconstruction period young men like Steve Allen somehow saved the white man's civilization.

The knights of the middle ages or the Cavaliers of the seventeenth century were not more chivalric to women than these Southern gentlemen. It is as if the age of chivalry had lingered here long after Burke had lamented its passing from Europe. It is easy to see that Mr. Page idealizes his heroines, but that is a fault scarcely to be wondered at. One is apt to smile at his "lily-fingered, pink-faced, laughing girl, with teeth like pearls and eyes like stars," or at his creatures of "peach-bloom and snow, languid, delicate, saucy." And yet who can resist the charm of *Polly*, the light-hearted, tender creature, or of "Miss Charlotte" coming down the grand stairway looking like "she done come down right from de top o' de blue sky and bring a piece on it wid her," or Meh Lady, in her bridal dress, "white as snow from her head to way back down on de flo' behind her, an' her veil done fall roun' her like white mist, an' some roses in her hair," or Margaret Landon, dressed in a curious, rich old flowered silk which she had found in one of her grandmother's trunks, "looking as if she had just stepped out of an old picture"? Here, then, we have the inexpressible Southern girl, "with her fine grain, silken hair, her satin skin, her musical speech," — alas, too little of her musical speech!

She in time became the dignified matron of the plantation, "the gentle, classic, serious mother among her tall sons and radiant daughters." "She was mistress, manager, doctor, nurse, counselor, seam-

stress, teacher, housekeeper, slave, all at once — the keystone of the domestic economy which bound all the rest of the structure and gave it its strength and beauty." Face to face with the hardships and privations of war, she was patriotic, resourceful, courageous. One of Mr. Page's best sketches, though it is not so well known, is "My Cousin Fanny," in which there is portrayed one who played a large part in the author's life. There is a culture about her only too rare among Mr. Page's heroines. "I recollect particularly once when she was singing an old French love song with the light of the evening sky on her face. . . . I have even seen Horace read to her as she sat in the old rocking-chair after one of her headaches, with her eyes bandaged, and her head swathed in veils and shawls, and she would turn it into not only proper English, but English with a glow and color and rhythm that gave the very life of the odes. . . . She would sit at the piano looking either up or right straight ahead of her or, often, with her eyes closed, and the sound used to rise from under her long thin fingers. . . . Then we boys wanted to go forth in the world on fiery black chargers, like the olden knights, and fight giants and rescue beautiful ladies and poor women. . . . Sometimes she suddenly began to sing. For instance, she sang old songs, English or French. . . . Her voice was as velvety and mellow as a bell far off, and the old ballads and *chansons* used to fill the twilight."

These then, with the younger boys and girls and innumerable kinspeople, participated in the fox hunts, tournaments, weddings, harvest festivals, and, above all, the Christmas celebrations that have made Virginia social life famous throughout the world. In *Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin'* and in *Social Life Before the War* we hear "the infectious music of the banjos, the laughter of dancers, the festive noise and merriment of the cabin and the mansion." Good cheer and hospitality, fun and merriment, reigned in those times. I wonder if the automobiles that rush here and

there throughout the country are as full of happy people as the old country carriages piled up outside and in with those returning from college or from distant plantations to spend Christmas in the old home; or if the country clubs know the joy that reigned in the polished halls and on the moonlit verandas of the old Southern houses; or if in our modern zeal for scholarship we have found any substitute for the amenities and graces of the better type of Southern gentleman. Indifferentism is scarcely so admirable as enthusiasm, and the intellectual analysis of modern realism does not take the place of the healthy sentiment of romance. Somehow, as one reads *In Ole Virginia*, one sees its characters and incidents against the background of American contemporary life, not always to the advantage of the latter. And the Southerner, be he never so progressive, cannot but now and then sigh, amid some of the raw expressions of the new South, for the charm and leisure of the old.

The medium through which Mr. Page conveys this life is the old-time negro. Sometimes he tells the story himself, as in the *Burial of the Guns* and the *Old Gentleman of the Black Stock*, but he is most successful when the old negro tells in picturesque language of the life which seemed so wonderful to his child-like mind. Mr. Page has realized, with Irwin Russell and Joel Chandler Harris, the literary capabilities of the negro — with a difference, however. He never strikes the deeper and more original notes of the negro character, that we have in the folk-lore of Mr. Harris, or in the impassioned melody of the old slave songs. The negro is always an accessory to the white man; through the illusive haze of memory he "sees the social pageant pass by, till the day when the trumpet sounded and he rode to the wars, by his master's side." It is almost the irony of fate — at least from the standpoint of the old abolitionist — that the traditions of splendor and supreme distinction of the old régime should be handed down by

those upon whose labor it was founded, and for whose sake it was annihilated. It is futile to deny that the great majority of negroes on the best Virginia plantations were supremely happy in their bondage, or that even now some of them survive, unable to adjust themselves to new conditions. Mr. Page has adequately realized the full meaning of this picturesque survival, whose dialect, imagery, humor, and pathos he has so felicitously reproduced. One may feel that the dialect story has been greatly overdone in the past few years, and yet be full of sympathy with stories that are the key to a vanished world.

It is difficult for a Southerner of this day to realize the intimate tie that bound together the household slaves and those who lived in the Big House. At birth the young boy was given over to one who was to be his companion in play and at school, who was his valet at college, his confidant in love, his comrade in war, and who at his death wrapped about him the flag of his country. "Wherever you see Marse George, dyah Edinburg sho', jes' like he shadow." More than one of Mr. Page's heroes risks his life to save a slave. "Oh! oh! nothin' warn' too good for niggers dem times," says Uncle Sam. "Dem wuz good old times, Marster — de best Sam ever see! Dey wuz, in fact! Niggers did n' hed nothin' 't all to do — . . . an' when dey wuz sick, dey had things sont'm out de house, an' de same doctor come to see 'em whar 'ten' to de white folks when dey was po'ly. Dyar warn' no trouble nor nothin'." If there is a story in which the negro, not the white man, is the hero, it is *Meh Lady*. Uncle Billy was guide, counselor, and friend to his mistress and her daughter in the trying times of war and of distressing poverty. He hid their silver for them, defied the Yankees, prayed the last prayer with his dying mistress, comforted her lonely daughter, and finally gave her away in marriage. There is scarcely a finer passage in American fiction than that in which the old gentleman, after the events of the mar-

riage day are over, muses in front of his cabin door of the days that are no more:

"An' dat night when de preacher was gone wid he wife, an' Hannah done drapt off to sleep, I wuz settin' in de do' wid meh pipe, an' I heah 'em setting dyah on de front steps, dee voices soun'in' low like bees, an' de moon sort o' meltin' over de yard, an' I sort o' got to studyin', an' hit 'pear like de plantation 'live once mo', an' de ain' no mo' scufflin', an' de ole times done come back ag'in an' I heah meh kerridge-horses stomping in de stall, an' de place all cleared up agin, an' fence all roun' de pahsture, an' I smell de wet clover blossoms right good, and Marse Phil an' Meh Lady done come back, an' runnin all roun' me, climbing up on meh knees, calling me Unc' Billy, an' pesterin me to go fishing, while somehow Meh Lady and de Cun'l, setting dyah on de steps wid dee voices hummin' low like water runnin' in the dark."

The question inevitably arises as to whether the picture of Southern life, as given by the old negro or in Mr. Page's essays, is true. As has already been suggested, if it is true at all it is true not of the entire South, but of the aristocratic life of Virginia — for there could be no greater contrast than that between Virginia and Georgia, for instance. But is it true of Virginia? The question suggests, by way of contrast, the letters of travel written by Olmsted and Godkin, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the observations of Fanny Kemble and Harriet Martineau, the historical and social studies made by Southern scholars, and the "Autobiography of a Southerner" recently printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Such studies reveal the darker sides of slavery — the old master's extravagance and overbearing haughtiness, the young gentleman's reckless dissipation, the young woman's lack of modern culture, the hopeless degradation of the poorer whites, the slaves in their dirty cabins, bullied by overseer or frightened by the fear of being transferred to the lower South. The most authoritative balancing of conflicting evidence is

found in the first volume of Mr. James Ford Rhodes's monumental history. He discriminates between the South as a whole and "the little aristocracy whose nucleus was less than eight thousand large slave-holders," among whom we find "the best society that existed in America." In society and conversation they appeared to the best advantage; they were cultured, educated men of the world. He agrees with the almost universal verdict of cultivated Englishmen that in all that constitutes good manners the palm must be awarded the slave-holding community. Now it is this class of people that Mr. Page has written about; the trouble is, however, that in his essays he has not been careful to make the discrimination which Mr. Rhodes does. Consequently they, as well as his stories, must be read with caution; for in his zeal to clear up misconceptions of the South — and they are most provoking — he has gone to the other extreme, — that of magnifying the life of the old South.

Whatever one may say as to Mr. Page's picture of ante-bellum life, there can be no doubt of the fidelity with which he has depicted the heroism of Southern men and Southern women in the Civil War, and the masterfulness with which they met the problems of Reconstruction — "War's bastard offspring." *Red Rock* as a novel is not equal to his best short stories, — in plot and often in incident it is not satisfying, — but that it is a successful historical romance and the most faithful reproduc-

tion of that stormy period is open to little doubt. It is accurate, fair, restrained. The author's discrimination between various types of Northerners, Southerners, and negroes is worthy of the highest praise. It stands out in striking contrast with the melodramatic and sensational novels that have been recently written on that period. There is naught of malice in it.

And that leads me to say that in all his interpretation of the South Mr. Page has never struck a sectional note. There is provincialism, — the healthy provincialism of Burns and Whittier, — but he is right in claiming in the introduction to the Plantation Edition, that he has "never wittingly written a line which he did not hope might tend to bring about a better understanding between the North and South, and finally lead to a more perfect Union." In his stories, when the passion of prejudice is at its height, human nature asserts itself. The two Little Confederates bury in their garden the body of the Federal soldier; the heroine of *Meh Lady*, after a long and passionate conflict between love and patriotism, yields to the northern colonel; and the hero of *Red Rock* — dashing soldier and Ku Klux leader — is united with a Northern girl. Mr. Page has been one of the prime forces in revealing the South to the nation and the nation to the South, thus furthering one of the most important tasks of the present generation — the promotion of a real national spirit.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK IN RUSSIA

BY ISAAC A. HOURWICH

THERE is no prophet in Russia who would at this moment pretend to know whether the second Douma will not, by the time these lines reach the reader, be a reminiscence of the past. One thing is certain, however,—the revolution is not over. "The Douma will be such as I want it to be," Premier Stolypin was reported to have said, after the dissolution of the first Douma. Whether these precise words were used or not, all the acts of the government gave plain evidence of that intention.

To the American voter the idea of a congressional campaign implies a lively contest of political parties and independent candidates, nominating conventions, great ratification meetings, stump speakers addressing the crowds in every nook of the country, newspaper discussion of the comparative merits of the candidates, a preliminary canvass of the voters by party workers and enterprising newspapers, resolutions of chambers of commerce, bar associations, and trade unions, indorsing their favorite candidates. One would have looked in vain for anything of the sort in the campaign for the second Douma.

All parties of the opposition, which had aggregated three fourths of the representation in the first Douma, were refused incorporation under the statutes, and every unincorporated party was declared a criminal conspiracy. All clubs of the Constitutional Democrats, the leading party in the first Douma, were closed by order of the government. The national convention of the party had to be held in Finland, beyond the reach of the St. Petersburg cabinet. All local committees of the party had to adopt the ways of secret societies. At Odessa a wealthy and public-spirited citizen, Mr. Pankeyev, invited

to his house a dozen leading "Cadets"¹ to discuss the plan of the coming campaign; but the host and his guests were "caught in the act" by the police, and fined \$1500 each by order of the military governor-general, of course without the formality of a trial, but with the option of serving out the penalty in jail. At Mohilev a similar unlawful assemblage was surprised by the police at the house of Dr. Protassevitch (a graduate of the New York College of Dental Surgery and a personal friend of the writer), and the criminal Cadets were all sent to jail for two weeks by order of the military governor.

Meetings of Jewish Zionist committees at St. Petersburg and Wilno shared the same fate. Mr. Zevin, a reputable attorney of Melitopol, in the Crimea, was arrested on suspicion of being slated for nomination by the Cadets. A volume could be filled with such facts as these.

Four weeks before the election, meetings of voters were authorized by cabinet order. But every election meeting was watched by a police captain who had power to stop every speaker whose remarks, in his judgment, threatened the public peace. How this power was interpreted by the police was illustrated at the first election meeting of the St. Petersburg suburban voters. Professor Vladimir Hessen, now a member of the Douma, was the principal speaker. He was frequently interrupted by objections from the police captain, and finally he was not permitted to close his address, on the ground that "no criticism of the government is allowed at election meetings." Such things being possible in St. Peters-

¹ The nickname "Cadets" was coined from the Russian initials of the Constitutional Democratic party name: K (a). d (e).

burg, at the seat of the "constitutional" cabinet of Mr. Stolypin, one may well surmise what was done in the country, where the voice of the press was stifled by martial law. At Poltava, for example, only one campaign meeting was licensed, and then on the condition that the speakers should not talk politics!

Still Mr. Stolypin had before him the discouraging experience of Count Witte, who had sought by similar measures to influence the elections for the first Douma. The safest way to eliminate the opposition from the second Douma was to disfranchise it. A proposition to that effect was introduced at the caucus of the "Party of the Centre" in the Imperial Council, but it was rejected for the reason that it would require an amendment of the election law, whereas the Czar had, in his Manifesto of October 17 (30), 1905, proclaimed that no law would thenceforth be enacted without the consent of the Douma; no session of the Douma, however, could be called before the next election. This argument was met by a suggestion from Mr. Krasovsky, of the "Union of October 17," to the effect that, though no new law could be enacted without the consent of the Douma, yet the power to interpret the existing law is inherent in the Senate (the Russian Supreme Court), and the interpretation may be so thorough-going as to destroy the law itself. The suggestion met with the approval of the other "Octobrists" present and was promptly acted upon by the Cabinet. There was no question that the Senate, as a body of veteran bureaucrats, could be fully relied upon "to do the right thing."

The Russian election law is a clumsy compromise between the principles of property qualification and manhood suffrage. The first was embodied in the act of August 19, 1905, whereby a consultative assembly was created, composed of representatives of property owners. The upheaval of the October days of the same year wrested from the government a few grudging concessions to each of the sev-

eral classes of citizens who had been disfranchised under the original election law. The railway men, the factory operatives, the commercial clerks, the professional classes, had all been active in the great political strike: therefore the franchise was granted to all railway employees, except those engaged in menial work, all salesmen and clerks paying a license tax, and all tenants occupying separate apartments. Still, a large proportion of the factory operatives are single men and live in lodging-houses; to pacify them, all operatives in large factories and mills employing more than fifty hands were permitted to send delegates to a convention for the choice of electors. Each of the bodies of voters—the landed proprietors, the peasants, the townspeople, and the factory operatives—votes for electors separately; but these electors meet together in the provincial electoral college and choose representatives to the Douma.

Now upon the application of Assistant Minister of the Interior Kryzhanovsky, the Senate proceeded to amend this election law by interpreting away its plain sense. All trainmen, from conductor to locomotive engineer, were held by the Senate to be engaged in "menial service" and therefore not entitled to the franchise. Thus practically all railway men, a few hundred thousands in number, were disfranchised.

Under the law, many classes of voters are entitled to a plural vote, that is, a voter possessed of country real estate in more than one election district may vote in every district where his property is located. The same principle obtained in regard to the factory operatives, who, though entitled to vote for factory delegates, were not precluded from exercising their franchise as tenants. This was by no means an unintentional oversight of the law-makers. The committee which framed the act of December 24, 1905, in fulfillment of the Czar's pledge to extend the franchise to the common people, recommended this system of double voting

as a substitute for universal suffrage. While all employees in the small establishments were denied the franchise, others would be entitled to vote twice; thus labor, as a class, would receive its due share of representation among the several classes of voters. The Senate, in its interpretation of the election law, read into it the principle of "one man, one vote," quite foreign both to the letter and the spirit of the Russian election law. The factory operative was held to be entitled to but one vote, and that only in the establishment where he was employed; he was denied the option of voting as a householder by waiving the right to vote at the factory. In this manner more than ten thousand voters were struck off the register in St. Petersburg alone, while their ratio of representation through factory delegates is limited to one eleventh of the electoral college of the capital. The effects were similar everywhere.

The flat-dwellers were another dangerous class whose representation had to be curtailed. Under the interpretation of the Senate, a kitchen stove is essential to a "dwelling," in the contemplation of the election law. The voting qualification of the tenant was accordingly to be determined by the police, who were instructed to ascertain by personal inspection of the dwellings whether the latter conformed to the law, as interpreted by the Senate. The patrolmen had at times to pass upon very fine points of law; for example: may a range be considered a "kitchen stove" in the meaning of the law, or must a dwelling be provided with a Russian oven, in order to entitle the occupant to a vote? At the city of Vitebsk the question was decided in favor of the oven, and the citizen was disfranchised. Under the same interpretation the occupant of an apartment letting a room to a sub-tenant was held not to come within the definition of a "tenant" entitled to a vote, since he did not occupy a separate apartment for himself and his own family.

The law requires a tenant to have re-

sided one year in the city, in order to be registered as a voter. This provision was found to be the most elastic means to disfranchise undesirable voters. A member of the first Douma was struck off the register on the ground that he had absented himself from his place of residence to attend the session of the Douma.

The peasants woefully disappointed the Bureaucracy, who had relied upon their ignorance and traditional devotion to the Czar as a bulwark against the opposition. This was the work of the farmers' sons, who had been educated in the colleges and the universities. It was accordingly held by the Senate that only those members of the *Mir* are entitled to the franchise who are actual residents and householders in their respective townships. The interpretation was absolutely without foundation in law, the *Mir* being a corporation of joint landowners, wherein all members, resident as well as non-resident, are entitled to a lot and a vote. But the Aladins had to be gotten rid of at any cost.

Those better off among the peasants, who had managed to buy a few acres of land from the neighboring nobles, by giving a mortgage to the Peasant Bank, were entitled under the election law to participate through their delegates in the assembly of landed proprietors for the choice of electors. Last year these peasant delegates outvoted in many places the nobles, and returned Constitutional Democrats. This was to be suffered no longer; the Senate simply declared, without any color of law, that the owners of landed property mortgaged to the Peasant Bank are not landed proprietors in the contemplation of the law.

By these and other means of similar character it was sought to exclude the democratic voters. It was anticipated by the government, however, that even after this sifting process there would still remain enough disaffected voters to carry the election for the opposition. Still, all technical matters relating to the elections are left by the law to be regulated by the

Minister of the Interior. Accordingly an ingenious form of ballot was devised by Mr. Kryzhanovsky, intended to confuse the opposition voters in the cities. Blank ballots are prepared by the municipality, and each voter is handed two copies, one of which he must fill out with the full names, titles, and addresses of the candidates; for example, "Petrusewicz, Kazimir, Adam's son, counselor-at-law, Kreshchenskaya street, Wankowicz building." In great cities there are half a dozen or more electors to be chosen. The administration was sure that this "catch ballot" would practically disfranchise the common people, for the majority of the ballots would be spoiled. "Incorporated political parties," however, that is, those supporting the government, were given the privilege of procuring from the municipality any desired number of blank ballots for distribution among the voters. Thus all administration parties were enabled to have their ballots printed.

While all opposition parties were under the ban, there still remained men who had made reputations in the first Douma. Their names would tell their platforms. Steps were taken very early to make them harmless. The state's attorney of St. Petersburg was instructed to file informations against one hundred and eighty members of the first Douma for signing the Viborg Manifesto to the voters. It was notoriously a trumped-up charge, for the courts of the empire have no jurisdiction over offenses committed in the Grand Duchy of Finland. But it served the purpose of the government, by disfranchising the most undesirable candidates. Yet all the brains of Russia are not confined to the members of the first Douma. Therefore the administration went for the scalps of all men of note who were logical candidates for the Douma. Professor Milukov, the head of the Constitutional Democratic party, was interpreted out of the register by the Senate on flimsy technical grounds. Professor Kovalevsky shared the same fate; so also Mr. Aladin and many others of local fame.

In order to make the election entirely a game of blind-man's-buff, the military governors-general in some of the country districts prohibited the newspapers from announcing in their columns the names of the candidates.

And yet, with all these subterfuges, the government was overwhelmingly defeated. The Bureaucracy is so universally hated by all classes of the people that no sifting of voters could improve the chances of the government. The trick with the ballot was easily frustrated by the enthusiasm of the people; thousands of young men and women, schoolboys and schoolgirls, went from house to house collecting the blank ballots, which were then filled out by bodies of copyists and distributed among the voters. At St. Petersburg and in some other cities these canvassers were hunted by the police; a few were caught and locked up, but others were ready to take up their work. By shadowing some of the less cautious among these canvassers, police detectives traced a few of the "dens of the conspirators;" at St. Petersburg the house of a reputable lawyer was searched and thousands of filled-out ballots were seized as contraband. These losses of war, however, were easily provided against.

On the 25th of January, the governor-general of the Caucasus ordered the election to be held, after the fashion of a court-martial, within twenty-four hours. At the appointed time the voters were on hand; two provinces were carried by the Socialists and the rest by a fusion between all parties of the opposition.

In the southwest a renewal of the anti-Jewish riots of the "days of freedom" was threatened by the "Monarchists" in case opposition candidates should be elected. At Odessa on the eve of the election the "Union of the Russian People" let loose its armed thugs upon the Jews and the students. The reign of terror continued on election day, with the open connivance of General Kaulbars, the chief military commander of the city. "It was worth a man's life to go to the polls," I

was told by a Jewish voter of Odessa whom I met in the train on my way to St. Petersburg, "and yet our people did their duty." In spite of intimidation, a Jew and a Constitutional Democrat, Mr. Pergament, president of the Bar Association, was elected by the voters of Odessa to represent them in the Douma.

Once more the people of Russia have demonstrated to the Bureaucracy that they know their will and are determined to tell it, though the country is in the throes of martial law, with Cossacks, mounted guards, and policemen armed with rifles, on every step; any man with brass buttons is literally the master over the life of every citizen.

On the other hand the boisterous "Union of the Russian People," which pretended to voice the sentiments of the whole nation, only managed to smuggle in its candidates by gross election frauds. Thus the notorious Krushevan, of Kishinev Jew-baiting fame, owes his election to the fact that the register was padded with hundreds of names of dead men, whose certificates were duly voted on by live patriots.

In the western section, with a mixed population, sectarian prejudices were played upon by the clergy. At Grodno last year a Constitutional Democratic ticket was elected by a fusion between the peasants and the Jews. The fusion arrangement was renewed at the election for the second Douma. Then the bishop invited the peasant electors to a special mass, and preached a sermon, in which he exhorted them not to disgrace the good name of the Russian people by a union with the infidels and enemies of Christ. In conclusion he said, —

"If you betray the Jews, there is no sin in it, for he who has fallen may rise, and you will be forgiven because of the good deed, that is, your union with the Christians. I give you my blessing for it and I beseech you, in the name of God and the Autocratic Czar, to stand by the orthodox faith, not to cast away the cross, and I humbly bow to you."

Thereupon he dramatically dropped on his knees and bowed to the ground before the humble peasant electors. One may well imagine the effect. The peasants dared not disobey; they broke their arrangement with the Jews and elected administration candidates.

So Mr. Stolypin can boast of having won the support of one hundred and two representatives in the second Douma, as against a baker's dozen in the first. But the number of Socialists, who are avowed Republicans, has grown from twenty-one to wellnigh one third of the Douma, at the expense of the Constitutional Democrats, who are in favor of a constitutional monarchy, albeit for reasons of expediency only. The most significant result of the election is the fact that two thirds of those members of the Douma who represent the peasantry as a class¹ are affiliated with one or another of the revolutionary parties, whose declared purpose is the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a republican form of government. Not more than five years ago it was not safe for a socialist agitator to show his face in a rural community, for the peasants would deliver him to the authorities; such cases were reported in the "underground" revolutionary press of that time. Even in the capital the factory workers, but two years ago, marched, under the leadership of a priest, with banners bearing the picture of the Czar, humbly to beg him for protection against bureaucratic oppression. Now the factory workers all over the country have, with few exceptions, elected Socialists as their delegates to the electoral colleges. Within two years the revolution has conquered the minds of the masses.

The thirty-four Revolutionary Socialists in the second Douma are in the literal

¹ Under the Russian election law, the electors chosen by the peasantry of a province first meet separately and vote for one member of the Douma to represent specially their class; after which they choose, jointly with the other electors, those members who are to represent the province generally.

sense a *memento mori* to the Bureaucracy. The Revolutionary Socialist party openly proclaims assassination of officers of the government as a legitimate method of warfare against despotism. To appreciate the full import of the election of the candidates of this party it must be understood that it is not merely thirty-four election districts out of four hundred and sixty-eight that they represent, as they would in America, for under the Russian election law they could not have been elected without the votes of electors affiliated with other parties. Nor are the representatives of this party shunned in the Douma by any of the other four opposition parties, including the Constitutional Democrats. On the contrary, they are invited to the joint caucuses of the opposition, and one of their number, Dr. Oospensky, has been elected assistant secretary of the Douma. Dr. Oospensky's father was convicted of murder committed for political reasons and ended his days in a Siberian prison; his mother has also had a taste of prison life; his maternal aunt, Vera Zassulitch, was the girl who in 1878 attempted the life of the St. Petersburg chief of police, General Trepoff, and was acquitted by the jury; and his first cousin Nikephorov was last year executed for the assassination of the chief of political detectives at Nizhni-Novgorod.

There are many among the Socialists and Labor representatives who have spent years in prison and in exile. By choosing these veterans of the revolutionary movement to represent them in the Douma, the voters plainly showed that they wanted fighters. This is the real explanation of the fact that of all European countries Russia now has, next to Finland, the largest Socialist representation in its legislature. It would be misleading to infer from this fact that the Socialist ideal has captured the minds of a large portion of the people. Socialism was not the issue of the campaign. Most of the Socialists were elected on fusion tickets made up of men of all opposition

parties. But even in those few cases where Socialists were elected on their party tickets, it is safe to say that it was not by reason of their Socialistic views. The province of Tiflis in the Caucasus is purely agricultural; the population are small farmers; there are very few hired farm laborers; and yet its three representatives are all affiliated with the Social Democratic party which lays no claim to represent any but the wage-earning class. The great industrial city of Nizhni-Novgorod is represented by Dr. Dolgopoloff, who has enrolled with the Revolutionary Socialist party, which is preëminently the party of the small farmer. Were the voters of Nizhni-Novgorod really so interested to have the land of the nobles allotted to the peasants? Far from it. Dr. Dolgopoloff had lived in Nizhni-Novgorod about twenty years prior to 1905, and was a very popular physician. During the few weeks of freedom which followed the proclamation of the Czar's Manifesto of October 30, 1905, he spoke at many street meetings. After the collapse of the insurrection at Moscow and elsewhere, the government proceeded to clean up the cities of all "suspicious characters," and Dr. Dolgopoloff was banished by executive order from Nizhni-Novgorod to Astrakhan. He was in his absence elected at Nizhni-Novgorod elector for the second Douma. The electoral college was evenly divided between Socialists of all schools, on the one hand, and Constitutional Democrats on the other. Neither side could elect its own candidate unless he was indorsed by the other side. So ultimately both sides agreed upon Dr. Dolgopoloff, as a protest against his deportation by executive order.

There are three Socialist parties in the Douma. The oldest and the most numerous of them is the Russian Social-Democratic-Labor party, which numbers sixty-five representatives. It is weakened, however, by a factional feud between the extremists and the moderates. The former, numbering but a dozen representatives, believe that nothing short of an armed

uprising of the people will secure to the country a free democratic form of government. They take little stock in the legislative work of the Douma and regard it merely as a public platform from which they can appeal to the people of the whole country to stand up for their rights. The moderates are distrustful of the outcome of an armed struggle between the people and the military forces of the government. They therefore advocate a parliamentary policy along the lines of the Social Democracy of Germany.

The Revolutionary Socialists share with the extreme faction of the Social Democrats the belief in an armed uprising of the people. Their main point of difference, disregarding philosophical distinctions which are little understood by the masses, is in their plans of land reform. Both parties are committed to land nationalization¹ and confiscation of private landed property. But the Revolutionary Socialists would have it periodically redistributed among the actual farmers cultivating it with the assistance of none but members of their own households, and would prohibit subletting and hired labor; whereas the Social Democrats regard such prohibitive regulations as impracticable and Utopian.

The Populistic-Socialist-Labor party was born after the dissolution of the first Douma, from a difference within the Revolutionary Socialist party upon questions of policy. The moderate faction, believing that the policy of the party had to be adjusted to the new constitutional order, split off from the Revolutionary Socialists. While fully in accord with the ultimate aims of the latter, they too, like the moderate Social Democrats, consider revolutionary methods inopportune and favor parliamentary ways. On the land question they hold, with the Constitutional Democrats, compensation of the

landlords preferable to civil war. Their representation in the Douma numbers but eighteen members; outside the Douma their influence is confined to the professional class.

An intermediate position between the Socialists and the Constitutional Democrats is held by the "Labor Group." It is made up of peasants, some affiliated with the Peasant Alliance, where it has survived the dragnnades of Mr. Stolypin, — with an admixture of Independent Socialists, who for various reasons could not affiliate with any of the Socialist parties. In point of numbers it is the second largest party in the Douma.

Although the Socialists, together with the Laborites, muster about forty per cent of the total membership of the Douma, yet the balance of power is held by the Constitutional Democrats. The failure of the peasantry to respond to the Viborg Manifesto has dispelled whatever revolutionary illusions the Cadets may have cherished in the past, and has strengthened the conservative faction of the party led by Professor Milukov and the National Committee.

The division within the opposition engendered during the campaign a great deal of factional bitterness and cost them the loss of a few great cities, which were carried by extreme reactionists, such as Bishop Plato of Kiev, or by conservatives like Professor Kapustin of Kasan. The lesson was not lost. All parties of the opposition have realized the necessity of showing a united front to the government. An "Information Committee," composed of representatives of all opposition parties, has been created for the purpose. Friction must be expected should the Douma be allowed to legislate; yet some compromise land bill could ultimately be agreed upon which would satisfy the peasantry, and the passage of effective laws for the protection of labor would be assured. There would be considerable difference of opinion, if it came to framing laws to insure freedom of speech, freedom of press, and the like:

¹ There are very fine-spun distinctions drawn by the party theorists between "nationalization," "municipalization," and "socialization." This is, however, not the place for such subtle disquisitions.

the Laborites and the Socialists would follow the American example, whereas the Constitutional Democrats take their model in Continental Europe, and would leave the police clothed with a great deal of discretionary power over newspapers, public meetings, libraries, schools, etc. By virtue of their position the Constitutional Democrats could force these restrictions into the law.

The first Douma was "a meeting of talkers;" it had to make room for "a businesslike Douma," — such was the claim of the government. It must be clear to every unbiased observer that the second Douma has been from the first both willing and able to do business. The truth is, however, that a businesslike Douma means to the Bureaucracy one that would do its bidding. In this Mr. Stolypin's hopes were woefully disappointed. Since neither side would yield, one must go. But the opposition firmly decided to give the government no excuse for dissolving the Douma, so that when the inevitable comes, the responsibility should be placed by the public where it belongs. From the first days of the session the government began an aggressive campaign against the Douma.

The law insures to the representatives of the people immunity from arrest and imprisonment during the sessions of the Douma. This privilege was grossly violated by the government in the case of Father Gregory Petrov, member of the Douma from St. Petersburg. Father Gregory is a noted speaker and writer, and though a priest of the established church, has allied himself with the cause of freedom. For this offense he was sentenced by the Holy Synod to do penance at a monastery in the backwoods of the province of Novgorod. A few days later he was elected to the Douma on the Constitutional Democratic ticket. Thereupon his colleagues from St. Petersburg applied to the government for suspension of his sentence, under the law. The Procurator of the Holy Synod, however, re-

fused to release him. Worse things were yet to come.

One victory Premier Stolypin may, without fear of contradiction, claim for himself as campaign manager: by striking every head that was rising above the average level, he created "a headless Douma." The Constitutional Democrats still succeeded in electing a few of their leaders; for instance, the two Hessens, Mr. Peter Struve, and others. The Labor and Socialist parties sent a great many peasants and factory workers and a few stump speakers; but hardly any of them were fit for committee work. This scarcity of parliamentary talent had to be made up for by the coöperation of each party delegation in the Douma with its national committee, which sought the advice of experts whenever needed.

But the government would not have it. Rigid regulations were issued for the isolation of the representatives from the public. No one was admitted to the Douma without a ticket, which was granted by the police after a searching investigation, by detectives, of the applicant's political "character." That is not enough, however, for the galleries for the public are cut off from all communication with the lobby and restaurant. Even newspaper men are put to considerable difficulty in procuring seats in the Russian press gallery. Moreover, the chief of the Guard of the Douma, Baron Osten-Saken, acting under orders from the cabinet, barred Russian newspaper correspondents from interviewing members of the Douma. The reason for this order is apparently to be found in the fact that most of the Russian correspondents are in sympathy with one or another of the Socialist parties; some of them might even be National Committeemen.

Still there was danger that the representatives might confer with their party leaders in the privacy of their own homes. Therefore orders were given to the police to prevent all meetings at the houses of members of the Douma; in obedience to their instructions the police invaded the

house of Representative Maharadze and for two hours detained all his guests under arrest, awaiting the arrival of a magistrate. Mr. Maharadze complained personally to the President of the Cabinet, but received no satisfaction. This incident was followed by a raid upon the house of Representative Ozol, whose guests were taken to police headquarters and locked up there.

Next the public prosecutor preferred charges against several of the Social Democratic members of the Douma for affiliation with "a criminal confederacy known as the Social Democratic party;" whereupon the Minister of Justice applied to the Douma for a resolution suspending them from office. Inasmuch as all parties of the opposition are treated by the government as unlawful combinations, this application endangered the very existence of the Douma: what is there to prevent the Department of Justice, through its prosecuting attorneys, from preferring similar charges against every member of the opposition, thus leaving the Douma without a quorum? The matter was referred by the Douma to a committee, where it is resting for the present.

It is common belief among men of all parties that, in spite of all its moderation, the days of the Douma are numbered. The government is confident of its ability

to crush resistance by force of arms. That it will succeed for a time, I do not question. Yet it is worthy of note that the Cossack Group, which includes all representatives of the Cossack territories in the Douma, has just one supporter of the government, all others being affiliated with the opposition; they have chosen for their chairman Mr. Stcherbina, a noted economist and statistician, who has spent many years as a political exile in Northern Russia, and is affiliated with the Populist Socialist party. The meaning of this fact was made plain by a member of this Group, Mr. Petrovsky, in his address on the abolition of drumhead courts-martial, from which the following is quoted:—

"I am a Don Cossack. I bear with pride this glorious and grievous name. Glorious with the glory of the Cossacks' history; grievous, because of the part the Cossacks have lately been forced to play by the government. After deluding and demoralizing them with the semblance of special privileges, the government took advantage of the iron press of military discipline to mobilize the Cossack regiments against the cause of liberty. But that can only continue for a time. I tell you, gentlemen of this High Chamber, the time is fast coming, and it will come, when not a single Cossack will raise his whip."

SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

In the subject of his latest story, *Before Adam*¹, Mr. Jack London shows no diminution of his characteristic audacity. The hero is an ape-man of the Mid-Pleistocene period, by name Big-Tooth, who through the mouth of his latter-day descendant tells of his life among the Tree Folk and the Cave Folk and the Fire People.

That life was not destitute of adventure. One of his earliest memories is of being rescued by his mother—"she was like a large orang-utan, my mother, or like a chimpanzee, and yet in sharp and definite ways quite different"—from the ravenous tusks of a wild boar that had come upon him in the fern-brake. Clutching her with hand and foot he was borne to safety in the tree overhead. Some years later, as soon as his age permitted, he was cast forth to shift for himself. He joined the community of the Cave Folk. He foraged for roots and eggs and berries. He lived in terror of darkness and snakes, of Red-Eye,—who it seems "was an atavism,"—and of the mysterious North-east whence appeared the smoke of the Fire People. He went on a journey with Lop-Ear, his cave-mate, through strange morasses and along unknown rivers, and finally, after an ardent if simple courtship, he was united to Swift-One.

Perhaps the most provocative passage in the book is that which describes the devotion of Lop-Ear to his comrade at a moment of danger. Big-Tooth had been pierced below the knee by one of the arrows of the murderous Fire-People, and his flight was cruelly impeded.

"Once again Lop-Ear tried to drag the arrow through the flesh and I angrily

stopped him. Then he bent down and began gnawing the shaft of the arrow with his teeth. . . . I often meditate upon this scene—the two of us, half-grown cubs, in the childhood of the race, the one mastering his fear, beating down his selfish impulses of flight, in order to stand by and succor the other. And there rises before me all that was there foreshadowed, and I see visions of Damon and Pythias, of life-saving crews and Red-Cross nurses, of martyrs and leaders of forlorn hopes, of Father Damien, and of the Christ himself, and of all the men of earth, mighty of stature, whose strength may trace back to the elemental loins of Lop-Ear and Big-Tooth and other denizens of the Younger World."

This is a brave endeavor to enlist our interest in these dim denizens; but it falls short of complete success. The story occasionally stirs our curiosity, but never our sympathy. We shudder a little before the exhibitions of Red-Eye's ferocity, much as we might in visiting a shambles; we admire the ingenuity and plausibility of Mr. London's psychology, his capacity for realizing primitive states of mind; but farther we do not go.

It may be that the very nature of his effort precludes this. The imaginative process in the present instance has not been that of investing brute life with human attributes, but that of divesting humanity of its human attributes. In interesting us in wolf-dogs and B'rer Rabbits Uncle Remus and Jack London have followed essentially the same process: they have made them seem human. They have brought them into the pale of affinity, given them a psychology in which we may share. But in the present instance the differences must be emphasized all the time rather than the like-

¹ *Before Adam*. By JACK LONDON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

nesses. It may be possible to see in the fidelity of Lop-Ear a foreglimpse of life-saving crews and Red-Cross nurses; but such telescopic vision does not greatly stir the heart. The affair of Big-Tooth and Swift-One is the inversion of romance. The most valued products of life are not greatly to be valued in their origins: the rudiments may have technical or scientific interest, and the author would doubtless claim some special merit for his story upon the score of scientific plausibility; but that is obviously a matter apart.

Mr. London's story is simply one further step — one could hope the last — in the development of a type of fiction with which of late we have been adequately supplied. It would be interesting to examine the publishers' announcements of the last two or three years with a view to computing the frequency of such phrases as "life drunk to the dregs," — "strong, primitive emotions," — "thrilling with fierce passion and the heat of it," — "human nature stripped naked, by salt water alchemy reduced to its rudiments" — whatever that may mean. The thing that impresses one most forcibly after perusing a successive half-dozen of these "red-blooded" novels (it seems superfluous to name them) is the sheer vulgarity of them, or perhaps, more definitely, their materiality. In them passion is no longer a fire for the annealing or fusing of character; it seems to have become an object in itself, hardly to be distinguished from appetite. The promoters of the type, in a noisy effort to get at "realities," have flung away the choicest and most significant of life's possessions, and the realities are discovered to be little more than raw sensations.

With the elimination of each subtler and more spiritual ingredient, personality is stripped of its distinctions. Men's bodies do not greatly differ from one another; neither do their elemental emotions. As we go downward the field is restricted instead of enlarged, for we have sacrificed what is of chief importance

in fiction: the individual. Lop-Ear and Big-Tooth are practically interchangeable, save for the mere accidents of physique which denominate them; and the love of Swift-One signifies little, as it is only the crude satisfaction of an instinct. And since the repetition of a raw sensation soon palls, if it does not become actually painful, the use of the primitive for its own sake — just because it is "red-blooded" — is sure to involve its own defeat.

Fortunately this is not the only end to which the primitive may be used. True though it be that elemental character lacks a degree of sharpness and individuality, it is also true that, seen in its relations, it often gains a certain largeness and dignity which are impressive. In looking at the sower at nightfall, Victor Hugo saw his shadow extending mysteriously across the face of the world. Millet felt that reverence too, and imbued humble things with the same augustness.

Our modern approach to nature is one which especially favors this use of the primitive subject. To the poets and romancers of an earlier generation Nature was a benignant friend, clad in beauty and goodness; she was man's best teacher in high things. The moralistic and decorative uses of nature were chiefly emphasized. But with the triumph of evolutionary philosophy the shores were struck from under this conception. Parasite and host were seen to be produced by the self-same process; there was no distinction in nature between good and bad; there was no mercy, no benevolence. Irresistibly and irrevocably the activities of life were borne forward; types appeared, struggled, disappeared, were forgotten. The whole process in its first shock upon the imagination seemed cruelly impersonal. Reverence had been attacked in her very temple; it was gloomily predicted that the scalpel of science would bring death to imagination.

Undeniably the old gods are gone; and it can hardly be asserted that we are as

yet fully assured of the new. But imagination is too integral a human function to be eradicated by a change in philosophy. The nature-worshipping instinct holds its place in the heart against all comers; only it expresses itself in different forms. One means, and perhaps the most promising, by which nature has been reclaimed and revitalized for the imagination is through the recognition of its genetic relationship with all life. We are also her offspring. Our landscape setting, our social environment (the notion of "nature" must be extended beyond fauna and flora and rurality), has a vital rôle in the drama; is no longer a mere moral for it, or a pictured curtain let down behind it and removable at will. This interplay of personal and extra-personal forces is most apprehensible of course where neither "environment" nor "individual" is overcomplex. A simple personality is in more clearly perceptible ways the product of its circumstances — akin to them — than a highly-developed personality. In this fact lies, I think, much of the characteristically modern appeal which the primitive in human life makes to the poetic imagination.

The appearance of three fairly remarkable novels, each of which expresses in its special way this sense of relationship between man and nature, is the justification for this — I fear too protracted — generalization. The reference is to *The Whirlwind*, by Eden Phillpotts, *The Call of the Blood*, by Robert Hichens, and *The Turn of the Balance*, by Brand Whitlock.¹ In each of them the synthesis is distinctively of to-day. In the first the external force always playing its secret but vital part in the drama is the open country of Dartmoor; in the second it is the sundrenched hills, the happy indo-

lence, of Sicily; in the third, the organized society of a present-day American city.

Mr. Phillpotts has never given us anything so effectively composed as the present novel. Aside from the comedy scenes where a group of loquacious villagers interminably discuss the construction of a water-leaf and other unprofitable matters (the comedy is laborious), the story gives one a sense of constructive mastery quite unusual: sure, deliberate, and impressive. Dartmoor, the land of his heart, has never been rendered by Mr. Phillpotts so intimately and at the same time so robustly.

"Dartmoor has been chosen by Nature for a theatre of worship and of work — a hypæthral temple, wherein she ministers before the throne of the sun, nurtures life, ripens her harvest, and buries her uncounted dead. Each year springtime breaks the bud joyfully and lifts the little lark into the blue; each year the summer builds and the autumn gleams; each year when the sun's lamp is lowered, when the curtain of cloud is drawn, sleep and death pass by together along the winter silences. Thus the punctual rite and round are accomplished century after century, and at each year's end arise immemorial threnodies of many waters and fierce winds. Rivers roar a requiem; and their inevitable dirge is neither joyful nor mournful, but only glorious. The singers also are mortal; the wind and the wave are creatures, even as the perishing heath, crumbling stone, and falling foliage; they too rise and set, triumph and expire; they too are a part of the only miracle of the universe: the miracle of matter made manifest in pomp and wonder, in beauty and mystery, where Nature rolls her endless frieze along the entablature of Time."

Here is a nature-worshiper in truth; but he is a nature-worshiper after the newer type. There is something of the universal genetrix about his nature which fills the imagination quite as effectively as was ever possible with the older conceptions.

¹ *The Whirlwind*. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1907.

The Call of the Blood. By ROBERT HICHENS. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1906.

The Turn of the Balance. By BRAND WHITLOCK. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1907.

The children of the moor — the moor's true children — are simple, candid, large-natured beings, richly endowed by instinct, yet always consciously living in the presence of primeval things. Pre-historic cairns link them backward with an undiscoverable past, and the elemental forces of nature, so unimpeded and irresistible, make thought of death and change familiar to them.

Daniel Brendon combines in his personality the more rugged and passionate aspects of the moor. Tremendous of frame and muscle, ardent in labor, fiercely devoted to his God who is the Jehovah of Sinai, baffled by any intellectual problem, but swift in action when the issue is clear, Daniel makes, despite all the homely circumstances of his life, an almost august figure. He is a laborer on the farm of Hilary Woodrow, and Hilary Woodrow is in love with Daniel's wife, Sarah Jane.

Sarah Jane is devoted to her husband; but she cannot care greatly for his God. She is so much the laughter and sunshine of the moor, with all its mellowness and various beauty, its sweet impulsiveness and rich maternity, that there seems to be no place in her life for a grim and exacting deity. Undisciplined by the ordinary social relations, she is instinctively true to herself; convention is non-existent for her. She admires Hilary because of his learning, she likes him as a friend because of his liberal and candid mind, she pities him because of his poor health and isolation. Though in the end she yields to his passion, she is never in her heart disloyal to Daniel, — only glad that she may have a part in assuring his promotion. The issue is not presented to her chiefly as a moral issue; and it is impossible to feel that her character is sullied by her one act of faithlessness. Years later she denies to Hilary that she had a sin to repent of. "Never," she said. "I wept fire for a week after; I was half raving for joy and half raving for misery — mad like. Then I put it all behind me.

Things stronger than me — or you — worked that deed."

The secret was kept for a long time. Daniel's affairs prospered. With Hilary, failing strength (Mr. Phillpotts tells us) brought a gradual weakening of intellectual independence. He was drawn into the shelter of formal religion with its sure hope and its forgiveness of sins. He longed to confess his offense to his friend Daniel; but the woman restrained him, knowing that her husband's fiery nature could not endure it. Thus Hilary dies before the secret is discovered. When Daniel finally learns the truth the inevitable thing happens: his God is a God of vengeance — "He who once drowned every little child in the whole world . . . who slew Uzzah for steadying his ark; who killed seventy thousand innocent men because David numbered the people." The biblical penalty for the sin that had been committed was axiomatic to his passion-rent intelligence.

But we are saved that. Sarah Jane was told that her husband had made the discovery, and she knew what he would do. Without a shadow of fear or hesitation she climbed the moor toward the cairn. "Like a dream picture painted in milk and gold, rich with magic light even in the pearly shadows, overflowing with the lustre and fervor of June, Devon spread before her feet and rolled in sunlit leagues to the horizons of the sea. There lacked no gracious beauty proper to that scene. It rose beyond perfection to sublimity, lifting her watching spirit higher than any praise; begot the serene still sadness that reigns above all joy." Her life was ended by her own hand before the avenger reached her. Later Daniel sold all his property, burned the notes of payment, and entered the Salvation Army.

Mr. Phillpotts gives one the impression of constantly growing power; more than ever it is out of the question to look upon him as a literary *paysagiste*. There is not a landscape in *The Whirlwind* that seems external to the movement of the story. And through his unremitting intensive

study of the land he loves and its people, there is an authenticity about his work which puts its spell on the reader. Highly localized as is his material, the spirit of it is as far as possible from parochiality. Mr. Phillpotts's point of view, his spiritual discernment, the human relations that lure his consideration, are almost ultra-modern.

In the present story the development of the triangular situation, though fastidiously presented, is in conception extremely daring. Here is no arraignment of society for the condemnation it metes out to those who infringe its code; the woman is perfectly ready to accept all that; she takes social retribution gladly. It has no part in the real significance to her — the ultimate meaning — of the experience. No malign president of the immortals is stage manager in the career of Sarah Jane; there is no petty perversity of fate; God does not make nettles grow in churchyards. In its culminating situation the action moves serenely upon the heights of real tragedy, and leaves one with the same richly complex yet elevated sense of peace.

As for Mr. Hichens, one could easily think of him as by nature a sun-worshiper. The impression made by *The Garden of Allah* is no less vigorously re-conveyed by *The Call of the Blood*. He revels in exotic and tropical luxuriances. His temperament is a sort of "suspended lute" upon which every motion of the fragrant and sun-heated breeze strikes its distinct harmony. His delight in things of sense is almost riotous.

"They were drowned in a sea of odor as they passed some buildings where lemons were being packed for shipping. This smell seemed to Maurice to be the very breath of the island. He drank it in eagerly. Lemons, lemons, and the sun! Oranges, lemons, yellow flowers under the lemons, and the sun! Always yellow, pale yellow, gold-yellow, red-gold yellow, and white, and silver white, the white of roads, the silver white of dusty olive leaves, and green, the dark lustrous pol-

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ished green of orange leaves, and purple and blue, the purple of sea, the blue of sky."

But this is something more than a bombardment of sensations: it is the heady atmosphere in which Maurice, the lovable, high-spirited, eager young hero of the story, finally loses control of himself and yields to the temptation he has been irresolutely staving off.

The story in brief is this: Maurice Delarey and his wife, Hermione, have come to Sicily from London for their honeymoon. Mental alertness and beauty of spirit are the qualities Maurice reverences in his wife; while Hermione, conscious as she has always been of her own lack of physical charm, seems to have found in this adorable and lithe-limbed youth — in whose veins runs a trace of southern blood — the outward complement of her personality. Sicily she had herself always loved; but its effect upon her husband was a revelation to her. It was as if he had then first come to his own. She was gazing in rapture upon that "mask of spring; but he had instinctively taken his place in it. . . . She had traveled out to be in Sicily; but he, without knowing it, had traveled out to be Sicily."

Hermione is called across the Mediterranean to attend her lifelong friend and comrade, Artois, in a dangerous illness; and Maurice is left alone among the friendly and admiring peasants, to whose impulsive nature his own is so dangerously akin. The very day of Hermione's return is the day that Maurice yields to the call of the blood. But she never learns that. Maurice meets his death at the hands of Maddelina's father; but Hermione is led to believe that his death was accidental. "I want to tell you," she says to Artois, "I want you to know, how perfect he always was to me. . . . He loved life and the sun — oh, how he loved them! . . . He was the deathless boy. . . . He was like my youth and my youth has gone with him."

It is impossible, I think, not to wish

that Mr. Hichens had shown a little more boldness in his conclusion. That Hermione should be kept from a knowledge of the facts is, one would say, a questionable mercy, especially since her ignorance might be at almost any moment shattered,—a mere scrap of paper or a chance word could do it. Such sheltering may be a necessity to weakness; but Hermione is a woman of uncommon spiritual calibre. She sees things in their just relations. If Maurice was the deathless boy, his faults were faults of boyhood, and, so considered, were fitter to arouse tenderness and pity than bitterness. The author goes so far as to suggest that in the great scheme of things the underlying reason for those powerful appetites "which are not without their glory, but which wreck so many human lives," may be found in the "sacredness of pity." Surely the truth, if the truth can be borne, keeps its immemorial right of making free. The fact, however, that such a question as this should insist upon statement, is a testimony to the admirable reality with which the author has endowed his characters.

Mr. Hichens writes out of his abundance, and in the result there is great unevenness. When the emotional impulse is lacking, his ideas become singularly dull and his manner quite without distinction. But at the first sting of sensation, the style leaps into vitality; and if always deficient in a certain finality of touch, it continually delights with its resiliency and exuberance.

The impression I find persisting most distinctly a month after a perusal of *The Turn of the Balance*—and a re-reading only confirms it—is of the fullness with which Mr. Whitlock envisages the life of a modern metropolis. I do not know where else in American or British fiction, with the possible exception of Frank Norris's *The Pit*, the city has been so keenly realized as an organism—an organism at war with itself, wasteful of energy, reckless of the individual life, yet somehow, through endless processes of

readjustment, working toward an integration of its multifarious functions.

Not that Mr. Whitlock gives us all aspects of the city's life with equal veracity. He is too much a special pleader for that. So intense is his sympathy for those who unjustly suffer that it has aroused in him an almost perverse indignation against all the traditional machinery of society. Against the Common Law, hoary and anachronistic, the conservator of barbarity, he directs his most fiery attack. Institutional justice and philanthropy are bitterly arraigned. His hospital nurses are obsequious to wealth and station, neglectful of poverty; his charity organizations are mercenary and professional; society is utterly trivial (and more than insipid, too, if his specimens of drawing-room dialogue are to be accepted); the church is pharisaical; servants of the commonwealth are brutalized by the business of injustice; judges, jurymen—but why prolong the tale? Such distortion would be fatal were it not for the burning human sympathy and fine idealism which are its reverse aspect. To have perceived out of a passionate sense of brotherhood all the steps of the slow, inveterate destruction of character under the "normal" working of the machinery of society, may certainly excuse a certain intolerance of those forces that seem acquiescent in the hideous procedure.

It is Archie Koerner in whom we are chiefly interested. After three years of service in the Philippines, where army life has given him a distaste for hard work, he has returned home with the reputation of being a good fellow and a clever marksman. Always delaying the unwelcome day when he must settle down to a steady job, he becomes implicated in some petty lawbreaking frolic, and is "sent up" for fifty days. This settles his future. No doors of self-respecting employment are any longer open to him; policemen eye him suspiciously; old friends of the better class have dropped him. But he is welcomed into the freemasonry of another social level, and

eventually, through irrevocable stages, becomes a professional yeggman. For a murder he did not commit, society takes its final revenge on Archie. The same society has in the meantime driven his sister Gusta to ruin, and through the eternal delays of a damage suit wrecked the life of his old German father and mother.

There is much in this story which is worthy of the author of *L'Assommoir*. There is the same astonishing knowledge of the obscurer life of a great city, the same faculty of seeing relations, — everything strangely bound up with everything, — and the same poetic apprehension of the city as a whole, possessed of its million voices, teeming with beauty and ugliness, love and tears and hatred. Mr. Whitlock has a vigorous pictorial sense. He knows not only how to throw strong colors effectively upon a tremendous canvas, but also how to add detail to detail with deliberate and painstaking accuracy, into a cumulative whole that deeply stirs the imagination. Something in Zola's later manner is his use of a special group of characters to express his own intellectual "reaction" upon this baffling phenomenon; and it must be confessed that he shows quite as serious an inability to give actuality to them. This is of course the familiar failure of naturalism, whatever the explanation of it may be. It is the broader moulding forces — the drift and measure of the whole — that Mr. Whitlock senses most clearly; and grim as his story is, it must claim attention both for its passionate devotion to an ideal of mercy and charity, and for its profound recognition of the organic and indestructible unity of human life.

Whether or not in her most recently published novelette Mrs. Wharton gives a just evaluation to the ideals of another race, there can be no two opinions of the story's literary merits.¹ *Madame de Treymes* is marvelously well executed. At a time when American fiction seems more and more generally to be produced according to correspondence-school

standards, it is an especial delight to contemplate the work of a master-craftsman, one who retains the older pride in the temper and delicacy of tools and to whom marketability is no test of excellence. Workmanship means so much after all. The acquisition of it is not to be whiffed up, like trench-water by a locomotive under full headway. Mrs. Wharton has put herself through a long and ardent apprenticeship, and her masters have been of the best, each in his sort.

It surely is not going too far to discover, in the present instance, an acknowledged indebtedness to the one from whom she has perhaps learned most. What Mr. Henry James has done more amply, with his careful distribution of light and his strange penumbral iridescences, Mrs. Wharton has successfully attempted on a restricted surface and through the more refractory medium of dry point. What we lose in repleteness and nuance we gain in focus, brilliancy, and definition. There is not a negligible sentence in Mrs. Wharton's story. With an ease which is the perfection of conscious art, with the conciseness of an Ibsen first act, the situation with all its essential antecedents is brought before us; and once established in its sharply-demarcated milieu, the story proceeds directly, neither dawdling nor hurrying, to its striking conclusion. The criticism of the intimate standards of another people is a bold undertaking. The Americans in *Madame de Treymes* we recognize as in their various ways representative, and — especially after Lily Bart's irresolute lover — it is gratifying to have for hero a man whom we may look upon as at once typical and worthy of respect. Americans of this type, as a French critic recently asserted, "chivalrous in their relations with all women, fraternally devoted in circumstances where other men would be merely gallant . . . do exist: they even make up the majority;" and we like to meet them.

¹ *Madame de Treymes*. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

The accuracy of portraiture is of less importance to us in the case of Madame de Treymes herself, whose infinite variety, subterfuge, coquettishness, and pathos, all part of a preordained scheme, and in the final analysis possessed of a certain dignity, are manifestly an effort at interpretation from an alien point of view. Though one's instinctive feeling is that Mrs. Wharton must have done it right, French comment indicates that there is at least plenty of room for question. Madame de Treymes *seems* actual enough; in the Faubourg that the author constructs for us she surely lives in flesh and blood; but Mrs. Wharton has a way of sharpening the boundaries of her action until the break between it and the unconsidered world outside is as sudden as between the edge of a chess-board and the table it lies on. One feels quite certain that, once the parts had been assigned, the game would have been played by the same moves and to the same conclusion that we find in this story.

In Miss Wilkinson's novel, *The Silent Door*,¹ one recognizes the promise rather than the achievement. The story taken as a whole is unimpressive. The plot is mildly preposterous, and none of the characters, not even little Rue herself, seems ever quite detachable from the printed page. But the details of Miss Wilkinson's work are a constant delight. You keep remarking the graceful sentence, the shrewd or naïve or spiritually-discerned observation, the single word that gives a sudden poetic outlook. If the style often strikes one as a little over-conscious, it at least avoids smartness; indeed its consciousness is no more than the result of an unremitting endeavor to say the thing in the best way. Miss Wilkinson is eager to perfect herself in her tools. She has a faculty of seeing things at first hand,—a sign of the poet in her: you remember her Jerusalem River and the country through which it meanders;

you remember the theatrical employment agency; the snapshots of New York "L" trains, of Broadway, and of the old house in Greenwich Village with its "purple-hung wistaria vine and the stone steps worn in grooves by generations of visiting feet."

Little Rue Penrith, the heroine of *The Silent Door*, can scarcely be called a "temperamental" child, because in spite of all the untoward fruits of her imagination, she has a counterbalancing abundance of plain childishness. Yet Miss Wilkinson trims her sails close enough to those risky shoals to make one hope that she will not venture any closer—at least for the present. The temptation might naturally be strong, for she clearly is interested in the special problems that beset the path of the highly sensitized and self-conscious individual. There is a time, I imagine, in the development of every artist, whatever his medium, when he is especially alive to these problems; and the fact that he must meet them so constantly himself may lead him to believe that they have an equal interest and significance for the world at large. But whether for better or worse, the world at large is incorrigibly normal: it does not bother itself greatly with "temperament;" and frankly there is no very effective reason why it should. The widely significant conflicts of life are for the most part to be found elsewhere. An authoritative and unpartisan study of temperament must of course claim attention always; the trouble is that in most cases studies of temperament are undertaken by the very persons least fitted for them—by those who lack perspective through the fact of their being themselves so deeply submerged; and this often gives to their work the guise of special pleading or helpless protest. Such illiberality tries one's patience.

I do not see how any one can be greatly drawn to Mrs. Wilkins Freeman's latest novel, *By the Light of the Soul*.² It seems

¹ *The Silent Door*. By FLORENCE WILKINSON. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1907.

² *By the Light of the Soul*. By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1907.

to me to exemplify all that the temperamental novel should not be. One stands almost dazed by so gratuitously painful a plot: the futility of it, its barrenness of spiritual meanings. To be sure, everything might really have happened that way; each of the crucial incidents is very carefully protected. Maria Edgham, hyperæsthetic, self-conscious, forced by circumstances to be at odds with the world in which she lived and in which her girlhood was just beginning to blossom, might have been suddenly bound in a secret and merely nominal marriage with a boy under twenty, through the clumsy misunderstanding of a city parson; and if she had been, no doubt her life would have been shipwrecked much in the way Mrs. Freeman describes; yes, and the ultimate solution of it might have been Maria's deliberate disappearance from the scene under cover of pretended suicide, so that her younger sister might marry the liberated husband; but this seems a needlessly perverse and unconstructive complication. Suppose — and suppose — and suppose — what would have happened then? The conditions are too fantastic to have any important bearings, despite the author's endeavor to make the situation illuminate the meaning of sacrifice. It is useless to speak in this connection of Mrs. Freeman's gifts, — of the direct and uncompromising way in which she presents her characters, of her impatience with mediocrity, of the stinging satire which she occasionally uses so effectively, — the pity is that she should not have put her ability to a more profitable employment.

A study of temperament which, if lacking in a certain full-bodied realism of treatment, has the advantage of being conceived in a humane and winsome spirit is *Felicity*,¹ by Clara E. Laughlin. The sub-title, "The Making of a Comedienne," and the dedication "To lonely folk, on the heights or otherwheres," indicate the atmosphere in which the story

has its being. It follows the steps of Felicity's development from the days when, still a small girl, she played the leading rôle in a home-made version of Mary, Queen of Scots, in the barnloft, to the time when she stood at the head of her profession, surrounded by every luxury, talked of, courted, and envied. Yet always she must carry with her, under cover of a gay exterior, the unsatisfied longings of genius; she must suffer the loneliness of publicity, the fear of successes that pass, and the irreconcilable dualism of a personality in which the actress is always present to observe the woman, even in moments of the most sacred grief. The character of Felicity is very charmingly conceived; one would have liked to see her act. "She makes you feel" (said a woman coming out of the theatre) "as if she had . . . showed yourself to you, — yourself and herself and the fat woman beside you in the purple waist, and the thin girl in front with the plain face and the passionate eyes, and — all human nature; so you never can look at any of it again and see it single, in its meanness or its might, but always see it double, in its weakness and its strength." The story is told with an unassuming fluency and simplicity, and it leaves you with the pleasant feeling that the world is full of gentle and brave people; that suffering is accounted for by the sweetening of character under its ministry; and that love will not pass by on the other side if one's heart is ready to receive it. No one would think of calling *Felicity* an important novel; but it is one of those books for which a welcome is always sure because they make people feel happy. Such books rarely call for extensive comment. Once their special purpose has been accomplished, "ther is namore to seye."

The *New Chronicles of Rebecca*,² by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is eminently to be listed in this pleasant class. You do not concern yourself to inquire whether

¹ *Felicity*. By CLARA E. LAUGHLIN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

² *New Chronicles of Rebecca*. By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1907.

Rebecca is not just the least bit too nice to be true; whether she would really have written that wonderful Thought-Book with all its delicious absurdities. The stories are brimming with mirth and kindly sentiment; and to find fault with them for not being what they do not pretend to be were more than ungrateful.

In something the same spirit — surely not to carp at its rather too conspicuous defects — one should approach O. Henry's new volume of stories, *The Trimmed Lamp*.¹ O. Henry seems to possess the happy gift of picking up gold pieces from the asphalt pavement. If occasionally his finds turn out to be tobacco-tags instead, you easily forgive him, it's so clearly a part of the jubilant and irresponsible game he is playing. It is the unpremeditated element that lends half the characteristic charm to O. Henry's writing. His faculty of vernacular observation rarely fails him. "Eight months," he tells us, "went by as smoothly and surely as though they had 'elapsed' on a theatre program." To Raggles, the tramp who was a poet, other cities had yielded their secrets as quickly as country maidens, "but here was one [New York] as cold, glittering, serene, impossible, as a four-carat diamond in a window to a lover outside, fingering damply in his pocket his ribbon-counter salary." O. Henry's stories are as disorderly as the streets of the city he loves so well. This newer collection shows not the least growth in the quality of his perceptions (always shrewd, but never deep), nor any hoped-for attention to good workmanship. Having learned a trick or two of construction, — the three-line surprise ending, for example, — he seems quite satisfied to go no further. Yet there is something irresistible about the stories, with all their crimes upon them; they are so buoyant and careless, so genial in their commentary, and so pleasantly colored by a sentiment which, if as sophisti-

cated as Broadway itself, is still perfectly spontaneous and sincere.

Miss Edith Rickert's novel, *The Golden Hawk*,² coming as it does after the rather blasé trivialities of *Folly* and the grimness of *The Reaper*, proves at least an unusual versatility in the author. It is a merry open-air romance of Provence — the sort of thing that could be easily turned into operetta. Trillon, who calls himself the Golden Hawk, because (though his grandmother keeps a sausage shop in Avignon) he will entertain no baser ambition himself than to fly straight into the sun — Trillon would wed Madeloun, whose harsh, intractable, and avaricious mother is *patronne* of the inn at Castelar, near the famous ruin. Trillon's passion is of the kind that alternately blazes and grows cool: he is a reckless, arrogant, gay-hearted, fascinating ne'er-do-well, ready to cut the gilt buttons from his new coat to pay his lodging, and then to go singing on his way, certain that his luck will not play him false. Madeloun has her adventures, too, as she waits behind, faithful — that is, faithful within reason, for you cannot risk everything on a vagrant's promise — to her absent sweetheart. And there are persecutions for her, and lovers' jealousies, and packings-off to a convent, and moonlight wooings; and in the end Trillon carries her away in triumph, *balin-balant* on his long-eared steed — "away from that grim ruin on the height, built by men who achieved their purpose a thousand years ago, out into the world that is a-making to-day. And everywhere they will have sunshine and love and hope; and what more do men need?" Facility, cleverness, and a certain literary bravura are scarcely defects in a creation of this type; and whether or not Miss Rickert has given us a picture of the real Provence, she has introduced us to a land where we are well-content to sing and sigh and sit i' the sun — never forgetting that one is "playing

¹ *The Trimmed Lamp*. By O. HENRY. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1907.

² *The Golden Hawk*. By EDITH RICKERT. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company. 1907.

the comedy," rather than having a part in the dull business of actual life.

It would be unfair to close this review without a reference to a little story by Miss Tarbell which has recently been brought out in book form: *He Knew Lincoln*.¹—"Did I know Lincoln? Well, I should say. See that chair there? Take it, set down. That's right;" and the speaker, who, one learns, is an old Springfield pharmacist, launches forth upon a rambling and anecdotal account of his acquaintance with the Lincoln of the earlier provincial days and with

the Lincoln of the times that tried men's souls. There is an appearance of artless spontaneity in the story, which will not be dissipated until, considering it retrospectively, one discovers how adequate and well-rounded is the impression it has conveyed of that greatest, most human figure in our history. It is a reverent and at the same time a singularly idiomatic piece of portraiture, more authentic somehow in its quality than any merely first-hand likeness of similar proportions could have been; and it is sure to take its place among the permanent and valued tributes to the memory of its hero.

¹ *He Knew Lincoln*. By IDA M. TARBELL. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1907.

THE BOOK-WORMS

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

Ho, thou, through the dim folio fondly mining,
We near the end.
A moment in thy sleeping and thy dining
Arrest thee, friend!

Only a little way art thou behind me,
But in my place
The world has grown so thin that now I find me
Close upon space.

Is it some larger leaf than we have burrowed,
In tinct and pale
And blazon of the title-page we furrowed
With sinuous trail?

Is it the answer to some wild of dreaming
Before me there?
Some airy lift, some hint of boundless gleaming,
Which way I fare?

Life! And, beyond, outlook of glorious weather,—
Wide wanderings!
Ho, friend, bestir thee in thy fragrant leather!
I feel my wings!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HID TREASURE

I must begin by saying how much I enjoyed the Club paper on "Rag-bags." Though ours has long dwindled to the usual modern size, I want to tell you of certain substitutes which, after long service, are just beginning now to fail me. They are the Cuddy, the "Office," and the Closet under the Stairs.

First the Cuddy!

It runs the whole length of the house, of which it has long formed the grand general lumber-room. It is low but not dark, for there are windows at its two ends. They afforded just light enough to read by, when in my childhood I used to go there to pore over certain novels of Mrs. Southworth contained in a stack of old story-papers there slightly thrust away. Beneath that sloping ceiling, by one of those tiny windows, how often did I weep over the sorrows of the Lost Heiress! With what rapt attention did I follow the fortunes of Miriam the Avenger as she fulfilled her "Fatal Vow!" But this was a pleasure that soon gave place to others more lasting. The Cuddy was filled not so much with literary rubbish as with the stores of the usual lumber-room. There were the cast-off toys of my elder brothers; there pieces of furniture broken or out of use; there various household articles found all at once behind the times. It was just after the War, Our War. Gone were the old aunts and mammies who had used the big wheel, the cut-reel, the winding-blade. Here in the Cuddy were all three, amid broken andirons, disused fenders, and the like. It was said by some that open fire-places were going the way of homespun cloth. Though this did not prove, in our case at least, quite true, the above accumulation was there. It has always been there more or less — till lately. Nothing else about the home

place has ever given me such a sense of reserved force as this Cuddy. Though (as I have known) it has not contained all the luxuries, I have long felt as if the necessities of life were there, and at a pinch would not fail one. Did one want a towel-rack? There was the cut-reel. With the help of white paint, behold it! transformed in hue and beautiful not in shape alone! Did one need a new fender? Lo! an old one which, being cut down by the cross-roads blacksmith and polished, is also a thing of beauty! When, two years ago, we were discussing (of course, quite seriously) making a party for the Coronation, someone suggested crowns as a necessary equipment. We are all heirs to titles here. They must be crowns — and "parcel-gilt." The question was raised, where to get them. I said, "O doubters and scoffers! do you think they could not be found either in the Cuddy, the Office, or the Closet under the Stairs?" Though we did not (as happened) go, I assure you it was not for want of faith in those crowns.

Now to describe the Office. The one of which I write was once a veritable country doctor's office. When I was a child its shelves were filled with medicine jars and bottles. There were box-bookcases of big books, and a terrifying collection of bones — skulls and cross-bones — with which our big brother, then studying medicine under our grandfather, used to scare and yet fascinate us. Now for years this too has been a sort of lumber-room. Books, bottles, and bones have disappeared. It is used in summer for a servant's sleeping-room. A certain degenerate member of the family has long wanted to keep a Miss-Hepzibah-Pyncheon-store there. But its shelves, its cupboards, have till lately been still capable of yielding rewards to the explorer. Was it not there we found the Civil War relics,

the breastplate, the bayonets, now so prized? Was it not there we found the bunch of old brass keys that we came near trading off for a door-knocker, and that now adorns our parlor? When people have talked of relics of any sort, has not the possession of the Office—not to mention the Cuddy—given me a feeling as of endless resources to draw on? How sad to think—But never mind just now!

And now, last but not least, the Closet! The Little Dark Closet under the stairs! Thank Heaven, that still holds its own to some extent! I can go there, chiefly for old magazines or other treasures of like sort (for this is a book-closet), without yet fearing that it will quite fail me. But how long will this last? The cry of "Pass it on!" grows daily louder and more inexorable. How long will it spare this last cherished hoard? A Virginia conscience is capable, when under strong pressure, of being almost as bad as a New England one. Have I not lately gone to the inmost depths of the Closet and raked forth one of the most cherished possessions of my youth? They were given to me, those numbers of *Scribner's* with purple covers, to keep! In those days people did such things. We did n't know it was wrong. We even kept things for the sake of people who gave them. Well, to go back to that batch of old *Scribner's*! Oh, with what delight were they first read—*Old Creole Days*, *The Grandissimes*, *Louisiana*! With what memories, what almost tears, I hang over them now! They are worn, they are dirty—but oh! why—why, just because I have had a box of new ones given me, must I "pass these on"? Can't I keep them—can't I keep the Closet as it is a while longer? Long years of "doing up" things, of wearing out and giving away, have stripped the Cuddy almost bare. Only one four-poster there is left to give a sense of antiquarian resources. (N. B. I have secret doubts now about those crowns, though a pile of old irons in one corner still may hold something.)

Though the Office still holds two or three things worth doing up, that too will soon be bare. There is now talk of doing even it up, converting it into a respectable summer bedroom. Standing as it does under a giant walnut-tree, surrounded by syringa bushes, it would be indeed a pleasant place to sleep. But what soothing consciousness of dim, half-explored places, yielding a possible "find," will be after a while left to us! I strive to harden my heart. Unless I can do so and hold on a while longer to that Closet, we shall indeed be desolate!

Will the members of the Contributors' Club pray for me that I may be allowed, by making some sort of compromise, to keep those purple-backed *Scribner's*?

DECORATED MARGINS

IN a town which I know very well is a certain street, ugly and insignificant even in a town of ugly and insignificant streets, down which I often had occasion to pass. One day I happened to read as I walked—in defiance of prudence and the occultist—a story written in a style and spirit somewhat above the average; a story with a window or two open toward the ideal, the infinite. Ever since, I have found that street most pleasant: interesting figures frequent it, and attractive vistas open out from its unalluring alleys. During one winter in Chicago, I often made the trip from the South Side to the city in a cable-car—that clanging, jerking abomination, most nerve-racking of all possible modes of locomotion. Within the car weary humanity; without, miles of assorted sign-boards. Not that I particularly minded the cable-car; for I was interested in most things, and in those days I had no nerves worth racking. But at least I never associated the cable-car with the glory and the dream. One day, however, I took with me *Vanity Fair*: and to this day a cable-car brings back to me the wonderful battle-chapter; and the chapter, when I read it in other scenes, finds me riding in a sort of apotheosis

of a cable-car, which summarizes and spiritualizes the city's very soul, — its rush of life, its sense of possibilities, its ever-recurring appeal to something deep and incorrigible in the heart of man.

In this way every book in my library — and a good many that are not there in the flesh — is a mystic storehouse to which I alone carry the key. Places long unvisited, long-lost faces, vanished years — they are pressed like dried leaves between the pages of my books, lending fragrance to the musings of some old philosopher, and borrowing, in return, a more touching dignity and grace. And if sometimes, amid the hurrying days, the desire assails me to go in search of my earlier selves, — those strange-eyed creatures of the past, — I turn to my bookshelves. There are the halls wherein these dim ghosts walk — strangely friendly and familiar if I seek them there.

I have mentioned *Vanity Fair*; it is one of the best examples. The mere name calls up visions. The first is of a meagre little college library, — one room lined with half-filled shelves, — an Eldorado to me and to many more besides. The college itself was one of those small denominational institutions, holding its head high in the proud consciousness of being self-supporting — a distinction indeed in that land of impecunious colleges and mendicant "universities." Behind her little table in the corner sat the librarian, a short-haired, round-eyed girl, the sister of one of the professors; herself neither teacher nor pupil, but a sort of mysterious amphibian. Across the room from me sat the divinity-student with the Napoleonic profile, a co-laborer with me in "Beginning Latin," who sometimes responded to my anxious "Datne regina puellæ rosam?" after a harrowing period of suspense, with a negative of laborious finality. The queen never did give the girl a rose; and to this day I somehow feel that it is the fault of the divinity-student; it was his influence, I am sure, that discouraged her unselfish impulses. It was in this library that I read *The Old*

Curiosity Shop, *Ivanhoe*, *Adam Bede* — and began *Vanity Fair*. For I merely began it. I read Dickens eagerly, and found George Eliot's great mind and heart a most alluring and congenial country from the first; but I abandoned *Vanity Fair* in disgust at the scene where Jos calls Becky his "diddle-iddle darling," under the inspiration of the rack punch at Vauxhall. My inherited and acquired Puritanism, the arrogance of my inexperience, revolted at that, and I put *Vanity Fair* back on the shelf in disgrace. Years afterward, when I again passed through the gates of that teeming, glittering, brilliantly-lighted city of Thackeray's mind, I wore the wedding-garment; and I shall never forget my solitary jubilee of surprise and rapture. To this day the opening chapters find me back on the golden sand of the beach, the happiest young soul who ever looked up from a book to take blue sky and racing wind into a silent partnership of joy. It is this dear alchemy of books that I wish to celebrate: this power to transmute the baser metals of every-day experience into the fine gold of memory. At least two epochs of my life are already shut up in the pages of *Vanity Fair*.

The bulky novels of the elder days have this charm to an extraordinary degree; perhaps this is one reason that they have a surer hold upon the memory than the more closely-pruned products of our impatient age. We live with them; they soak up the association of days, even of weeks and months — if we are leisurely readers, and understand reading as a luxury. I have always been glad that a busy household of which I was once a part made *Dombey and Son* last through a whole blessed season of winter evenings. How many shades of character, tricks of voice, household vicissitudes, and incidents of the day's work, are stored up in the lavender of its wit and pathos! Old days lie there like folded garments; one has but to unclasp the cedar chest again, and lift them out. Captain Cuttle has rejoiced in my joys; and I have shared

many a disappointment with the inimitable, sympathizing Toots.

Did you ever turn over your old school-books after a lapse of years, — "the dog-eared Virgil" and the rest? There is a certain slim, worn, old-maidenish text-book Emerson — "Compensation," "Self-Reliance," and "The American Scholar" — that transports me instantly back into the storm and stress period, when to reconcile Emerson with "revealed-religion" seemed at once the most difficult task in the universe and the whole duty of man. Ruskin, too, and Carlyle: we plunged into them all, wrote copious essays about them, and — at least I can answer for myself and the boy who wrote poetry — actually discussed them out of school. Many immortal phrases get their connotation established once for all in the schoolroom. In my final year at the academy we read "Sohrab and Rustum;" and still the beautiful lines,

"— Like some rich hyacinth, which by the
scythe

Of some unskilful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom
On the mown, dying grass, —"

take me back to our own fragrant little triangular garden on a Sunday evening after church (where we had listened to a sermon on Predestination), with the boy who wrote poetry quoting ardently in the moonlight.

And if you have ever chanced to teach English literature, and have chanced, further, to use some little school-edition which has survived from your own school days, that same little text will have been to you the unique meeting-place of two antipodal sets of associations. It would be hard to find two points of view more clamorously divergent than those of teacher and taught. The *Idylls of the King* calls up more insistently than any of the rest, I think, my own pedagogical days. A world-famous example of alliteration connotes the freckled grin of the boy who took lizards out of his pockets during study-period; beside the imper-

ishable face of the Lily-Maid rises the disgusted visage of the girl who thought "Elaine was silly to go moping round that way after Lancelot!"

Indeed, as Lamb says, "much depends on when and where you read a book;" and of no book is this truer than of one like Lamb's own. Those pages beyond praise, — one would think they were already packed with vagrant echoes, delicate reminiscences, flavors fine and fugitive. Yet how readily they receive and keep one's own — the intimate personal ones we put into them! "New Year's Eve," for instance, finds me sitting in a college library (not the remote, provincial one this time, but the decorous, unsocial "department library" of a big university) and leaves me far from the great highways of the world's life, looking up from the strange light on my page to marvel at the wonderful coppery radiance of a sunset sky after storm, under which the stretches of rank grass and the masses of the wet green trees show startlingly, unbelievably bright. Since that time, every sunset after storm is sacred to Elia, and brings with it some whisper from his gentle ghost.

If you will think, you will find a book, an essay, perhaps a mere phrase or couplet, for every place where you have lingered on the journey; and which holds in solution, as it were, all that was most characteristic and significant in that phase of your life. Those perfect little lines,

"Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky,"

were not Wordsworth's any more than they are mine. They belonged to one who used to mount to the high window in the great empty third-floor hall, — it was only a boarding-school, not a prison, gentle-hearted reader, — to look away across the Virginia hills and find renewal for the day's petty havoc in watching the evening star light its holy taper at the dying bonfire in the west. Even a young impatient heart could not complain at the monotony of its days in the presence of

that joyous routine, lovely from everlasting to everlasting! I learned *Lycidas* on a series of long rambles; and the gray, ragged, mist-wrapped stretches of that unpretentious landscape merge, as I repeat it, into those "high lawns . . . under the opening eyelids of the morn." It is a pity ever to read anything but masterpieces; for the place will keep record of the book, as surely as the book keeps record of the time and place.

AN EYE FOR COLOR

I SUFFER — and I am blessed — with an eye. Like our good friend Elia, who bemoaned his lack of an ear, my difficulties come not from physical qualities or imperfections, but from an inner sense of which the optic nerve is the outward sentinel. My eyes are externally as those of my neighbors, not too beautiful for daily use, demanding the aid of spectacles when I take fine stitches, calm and gray and noncommittal — but educated.

Herein lies my cause for self-searching. Are the entries greater upon the credit or debit side of my ledger of joy in life, because of the years and money spent in training the instinct for beauty with which I was born? At the age of ten, my desire for artistic expression led me to perpetrate an object of yellow plush, shaped like a palette, bedizened with bright blue ribbons, and hand-painted (by myself) with daisies and forget-me-nots, and supporting a useless thermometer two inches long. My joy in this production was almost complete, though marred by the artist feeling that I had not yet brought forth the best that was in me.

At twenty-five, after a course in an art school, a long attendance upon exhibitions, lectures, and various sources of culture, as a bride I was saddened by daily association with yellow oak dining-room furniture and dumpy plated silver hand-me-downs, not to be dignified by the name of heirlooms, when my soul would have been satisfied to its deeps by the

vision of slender Colonial silver, reflected in polished mahogany.

The bosom friend of my childhood, married to a common-place pudgy little man, and living in a common-place pudgy little house, was perfectly complacent and happy with her blue plush parlor set, her cerise "throw" on the mantel, tastefully tied back with blue ribbons, and her gilt and onyx table topped with her hand-painted lamp.

Did she get more out of life or did I, looking ruefully at my yellow oak sideboard, but thrilling with secret satisfaction because I could appreciate the high-bred arch of my husband's nose, and the subtle strength in the lines of his brow and cheek? Was my pleasure in my one piece of Favrite glass — a lovely bit of flame cooled in dew and moonlight — a purer satisfaction, tempered as it was by the aforesaid yellow oak, than her complete happiness with her blue parlor set and her cerise "throw"? Was I happier at ten, when the yellow plush thermometer satisfied my desire to create the beautiful, or at twenty-five, when I knew?

On October days the little tide river which my windows overlook flashes like a cut sapphire to a sparkling sky, while the tawny browns of the long sedge grasses make a wonderful color harmony enriched by the deep russet tones of the distant hills. It is wonderful enough to take my breath away and I am deeply thankful that I have eyes to see it; but — from another window I see my neighbor's costly house decked out with the domes and minarets of a Turkish mosque, I see his front lawn decorated with a star of variegated colors, and blue spruces set about like exclamation points of painted tin.

Would it be better to be comfortably blind alike to blue spruce and blue river? Strangely enough the color sense seems often not to become more acute as people advance intellectually. I feel hurt when my fallow friends wear squirrel furs, or jackets of that dead color known as covert cloth. I am offended when a red-

haired girl wears a peacock-blue dress, but I forgive the world all its buffets when I meet a woman with copper-colored hair, red-brown eyes, a fair, pale skin, and a brown velvet gown. It is my sincere and deep conviction that magenta is the unpardonable sin.

But scientists tell us that in the world of flowers magenta has its definite and useful place in the evolution of a type. The flowers of reddish purple and its allied shades are the great middle class, which attract the crowds of commonplace, middle-class insects, while the stately lily, the pale yellow primrose, the fragrant honeysuckle, the long trumpet flower, high-bred creatures of delicate form and color, set a table for special highly organized visitors, not trying to make themselves so attractive to the multitudes of humble bees. Hence the majority of magenta blossoms.

I believe that some such truth holds in the world of people, who must at a certain time pass through the magenta stage before they reach the plane of a finer vision. I am certain that my neighbor is now in the magenta period of development. Many things prove my contention. A large crimson rambler rose climbs on a lattice over his piazza which, when it has reached the stage of last summer's millinery, is joined by the prolific purplish pink roses which share the lattice. His peonies are purplish pink, likewise his phlox, his petunias, and his altheas, which bloom modestly against a background of goldenglow. Even his little daughter is a magenta-colored child, with carrot hair and pale blue eyes, whose mother dresses her in pink! That man is a good husband and father, he has made money, much of it, and he is entirely unaware that he is a crime against society. He is simply in the process of evolution, and it may be that the grandchildren of that magenta little girl will be quite as alive as I am to the charm in the tracery of a green lichen on a gray rock, or the beauty of color in a velvety chestnut burr with the rich brown of the smooth nuts within. They may see as

much and be as poor according to material standards as I.

But the question remains — does my neighbor get more out of life, or do I? Is he happier with his automobile, his yacht, his hideous luxuries which satisfy him, and his blindness, or am I happier with my treasures which he would regard as puerile? I believe that, after all, I would not exchange for several diamond tiaras the memory that I have of one perfect day under a sapphire sky, with a sapphire ocean rolling off to the horizon, and great dunes of golden sand with their clumps of grayish-green beach grass making a perfect chord of color. My neighbor could never have seen that gold and green and heavenly blue as anything but sandhills. I am sure my home is happier because I see beauty in the glow of flame under the ashy tip of a cigar, than it would be if I nagged because I don't like the smell of tobacco.

SUN-DIAL MOTTOES

THE poets of all ages view the rapid flight of time with much anxiety and despair.

"Eheu fugaces labuntur anni!"

"A moment's Halt — a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste —
And Lo! the phantom Caravan has reached
The Nothing it set out from — Oh make haste!"

"Art is long and time is fleeting."

Did they never attend a church sociable? Did they never pass hours at the dentist's, or take interminable ocean voyages? Why should they not occasionally consider the subject in its more cheerful aspects?"

However, so long as such melancholy sentiments are found "only in some rotten book," — to quote Harold in *The Golden Age*, — it does not much matter. But when they appear as mottoes on sundials one is surely justified in protesting. The breathless, desperate feeling of haste induced by the average sun-dial motto, the feeling that there is much to do, with

little or no time in which to do it, is one which the true garden lover should never allow to penetrate within his garden walls. Are not the walls there to keep out the rush and worry of the busy world? Why disturb the peace and quiet within by voluntarily introducing so severe and threatening an atmosphere? "Vigilate et orate," "Tempus fugit," or "Ex hoc momento pendet æternitas," are hardly ideas conducive to mental and physical relaxation. Lying idly on your back under some spreading tree, watching the summer clouds drift by lazily, listening to the hum of bees among your mignonette and lilies, is it possible to enjoy yourself completely while you have staring you in the face the solemn warning, "Volat irrevocabilis hora," "Memento mori," or the like? The cynical country friend who, in the throes of despair over an appropriate motto, ornamented his dial with the inscription, "The train goes at 8.20," hit the mark as well as most people, I think, by supplying each guest with the knowledge necessary to suburban life, and at the same time introducing that agitated atmosphere which he felt precedent had established around sun-dials.

Since no two gardeners are ever quite alike, and their gardens all differ in plan and conception, their mottoes should be chosen with more individuality than is usually the case, and not follow so imitatively the lines of convention. You may, for instance, take your garden as a place in which to be reminded of the irrevocable flight of time. Or perhaps you may find it the spot where you first learned the "joy of work." Or you may count your garden the best spot in which, after the day's work, to dream and rest and gain strength for the next day's problems. There are mottoes enough to fit all these different frames of mind. Which shall we choose?

It would seem as if only a morbid pessimist would give standing room in the garden to a dial with a motto fitting the first mood. Yet in how many gardens at home and abroad do the dials, covered with

vines and moss, bear half obliterated inscriptions like "Volani l' ori, i giorni, gl' anni, e i mesi," and

"Life's but a shadow, man's but dust
This diall says, dy all we must."

And instead of being depressed we are charmed at this archaic, uncompromising sentiment, put there by some shadowy man long since become the dust he anticipated. Perhaps some modern gardeners copy the stern mottoes of their forebears more from sentiment and a love of the antique than because of any really despondent outlook on life.

Of quite another class is the ardent worker who has been up before sunrise, pursuing on his hands and knees the wily and insidious weed, and is still found at sundown, exhausted but brave of heart, making his final rounds with the hose and watering-pot. To him there may be added stimulus in the strenuous motto, "Deus adest laborantibus." "Qui laborat orat." "Time wasted is existence, used is life." How little should the crick in the back weigh against such high rewards! How could he long refrain from hunting cut-worms or plying the hellebore spray with such an incentive before him! And yet the gardener who burns with the real fire should need no incentive to work in his own garden. To such as he, the day should be all too short in which to care for his treasures. An extra spur to activity should indeed be a mockery.

No, most of us are of the third class, and it is the restful motto that brings us the truest happiness in the end. "L' heure passe, l' amitié reste." What matters it whether time slips away if our friends stay by us?

"How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?"

Is not the air redolent with thyme and lavender? And does not "Datur hora quieti" call up long shadows, birds going to bed and a general air of peace? Even the misleading optimism of the well-worn "Horas non numero nisi serenas" is quite in place here. The garden is without doubt the field of all others for

work while you must work; but the garden that produces only the effect of activity and toil defeats its own end. You must remember, too, that no one except yourself wants to work in your garden, and for the rest of the world you must provide happy, peaceful, sweet-scented surroundings.

"Here shall ye see no enemie
But winter and rough weather,"

was over the gate of a garden that I went into the other day. And once inside you felt that the entrance had indeed been carefully guarded. Roses, lilies, larkspurs, foxgloves, all your best friends, did their bravest and prettiest to make life bright and sweet for you, and help you to forget for the time being your cares and problems. Here, at peace with the world and your surroundings, you came at last upon the sun-dial, and found your contentment quite complete as you read its motto—quiet, sunny, and cheerful,—

"Noiseless falls the foot of time
Which only treads on flowers."

A DEGENERATE

WHEN a lady asked once to borrow my copy of Barrie's *My Lady Nicotine*, I inwardly commended her taste and marveled at her catholicity. When she borrowed it again, and—under the plea of reading it to a friend—yet again, I appended the quality of persistency to my inward analysis of her. And when, at last, lending it to her once more, I discovered in her library a copy of the self-same book, my wonderment became so great as to draw forth, as it were a magnet, a plenary confession from her. I discovered that my own copy was impregnated with the perfume of some Arcadian mixture, which gave to the writing a realistic charm which in her copy was, naturally, wanting. So completely did this coincide with my own appreciations, that I presented the book forthwith. It was accepted, on condition that I receive her copy in return and promise to continue the exchanges *in perpetuo*, so as to

keep always one of the two volumes in a state of—let me say—smoky realism. And this may explain, perhaps, why I remained a degenerate. But to me, the history of my unregeneration was less tranquil.

For long I had been contemplating socialism, anarchy, anything that would promise, however vaguely, to remove the barrier of price between me and the many books I wanted. Books, cousins of those already overfilling my shelves; books heard of, dipped into, longed for, but never owned; books whose cost seemed so small beside the value received and so large beside my pocket-book; books—I wanted. Book and pipe spelled heaven on earth—the truest Nirvana. And one night, with a total of sixty-two dollars before me as the necessary equivalent for the latest group of my desire, I desperately decided that something must be done.

It was a simple problem, on the face of it,—get sixty-two dollars. Where? And suddenly a great calm fell upon me. My Puritan ancestors asserted themselves, and melodrama melted into the homeliest consideration of personal ways and means. I turned to my cash account. Sixty-two dollars I must save, somehow. How or where—what sacrifice to make, in short—was now the problem. Thus it was that my eye fell on the yearly total for "cigars and tobacco" of seventy-eight dollars. Thus it was that I, for the first time in my history as a smoker, a bachelor husband of the Goddess of Nicotine, meditated the surrender of tobacco to the purchase of books.

For a young bachelor whose salary came mainly in the pleasure of a chosen profession, the slight financial *anhang* being hardly more than sufficient to the equilibrium of a modest domestic economy, financial excesses in one direction meant financial restrictions in another. A worthy young man was I,—it was those ancestors,—and my one vice was tobacco. And now had come the crucial temptation for infidelity to my chosen

worship. Pipe and pouch hung in the balance.

It was a clear-cut issue, I saw from the first. To smoke a pipe without having also cigars was insufficient, — like free thought without free expression. No, I must smoke all, or not at all: and I squared myself to the fact that I was considering swearing off. In one flash, the argument for the plaintiff bore upon me, — the loss of a mere habit, the gain of library luxury. Virtue was at its full. Now, I felt, I was a gladiator for the contest, or never would I appear in the lists. The wide world of my understanding echoed with the challenge, "Shall I swear off?"

Yes, a thousand times yes, I thought wildly, hoping by bravado to force the issue. To smoke — what is it? A sacrificial rite to god habit, — the slaughter of books at the pyre, or the pipe, — the auto-da-fé of realities, by dreams. It is a sacrifice too long maintained. It must go. To be sure, even that would be in its turn a sacrifice, — but a slight one — oh, very. Sometimes it would not even be realized; and even on the very fittest time, when the bitter, clouded out-doors is copied in the saddened, heavy self, to come in to the old chair, to confide one's self to the old smoke, to caress the old, true goddess, and forget the new, traitorous troubles, even then it is an easy — well, not easy, but a — a — heroic — yes, mightily heroic — sacrifice.

And see the result. Books — books! I imagine this one, which I desire much, now in my hands. I lean back, open it, revel in its title-page, pass my fingers over its soft, responsive cover, light my pipe — no, not my pipe, of course, *the gas* — and read. The hours pass; the new land has received me; my pipe rejoices with me — *on the shelf*, of course, — and all is bliss. Page after page goes past, and no pause except to fill my pipe — no! no pause, I mean, even for that! — and then — I know; alas, I know — and then the

old, old longing for that sympathetic companion — *on the shelf*. Ah, but I will get over that: surely, yes, but — but *how*! Heaven only knows! Alas, I was a poor gladiator, indeed, — unless I was fighting on the wrong side.

The true debater — I remembered — studied the opposition as carefully as the defense. Calming my conscience with this maxim, I relinquished myself to soft adherence to fair tobacco. I will argue now, quoth I to myself, for the defendant.

Argue? What argument needs tobacco? Tell me, continued I to myself, where words can even impinge upon the luxurious sphere of the smoker's content. It was yesterday — no longer ago — that I entered my den with dark and evil thoughts — thoughts heavy with regrets, misgivings, and despondency. What was it that in twenty minutes turned me into a new man, refreshed for the contest, light of heart, sobered in judgment, confident for the future? The answer was already upon my lips — nay, even within them — *my pipe*.

My pipe! And I was, even in its subtle embrace, plotting treason against it! Well I knew that without this companion I should at that minute be lost to all meditative serenity, pacing my room vacantly, incapable of an honest judgment upon anything, be it pipe, book, or salvation. I — give up smoking — sacrifice tobacco — I? Never.

The still, small voice said, "But — the books." Conscience? The fiend it was! No conscience of mine would disharmonize the glory of that loyal resolve. Books — yes, I know. Books are like happiness — the real thing in life. But tobacco — ah, tobacco is life itself.

I must have both, even if my next winter's suit must pay for it. This settled, I knocked the ashes from my briar, filled it again; and in the cordial flash of the match I saw my way clear before me.

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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1907

WHAT IS PROGRESS? ¹

BY JAMES BRYCE

EVER since man disengaged himself from nature and began to reflect upon his place in the Universe, men's minds have been occupied with the question whether the human race as a whole is advancing, and towards what possible future. When first we catch sight of the subject in literature, the idea prevails that mankind had fallen back from an earlier state in which his life was simpler, easier, and more innocent. Hesiod describes his own iron age as below the level of the heroic age, and of the bronze and golden ages which had preceded it. The same idea recurs at intervals through Greek and Roman literature. You all remember the splendor which Virgil threw round it, suggesting, however, a series of successive periods of retrogression and improvement which reminds one of those gigantic cycles in which Eastern thought makes mankind move and of which we catch an echo in the Norse mythology.

With Christianity, a new element of hope was introduced, and during some centuries the notion of a Golden Age was transferred from a heathen past, a world lying in wickedness, to that better time in the future when the New Religion should have overspread and transformed the whole world, and created on it a Kingdom of Heaven. Presently, however, the clouds began again to gather, as the old civilization dissolved and ignorance settled down on Europe. During the Dark Ages, and indeed down to the middle or end of the fourteenth century, men looked

regretfully back to a time when Christendom had been more peaceful and better ordered than they saw it, and when knowledge, wisdom, and the power of literary creation stood on a level far higher than their own.

The Renaissance and the discovery of America changed all this. Hope revived as knowledge and learning revived, and the strong races spread themselves out, conquering and to conquer. Within the last century the belief in human progress has become almost an article of faith. Many causes have gone to this. The rapid growth of population, the establishment of free governments, by which many old evils due to tyranny or the ascendancy of a class have been removed, and, above all, the unprecedentedly swift march of scientific discovery, bringing with it a mastery over nature heretofore undreamed of, have filled men with a confidence that they are going to be not only far more numerous than ever before, but also stronger, freer, happier, and altogether better off than they were at any moment in the past. The Darwinian doctrine of advance through the survival of the fittest (whereof more anon) is deemed to have given a scientific basis for the belief, and our fuller knowledge of primitive man, as he was many thousands of years ago, suggests that a movement which has brought us so far up from the Stone Age must be a continuous movement. That touching confidence in the power of freedom and equality to produce fraternity and universal goodwill, which inspired Frenchmen in the days of the Revolution and was preached by Jefferson to your

¹ An address delivered before the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, June 27, 1907.

forefathers, has no doubt been frequently set back and discouraged by events. But the persuasion that either an equal division of property, or the extinction of private property and the placing of all the means of production and distribution in the hands of the whole community, will remove the ingrained evils of society, and make everybody happy, has many adherents in all civilized countries, and is indeed a potent factor in practical politics as well as in economic thought.

It would take too long to analyze the causes which have from time to time changed the attitude of the human mind upon this supreme question. All we need to remember is this, that though the so-called law of progress is now commonly held to be axiomatic, there have been many alternations of opinion in the past. The pessimists are for the moment a dispirited minority. But their chance may come again in the future; and the main issue is not so free from doubt as to disentitle them to a fair hearing.

It may be thought that there is one cause powerfully operative to create a belief in the progress of the race, which ought here to be specially mentioned. Pious minds who are filled with reverence for an overruling Providence, and other minds, not so pious, whose loss of faith in a future life has made them concentrate their interest on the development of humanity on the planet it occupies, have by different roads brought themselves, altogether irrespective of facts, to the same belief that all things either have been ordered, or are of themselves working, for the best in this present world, the best of all possible worlds. Thus a philosophy of history has arisen, which insists on regarding all events as tending by a constant law, almost like a law of nature, to bring good out of evil and a higher good out of a lower good.

In this view all the calamities and catastrophes of history are the means by which some blessing otherwise unattainable has been secured. The Norman Con-

quest, which brought misery on England for a century, was needed in order to reinvigorate the Saxon stock and bring into a backward country the more advanced civilization of the continent. The French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, great as was the suffering they directly involved, were needed to break down the old régime and the relics of feudalism in Europe. The African slave trade gave the millions of negroes who were sent under hatches to the New World the opportunity of hearing the truths of Christianity. It may be admitted that there never was any evil which was not attended by a certain amount of good. Even a paroxysm of toothache provides an opportunity for the exercise of fortitude and self-control. But in many cases the good will seem to an unbiased mind to have been much less than the evil. The extinction of the Ostro-Gothic nation in Italy, and the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, and the rise of the Inquisition in Spain, come pretty near to being unqualified calamities. This faith in progress based on the doctrine that all things are for the best has no scientific character. It is a mere *a priori* assumption. Hornets and rattlesnakes may have their use and value in the general scheme of things, but why suppose that nature could not have got on equally well without venomous creatures? Whoever desires to examine fairly the question, whether the course of human history is really onward and upward, must rid himself of all these optimistic fancies and be content to take the facts as he finds them. The intrusion of a theory of final causes is as unprofitable and, indeed, misleading, in the interpretation of history as Bacon long ago pointed out that it was barren in philosophy.

I will not venture to-day to examine into this general law of progress, that is, to inquire whether Man is advancing at that steady and constant pace which entitles us to hope that he will some day become, if not a perfect being, yet one incomparably nearer to perfection than he is to-day. That would be indeed an arduous

and intricate inquiry. What I propose is the humbler and more limited investigation of the meaning and contents of the idea of Progress itself, and of the relations of each kind of Progress to other kinds. When we say that man has advanced or is advancing, of what lines of advance are we thinking? The lines of movement are really as numerous as are the aspects of man's nature and the activities which he puts forth. Taking his physical structure, is mankind as a whole becoming stronger, healthier, less injured by habits which depress nervous or muscular force, and are the better stocks of man increasing faster than the inferior stocks? Considered as an acquisitive being, has man more of the things that make for comfort, more food and clothing, better dwellings, more leisure? Intellectually regarded, has he a higher intelligence, more knowledge and opportunities for acquiring knowledge, more creative capacity, more perception of beauty and susceptibility to æsthetic pleasures? Considered in his social relations, has he more personal freedom, is he less exposed to political oppression, has he fuller security for life and property, is there more or less order and concord within each community, more or less peace between nations? Lastly, is man improving as a moral being? Is there more virtue in the world, more sense of justice, more sympathy, kindliness, tenderness, more of a disposition to regard the feelings and interests of others and to deal gently with the weak? In each and all of these departments there may be progress, but not necessarily the same rate of progress; and we can perfectly well imagine a progress in some points only, accompanied by a stagnation or even a decline in other points.

When we talk of the progress of the world, do we mean an advance in all these respects, or only in some, and if so, in which of them? If in all of them, which are the most typical and the most significant? Suppose there has been an advance in some, and in others stagnation or retrogression, how shall we determine

which are the most important, the most fraught with promise or discouragement? An examination of the language of popular writers indicates that the current conception has been seldom analyzed. Such writers would seem to have assumed that an improvement in some aspects of human life means an improvement in all, perhaps even an improvement to something like the same extent. Another question suggests itself. Is the so-called Law of Progress a constant one? Supposing its action in the past to have been proved, can we count upon its continuing in the future, or may the causes to which its action has been due sometime or other come to an end? I pass over other points that might be raised. It is enough to have shown in how vague a sense the current term has been used.

There seem to be two ways in which an inquiry into the supposed forward movement of mankind might be conducted. One way is to take Progress in its widest sense as meaning the sum total of human advance in all its forms, and to examine each form in succession. The other way is to select some few of those forms, in which it is comparatively easy to determine whether there has been an advance, and to measure the amount of such advance, and then to see whether the result in those cases can be made a basis for general conclusions as regards other forms. It may be that progress in some directions can be shown to be fairly typical of the general movement of humanity. It may be that such progress involves, or at any rate raises a strong presumption of, other kinds of advance.

Let us take two comparatively easy lines of inquiry: the physical characteristics of the human species, and the conditions under which the species has to live; and let us see what conclusions can be reached by examining these.

Additions to the number of the human race are popularly treated as if they were an undoubted benefit. We see every nation and every community within a nation, down to a village just planted on a

prairie, regarding its own increase as something to be proud of. The eagerness with which cities watch each successive census return for a record of their population is familiar, and nowhere so familiar as in this country. But is the increase of the race any gain to the race? The population of Europe is probably three or four times, that of North America probably twenty times, as large as it was two centuries ago. This proves that there is much more food available for the support of life, much more production of all sorts of commodities, and in particular an immense increase in the area of land used for producing food, with an improvement in the methods of extracting food from the land. So the growth of a city like Boston or Chicago proves that there has been an immense increase in industry. Men work harder, or at any rate more efficiently, and have far more appliances for production at their command. Whether they lead happier lives is another matter. It used to be said that he who made two ears of corn grow where only one ear had grown before was a benefactor to the race. Is that necessarily so? The number of men who can live off the soil is larger, but the men need not be better off. If there is more food there are also more mouths. Their lives may be just as hard, their enjoyments just as limited. Some parts of the earth are already too crowded for comfort. I find many persons rejoicing to think that the use of the power in the falls of Niagara will enable industries to be established there which will treble the population of the surrounding country. The Falls may be gone, but the pool into which they used to plunge will have become the centre of a smoky city. The notion that population is *per se* a benefit and a mark of progress seems to be largely a survival from the ages when each tribe or city needed all the arms it could maintain, to wield sword and spear against its enemies.

"As arrows in the hands of a giant, even so are the young children," says

the Psalmist; and when men were needed to fight against Hittites and Hivites, this was a natural reflection.

It may also be partly due to an unthinking association between growth and prosperity, created by the fact that the establishment of new industries in a community usually brings wealth as well as population. There are people heedless enough to be pleased at hearing that our greatest cities are adding many tens of thousands a year to their inhabitants, as if it were not already a grave problem how to arrest the growth of these huge centres of population, and divert industries to smaller places.

Let us pass from mere numbers to quality. The most remarkable feature of the last few centuries has been the relatively more rapid growth of those whom we call the more advanced races, such as the Teutonic, Celtic, and Slavonic. Nineteen centuries ago there may have been less, perhaps much less, than ten millions of persons on the globe belonging to these three races. There are now probably over three hundred and fifty millions, while the so-called backward races, though some of them increase, have increased more slowly and are now everywhere under the control of the more advanced races. (I do not include in this comparison either the Chinese or the Japanese, the cases of both being peculiar.) This fact represents an undoubted advance.

The question follows: Are these higher stocks (Italo-Iberic, Teutonic, Celtic, Slavonic), wherever found, themselves improving in physical and intellectual quality? This is a very important part of the inquiry. An improvement in this direction would give ground for expecting progress in other directions also.

In duration of life there is (at least in Western Europe and in the United States) unquestionably an improvement. Whether the average of muscular strength is also increasing it may be more hard to say, but certainly it does not seem to be declining.

Through advances in surgical and medical science, more and more diseases are found to be preventable, while more and more of those which used to be thought incurable are shown to be capable of treatment, so that the average of health rises with that of the duration of life. One drawback, however, is serious enough to be specially mentioned. Lunacy is increasing in all countries which keep a statistical record of mental maladies, and the increase is too large to be explained merely by the fact that records are now more accurate. Unless this fact can be accounted for by the abuse of intoxicants, an abuse which seems to be rather decreasing than increasing, it is ominous, because it seems to imply that there are factors in modern life which tend to breed disorders in the brain. But we have not sufficient data for positive conclusions. In this connection a still more serious question arises.

The law of differentiation and improvement by means of natural selection, and the survival of the fittest, which, according to the Darwinian theory, has been a principal cause in the production of more and more perfect types of animal life, may reasonably be thought to have continued to work during the earlier period of the history of mankind. The races which have survived and multiplied and have come to dominate the earth have been the stronger races; and while strife lasted there was always a tendency for physical strength and intelligence to go on increasing. The upper class in every community — and this was equally true of Germany and France in the thirteenth century, and of the Hawaiians when Captain Cook found them — were physically stronger and handsomer than the classes at the bottom of the social scale. The birth rate was probably higher among these aristocratic sections, and the chance of the survival of infants also better. But in modern society the case is quite otherwise. The richer and more educated class marry later and as a rule have smaller families than the poorer class, whose

physique is generally weaker and whose intelligence is generally, though of course not universally, on a somewhat lower level. This is especially the case in great cities, and great cities contain a rapidly increasing proportion of the whole population of every country. The phenomenon seems to be widespread. It is conspicuous in Australia and in your own Eastern States. The result is that the class in which physical strength and a cultivated intelligence are hereditary increases more slowly, if it increases at all, than do the classes inferior in these qualities. Fortunately, the lines of class distinction are much less sharply drawn than they were some centuries ago. The upper class is always being recruited by persons of energy and intellect from the poorer classes. Still, we have here a new cause which may tend to depress the average level of human capacity, though it may be some time before the results have become apparent.

The improvement, so far as attained, in the physical quality of the civilized part of mankind is largely due to such changes in its environment as the greater abundance of food and clothing, the better conditions of housing, the diffusion of property through all classes of the community. Along these lines the improvement has been extraordinary. The luxury of the rich, the comfort of the middle classes, the comparative immunity of the poorer classes from famine and pestilence, have increased within the last two centuries more than they had done during many preceding centuries. Most remarkable of all has been the cause of these improvements, namely, the increase in our knowledge of natural laws and the power over natural forces which has been thereby acquired. Man has now, by comprehending Nature, become her master. These are the things which are commonly in our mind when we talk of Progress. It is the wonderful gains made in those things which are visible and tangible and which affect our daily life at every turn that have struck the popular mind and

have been taken to mark, not only a long onward step, but the certainty of further advance. Material progress has seemed in its triumphant march to sweep everything else along with it. Whether this be really so, is the very question we have to consider. Does our increased knowledge and command of nature, do all those benefits and comforts which that mastery of nature has secured, so greatly facilitate intellectual and moral progress that we may safely assume that there will be an increase in intelligence, in virtue, and in all that is covered by the word Happiness. It seems hard not to believe that, with the world so much more at man's disposal, man is destined to be a being altogether superior to what he has been in the past. Material progress seems to us moderns, when it has gone so far in the course of another century or two that everybody shall have all the comforts and all the opportunities for enjoyment that he can desire, to constitute that Golden Age for which mankind have so often sighed. It is a comparatively new conception of the Golden Age. Those happier days to which Hesiod and Virgil looked back were primarily days of innocence and simplicity, when there was no crime, no violence, no strife.

Needum enim audierant inflari classica, needum

Impositos duris crepitare incudibus onses.

The Golden Age to which men's eyes turned back in the centuries of mediæval darkness was primarily an age of enlightenment and learning, an age when the Church had not yet become corrupted by the pursuit of wealth and power. The ideals of both the ancients and the men of the Middle Ages were ethical or intellectual. In neither case did their imagination dwell upon the things which applied science is giving us in such ample measure. This, however, is a digression. Let us return to consider how far the increase of wealth and comfort and opportunities for enjoyment, and of that sway of natural forces which promises more of such opportunities, betokens a like improvement

in political institutions, a like progress in the intellectual development of man and in the delights of living.

Of political institutions I will not attempt to speak to-day. The subject is too large; and one would have to qualify nearly every general statement by reference to particular countries. It is better to confine our present inquiry to the relation of material progress to intelligence and character.

We see under these new conditions less anxiety, less occupation with the hard necessities of finding food and clothing. Work itself is less laborious, because more largely done by machinery and not by mere strength. There is more leisure which can be used for the acquisition of knowledge and for setting thought free to play upon subjects other than practical. The opportunities for obtaining knowledge have been so extended and cheapened that in all civilized countries the elements of instruction can be obtained practically without cost, and higher instruction at a low price by all who are fitted to profit by it. Not only are books within every one's reach, but the daily instructors of the public proffer it at a trifling cost at least as much information as it can assimilate. Transportation has become easy and swift and cheap, so that every one's mind can be enriched and refreshed and stimulated by foreign travel. The dweller in great cities is no doubt more shut out from nature than were his forefathers, but on the other hand he has greater facilities for visiting spots of natural beauty and drawing pleasure from them. Works of art are produced more abundantly, and galleries are accessible in which those of the highest merit can be seen. That a large number of persons are engaged either in producing or in distributing objects believed to possess artistic merit would seem calculated to diffuse widely an appreciation of art and beauty. It may be further suggested that the mere increase of population and of purchasing power has a favoring influence upon intellect, because there is more demand for

the products of intellect and more persons employed in their production.

Thus, whether or no material progress involves and implies intellectual progress, it is clear that it provides unprecedented facilities and opportunities.

When we turn to examine the results, we shall find that the quantity of intellectual activity has enormously increased, increased even faster than the population, by so much as a larger proportion of the population has been raised out of a dull and sluggish brain life. The amount of reading, writing, and of what may be called formal talking, that is, speech-making, preaching, and lecturing, that goes on in all civilized countries, rapidly increases. Thomas Carlyle would have said that much of it could just as well be produced by those whom he described as "chattering Dead Sea apes;" nevertheless a great deal does represent the increased exertion of intellectual power. Think of the quantity of talent that goes into the investigation of natural phenomena by the thousands of researchers now at work, of all the ingenuity expended by lawyers, financiers and others in the contrivance of new methods of carrying on business by combinations, new devices for evading statutes, new ways of placing the capital of the many at the disposal of the few. Quality, however, must be considered as well as quantity. Plato hinted, though to be sure he put the hint into the mouth of an Egyptian sage, that the invention of writing had weakened the powers of the human mind. Without going so far, we may well doubt whether the intellectual excellence of an age can be measured by the number of speeches or the amount of printed matter it produces, and whether the incessant reading of newspapers and magazines tends on the whole to strengthen the faculty of thinking.

Remembering that our own minds have grown by and along with the acquisition of knowledge, we are apt to fancy that an increase of knowledge in the community must mean an increase in in-

tellectual vigor. Undoubtedly every boy in a Boston school to-day knows many things which the wisest man did not know five centuries ago; and the total number of items of information he possesses with regard to man in the past or to nature in the present may be far larger. But that tells us very little about the capacity of the schoolboy.

If we look simply at the facts of history we shall be struck by the impossibility of connecting the power and productiveness of the human intellect with any such external conditions of wealth, comfort, and opportunities for knowledge as we have been considering. The forms which intellectual activity takes, the lines of inquiry which it follows, the sorts of production it values and enjoys, do indeed differ from age to age and do bear a relation to the conditions of man's environment. Material progress has affected these forms and lines. But there is no evidence that it has done more to strengthen than to depress the intensity and originality and creative energy of intellect itself; nor have those qualities shown themselves more abundant as the population of the earth has increased. It does not seem possible, if we go back to the earliest literature which survives to us from Western Asia and Southeastern Europe, to say that the creative powers of the human mind in such subjects as poetry, philosophy, and historical narrative or portraiture, have either improved or deteriorated. The poetry of the early Hebrews and of the early Greeks has never been surpassed and hardly ever equaled. Neither has the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, nor the speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero. Geniuses like Dante, Chaucer, and Shakespeare appear without our being able to account for them, and for aught we know another may appear at any moment. It is just as difficult, if we look back five centuries, to assert either progress or decline in painting. Sculpture has never again risen to so high a level as it touched in the fifth century, B. C., nor within the last three centuries to so high a

level as it reached at the end of the fifteenth. But we can found no generalizations upon that fact. Music is the most inscrutable of the arts, and whether there is any progress to be expected other than that which may come from a further improvement in instruments constituting an orchestra, I will not attempt to conjecture, any more than I should dare to raise controversy by inquiring whether Beethoven represents progress from Mozart, Wagner progress from Beethoven.

On the whole, therefore, we may conclude that, although material progress furnishes new and varied opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge and for the use of intelligence upon an always increasing mass of facts, and although intelligence is thus enabled to accomplish more in certain directions than it was previously able to do, intellectual power itself in its higher creative forms has not grown stronger. The advance of modern science makes no more probable the appearance of an Archimedes, or an Isaac Newton, or a Leibnitz. What is stranger, there is no larger supply of Leibnizes or Newtons in Europe, which has more than doubled its population since their time. But the chance is increased that a man of great natural gifts may have an opportunity of obtaining the instruction and the opportunities of rising which will enable him to turn those gifts to full account. And it may be added that every generation adds something to the methods which previous generations have bequeathed to it. Such inventions as those of logarithms, of the differential calculus, of the microscope, and of spectrum analysis, place instruments in the hand of the scientific inquirer by which he can effect more. Critical methods in history, which men of exceptional genius like Thucydides were able to use, by dint of their own genius, have now become familiar and can be employed by persons of good average talent. Even in metaphysics, which is often taunted with being the least progressive of the higher branches of analytic or constructive thought, al-

though there is no sign that we have come nearer an explanation of the ultimate riddles, still the accumulation of new technical terms and categories and ways of approaching the main problems does represent a certain advance, albeit the power of abstract thought may not itself have become greater.

May there not be a limit to this kind of advance and may we not be approaching that limit? We cannot tell. Critical methods in philology and history are perhaps not susceptible of much further improvement; but as respects physical science, those who are entitled to speak say that they see stretching before them an infinite vista of discovery.

A larger and a still more intricate question arises. If it has proved difficult to say how far material progress and the extension and diffusion of knowledge have stimulated and are likely to stimulate intellectual progress, still harder is it to estimate their influence on the standard of moral excellence.

What is Moral Progress? The ancient philosophers — let us say the Stoics from Chrysippus to Epictetus — would have described its aim as being Harmony with Nature, that is, with those tendencies in man which lead him to his highest good by raising him above sense-temptations, making him love what is righteous, and find his highest joy in following it.

St. Augustine and St. Thomas of Aquinum would have placed it in conformity to God's Will, to which all thoughts and passions should be so attuned as to accept patiently and trustfully whatever He sends and to seek every occasion of glorifying and serving Him. Neither of these ideals has any relation to material progress, and both philosophers and saints would probably have thought such progress rather hurtful than helpful to the soul.

To estimate the degree in which some sins or vices have declined and others have developed, the extent to which some virtues have grown more common and others more rare, to calculate the

respective ethical values of the qualities in which there has been an improvement and a decline, and to strike a general balance after appraising the worth of all these assets,—this is a task on which few would care to enter. No analysis and no synthesis could make much of data so uncertain in quantity and so disputable in quality. Who will even assert that the love of truth and the courage to deliver the truth, a virtue which lies at the root of many other virtues, has grown stronger or more common. Socrates and some of his contemporaries were conspicuous examples of it. So were Darwin and Pasteur and your own Emerson. But among the contemporaries of Socrates there were Sophists, and the class is fully represented in our time also. Besides, the data are always changing. Human emotion, like the creative intelligence, finds from time to time one channel more easy to follow or more attractive than another. So different virtues rise and fall, bloom and wither, as they inspire joy or command admiration.

It may, however, be suggested that there is one thing whose relation to material progress must somehow be determined, seeing that it has always been deemed (so far as this life is concerned) the ultimate aim of all desire and effort, the ultimate test of every kind of advance. It is Happiness.

What is Happiness? Is it Pleasure? And if so, what is Pleasure? Aristotle gave a definition of Pleasure—or rather perhaps a description, for the logicians say that you cannot define a *summum genus*—which has not been much improved upon. It is not, however, psychological definitions that need concern us, but rather that question which occupied the English Utilitarian School seventy years ago: whether all the pleasures, taken in the aggregate as constituting Happiness, are to be subjected to a qualitative as well as a quantitative analysis. Shall we measure them by the intensity by which they are felt or by the fineness and elevation of the feeling to which they appeal? Is the

satisfaction which Pericles felt in watching the performance of a drama of Sophocles at an Athenian festival greater or less than the satisfaction which one of his slaves felt in draining a jar of wine?

The principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, which in the hands of Jeremy Bentham seemed capable of being practically applied to the more tangible and vulgar pleasures, became so sublimated and evanescent when applied by J. S. Mill to those moral sentiments which afford a pure and exquisite delight to persons capable of feeling them, as to lose its original value as a test of laws and institutions. Yet any attempt to reckon up pleasures as a whole must take account of both kinds.

Other questions may be raised which show the intricacy of the subject. Every addition to the sum of pleasures may bring some pain with it, for the enjoyment of each pleasure creates a desire to have more of it. Where new conditions have enabled men to acquire a taste for something, the want of it is felt as a deprivation which may become a hardship. So the new contrivances science has given to save our time and trouble have their drawbacks. Does the telephone add more to the convenience of life than it takes away from its repose? May not the very facility wherewith pleasures heretofore precious, because rare, are now attainable, induce a sort of satiety, and dull the edge of enjoyment? May not our feverish activity be followed by a period of lassitude? Such speculations might be pursued *ad infinitum*. Let us cut them short by saying that while it may be hard to measure Happiness itself, it is clear that the bettering of the external conditions of life has vastly reduced mechanical toil and vastly increased the opportunity of enjoying some pleasures, such as those which art and music furnish. Think of the facilities for travel. The delight in natural scenery, if not an absolutely novel pleasure, is at any rate enjoyed in a more constant way and by a

far larger number of persons than formerly. Quick and cheap transportation have made it incomparably more easy of enjoyment. Add to this the fact that many old sources of misery have been reduced. The use of anæsthetics has diminished suffering as well as prolonged life. Torture has been abolished in civilized countries. Prisoners are treated less harshly, though it may be doubted whether the result desired might not be equally well obtained with shorter sentences, for certainty is more effective than severity. Cruelty, though always liable to break out afresh when exceptional conditions rouse passion or race-hatred, is more and more condemned by public opinion. There is a far stronger sense that it is every one's duty, and ought to be every one's pleasure, to help others, and to smooth their path for the unfortunate. Timid or sensitive children have less to fear. Women have at any rate a far better legal protection against wrong, though we may well believe that they always fared far better than the harshness of the old laws would seem to imply. For most men, three fourths of the happiness or misery of life spring out of the domestic relations. Were it not for the increase of divorce, we should be disposed to hold that those relations stand now on a better footing than they ever did before.

All these isolated facts, however, do not solve the main problem. Neither does the comparison of our own age with preceding ages. Most of us probably rejoice that we did not live in the fifth or the tenth or even in the seventeenth century of the Christian era. When we think of those times we see their dark side and we feel how much we should miss in which we now take pleasure. But can we be sure that the individual man in those past centuries had on the average a worse time than the average man has now? He was in many points less sensitive to suffering than we are, and he may have enjoyed some things more intensely. The literature of the seven centuries that preceded our own is in many ways quite as buoy-

ant in spirit as our own. It is often thought that the fear of torment in a future life must have brooded like a dark cloud over the minds of past generations, and that the tendency of opinion which has attenuated this fear represents a great brightening in the sky. Lucretius held that the greatest service ever rendered to mankind was that rendered by Epicurus, when he dispelled those mists of ancient superstition which had produced human sacrifice. Other mists settled down not so long after the days of Lucretius; and, in direct violation of the teaching it professed to respect, superstition caused far more bloodshed and suffering after his time than it had ever caused before. Persecution has now vanished, and with it the terrors to which superstition appealed.

On the other hand, we all know many persons who look back to what they call the Ages of Faith as ages in which man's mind was far more full of peace and hope than it is in times when so many doubt what guide they shall follow. These are only a few of the questions that may be asked when we compare past and present; and no one can answer them.

Shall we take Happiness in its broadest sense — the sense in which it applies to every man, whether capable of the higher pleasures or only of the lower ones — to mean that general sense of contentment and satisfaction which makes life seem to have been and to be worth living? The test of human progress towards happiness would then be, — Does the average man to-day, at the end of each year or at the end of his life, feel more inclined than the average man would have done two hundred or four hundred or six hundred years ago, to say that he would like to live the same life over again, because his pleasures in it have on the whole exceeded his pains?

May we not suspect that this is a matter which depends less on the possession of any external goods, of comfort and of opportunities for pleasure, than it does

upon the human temperament itself? Thus the central point of the inquiry would be, — Are the physical causes and the moral causes which mould and color the human temperament making it more or less placid, cheerful, and serene? This is largely a question for the physiologist, who stands upon somewhat firmer ground than does the moralist. Some physiologists tell us that the conditions of modern life in the most highly civilized communities create a strain upon the nervous system which makes people fretful, capricious, restless, or perhaps despondent. They point to the increase of lunacy, to the increase of divorce, and to the increase of suicide as evidencing the results of this nervous strain. These ominous symptoms will not appear to most of us to outweigh the general impression we have that the sum of enjoyment and cheerfulness is slightly greater now than it was a century ago, or even in our own boyhood. Still, they are symptoms to be noted, and the fact that science puts its finger on phenomena in modern life which are new and which may, if they go on increasing, affect the physical and moral constitution of man, suggests the reflection that we may still have much to learn upon the subject. All the phenomena which belong to modern city life under severe and constant pressure are comparatively new. They may work prejudicially on the human organism. On the other hand the organism may adapt itself to them, may escape physical mischief, and reap mental benefit. A century's experience will help us to judge better.

As I said at the outset, I have not invited you to deal with the main question as to whether there really exists a general law of human progress. Instead of making a front attack on the centre of the position we have been content to execute a sort of skirmishing reconnaissance all round it, and have followed devious paths in trying to ascertain where it can best be assailed, beating up a good many pickets by the way. My aim has been to define

the problem, to examine the conditions that surround it, and thereby to clarify our own conception of the idea of Progress. Let me sum up the conclusions which we have reached.

The question whether there is a general law of human progress is a complicated one, because there are so many different lines along which advance may be made.

A philosophical conception of Progress must include all these lines and must endeavor to determine their relative significance.

The popular conception of Progress, and that which rises first to our minds, is of an increase in wealth, in comfort, in means of attaining knowledge, and all those forms in which an increased command of the forces of nature enables us to apply them for the service of men.

An advance in these things, the sum of which we may roughly call Material Progress, is easy to determine, and is in fact evident. Political progress is also evident, though it is subject to some deductions and to many reserves.

Progress in other things, including intellectual power and moral excellence, is far more difficult to determine. There is, however, an immense increase in knowledge and in the means of acquiring further knowledge, especially the knowledge of nature.

Many ways can be indicated in which material progress and the increase of knowledge may be expected to promote intellectual and moral improvement, but the time that has elapsed since that progress became rapid is hardly sufficient to enable us to say how far or how soon these results will follow. Material progress may create expectations of happiness which cannot, so far as we see, be realized. Thus an Age of Progress might be an Age of Discontent.

The broad general question, whether the sum of human happiness has increased and is increasing, is the most difficult of all to treat scientifically.

Happiness is so largely a matter of temperament, and temperament so largely

depends on physiological conditions, and the physiological conditions of life may be so much affected by economic and social changes now passing in the world, that it may be necessary to wait for some considerable time before attempting to determine whether the excitement and variety of modern life make for happiness.

We are really not so much better placed than were the ancients and the men of the Renaissance for solving these great problems. We do indeed know what they, who were nearer to the time, did not know, that there never was a Golden Age in the past. They guessed that the earth will one day cease to be habitable. Some of our scientific lights have suggested modes in which this may happen, possibly by immersion in the sun, possibly by the

exhaustion of our stock of oxygen. But the contingency is so doubtful, and in any event so distant, that it need not affect any such chances of perfectibility as man may enjoy.

We may seem to be better equipped for prophecy than they were, because we have come to know all the surface of the earth, and its resources, and the races that dwell thereon, and their respective gifts and capacities. But how these elements will combine and work together is a problem apparently as inscrutable as ever.

The bark that carries Man and his fortunes traverses an ocean where the winds are variable and the currents unknown. He can do little to direct its course, and the mists that shroud the horizon hang as thick and low as they did when the voyage began.

TENDENCIES OF AMERICAN RAILROAD DEVELOPMENT

BY RAY MORRIS

THE early history of the Baltimore & Ohio and Pennsylvania railroads serves as witness that the economic value of interior communications was early appreciated by the commonwealths; the building, later, of the first western lines testifies that the national government realized the strategic importance of tying the Pacific States to the region of the country already within reach of Washington. Yet, a decade after the government had given the Northern Pacific forty-eight million acres of land as a direct aid and incentive to the builders, and had allowed the Central Pacific and Union Pacific what may be described as a subsidy of some twenty-five thousand dollars a mile, together with a land grant of over thirty million acres, Wisconsin enacted the Potter Law (1874), fixing

rates within the state on a basis on which the railroads could not do business and pay their fixed charges. The original Interstate Commerce Act, amended and amplified last year, was passed in 1887, the Sherman Anti-Trust Act in 1890; and now, in 1907, state governments east and west are vying with one another in the enactment of restrictive railroad regulation.

Five critical periods in the history of railroads in the United States are indicated in this brief summary, and may be designated, respectively, as the periods of state aid, of national aid, of Granger hostility, of national restriction, and of general state hostility.

Between the building of the Union Pacific Railroad and the passage of the Anti-Trust Act and the Interstate Com-

merce Act, it might be said that railroad development passed through four interior phases, as distinct from the relations of railroad and government. First in importance was the tendency to build, north, south, east, and west, wisely and unwisely; then came the wreckers, headed by Jay Gould and Jim Fisk; then the time of reorganizations and consolidations; and finally the growth of commercial giants, knowing no law, or rather knowing far more law than their antagonists, who were one by one demolished. In its bearing on present-day tendencies, the effect of the mileage built was wholly good. Much of this mileage was flagrantly unjustifiable at the time, built for its "nuisance value," like the West Shore Railroad; but the growth of the country has since amply justified it, and the economic follies of twenty years ago, after being paid for, sometimes by the bondholders, almost always by the stockholders, are become indispensable parts of our transportation system. The reorganization and consolidation were also good; we cannot say wholly good, because they tended to burden the capital accounts with water. In defiance of the articles of faith existing in the Granger states and in many other parts of the country, however, let it be said at once that an inflated capital account does not work evil directly, by raising the rates on wheat so that interest and dividends may be paid, but by handicapping the railroad in securing much needed new capital for improvement work, which would enable wheat to be carried cheaper. A railroad in competitive territory cannot charge more than its neighbors and continue to do business.

The wrecking period of American railroad development has happily passed away. The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton has had bad contracts made for it; the Chicago and Alton has had improvement work, done from earnings for a series of years, suddenly capitalized, a process which benefited current stockholders but placed a heavy capital load

on the company. These two instances, however, represent perhaps the most prominent examples of a decade, and neither one of them is comparable, either in damage actually done to minority shareholders, or in criminal intent, with abuses of trusteeship quite common a generation ago. But the old abuses left seeds of distrust behind them, and this distrust has in recent years grown to alarming proportions, owing principally to the feeling, well enough justified, that a great corporation might be predatory and miscellaneously sinful to whatever extent it saw fit, because no man was strong enough or clever enough to call it to account. The distrust of corporations, especially railroad corporations, is, of course, one of the great controlling factors in the tendencies of development to-day, and it has principally centred about a phase in affairs infinitely better than that created by Gould and Fisk, but none the less dangerous and unwholesome, — the tendency to corporate selfishness. American railroads as a whole are strikingly free from two of the besetting evils shown in the insurance investigations, — nepotism and inefficiency in high places, — and can teach their European neighbors much in this respect. But in the misuse of corporate funds, in the "blind pool" school of finance, they have often been culpable, and they never before have had such opportunities as in these days of tremendous earnings and great accumulations of free cash. It has recently been shown how Mr. E. H. Harriman had more than fifty million dollars at his command in the Union Pacific finances, and that he was, to all intent, not answerable for the use he made of that sum between the annual public statements. How the executive committee of the Harriman lines increased dividends in the summer of 1906, without the knowledge of the majority of the directors, giving large profits to the shareholders, but infinitely larger profits to the few privileged persons possessed of

advance information, is also a matter of record. If Mr. Harriman had been content merely with the increments due to his remarkable management of his properties, his name would go down to posterity, unchallenged, as the greatest railroad financier, and probably the greatest railroad manager, that the country has ever known. But people cannot help feeling that he is serving his shareholders only incidentally,—himself, first of all; and that he has been a developer instead of a wrecker because, in his day and generation, development paid better than wrecking! This judgment is probably harsh and to a large extent unjust, but the feeling it expresses is widespread, embracing many more men and many more railroads than Mr. Harriman and the group of lines associated with his name.

Having these things in mind, what do we see as the tendencies of railroad development which stand out sharply at the beginning of the year 1907? We see traffic so immense and increasing so fast that it is a cause of despair, as well as of rejoicing. We see railroad prosperity widespread and almost universal, handicapped, however, by grave difficulty in securing capital fast enough to meet business requirements, and by increasing cost of all commodities, and of labor. We also see the railroads serving as targets for constant hostile or restrictive legislation, occupying the attention of every state legislature and of the President of the United States. Whither are these things tending?

Mr. Finley, president of the Southern Railway, recently addressed a circular to the people served by his road, in the same spirit that his predecessor, Mr. Samuel Spencer, was prone to exhibit. In this circular he showed that the number of tons of freight carried one mile in 1895 was 1,098,932,884; in 1906, 4,488,915,839. To provide for such increases, the group of poverty-stricken common carriers welded together some twelve years ago into the present system

have had to spend nearly one hundred million dollars. Meantime, during the last nine years, bridge timber has increased in cost from \$9.36 to \$20.52 per thousand feet, ties from 28 cents to 34.5 cents per tie, rails from \$17.75 per ton to \$28.00 per ton, and the average cost of labor from \$1,621.67 per mile of road to \$2,874.71 per mile of road. In addition to this, there are "excessive verdicts of juries in personal injury cases," and "a marked tendency on the part of many of the states to regard any failure of service as willful, and to impose on the carrier a heavy penalty therefor." Mr. Finley adds, "Inasmuch as adequate facilities for all are not in existence, the imposition of a penalty for failure to furnish cars under the above-mentioned circumstances, if it has any effect other than merely to deplete the treasury of the carrier and to deprive it to that extent of the power to improve its transportation and service, must result simply in the withdrawal of the carrier's facilities from the service in respect to which there is a penalty, in order to use them in the service where there is no penalty. The logical result of this would be a race between the states to see which could inflict the highest penalty so as to obtain a preference for its own citizens. The imposition of penalties will not build railroad tracks, supply equipment, or enlarge and simplify terminals."

It so chanced that at the very time one section of the country is saying to the railroads, in no uncertain voice, "You must provide facilities or pay the penalty!" another section is saying, "Your capital account is inflated; you must be restricted in fresh issues!"

There is no part of the country where new railroad building and extension of track facilities are more needed than in the Northwest, but at the time of writing it is not yet a month since the Great Northern was blocked by the Minnesota courts in its effort to issue sixty millions of new stock. Details of the present attempts to restrict new capitalization will

be dealt with in a subsequent paragraph; their basic contention, that capital should represent value, is certainly a sound one; but the people of Minnesota have carried their campaign considerably beyond this point, and at a moment when they have imperative need of new facilities, are disposed to hold that all their common carriers are grossly over-capitalized, until the contrary can be proved! It has already been pointed out that, in any case, rates are not based on capitalization; cannot be; yet it was freely alleged that the effect of the new stock issue would be an increase in freight and passenger tariffs within the state.

The arguments of the agitators against capital inflation were quite ludicrous as applied to the Great Northern, which stands as the most prominent example in the country of a great railroad system built with funds raised from the actual sale of stock—not from the sale of bonds with stock thrown in as a bonus for the underwriters. But even if the Great Northern were overcapitalized, the people of Minnesota would have nothing to fear from further capital issues. The difficulties in that case would lie between the railroad and its bankers, not between the railroad and its customers. It is notorious that the reckless cutters of rates, from time immemorial among railroad generations, have been the needy, financially top-heavy companies. On the other hand, the road that can secure abundant capital for its physical needs is the one best able to reduce grades, buy heavy locomotives, and make permanent voluntary reductions of advantage to shipper and carrier alike.

Distrust of corporations, therefore, in its spreading ramifications of attack, has caught the railroads between two lines of fire, the demands for new facilities being heightened and aggravated by the assaults upon earnings and the limitations which it is being sought to place upon capital. As might be expected, when the private citizen, wont to gnash his teeth in useless rage at the doings

of the tyrant corporation, finds himself a state legislator, sublimely powerful, with an eager constituency to applaud him, he sometimes fails to distinguish the finer shades of economic thought, and forgets whether he was elected to regulate railroads or to chastise them.

The original Interstate Commerce Act, of 1887, was, in the main, a conservative document, designed to prevent certain things rather than to regulate all things. The Sherman Anti-Trust Law, of 1890, had no especial significance in its bearing upon railroad development for a number of years after its passage; and only since the construction placed upon it by the courts in the Northern Securities case has it threatened consolidations with the peculiar menace that they cannot possibly tell whether certain absorbed lines under common management may or may not be declared to be naturally parallel and competing, and hence to constitute an unlawful combination in restraint of trade. The doctrine of enforced competition is such a vague and impossible one that the government frankly announced after the Northern Securities decision that it did not propose to "run amuck," leaving much uncertainty as to the results on almost any great American railroad system if it should push the "combination in restraint of trade" principle to the utmost limit.

The Roosevelt legislation has been much more drastic than the legislation of 1887, though less so than the Anti-Trust Act *in extenso*; but the most significant effect it has had, thus far, has been the incentive it has given to the state legislatures. The close surveillance of railroads by state authorities, which is a dominant feature in the situation today, after a lapse of some thirty years, finds its principal expression in three forms: direct legislation, such as that fixing passenger rates at two cents a mile; delegation of considerable powers to commissions, vested not only with police power but also with authority

to determine rates and oversee traffic arrangements; and taxation.

Leaving out of consideration a few eastern states, already in enjoyment of exceedingly low passenger rates, and older, both in years and in point of view, than the commonwealths farther west, it may be said that there is scarcely a state in the Union which has not enacted direct railroad legislation this spring. This legislation has been characteristically concerned with reduced passenger rates, and there has been a strong and widespread movement to declare two cents a mile as the legal maximum, whether or not such a reduction would be reasonable, in view of existing circumstances.

Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota, Nebraska, and a large group of central, southern, and western states have, in effect, been asking why their citizens should be obliged to pay three cents per mile or more for transportation, when the citizens of certain New England states can travel on main lines for two cents a mile; and they have not been disposed to give heed to the simple and correct reply of the railroads, that passenger transportation by itself is usually not profitable except in regions of dense population, and that density of population is practically the sole factor which enables low passenger rates to be made by a railroad manager, and certainly should not be disregarded in a schedule of passenger rates made by a legislature. The Wisconsin Commission, which may be characterized as radical but intelligent, listened to the railroad arguments to the extent that it modified its original intention to place a two-cent maximum, and made it two cents and a half; but the latter sum is considerably below existing rates in Wisconsin and other states similarly situated. Without attempting the exceedingly doubtful calculations as to the exact cost of carrying passengers, calculations which must of necessity pro-rate charges for maintenance, signaling, interest on funded debt, etc., on an arbitrary basis between passenger and freight traffic, it

may be safely hazarded that it costs a railroad twice as much for every passenger it carries in a thinly populated western state as it does in a densely populated eastern state, and that western rates should logically be fully twice as high as eastern rates, if the passenger department is not to be run at a loss. Therefore western state legislatures that insist on a two-cent maximum are inflicting a direct loss on the railroad companies, which will continue for an indefinite number of years, until the process of natural development shall build up a traffic that will place a larger divisor against the sums that have to be spent for stations, service, and equipment to handle this branch of the traffic. The most disquieting phase of the situation is that they are indifferent to this fact, and are not especially concerned in contemplation of such actual hardships as they are inflicting.

There has been less direct legislation by the states in fixing freight tariffs, for two reasons: first, because the number of schedules involved is so tremendous that no popular slogan, like that of the two-cent passenger fare, can be devised; second, because American freight traffic is characteristically a through business with which local authorities are not directly concerned. Indirect, or commission legislation is the medium through which such states as seek to restrict maximum freight tariffs usually wield their authority, and it may be accepted as an established principle that a commission, even a very bad one, will tend to be less radical than a legislature. But toward the close of the state sessions recently ended, two new objects of attack have come rather prominently into view: the proposal to make demurrage reciprocal by direct legislation, and the proposal to estimate the value of existing railroad properties as a basis by which transportation charges, new capital issues, and taxation may be adjudged. Both these proposals are thoroughly unsound, from an economic standpoint, but both have

the unfortunate merit of being brief and of being tangible to the legislative mind; hence there is real danger that they may be experimented with.

The term demurrage, originating in maritime law to describe the delay of a vessel by the shipper beyond the specified time necessary to place the cargo on board, is applied similarly to the detention of freight cars by shippers and consignees, and, specifically, to the charge made by the railroad on account of this detention. A reciprocal demurrage law would penalize the shipper or the consignee for failure to release a car after a specified period; it would also penalize a railroad company for delays in transit, and for failure to supply a shipper promptly with cars upon demand. But the latter proposal rests upon a set of conditions entirely unlike the former. Demurrage as applied to the shipper is a penalty for being slow with borrowed property actually in hand; demurrage as applied to a railroad that does not supply ordered cars is a penalty for failure to lend property which the company owns but cannot lay its hands on, usually because it is held by a connecting line, or because a considerable number of consignees are finding it convenient to use freight cars for warehouses. It is frequently to the interest of the shipper to hold cars instead of unloading them promptly; it is always to the interest of a railroad to supply cars for all the freight that offers; hence a penalty which is proper for one kind of delay is obviously improper for the other. Car supply and the machinery for effecting prompt return of cars which have left their home lines is perhaps the most important subject now under consideration by the American Railway Association, and by most of the railroads in the country acting in their individual capacities as well. The car supply is often inadequate; the machinery often defective, failing in crises when it is needed the most; but the remedy for these things lies in expert study and experiment, and the instiga-

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tion to apply this remedy comes whenever cars are scarce, because, from the nature of things, the companies cannot make profits without hauling freight, and cannot haul freight without cars. A series of penalties for failure to perform the impossible would have no useful result, and would bring about a chain of abuses and chances for extortion almost comic, as in North Carolina, at present. If Georgia should establish a reciprocal demurrage law, South Carolina, Florida, and Alabama would immediately be drained of equipment, in times of car shortage. Thereupon, South Carolina, Florida, and Alabama might naturally be expected to retaliate with worse laws than their neighbors — and so the process would move, at first slowly, then like a legislative race for the rapidly advancing goal of the highest penalty!

As regards the chances for extortion which reciprocal demurrage presents, it needs only to be kept in mind that this legislation, in its simplest form, enables the shipper to order as many cars from the railroad as he pleases, regardless of his actual requirements, and that the railroad must furnish them or pay penalty. Under existing conditions, with no penalty attaching, the railroad would not give him an unreasonable number; with reciprocal demurrage in force the decision would rest with the shipper, not with the railroad, and if he decided to ask for ten more cars than he needed, at a time when the railroad could not give them to him, he could simply apply the demurrage from these unsupplied cars to a reduction of his average freight bill. Similarly, a wicked railroad manager, desirous of discriminating in favor of a large shipper, could arrange delays in transit and shortages in delivery to suit his customer, keeping all the time on the windy side of the law!

The wrong-headedness of this particular kind of legislation is more apparent from a moment's study than are the economic fallacies in many of the present-day railroad regulative measures; yet

North Carolina has reciprocal demurrage already, and during the state sessions just closing, reciprocal demurrage bills have been given earnest attention in California, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Washington, and West Virginia! At the time of writing, five of these states, Minnesota, New Jersey, South Dakota, Texas, and Washington, have actually passed their bills, giving opportunity for discrimination perhaps unequaled since those early days when the Standard Oil Company collected rebates from the railroad companies upon its own and its competitors' shipments as well!

The proposal to obtain a physical valuation of the railroads of the country may be designated as the railroad-regulative topic of the hour. The idea of determining the value of railroad property as a basis for taxation is not new; many states have attempted it, notably Michigan and Wisconsin. But the idea of a physical valuation as a basis for rate regulation and the limitation of new capital, is essentially a new one, given tremendous impetus by the President's message, and immediately seized upon by commonwealths east and west. The objections to this plan may be summarized under two heads: first, that the valuations are in themselves meaningless; second, that an attempt is being made to correlate two matters having no connection with each other. It is usually possible, though difficult, to find out what the cuts, fills, trestles, and tunnels of a railroad cost, or what it would cost to replace them; it can also be determined that certain new work resulting in an abandonment of the old has been done, and that both old and new constitute a proper capital charge. Real estate and buildings can be appraised, and we can know, with tolerable accuracy, what it would cost to rebuild the transportation machine that is before us. But that cost bears no special relation to the value of the property. The

value of a railroad, viewed as a single asset, is its earning power capitalized, and nothing else whatever. Reduplicate the main lines of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, in the Rocky Mountains, and you will certainly double their so-called physical value if you measure that value by cost of construction. Against the tremendous asset representing the physical cost, place an equal amount of liabilities representing securities sold to pay the bill, and you will have a perfect balance sheet; also a company that cannot possibly remain solvent, for the earnings in the mountain country will be as much smaller than they are in New England as the construction cost will be greater! Yet this *reductio ad absurdum* is the valuation plan in a nutshell.

Of course the valuers must do more than estimate construction cost plus cost of property once used but now discarded. They must also reckon the intangible assets, that make a cheap railroad in New Jersey worth more than a dear one in Colorado. These intangible assets include the fact of possessing exclusive privileges, franchises, and territorial monopolies. To obtain a New York terminal, the Pennsylvania Railroad is spending, let us say, one hundred times as much as the New York & Harlem Railroad spent for the same purpose, because the New York & Harlem Railroad was first on the ground, and acquired a territorial monopoly. The possession of a favored mountain pass, or the bank of a river, is fought for by rival construction companies as if they were armies of occupation, yet these advantages do not appear in the balance sheet of the completed railroad. How is the valuer to appraise them? It is clear enough that he cannot do so by any process worthy of a title more dignified than guesswork. And so we are to measure earthwork, weigh rails, appraise real estate, and then add to this list of tolerable exactness a perfectly arbitrary sum, of more consequence than all the rest

together, representing the intangible assets; a process which may be likened to a computation of the circumference of a circle by pacing off the radius and carrying out the formula to four places of decimals.

Mr. Henry Fink has well said that the test for over-capitalization lies in the income account; if a road can pay interest on its debt and earn a fair surplus besides, it is not overcapitalized; if it cannot do so, it is overcapitalized. And the more we study this matter of valuation, the more surely does it appear, not only that earnings are the final test, but that they are the only test, both for consideration of capital issues and for purposes of taxation. Yet the national government and the state governments alike are in full cry after this valuation will-o'-the-wisp, comparable in its elusiveness to the "cost of transportation" so earnestly sought a generation ago. The danger lies in the fact that commissions paid to make valuations must report, right or wrong, and that the unscientific nature of the result is in no wise likely to prevent its being used as the basis of statutory rate-making and limitation of capital. Again, let it be emphasized that rates are not made on a basis of capitalization; a railroad, as a matter of fact, scarcely makes freight rates at all, but has to accept, ready made, the rates forced upon it by a set of conditions almost wholly beyond its control, and certainly independent of its fixed charges and desire to pay dividends.

The upshot of the whole matter is that we are passing through a severe fever of legislative vindictiveness and silliness, which must doubtless run its course. Just now, the way to win place in Minnesota or Kansas, or Nebraska, or Texas is to devise new restrictions for the railroads; but the objects of all this popular venom have learned some very important lessons, and it seems wholly likely that the net result of the legislation and the lessons together will be a good result. By the same gradual process of increas-

ing stability which has resulted in money being turned back into the property for permanent betterments, and has developed resources that enable transportation companies to weather hard times without bankruptcy, the moral turpitudes of railroad management are going to die away and be replaced by a better sense of trusteeship. The unparalleled searching of the past year into railroad operation and finance has developed no evils like those of a generation ago, when the Erie management, the New York Legislature, and the New York Judiciary alike revealed scarcely a foot of solid ground for an honest man to stand on. Actual legislation to prevent railroad presidents and directors from grossly manipulating the securities of their companies in Wall Street does not seem a promising method of safe-guarding the public interest; a dishonest railroad president will always be shrewder than a state legislature, and will work considerably faster. But a widespread public sentiment works all the time, whether legislatures are in session or not, and is a far more effective preventive of corporate malpractice than the law is, taken by itself alone. If the American people really want honest corporation management they will get it, just as the English people have got it. And there has never been a time in the history of American railroads when the average of management has been more efficient and more upright than it is to-day.

So much for the relations of the railroads with the people, — an aspect of development just now in a rather muddled condition. It is pleasant to turn from the sociological side to the physical, and glance at the tendencies of railroad development that exhibit themselves on the map.

Our high records for new railroad building were made just prior to the consolidation period. We built 12,876 miles in the year 1887, an amount considerably more than double that of any year since then; and this period of activity was followed by a gradual decline, almost

regular, to the low-water mark of 1654 miles in 1896. While the consolidations were being effected, as a characteristic of the time, and for several years after this special epoch ceased, the tendency was to husband resources and to better the existing communications, especially the existing passing-track, terminal, and rolling stock facilities. But meantime the growth of the country passed by the capacity of its transportation machine, and now we are face to face with a new and urgent necessity for more railroads in practically every part of the country hitherto neglected, or partially neglected, and in many parts of the country supposedly well supplied.

Mr. James J. Hill has presented the forceful figure that the trouble with the railroads, especially in the northwest, is that they are trying to force a three-inch stream through a two-inch pipe, and has held forth the requirement that the railroads of the country be reduplicated, mile for mile, within the next few years, adding that there is not money enough or labor enough in the world to do this thing. It has recently been shown how the legitimate requirements of a group of the strongest railroads to provide for systematic extension work served to depress values by millions of dollars, and yet traffic rolls in with ever increasing volume. Indeed, the exceedingly poor market for bonds and stocks alike, in these early months of 1907, has brought about a period of financing with short-term notes, carrying interest at a rate which, together with discount, costs the strongest companies perhaps seven per cent for their money, and places new capital frankly out of the weak companies' reach. In issuing these notes the railroads are, in effect, betting that when the time for payment comes around, they will be able to refund their obligations at a cheaper rate; if they are wrong in this position, the effects will be very serious. For the present, therefore, much urgent work, of the highest benefit to those suffering from the prevalent car shortages

and traffic delays, must be postponed. But this work has already been outlined, in considerable part, and it is interesting to observe its tendencies.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul has for years stood as a type of the great "local" railroad, occupying and reoccupying the territory between Lake Michigan and the Dakotas with a network of main and branch lines, and making a handsome profit from the business thus obtained. But it now finds it desirable to strike out for the northwestern Pacific coast, where the Hill system has for a long time been the American representative, competing with the Canadian Pacific, but with no other formidable rival. The Pacific extension of the Grand Trunk, building under an odd system of mingled governmental and private responsibility, is striking for the same quarter; and the Canadian Northern will doubtless push through to the coast as soon as it finds it possible to do so, with its line of light construction, cheap to build, and consequently easy to support.

These roads have several objects in view. The great staple of the Northwest is grain, and the grain-producing areas of the United States are now so nearly occupied that the constantly increasing demand must be met principally across the border. But the days of one-crop or one-commodity railroads in this country are nearly over. A poor harvest no longer threatens the dividends, and even the bond interest, of the Granger roads, as it did a generation ago. They have such resources of miscellaneous traffic that the fall grain movement often comes almost as an unwelcome demand on facilities already overtaxed, and it is certain that the companies now reaching out for the coast would not have been induced to undertake the task for the sole reward of grain traffic. The Canadian Northern, alone of the group, belongs in the single-crop classification, and is probing the Hudson Bay territory with grain as its principal object, and building a railroad for a sum the smallness of which, per

mile, is almost without parallel, to keep its charges down. But the St. Paul, the Grand Trunk, the Western Pacific, forming a coast connection for the Gould system, and the Denver, North Western & Pacific, building from Denver to Salt Lake City, have a much broader end in view. The growth of the Pacific Coast cities has been so phenomenal, not alone in the last decade or two, but, strikingly, in the last four years, that traffic demands are far ahead of traffic facilities. As a single illustration of this point, without enlargement, we may cite the bank clearings of some of these western points, indicative in a broad fashion of the trend of business.

For the five weeks ended March 30, bank clearings at San Francisco were \$141,023,051 in 1904 and \$237,276,202 in 1907, an increase of sixty-eight per cent. During the same periods compared, the clearings at Spokane increased over one hundred and fifty per cent, and the total clearings of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, and Salt Lake City increased ninety-two per cent, while the total clearings of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Buffalo, and Baltimore increased fifty-two per cent. The actual sums involved in the eastern clearings are naturally much greater than in the western, and New York makes incomparably the highest total of all; so much higher than the others that it could not fairly have been included in the average. But the Seattle clearings are now materially greater than those of Buffalo, Milwaukee, or Omaha, while in 1904 they ranked with Toledo and Hartford, a much lower class; the Tacoma clearings, formerly comparable with New Haven and Grand Rapids, are now about the same as those of Memphis, Atlanta, or Columbus. There are only twenty cities in the country that clear over ten millions a week, and three of these cities are in this newly prominent Pacific Coast group.

We in the east are prone to forget the amount of business, as measured in terms

of freight tons, which the railroads derive in certain intermediate states, such as Colorado and Utah. The gross earnings of the Denver & Rio Grande system for its 1906 fiscal year were over nineteen and one half millions, yet the Denver & Rio Grande is wholly contained in these two states, and some eighty per cent of its business originated or terminated on its own lines, — was "local" business, that is to say, in distinction to through traffic. The movement west and northwest is better explained by this reference and by the bank clearings of the coast cities than by any extended inquiry as to grain production or railroad strategy; it is simply a case of an unexpected and overwhelming traffic originating and terminating west of the continental Divide; a traffic insufficiently served by the present through routes, the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé in the south, the Central Pacific and Oregon Short Line west from Granger, Wyoming, and the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, and Canadian Pacific, in the north. Every one of these roads has been making a splendid showing, wholly unlooked for by Wall Street five years ago, and in large measure a surprise to the railroads themselves. By the time the new comers have completed their facilities there can be little doubt that there will be traffic enough for all, and traffic to spare.

Next in point of interest, so far as tendencies of physical extension are concerned, come the north-and-south trunk lines in the central part of the country. The American railroad system as it exists to-day was built to haul freight east and west. Properly speaking, there is no transcontinental railroad within the boundaries of the United States, but the movement is concentrated on certain great gathering grounds, such as Chicago and St. Louis, and then re-distributed to a group of eastern roads reaching these points. The rail lines to these terminal cities, and the actual yard and storage facilities, were provided many

years ago; they have been subject to constant and rapid increase, but by no means in the same proportion that traffic has increased. An hour-glass furnishes a good analogy; there is plenty of room above and below, but an exceedingly narrow passage in between. Mr. James J. Hill has been one of the first observers to emphasize this cardinal point of difficulty, and to suggest decentralization as a remedy for congestion. He is also author of the pungent simile that if you kick a barrel of flour at Minneapolis it will roll down hill to the Gulf of Mexico.

It is a rather curious fact that the practical working-out of decentralization through control of a north-and-south trunk line by one of the so-called trans-continental lines should have been deferred until the year 1906. Even now, it cannot be said with certainty, at the time of writing, that the Illinois Central belongs permanently in the Harriman group of roads, although Mr. Harriman claimed it, in his testimony at New York last February. Besides this line, there are two others which would fulfill the function: the Missouri, Kansas & Texas and the Kansas City Southern. Each of these two has gone through the last stages of rags and tatters; each has been kept alive in considerable part by foreign support, mainly in Holland; each has now been resurrected, placed in strong hands, and made to yield excellent operating and financial results. A prophecy may be hazarded that all three of these lines will sooner or later have an important part to play in through freight movement. They have as their inalienable heritage the down grade to the Gulf in the direction of traffic movement, with a back haul of cotton, fruits, and vegetables for the central markets, and of lumber, coal, and miscellaneous freight brought to the Gulf seaports by steamers calling there for grain and cotton. The Goulds already have a north-and-south trunk line in the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern, and Texas Pacific, but they have fared rather ill in the general competitive situa-

tion, partly from lack of facilities, partly from lack of management. The Gould and Rock Island lines now dominate this part of the southwest, but must surely look for the entry of new forces into their territory.

East of the Mississippi River, transportation phenomena naturally divide themselves into two important groups, — the trunk lines, and the southern roads. The New England States may be ignored for the purposes of the present paper; there is little room for new mileage there, and the development is merely the perfecting of the physical condition of a system built nearly in its present form a generation ago. It may be said of the trunk lines that they have neither time nor desire to explore new territory; their main traffic routes are established, probably for all time, but they are so overwhelmed with the exigencies of traffic that their development lies in the line of additional main tracks, of grade and curvature reduction, and of the enlargement of terminals. The Pennsylvania has built several whole new railroads between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, within the last decade, and has spent millions upon millions for grade reductions — new low grade lines — more low grade lines — more grade reductions.

South of the Delaware Capes, the Baltimore & Ohio, and what may be called the lesser trunk lines, the Chesapeake & Ohio, and Norfolk & Western, are finding great prosperity from the tremendous increases in bituminous coal traffic. Competitive conditions are such that this can only be handled economically in the largest train loads, and these roads pass through continuous successions of mountainous country, which offer every obstacle to the task they have to perform. In consequence, they are being boldly rebuilt, as witness the new main tracks of the Norfolk & Western that pass by the centres once deemed vital, such as Lynchburg, Va. But their general traffic is not abated thereby; on the contrary, it holds even with, and often exceeds, the relative

gains from coal tonnage, year by year.

As soon as the Virginia coal ports are passed, however, railroad development assumes a different phase. The characteristic railroad system of the South is a composite of a most heterogeneous collection of minor lines, twenty, thirty, fifty miles long; sometimes acquired because they lay in the direction of a through route somewhere; sometimes because they were on the remnant counter of railroad bargains, for sale so cheap that little was ventured in the purchase. It does not cost much to build a railroad in Georgia, and there are some fifty-four independent companies operating there to-day, awaiting absorption. The Southern Railway, the Seaboard Air Line, the Atlantic Coast Line, and the Central of Georgia, which is owned primarily by Southern Railway interests, all owe their origin and growth to this process of amalgamation of wretchedly poor lines, and it is much to the credit of the organizers that these systems now stand where they do, physically and financially. Broadly speaking, they have probably passed the worst of their hardships; the prosperity of the South exceeds that of any other part of the country except the far west, in its proportionate increases, and the transformation of the Southern States is going on apace, from a region with a historic past to a region with an economic future. The growth of Birmingham, Alabama, into a little Pittsburg, with iron ore and the materials for smelting it and turning the iron into steel, all gathered close together, if somewhat exaggerated by its admirers, has nevertheless given the South a new industry of the most far-reaching potentialities.

Nothing more can be hoped of this brief summary than that it may have

touched the high places in a chronicle of physical development throughout the country. It would be impossible in the limits of a single paper to outline the tendencies in detail, but the facts that only about twenty-two per cent of the mileage of the country is as yet worked by the block system, and that there is practically no double-track mileage west of the Mississippi River, are full of suggestiveness in their bearing upon the tasks before the next generation.

How far the present tendency towards socialistic corporation control will go in this country, no man can tell. I am inclined to believe that the present flurry of legislative regulation and restriction, while a matter of first-class annoyance to the railroads, does not, after all, extend very far beneath the surface. A few years of carefully applied corporate good manners, extending from the president right through to the station agent, will do much to smooth over the sources of popular clamor. Moreover, the most radical-appearing steps are not necessarily permanent; London has just withdrawn sharply from her own municipal socialism after a thorough experiment, and the Chicago voters set themselves against the local municipal street railway ownership before the Mueller purchase certificates were declared unconstitutional. The Granger legislation of the seventies was locally worse than the legislation of 1906 and 1907, but it had a very brief career of harmfulness; and even when we allow for the worst of all the effects of this indiscriminate state legislation,—the discouragement it offers capital for new development,—we must surely believe that those who see permanent trouble in store for the railroads are looking at the path too close to their feet, forgetful of the immense promise of the future.

THE BANKRUPTCY OF BANNISTER

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

I

I AM Bannister, and what happened to me was a very gradual thing at first; but it grew and grew until finally something had to be done; and that something was called "bankruptcy."

Curiously enough I had heard the word before at home. In fact, as I told Gideon, who kindly let me explain my position to him, my father had once been bankrupted, and when he was a bankrupt my mother cried a good deal, and my father talked about "everlasting disgrace and bloodthirsty creditors," and something in the pound. And then there came a day when my father told my mother gladly that he had been discharged, whatever that was, and my mother seemed much pleased. In fact, she said, "Thank God, Gerald;" and they had a bottle of champagne for lunch. It was in holidays and I heard it all, and tasted the champagne, and did n't like it.

So, remembering this, when Gideon talked of me being a bankrupt, I said, "All right, and the sooner the better."

As I say, one gets hard up very gradually, and the debts seem nothing in themselves; but when, owing to chaps bothering, you go into it all on paper, you may often be much surprised to find how serious things are, taken altogether.

What I found was that my pocket money was absolutely all owed for about three terms in advance; and that Steggle, who lent me a shilling upon a thing called a mortgage, the mortgage being my bat, was not going to give up the bat, which was a spliced bat and cost eight shillings and sixpence. He said, what with interest and one thing and another, his shilling had gained six shillings more, and that

if he did n't take the bat at once, he would be out of pocket. So he took it, and he played with it in a match, and got a duck's egg, and I was jolly glad. Then the tuck-woman, who is allowed to come up to the playground after school, with fruit and sweets and such like, was owed by me seven shillings and fourpence, and she would n't sell anything more to me and asked me rather often to pay the money. I told her that all would be paid sooner or later, and she seemed inclined not to believe it. Other debts were one and six owed to Corkey minimus for a mouse that he said was going to have young mice but it did n't; and he had consented to take ninepence owing to being mistaken. Tin Lin Chow, the Chinese boy, was owed four shillings and threepence for a charm. It was a good enough charm made of ivory and carved into a very hideous face. All the same, it never had done me much good, for here I was bankrupted six months after buying it, and the charm itself not even paid for.

There were a lot of other small debts — some merely a question of pens and pencils; but they all mounted up, and so I felt something must be done, because being in such a beastly mess made me ill and kept me awake a good deal at night thinking what to do.

Therefore I went to Gideon, who is a Jew and very rich and well known to lend money at interest. He is first in the whole school for arithmetic, and his father is a diamond merchant and a banker, and many other things that bring in enormous sums of money. Gideon has no side and he is known to be absolutely fair even to the smallest kids. So I went to him and I said, —

"Please, Gideon, if it won't be troubling you, I should like to speak to you

about my affairs. I am very hard up, in fact, and fellows are being rather beastly about money I owe them."

"I'm afraid I can't finance you, Bannister," said Gideon awfully kindly. "My money's all out at interest just now, and, as a matter of fact, I'm rather funky about some of it."

"I don't want you to finance me," I said; "and that would be jolly poor fun for you anyway, because I've got nothing and never shall have in this world as far as I can see. I only want you to advise me. I'm fourteen and three-quarters, and when I was twelve and a half, my father got into pretty much the same mess that I'm in now; and he got out again with ease, and even had champagne afterwards, by the simple plan of being bankrupt."

"It's not always an honorable thing—I warn you of that," said Gideon.

"I'm sure it was perfectly honorable in my father's case," I said, "because he's a frightfully honorable man. And I am honorable too, and want to do what is right and proper as soon as possible."

"Why don't you write to your father?" asked Gideon.

"Because he once warned me—when he was being bankrupted, in fact—that if ever I owed any man a farthing he would break my neck; and my mother said at the same time—blubbing into her handkerchief as she said it—that she would rather see me in my coffin than in the bankruptcy court. All the same, they both cheered up like anything after it was all over, and father said he should not hesitate to go through it all again if necessary; but still I would n't for the world tell them what I've done. In fact, they think that I have money in hand and subscribe to the chapel offertories and do all sorts of good with my ten bob a term; whereas the truth is that I have to pay it all away instantly on the first day of the term, and have had to ever since two terms after I first came."

"What you must do then is to go bankrupt," said Gideon thoughtfully.

"Yes," I said, "that's just the whole thing. How do you begin?"

"Generally other people begin," said Gideon. "Creditors as a rule do what they think will pay them best. Sometimes they will show great patience if they think it is worth while; and sometimes they won't. My father has told me about these things. He has had to bankrupt a few people in his time; though he is always very sorry to do it."

"In my case nobody will show patience because it's gone on too long," I said. "In fact, the only one who has got anything out of me for three terms is Steggles, who has taken my bat."

"He has foreclosed on a mortgage. He is quite within his rights for once," said Gideon, who rather hated Steggles because Steggles always called him Shylock junior.

"To begin," continued Gideon, "two things generally happen, I believe: there is a meeting of creditors, and soon afterwards the bailiffs come in."

"I remember my father mentioning bailiffs wildly to my mother," I said. "But I don't think they ever came in. If they did, I never saw them."

"Then no doubt the meeting of creditors decided against it; and a meeting of creditors is what you'd better have," declare Gideon. "Tell everybody you owe money to that there is to be a meeting in the gym, on Thursday evening, to go into the affair. I will be there if you like, as I understand these things pretty well."

I thanked Gideon very much indeed and asked him if he could tell what happened next after the meeting.

"The claims are put in against you," he explained, "and then you say what you've got to say and give a reason why you can't pay. And then your assets are stated."

"What are assets?" I asked.

"What you've got to pay with, or what you hope to have in course of time."

"I've got nothing at all," I said, "and never shall have until I'm old enough to go into an office and earn money."

"Then the assets will be nil," said Gideon. "But they can't be absolutely nil in your case. For instance, you have a watch, and you have that Chinese charm you bought from Tin Lin Chow, and various other things, including the green lizard you found on the common last Saturday, if it's still alive."

"I can't give up the watch," I said. "It is n't mine. It's only lent to me by my mother. The lizard died yesterday. I'm sorry to say."

"Well, at any rate, there's enough to declare something in the pound," Gideon told me.

"There may be," I said, "but first get your pound. You can't declare anything in the pound if you have n't got a pound. At least I don't see how."

He seemed doubtful about that and changed the subject.

"Anyway, I'll be at the meeting of creditors," he promised; and I knew he would be, because Gideon was never known to lie.

II

A good deal happened before the meeting of creditors. Among other things I went down three places in my form, owing to my mind being so much occupied with going bankrupt; and I also got into a beast of a row with the Doctor, which was serious and might have been still more serious if he had insisted on knowing the truth. It was at a very favorite lesson of the Doctor's, namely, the Scripture lesson; and as a rule he simply takes the top of the class and leaves the bottom pretty much alone, because at the top are Macmillan and Forbes and Prodgers — all flyers at Scripture; and their answers give the Doctor great pleasure; and at the bottom are me and Willson minor and West and others; and our answers don't give him any pleasure at all. But sometimes he pounces down upon us with a sudden question to see if we are attending; and he pounced down upon me to see if I was attending; and I was not, because my

mind was full of the meeting of creditors and other matters more important to me for the minute than the people in the Old Testament.

So when the Doctor suddenly said, "Tell us what you know of Gideon, Bannister, if you please," I clean forgot there was more than one Gideon and said, —

"Gideon is an awfully decent sort, and he has advised me to offer something in the pound."

Naturally the Doctor did not like this. In fact, he liked it so little that he made me go straight out of the class and wait for him in his study. Then he caned me for insolence combined with irreverence, and made me write out about Gideon and the dew upon the fleece twenty-four times, which I did.

I also asked our Gideon if he was by any chance related to the Bible Gideon, and he said that it was impossible to prove that he was not; and that it was also impossible to prove that he was. In any case, he said, such things did not trouble him, though a friend of his father, wanting to prove he was related to a man who died in the year 734 A.D., went to a place called the Herald's Office and gave them immense sums of money and they proved it easily. He said also that it was a jolly good thing the Doctor did not ask for particulars, because if he had known I was a bankrupt and going to offer something in the pound, he would probably have expelled me on the spot.

Gideon asked me if I had done anything about the bankruptcy, and I told him privately that I had. But I did not tell him what. I had, in fact, taken a desperate step and written a letter to my grandmother. I marked it "private" in three places, and begged her, on every page, not to tell my father, because my father was her son and he had often told me that if I wrote to her for money he would punish me in a very terrible manner. How, he never mentioned, but he meant it, and so I had to make my grandmother promise not to tell him. I wrote

the letter seven or eight times before I got it up to the mark; then I borrowed one of Foster's envelopes, already stamped with pink stamps for writing home, and sent it off. It was the best letter I ever wrote, or ever shall write, and this was how it went:—

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—

I write this line, though very busy, to hope that you are exceedingly well and enjoying the fine weather. I hope your lovely little clever dog, "Fido," is well also. I never see such a clever and beautiful dog anywhere else. My parents write to me that they are well. I am quite well. At least I am quite well in body, though I have grown rather thin lately through not being able to eat enough food. This is not the fault of the food. It is my mind. You will be very sorry to hear, dear Grandmother, that I am a bankrupt. I hope you may never know what it is to be one, for it is very terrible, especially if you are honorable and honest as I am, owing to the books you always give me so very kindly at Christmas. To be a bankrupt is to be called upon at any moment to have to pay something in the pound; and this is a dreadful position, but even more dreadful in my case than in some others. For instance, when dear father was bankrupted, he paid something in the pound and had something over; but in my case *I have not even got the pound.*

I don't mean, of course, dear grannie, that I want anybody to give me the necessary pound; but the terrible thing is I can't be a bankrupt without it, and so really I don't know what will happen to me if I don't get it. If by any wonderfully kind and lucky chance you could *lend* me a pound, my dreadful situation would improve at once and I should no doubt get fatter and cheerfuller in a few days; but as it is, I lie awake and sigh all night, and even wake chaps with the loudness of my sighs, which fling things at me for keeping them awake. But I cannot help it. I don't tell you these

things to worry you, dear grannie, as very likely you have worries of your own; but it would not be honest not to tell you how very badly I want a pound just now. There is to be a meeting of my creditors in the gymnasium in a few days, and how I am going to declare anything in the pound I don't know. It makes me feel terribly old and I have gone down several places in my class and been terribly caned by Dr. Dunstan. But nothing matters if I can honorably get that pound. It would change the whole course of my life in fact. My beautiful bat has gone. I have to borrow it now when I play cricket. But I am playing very badly this term, because you cannot be in good form if the brain is worrying about a pound. I shall lose my place in the second eleven, I expect. I have missed several catches lately and I fancy my eyes are growing dim and old, owing to being awake worrying so much at night about that pound.

Of course if you can give me any sort of idea where I can get that pound, I shall be very thankful. Unfortunately in this case five shillings would be no good, and even ten would be no good, strange though it may seem. Only a pound is any use. I must now conclude dear Grannie, with best love and good wishes from your affectionate

ARTHUR MORTIMER BANNISTER.

P. S. Though all this fearful brain worry has thrown me back a lot in class, still my Scripture is all right and I shall be able to say the Kings of Israel either backwards or forwards next holidays in a way that will surprise you. I have been a good deal interested in Gideon and the dew upon the fleece lately.

Well, I sent off this letter, which was far, far the longest and best I had ever written in my life; and before sending it I printed at the top of each page, "Don't tell father"—feeling that to be very important. Then I waited and hoped that my grandmother would read the letter as I meant her to; and great was my re-

lief when I found that she did. On the very morning of the meeting of the creditors she wrote a long letter and sent a postal order for a pound; and the letter I put aside for future reading, and the postal order I took to Mr. Browne who always changes postal orders into money for boys.

He seemed surprised at the great size of the postal order, but gave me a golden pound and told me to be careful of it. I was so excited that I very nearly got kept in at morning school; but I escaped, and when the time came I went to Gideon and he walked up to the gym with me to meet the creditors.

III

Ten chaps were assembled for the bankruptcy, but I jolly soon cleared out Browne, because the sixpence he said I owed him had been paid at the beginning of the term, and Westcott was able to prove it. So Browne went, but reluctantly. Steggle also went. He wanted me to take back my mortgaged bat and owe him about six shillings instead, but knowing Steggle, I felt sure that something must have gone wrong with the bat; and when I examined it, I found that it was so. In fact, the bat was badly sprung; and Gideon said it was like Steggle's, and a beastly paltry thing to try to do. So Steggle also went, and that left eight fellows. These eight chaps were told to make their claims, and when they had, Gideon made me examine them to see they were all right. Only four claimed too much; and Mathers, who is an awfully kind-hearted and sporting chap, claimed too little.

So I said, "I'm afraid I owe you one and nine, not one and three, Mathers."

And he said, "That's all right. I knocked off a tanner when you won the house match against Browne a week ago." Which shows the sort of chap that Mathers was.

I said, "Does anybody else feel inclined to knock off anything owing to

my winning the house match against Browne's?"

But nobody did, and seeing that five of the creditors actually belonged to Browne's house, I could n't expect that they would.

"When you've admitted the claims," said Gideon, "I'll add them up myself."

So I went through the claims and had to admit them all.

Then Gideon added them up and said, "The claims lodged against you, Bannister, amount to exactly one pound, twelve shillings, and eightpence; but I think you told me that the tuck-woman was also a creditor. If so, she ought to be here."

"I have spoken to her," I said, "and she says that I owe her seven shillings and fourpence. That is the figure. I told her that I was going to have a meeting of creditors, and she said I was beginning early, and that she wished she could let me off, but that she had an invalid husband and twenty small children at home — or some such number."

"Anyway, the debt ranks good," said Gideon. Then he added the seven and fourpence to the one pound twelve shillings and eightpence.

"The total liabilities are exactly two pounds" said Gideon. "Now, Bannister, as the debts are admitted to be two pounds, the next question is, what are the assets. I may tell you kids," he continued, turning to Corkey minimus and Fairlawn and Frost, who were the smallest of the creditors in size and age, "that the word 'assets,' which you very likely do not know, means what Bannister has got to pay you with. You have made him a bankrupt and he owes you two pounds; so now the simple question is, how much can he pay of that money? Of course he can't pay it all — else he would n't be a bankrupt — but he is going to pay according to his assets. Now Bannister," he concluded, turning to me, "you'd better tell the meeting what your assets are. Does everybody understand?"

Everybody understood, or said they did, except Frost, and he kept on saying over and over again, like a parrot, that I owed him five pence and a lead pencil, till Gideon at last had to tell him to shut up and not interfere with the meeting.

Then I spoke. I said, in quite a quiet sort of way, as if it was an everyday thing, "I have decided to pay something in the pound, Gideon."

But Gideon was rather impatient.

"We all know that. That's what we're here for," he said.

"You could n't all know it," I answered, "because none of you knew that I'd got a pound. You can't pay something in the pound unless you've got one. And I thought it might interest the creditors at this meeting to know that I have got one."

They were frightfully interested, naturally, and even Gideon was. I put it into his hand and he looked at it and turned it over and nodded.

"The assets are a pound," said Gideon. "I've no doubt you'll all be glad to hear that."

The chaps evidently felt very different to me when they heard the assets were a pound; because most of them, as they told me afterwards, did n't know there were any assets at all. They got rather excited, in fact, and Thwaites even asked if there might be any more assets.

But I said, "No. There is only this pound. When I became bankrupt I determined that I would pay something in the pound, and I wrote to private friends and put the position before them; and they quite agreed with me and sent the pound; and now I am going to pay something in it. I don't quite know what that means; but it is an honorable and proper thing to do; and Gideon does know what it means; and I shall be very much obliged to him if he will explain."

"It is quite easy," said Gideon. "You have a debt; you can't pay it all, so you pay so much in the pound."

"That's what I'm going to do," I said.

"The question is, how much you're

going to pay in the pound," said Forrest, who had made more row than all the rest of the creditors put together, though I only owed him a penny.

"I know that's the question without your telling me," I answered. "Gideon has the pound and he will say what I am to pay in it."

Gideon looked rather puzzled.

"You don't seem to understand even yet, Bannister," he said. "You don't pay so much in the pound of the assets; you pay so much in the pound of the debts."

I did n't pretend to understand what Gideon meant by this complicated way of putting it, and told him so.

"All I want," I said, "is to do the strictly honorable thing and pay so much in the pound, which I have handed over to Gideon for that reason."

But Gideon, much to my surprise, seemed to feel rather annoyed at this.

"I wish you'd try and understand the situation," he said. "When you speak of so much in the pound, it's a figure of speech in a sort of way. It is n't a real, single, solitary pound."

"It's real enough," I said. "For Browne gave it to me in exchange for a postal order."

"*This* pound is real, but —" then Gideon broke off in a helpless sort of way; and then he began again.

"You owe two pounds — d' you see that?"

"Of course," I said. "That's the whole thing."

"And you've got one pound — d' you see that?"

He held it up as if he was going to do a conjuring trick with it.

Of course I said I did see it.

"Then, if you owe two pounds and can only find one, how much are you going to pay in the pound?"

"Whatever you think would be sportsmanlike, Gideon," I said.

"It is n't a question of being sportsmanlike; it's a question of simple arithmetic," he said. "You've got twenty

shillings and you owe forty; you owe just twice as many as you've got; therefore it follows that you'll pay ten shillings in the pound; and that's a good deal more than many people can."

"I'll pay more than that," I said. "I'll pay fifteen shillings."

"What an ass you are, Bannister!" answered Gideon. "You can't pay fifteen shillings — you have n't got it to pay."

"My dear chap," I said, "I've got a pound."

"You've got nothing at all," he said. "You pay ten shillings in each of the two pounds you owed, and then there's nothing left."

After that I began to see; and when we went into it all, and got change, and paid each chap exactly half of what I owed him, it turned out that Gideon was perfectly right and there was n't a farthing left over. Everybody was fairly well satisfied except the tuck-woman, but nobody seemed much obliged to me; and I could n't help thinking that though Gideon had been awfully decent about it, and managed it all frightfully well, that nevertheless, a grown man would have managed it even better. Because, take my father's bankruptcy and look how jolly different that turned out to mine. I don't know what he paid in the pound, but I do know there was enough left over for him to buy a bottle

of champagne and for mother to say, "Thank God." Whereas my bankruptcy appeared to have left me exactly where I was before, and there was nothing whatever left over to buy even a bottle of ginger beer.

I pointed this out to Gideon, and he said, "Of course I don't know how much your father paid in the pound."

Presently I said, "I'm awfully obliged to you, Gideon, and I shall never forget how kind you have been. And I wonder if you'd mind adding to your fearful kindness by lending me a penny."

"What for?" said Gideon. "Ginger beer?"

"No," I said, "for a stamp to write to my grandmother. I may tell you privately that she sent me that pound out of her own money, and it was very sporting of her, and of course I must thank her."

Gideon did n't much like it, I could see; but at last he brought out the penny and entered it in his book.

"If you can pay by the end of the term, I'll charge no interest," he said.

And just to show what luck Gideon always has, the very next Sunday at church I found a threepenny piece, doubtless dropped by somebody, so Gideon had his penny back in three days; and I went so far as to offer him a half-penny interest, but he would not take it from me.

MOTHER MAGIC

BY RICHARD BURTON

In days of childhood, now long-lapsed and dim,
Often I sat within a holy place
Where mystic word and solemn-rolling hymn
Touched the tranced souls of men to thoughts of Grace.

Too small to comprehend, yet happy there
I lingered, since beside me, close and dear,
Sat the sweet mother with her rippled hair,
Her smile of angels and her color clear.

And she would hold my hand, and so express,
In some deep way, the wonder of the hour:
Our spirits talked, by silent tenderness,
As easily as flower nods to flower.

And to this day, when so I creep alone
Into some sacred corner, list the choir,
Hear some great organ's most melodious moan
And watch the windows flush daylight with fire,

Over me once again those memories steal;
I sit as in a dream, and understand
God's meaning; for, across the years, I feel
The meek, sure magic of that spirit-hand.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT

(1858-1862)

VII

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

XX

THE PEACEMAKERS OF THE WAR

THE week during which so many of the Southern men left, whose reunion has just been recounted, was full of intense interest. Perhaps in all of West Point's life there has never been its equal, or one even like it. For the hearts of the people from one end of the country to the other were heaving from their depths, depths of feeling which are reached only when mankind is on the verge of some great trial and about to fight its way to some azure crest in the range of ideals; one of those times when the shrines of our better natures are all flashing, and mysterious hands are sweeping those harps which are hung in the sky of our being; oh, yes, when Poetry and Art, and their heavenly sister, Religion, are all active in behalf of our sentiment and imagination, that its great creative instincts may make new advances toward the light of God.

I wish I could translate that week's record of our country's deep feeling into terms that would satisfy our inner sources of reason and of history and of divine interpretation; for I have a consciousness that in it lie those movements which at last become epics and lyrics, and those exalted terms which we find on the lips of the great seers and prophets.

Whatever the week's record may embrace of the inspiration I have intimated, it marked the display of what is known as West Point friendship. And in due time for that friendship I shall claim our present peace and national welfare and,

what is more, the salvation of our land from pages of horrible history; but for the present let the following letter written by my classmate McCrea on Saturday, the 27th of April, 1861, throw its light on what had transpired at West Point in the week then closing: —

"On Sunday night, or rather Monday morning, for it was after 12 o'clock, some of the cadets serenaded Lieutenant McCook. On Tuesday night we serenaded Captain Seymour, one of the heroes of Fort Sumter, who was here visiting his father-in-law, Professor Weir. It was a clear moonlight night, and there were about fifty cadets in front of the house. Captain Seymour came to the window and made us a patriotic speech. We could see his features well and he looked as if he had had a hard time at Fort Sumter. When he made his appearance at the window the cadets applauded everything that he said, from beginning to end. But he would have been applauded if he had not said a word, for actions speak louder than words, and his actions at Fort Sumter had preceded him and endeared him to every true American heart.

"On Friday the officers serenaded Lieutenant Lee (Fitzhugh), who is a Virginian and has resigned because his state has seceded. He was the most popular officer that I have ever seen at West Point. He was liked by the officers, cadets, ladies, and in fact by every one that knew him. It was a bitter day for him when he left, for he did not want to go, and said that he hated to desert his old flag. But he thought that it was his

duty to do as Virginia did. He was the Commandant of my company, and on Friday evening he came to bid us good-by. He went to every room and shook hands with every one of us with tears in his eyes, and hoped, he said, that our recollections of him would be as happy as those he had of us. When he shook hands with me I expressed my regrets that he was going away. He said that he was sorry to leave, but as he belonged to the other side of the line, it was time that he was going. On Saturday morning after breakfast the cadets gathered in front of the barracks to see him off. As he passed in the omnibus we took off our hats and waved them. This may appear very natural and matter-of-fact to you, for you do not know enough about military usage to recognize the great difference that there is between an officer and a subaltern. I believe it is the second time that I ever shook hands with an officer, although it is three years that I have been here.

"Sunday evening. To-day directly after dinner a large boat passed down the river loaded with volunteers from the northern part of the state. I never saw such a crowd before on a single boat, for it appeared like a hive of bees, as all the volunteers crowded to the guards to exchange salutes and cheers with the cadets. The boat was so heavily laden that it moved very slowly through the water, consequently remained within saluting distance for some time. The Graycoats on the shore would give three cheers and wave their caps and handkerchiefs; then the Bluecoats on the boat would return the cheers, wave their handkerchiefs, the captain of the boat would blow his steam whistle, ring his bell, and every one showed his patriotism and excitement in every possible way. This was kept up between the cadets on the shore and the volunteers on the boat until it had passed out of sight. It was an exciting scene, and it gladdened every patriotic heart to see so many noble volunteers on their way to defend the nation's capital. Even

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the officers forgot their dignity and waved their caps and handkerchiefs. And the strict old Commandant even went so far as to permit us to go off of limits in order to see and be seen better. The 'sick' in the hospital crawled out of their wards on to the porch and saluted them as they passed. The ladies smiled upon them and also waved their handkerchiefs and all wished them success in their holy mission. These are not the first troops that have come from the North, but all heretofore have come down on the railroad which is on the other side of the river, thus preventing us from seeing them."

There was an incident in connection with Lee, not mentioned in this letter, which is worth preserving. Some of the cadets of his Company "A", hailing from the North, decorated their rooms by pinning little flags on their alcove curtains. This display of patriotism flamed out too rapidly for him in his then troubled state of mind, and he ordered them removed, on the ground that it was a violation of the regulations. McCrea in obedience to the order took his down, collected his paints and brushes which he used in the department of drawing, and then proceeded with firmly set jaws to paint his water bucket with bands of red, white, and blue. Now this utensil was a part of the authorized furniture of the rooms, and the regulations did not prescribe how it should be painted. What Fitz thought of this flank movement is not recorded; and, so far as the writer knows, this was the only really historic picture that Tully ever executed; and yet he helped to make a celebrated one, namely, that which was painted on the country's memory by Pickett's charge, with McCrea and others facing it undaunted between thundering guns.

The serenade by the officers to Fitzhugh Lee I remember very well: Guilford D. Bailey, who was killed on the Peninsula, and several others, occupied the tower rooms with him. I had often heard

them laughing and sometimes singing at late hours in his quarters while I roomed in the Angle. To many readers who have inherited or imbibed from one source or another more or less of the passions of the war, it may seem strange that loyal officers, and above all officers on duty at West Point, should serenade a Southerner like Lee on the eve of his taking up arms against the government.

I can readily understand the present generation's surprise at an event of this kind; had such a manifestation been made elsewhere in the North, so violent was the feeling at that time a riot would certainly have followed. Yet totally unconscious of any significance, the same kindly feeling and sad parting prevailed at every post between officers. But it was soon attended by an evil result, for it was not long before throughout the North a feeling doubting the loyalty of all West Point men was diffused. And by the end of the second year of the war this feeling had risen so high that a movement to put civilians at the head of the army was openly discussed by influential Northerners.

It is not necessary to resurrect these long-since buried charges, so unjust and so disheartening in their day. But it is due to West Point to exonerate her from the insinuation that her friendships ever stayed the delivering of attack, or that one of her sons ever failed to give the most loyal duty to his civilian commander. One in every five of those engaged laid down his life, one in every three, and probably every other one, was wounded. No, no, it made no difference who was in command. On the other hand, there is something due to West Point friendships which she has a right to claim: I refer to the part they played at Appomattox, and my heart leaps with pride as I think of it.

For on that day two West Point men met, with more at stake than has ever fallen to the lot of two Americans. On the manner in which they should meet, on the temper with which they should approach the mighty issue, lay the future

peace of the country and the standards of honor and glory for the days to come. There was the choice between magnanimity to a gallant foe and a spirit of revenge; there was the choice between official murders for treason and leaving the page of our country's history aglow with mercy; there was the choice between the conduct of a conqueror and the conduct of a soldier and a gentleman; finally, there was the choice for these two men, who for over a year had fronted each other on so many fields, to garland the occasion by the display of what is greater than victory, — terms that the Christian and the lover of peace in all ages of the world will honor. These two West Point men knew the ideals of their old Alma Mater, they knew each other as only graduates of that institution know each other, and they met on the plane of that common knowledge. I cannot avoid expressing the belief that the greatest hour that has ever come in the march of our country's years was on that April day, when Grant and Lee shaped the terms at Appomattox. And then what happened? The graduates of both armies met as brothers and planted then and there the tree that has grown, blooming for the Confederate and blooming for the Federal, and under whose shade we now gather in peace. West Point has rendered many a service: she opened the gates to Grant's undreamed-of abilities; with beating heart she was with Thomas as he stood at Chickamauga that mighty September day; she was at Warren's side on Round Top; she was with little George B. McClellan when he rallied the Army of the Potomac after Second Bull Run; all these were great services. But her greatest service was in inspiring and revealing the ideals of the soldier and the gentleman, and in knitting friendships which, when called on by the world's love of gentleness, responded at Appomattox by bringing back enduring peace, leaving our country's history unshadowed by revenge and unhaunted by the victims of political gibbets.

Lee's attitude has never, it seems to me, had due recognition. Had he yielded to a sense of mortification over defeat, had he been ill-natured and revengeful, one word from him and the conflict would have degenerated into bloody and barbarous guerrilla warfare. On the contrary, by his dignified, yet full and manly, meeting of Grant on his high level of magnanimity and statesmanship, he rendered a great service to his country and generation.

On that occasion he was dressed like and looked the gentleman. Grant, in simple garb stained with the campaign, bore himself and acted the gentleman; both honored their Alma Mater and both honored their country; and both little dreamed that they were marching abreast up the broad stairway of the Temple of Fame, not to take their places among the world's conquerors, but among the heralds of civilization and all the mild, brave, and blessed benefactors of the world. For their example is bound, it seems to me, to be influential hereafter when the heads of armies and governments meet to settle upon the terms of peace.

While I have written these last few paragraphs the overarching West Point has seemed near. At times so near and so definite that I thought — perhaps it was a mere, but not, I trust, vain-glorious illusion — I could almost read the thought in the faces of the spiritual embodiments of truth, and honor, and courage, and duty. To this statement of possible community with creatures of the imagination, science and reason will give neither weight nor credence, treating it as sheer fantasy. Perhaps they are right in discouraging all converse with ethereal messengers; but science and reason should not overlook the fact that language itself, through its primitive associations, has intercourse with the very elements of the matter on whose properties they build their cold and verdureless eminence, deaf to and unconscious of the communion that is ever going on around them. But

who knows how soon the day will come when imagination's now shadowy world will be real, when mankind will see truth and virtue and honor as we see and know the heavenly bodies glowing steadfastly so far away in the depths of space.

As this is in all probability the last time the writer will refer to the overarching West Point, for one of his little crew that has labored so faithfully and willingly throughout the course of this narrative reports that around another headland lies a vast and silent deep, — it is the end, — the writer begs to say as he parts with the idea, that to it his narrative owes whatsoever color and atmosphere it may have. And if it has left through its inspiration a clearer and, he hopes, kinder image of his Alma Mater; that it is not a school of blood or of pomp or of the mere science of the Art of War; if through it he has given to any young man one single uplifting thought, he parts with gratitude from what has been to him a source of intellectual pleasure.

Owing to the great demand for regular officers to help drill and organize the three months' volunteers that were rushed by the states into Washington in reply to Lincoln's proclamation, orders came to graduate Dupont's, Upton's, and Babcock's class.

The personnel of the officers changed rapidly: McCook left for the field, followed by Warren, Vincent, Holabird, Benton, Hascall, Comstock, Symonds, and Du Barry; and in the summer and early autumn went Reynolds, Williams, Breck, Biggs, and Carroll — and all rendered valuable services. Comstock, to whom I remember to have recited on one or two occasions, — he and Mendell were our instructors in mechanics, — became a member of Grant's staff in the Vicksburg campaign and accompanied him to the Army of the Potomac. Like his great commander, he was a modest, quiet, unpretentious man, and one to whose judgment Grant gave more heed, I believe, than to that of any other of the younger officers on his staff. Warren I

messed with at Meade's headquarters and served with temporarily in the early days of the Rapidan campaign. Carroll I saw frequently in the field. In the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania his services were brilliant. I have sometimes thought he saved the day at Gettysburg and at the Wilderness.

"The time had come," says Walker in his history of the Second Corps, referring to the battle of the Wilderness, "for him to do the same feat of arms which he had performed on the night of the 2d of July at Gettysburg. Putting his brigade into motion [it was composed of the 4th and 8th Ohio and 14th Indiana], himself with bandaged arm, at the head of the column, Carroll dashed on the run across the road, and then coming to a 'front,' charged forward, encountering the exultant Confederates in the very moment of their triumph, and hurling them head foremost over the intrenchments."

On the 13th of May, 1861, by order of the Secretary of War, the superintendent was directed to call upon the professors, officers, and cadets to take the oath of allegiance according to a prescribed form sent from the War Department. In compliance with the above order the Academic Board, officers and cadets, assembled in the chapel at 5 p. m. on Monday, 13th May, 1861, and took the oath of allegiance before William Avery, justice of the peace. I have always thought that this order was inspired by the conduct of the Southern men in Dupont's class, who resigned at once after graduating. However that may be, in August the War Department concluded that we had better take the oath again, but this time they introduced into the form, "That I will maintain and defend the sovereignty of the United States, paramount to any and all allegiance, sovereignty, or fealty I may owe to any State, county or country whatsoever." When the time came, two men from Kentucky declined to take the oath and were dismissed. One was Dunlap, whose

rough-and-tumble fight with Kilpatrick in the 5th Division has already been told; the other was a member of the 4th class. After returning home the latter entered the Union Army and was killed in battle. I have often thought of that boy; and his pale face, the target of every eye in the battalion, still comes and goes — and I believe that of all the men of our day Fate handed him her deepest cup: the struggle at West Point, the burning punishment of that hour in the chapel, the weight of twilight that night, his lonely and heavy-hearted departure, his last despairing look at the place. His reason for declining was, I suspect, his boyish love of and pride in Kentucky. But when he reached home he found his state a divided household; who knows why he took a step at home so inconsistent with that at West Point? Did his sweetheart love the Union, and did he follow the flag for her sake? Was her look kindlier than that of any other in the world? and for that show of charity, did he go to the side of her choice, and yield up his life?

The writer does not know on what field he fell, but hopes that it slopes to the east and the morning sun, that some little brook winds murmuring across it, and that here and there over it are primeval trees like those which dignify and bless his Blue Grass country, where the night winds breathe a requiem through their tops for the ill-fated but dear boy. The chances are that he was only nineteen or twenty years old.

Our first shock of the war was the death of Lieutenant Greble, which occurred on June 10, 1861, in the battle of Big Bethel, Virginia; and I remember to this day the impression it made upon me, for he and Webb were the very first of my instructors. The papers gave every detail of his death and of his burial from Independence Hall in Philadelphia. A few days ago, to refresh my memory, I read the account of his funeral. He lay in state on a bier that had borne the bodies of John Quincy Adams and Henry

Clay, and for three hours the young and old of the people of Philadelphia filed by his remains; in the long procession were the children of the schools he had attended. His sword lay on the colors, and, near by, his hat with a long black plume, and there were wreaths of mingled jessamine, heliotrope, and mignonette, with white roses, on his coffin. Two long white ribbons hung gracefully from it, on which was printed the single word "Purity." No word in the language was more fitting, and no word, I believe, does the spirit of West Point like better.

The writer has given this detail of his instructor's funeral for these reasons: because he was drawn toward him by his gentleness at a time when everybody at West Point seemed to him so cold and hard; that the present generation may have some idea of the depth of feeling, and of what the war meant to the living; but above all, that it may open the gates of reflection, and that through them the generation may behold two or three splendors in the distance, — gentleness, courage, and a country ready to meet death for a principle.

Shortly after the battle where Greble lost his life, orders came to graduate Mordecai's, Hill's, "Shang" Parker's, and Edie's class. On June 24 they were graduated without the usual impressive ceremonies, and all left for the field, save Custer, who, being officer of the guard, instead of stopping a fight going on between two plebes over whose turn it was at the water faucet, rushed in with sword and sash, formed a ring, and then and there proclaimed that it was to be a fair fight. Meanwhile the officer in charge appeared, and Custer was put under arrest, and charges filed against him. Fortunately for the country, they were not pressed, and he got away just in time to reach the field before the battle of Bull Run.

The graduation of his class advanced mine to first rank in the corps, a dignity already commented upon, to which the writer never looks back without a con-

sciousness of some evocation from the uplifting influences of the Academy.

The next event of importance in chronological order was the famous battle of Bull Run, the first of the great battles in Virginia. The news of the disaster reached us late in the afternoon, and strangely enough my first informant was Professor Church. The early dispatches from the field had all been favorable, arousing great enthusiasm, and we were expecting to hear at any moment that McDowell had won. The news, growing more and more exciting as the afternoon wore along, had slowly filtered down to the hospital, where I had been for a day or two with some trifling ailment; and, to get the latest, I went up to camp. It was on my return that I met the professor. He was talking earnestly with two army officers at the junction of the path which runs under the elms before the barracks, with the driveway to the hotel; in other words, diagonally across from the little chapel. As I saluted he turned to me with blanched face and said, "Mr. Schaff, the news has just been received that our army has met with defeat and is fleeing to Washington in utter rout." As soon as I could recover from my surprise, I asked if any one of our officers had been killed, having in mind the West Point battery and those who had lately left us as officers and cadets. He answered, "I hope not, but the dispatch gives no details." I did not presume to inquire further, saluted again, and went on my way. And from that day to this the writer has been unable to decide which was the more astounding, the news of the army's defeat or the source of its conveyance. For two long years he had, day after day, in the section room scanned the broad face of that little, deeply-brown-eyed old professor, striving in vain to read the riddle of his being, never discovering a single indication that he shared the power to feel with his fellow mortals, — and yet those who knew him well told me in after years that he was the tenderest of men: — and now,

to have him, totally unconscious of self and the gulf that lay between us as professor and cadet, address me with so much feeling and share news of such mighty import, opened more than one shutter of the windows of my mind. There are little plots in fields, there are lilies in the woods, and there are islands in the sea, which suddenly please and surprise, but a turn of a character on its orbit, showing beams of light over a cold and inscrutably dark waste, carries a peculiar pleasure to the inward eye, one that in its mystery is far and away above the lights and shades of the natural world.

On my arrival at the hospital I told the news, and can see now the surprised and dumbfounded look of everyone, and especially of the hospital steward, a middle-aged German with a nervous, keen face and roidential air of having caught a whiff of something like cheese. He was an old soldier and a competent hospital steward, but we most heartily detested him, not because he failed to do his duty, but because he did it too well. Boylike, we often tried his patience, and as often resented his exercise of authority; but he always got even with us. For whenever the surgeon would prescribe a disagreeable dose, he seemed to take special pleasure in seeing to it that we swallowed every bit of it; and when he had to use a probang, found infinite delight in getting a good grip on our tongues with a bent, spoon-like, clammy iron instrument, and then ramming his sponge up and down our throats till we were black in the face. Well, steward, we were the offenders, and if at the final day you need a friend to say a word to the Judge of all, call on any one of the Class of 1858-62 and I will guarantee that he will say a good word for you. There will be no question of rank between us then, steward, and, I sincerely hope, no probangs about.

The blow to the North was a staggering one, and its effects at this time can hardly be realized. But it was the best turn in the wheel of fortune for the North.

It eliminated vainglory and pulled off the mask from all those deceptive allurements of war, and in their place substituted resoluteness, and drew the curtain displaying the glories which shine at last in the faces of generations which yield to and follow the high moods. We did not see it so then, but we do see it so now; I mean its providential ordering; for had we gained a great victory at the outset, or at any time before slavery had exhausted every element of strength of the people on which she had fastened, enduring peace could not have been established between North and South.

Shortly after supper the writer slipped out of the hospital and started for camp again. As he passed the little chapel he heard his class singing, — clearer and clearer their voices reached him as in the twilight he traversed the plain, — and with quickening step he crossed the sentinel's post to join them at the head of one of the camping streets. In the face of the defeat they were singing patriotic airs with fine spirit.

Before tattoo sounded I made my way back to the hospital and sat long on the porch, having for a companion a gentleman from Baltimore who, while practicing with a pistol in the riding hall, had wounded himself slightly. He was a brother-in-law of Lieutenant Carroll, later General Carroll, and, if my memory serves me right, had been appointed, but not yet commissioned, as an officer of the army. What he said — and he was a most voluminous and nimble Munchausen talker — I do not remember. But I do remember a full moon mounting serenely, diffusing a flood of chaste light over the Highlands and down into the face of the tranquil Hudson, which, as viewed from the hospital, bears on in sunlight and moonlight so beautifully great.

The circumstance that two young men sat on the bank of the Hudson on the night of the battle of Bull Run, that a moon bedecked the heavens, shedding her blessed light down through leafy tree-tops, and over fields and spires, and upon flocks

asleep, contributes nothing to the reader's store of knowledge as to West Point or its spirit, or as to the drama whose stage at Bull Run was dotted at that hour with pale, fallen actors. And yet had some Briton sitting on the banks of the Thames on the evening of the battle of Hastings, or had some Moor sitting on the banks of the Darro the night before the Alhambra fell, told us how the night looked, whether there were moon and stars, it would have brought the scene a little closer and added perhaps that little æolian chord to history which always sounds so enchantingly distant when nature and our simple emotions are translating themselves into each other's terms.

The authorities at Washington, wrought to the highest pitch by the defeat of the crude army, ordered our class to be graduated at the very earliest date. We hailed the news with boundless delight, and at once took up our studies in field engineering and ordnance. In the former we recited to Lieutenant Craighill of the engineers, later the chief of his distinguished corps; now, retired as a brigadier general, he is passing the evening of a long and useful life in the Valley of the Shenandoah. May blessings fall on our old instructor to the end!

Well, we started off in high glee. In a few days — I believe the superintendent thought he could get us ready in three weeks — we would be officers of the army and at the front, realizing what it was to go into battle and see our lives take on all the hues of that radiantly illusive phantasmagoria set in motion by what we read or heard of war. What fortune! For suppose the war should end suddenly and we have no part in it, would we ever get through bemoaning our luck? But now we were *sure* to see some of it. Imagine our collapse then, when one day, while we were reciting in ordnance and gunnery to Lieutenant Breck, the adjutant came in and whispered something in his ear. Whereupon Lieutenant Breck, with a sardonic smile, said, "Young gentlemen, you may suspend

recitations," addressing several at the blackboard; "the order for the graduation of your class has been revoked." Had we been photographed at that moment, there certainly would have been anything but angelic dreaminess in our countenances.

I do not recall ever having heard the class quite so voluble as when we broke ranks and could speak out. Matthew Arnold says that Gray never spoke out; well, he could not have said that of the Class of '62 on this occasion; and if any of the readers of these articles, who have gained an impression that butter would hardly have melted in the mouths of these young gentlemen, — they were so refined and good, — could have heard a few of the remarks that were made that day, there would have been no place left in their minds, at least temporarily, for illusions. We went back to camp disgusted through and through, and some of the more despondent said hopelessly, "The war will be over before we get out of the — place." But it was not over; no, we had all we wanted of war.

About this time, Mackenzie, the leader of our class, of whom Grant speaks so enviably, was "broken," and the writer was appointed a lieutenant in his place, and carried a sword proudly behind C Company until that unfortunate trip across the Hudson already detailed.

It is not my purpose or inclination to dwell at length on that last year at West Point. In some ways I enjoyed it deeply, and the fountains of those joys are still flowing. But before referring to them let me reflect, vaguely to be sure, some features of our West Point life which I think prevailed in great measure at every college, at Princeton, Yale, Harvard, in fact wherever a college bell rang: namely, the utter neglect of study, and indifference to class standing. The war absorbed everybody, it began to be talked of at sunrise, it was still the topic at sunset, and among college men it was talked of long after night fell and laborers were asleep. They gathered in their rooms and talked;

they sat on the fence under the elms at New Haven and talked; they sat on the steps of the historic dormitories of Harvard; and the Tigers were on those of old Nassau long, long after the lights in the professors' quarters were out; and I have no doubt more than once the clock pealed midnight and the college boys — God bless every one of them of every college in the land to-day! — were still talking of the war.

And so it was with our class at West Point. It is true that discipline was not relaxed, nor was there any abatement in the requirements of the academic departments; but, save now and then a natural student, the class as a whole were more like bees getting ready to swarm; the workers had all left the fields and were buzzing about the new queen — that is, the war. Our hearts were not in our books, they were off beyond the Potomac. There is a blank book now lying beside me which I used for a note-book in the course of military engineering, and it bears abundant evidence on every page of the war's domination and also of my indifference to my studies and waste of opportunity. Instead of notes on how to build temporary bridges, and make reconnaissances, on field works, or on martial mixed commands, or scores of subjects on which Lieutenant Craighill gave us valuable and practical instruction, it is filled with caricatures of my classmates while reciting, attempts at humor, and bungling and poorly drawn cartoons.

It may interest the present first class at West Point, however, to see my estimates of cost of outfit, — they appear several times and vary somewhat, but the following is a fair sample: —

Class ring	\$25.00
Class album	46.00
Flannels	17.50
Uniform coat	43.00
Trousers	10.00
Sword and belt	15.00
Pistols	24.00
Traveling bag	7.50

Underclothing	23.37½
Boots and spurs	9.00
	<hr/> \$220.37½

But I must have been doing some pretty good reading at this time, for written in lead pencil I find these two extracts in the note-book: "Arguments are the sole current coin of intellect. The degree of influence to which an opinion is entitled should be proportional to the weight and value of the reasons."¹ On the same page is a badly drawn cadet making a recitation. Then follow a couple of pages filled with more trifling and wretchedly drawn pictures, and now appears the following: "Preface. There is a stirring and a far heard music sent forth from the tree of knowledge when its branches are fighting with the storm, which, passing onward, shrills out at once truths, triumphs and its own defeat."²

"The original stock or wild olive tree of our natural powers was not given us to be burned or blighted but to be grafted on." Coleridge, *Essay 12*, gives extracts from what he considers as the most eloquent in our English literature."

These are the only indications in the book of any seriousness on my part, and I feel grateful to it for preserving their favorable testimony. Meanwhile the thin old book — its binding a strip of faded brown, its covers a marbled green — has been all these years in that melancholy company which gathers in attics and garrets — with children's schoolbooks, their little toy houses, chairs, skates, hobby-horses, and sleds, old trunks and chests, pictures, curtain poles, wrinkled cast-off and caved-in traveling bags, and sturdy old andirons. And now, after this little furlough out into the light and song of to-day, — the apple-trees are just blooming, — it must go back to its dreary and fading company; and I think the more chattering ones of the garret — some of that bric-a-brac, for instance, which once paraded so complacently on the mantels

¹ See *Pliny's Letters*, vol. 2, p. 286.

² Coleridge, *Essay 11*.

and bookcases — will ask as my footsteps die away on the stairway, holding me more or less responsible for their banishment, "Has he any more sense than he used to have, or has he learned *anything* in all these years?" "No," replies the book, settling down into its old place, "he does not seem much wiser now than he was then; but I thought I discovered here and there little fields in his heart that were still green; and blooming like roses on a trellis were boyhood's loves for old West Point and the cadet friends of his youth."

There is little more to be told of my West Point life. While I have been writing this narrative about it — and let me confess that the pen at times has run with deep feeling, and many a time, too, in faint hope, yes, almost in despair, of doing justice to the dear old Alma Mater, to the men and times, and, above all, to that display of high and glorious manhood which met the country's crisis — I say, while I have been writing of its life, and trying as faithfully as I could to build fair images of West Point in the minds of my readers, scores of workmen have been tearing down the old buildings or laying the foundations for those of a new West Point. In a few years the West Point of these articles will be no more; and if the men of my day should go back, so great will have been the changes, I fear they would feel more like strangers than graduates; and, like sons wandering about an old home, their hearts would be heavy. And because it is changed, should they go away mourning for the past, for the West Point of their day? Oh, no! change, blessed, everlasting change is the law of the universe — going on with music and triumphal processions which in due time all that is mortal shall hear and see. West Point is under its sway, as well as the humblest and loneliest hamlet. To white-haired veterans, men of Gettysburg, Vicksburg, the Wilderness, and Appomattox, and every graduate up to 1870, the West Point of our day was at the end of an era in her

life — an era that began in 1820 with the Missouri Compromise, flowered in 1861 and 1865, and ended when the old board of professors had reached the end of their creatively intellectual, honorable, and inspiring lives. From that time on the new West Point began. And is there any reason to believe that in the days to come the graduates of the new West Point will not, if called upon, match the services of those of the old West Point? None whatever, we hope. The officers who are there now must be hearing the same trumpet voices out of the sky over them that spoke to the hearts of the men of the old days.

But there are certain changes going on that are much more significant than the replacement of old by new buildings — changes that are fundamental and are the obvious as well as inherent characteristics of what is known as militarism. I refer to the progressive subordination of the Academic Board to the military staff of the Academy. In our day the former were predominant, and rightly so. Mahan, the head of the Department of Civil and Military Engineering, had graduated at the head of his class and then distinguished himself and honored his country by taking a like position at the Polytechnic School in France. Upon his appointment as professor he laid the foundations of the present course in civil and military engineering and the Art of War, by a series of text books which at once became authority on these subjects. Bartlett by like original works in mechanics, Church in mathematics, and French in the English course, established themselves and West Point abreast of the times. Kendrick was carrying on Bailey's pioneer work in geology and mineralogy; Robert Weir, the professor of drawing, had risen into the company of the great artists of his day by his celebrated picture in the rotunda at Washington. Now, add to these intellectual acquirements that one great subtle quality called character, I mean that element of stimulating power which emanates

with pervading and constant force from men of ability, of achievement, of courtly good manners, and, above all, of high moral standards, and it is easy to see what a tone they would give and what reverence they would receive. And in our day that reverence was not confined to the cadets alone, it characterized the bearing of every officer on duty at the Academy. And as a result the atmosphere of Cultivation and Scholarship prevailed over, uplifted, and refined that of barracks and camps.

It is far from my intention to say that a complete change has taken place, that the Academic Board has changed places with the Military Staff in the active and formative influences of West Point life. But I cannot resist the conclusion that, if militarism grows more ascendant, serious changes must take place in the ideals of West Point; for ideals feed on culture, they lie down in the green pastures of knowledge, their shrines are not in drums but in the aspirations of the heart. Militarism once fully entrenched tolerates no challenge of precedence and culture; scholarship, idealism, those great liberating forces, must grow less and less influential as less and less they are appreciated and revered. Nothing it seems to me could be worse for West Point or worse for the army as a profession than to have the Academic Board sink to the level of mere teachers; in other words, to see West Point fall from the level of a university to that of a post school at a garrison — fall back to the condition in which Major Sylvanus Thayer, the Father of West Point, — before whose monument, now facing the plain, no graduate should pass without lifting his hat, — found it when he took command in 1817; that is, detached from the elevating influence of civil life, in other words, encrusted with the impervious lacquer of garrison life. When he left it, as we all know, every feature of West Point life, and especially its martial features, were softly illuminated by the inherent glow of scholarship: not mere technical scholar-

ship, not the patchy stenciling of pedagogy, but that deeply reflecting scholarship which comes from a mingling of science and literature with idealism.

In giving expression to these reflections I trust that no officer on duty at the Academy or any graduate of late years will think that I am claiming any vanished ideals for old West Point, or that, as they look back, the new West Point will not be as dear to them, and they be as justly proud of it as I am of the dear old West Point. The change which I have indicated, the subordination of the Academic Board, is so fraught with danger that I could not refrain from sounding a note of warning. But on the other hand the Academic Board cannot, any more than the faculty of a University, stand still; in other words, it cannot blossom year by year and produce no fruit. What a cadet expects — and he and the country have a right to expect it — is that the professors shall have recognition for learning, not in the narrow but in the wide sense, commensurate with the fame of West Point.

To this end there should be created a professorship of literature and philosophy, with a general supervision of the course in English studies, with a provision in the act creating the chair, that it should be filled by a civilian of broad views and acknowledged ability, and, as prerequisites, a knowledge of the world and the quiet address of a scholar and a gentleman. It is with no little trepidation that I have offered advice and ventured to mount the steps of Admonition. But sometimes an observer out in the field, beyond the shadow of the oak, can see and judge of its health better than those who are beneath it; for as they look up, so deep and strong is the green that they do not see those limbs at the top torching with crimsoning leaves the approach of decay.

But to drop all that brings the old in contrast with the new, let me say that the most sober period in the life of old West Point was, I think, those last six or seven

months of my stay there. For while to us the future was brightening like a dawn, to her it must have been gray and sober. Her sons were off undergoing the trials of war; on their conduct and their character as men and on their powers to do what she had taught them to do as soldiers and officers, all of her pride, and above everything else, the holy purposes of her aims, were at stake. She could do no more for them or for their country, and, like a mother whose sons had gone off into the world, she thought of them often. Thus, while our faces were free from care and lit up by the prospects, — graduation and then the wide stirring field of the war, — care, in the language of metaphor, was ploughing hers deeply.

Well, spring came, the elms around the plain and before the barracks leaved out and drooped, it seemed to me, with more benediction than ever; the horse chestnuts under which Pat O'Rorke had so patiently drilled me four years before, were in bloom, and on the face of Crow Nest and on the brows of the hills the laurel was blooming too. Our trunks and outfit had come. Tiffany had our class rings ready, and one after another our final examinations were being held. We had attended the last service in the little chapel; the last look had been given to the picture over the chancel, where my eye had rested so often; the legend on the tablet, "Righteousness exalteth a nation but sin is a reproach to any people," had proclaimed its last divine monition; and the touching hymn, "When shall we meet again?" had been sung. From my place down in the body of the church I heard Bolles of my class, the tenor, leading the choir, and my eyes grow dim now as I recall the scene and think of him, for in less than a year he died.

At last the examinations are all over, it is the end of a beautiful June day, the 10th of 1862, and the drum is beating the first call to fall in for the last parade. I go to my room — it is on the second floor of the 5th division facing the area.

I am living alone; and as I put on my uniform hat and side-arms — at the last parade the graduates who are privates do not carry their guns — the musket I have carried for four years, No. 144, knows that the parting day has come, and I hear it say, "Good-by, we have been friends; good-by." "Yes, we have been friends indeed, old fellow, but I have not treated you as well as I should have done. I have never honored you by getting on the color line or by winning, and, above all, by retaining, chevrons. Except for four or five months you have been in the ranks on the shoulder of a private." "Do not speak of it," exclaims the old piece. "I have stood here in the rack and enjoyed hearing you and your friends talk and laugh, — I have often wished that I could give you some help when you have been trying to master your mathematics, and you will excuse me if I say that I do not believe you ever were intended to shine in that department." "I know mighty well I was not." "Let that be as it may," continues the old gun, "we have had many a pleasant hour alone. For, as we walked the sentinel's post under starlight and moonlight through the dead hours of the night, you always made a companion of me. I listened while you thought and sometimes talked aloud of your home, your sweetheart, and the days to come; and you listened, I sometimes thought, when I talked." "Yes, I did listen, but your speech, like that of the trees and the grass, the clouds and the winds, — and from boyhood they have all talked to me, — was in a tongue I did not know; only a word now and then have I understood in your speech or in theirs, but that word made me see for a moment another world. Indirectly you have always spoken to me of uprightness, of duty, and of courage; you have done your share of mute teaching. I hope I may live worthily of you and my other teachers of West Point. Good-by." And I have no doubt that, when the volleys of the Wilderness were thundering in my ear, No. 144 and the old bayonet bristled in the

gun-rack when some of the shots came near me.

And now the companies are formed — the adjutant, sergeant-major, and markers are ready out in front for the band to strike up; the usual crowd of visitors that come from all parts of the country, young and old, a long line, have gathered under the elms to witness the ceremony, the last parade of the graduating class with the battalion. The sun is just going down, the shadows deepen the green, in tranquillity the day is ending. The band strikes up, the adjutant steps out, his plume waving; the companies are called to attention, and soon are under way. On they go with perfect step, harmonious lines of crinkling white, and over them the polished bayonets shining in the last rays of the setting sun. Where does the world see a finer sight than when the companies are marching out to parade? The color company wheels into line, its banner drooping proudly, and with movements of matchless precision, ease, and grace, one after another the companies come up into line. The commandant has taken his place, the adjutant completes the formation, the battalion is brought to parade rest, and the troop beats off. With royal strains the band moves out on its march down in front of the line, and with music still high and fine it returns to its place on the right of the battalion. And now there is a moment of silence; we all know what is coming, and our hearts are beating softly.

The leader gives the signal, and West Point for the first time and the only time opens its heart to the graduating class — the band is playing "Home, Sweet Home." And, as almost tearfully its deeply affecting notes float over the battalion, there is a deep hush. Hearts are beating low and tenderly in the breasts of the boys who entered in 1858. Are they thinking of their old homes? Oh, no, the days of their companionship are ending — in sunlight and shadow they have

passed the four years together, they know each other well, and besides, there in the ranks are friends tried and true. Oh, heart, come to the window and let us hear the strains again.

The last tone dies away, the last roll of the drums is beating, the evening gun is fired, and the flag — some of whose stars as it hangs at the masthead are looking up to the sky and some looking down kindly, we feel sure, on the boys who in a few weeks thereafter will meet their gaze from parapets and lines of battles, while Crow Nest is echoing back the discharge of the evening gun — comes softly down. In due time, for the commandant puts the battalion through the manual and the orders are to be read, the adjutant approaches, gives the orders for the privates of the graduating class to join the officers' line, and soon we are all marching up to the commandant. When we salute he lifts his hat, we lift ours, and he says, "I congratulate you, gentlemen." We bow our thanks and with light hearts go back to barracks. On the following day, without ceremony, our diplomas were given, and orders to report in Washington on the 15th of July, where we were assigned to corps and regiments, and, save a very few, went at once to the field.

And now, dear old Alma Mater, Fountain of Truth, Hearth of Courage, Altar of Duty, Tabernacle of Honor, with a loyal and a grateful heart I have tried, as well as I could, to picture you as you were when you took me a mere boy, awkward and ignorant, and trained me for the high duties of an officer, unfolding from time to time views of those ever-enduring virtues that characterize the soldier, the Christian, and the gentleman. All that I am I owe to you. May the Keeper of all preserve you; not only for the sake of our country's past glories and high destiny, but for the sake of the ideals of the soldier and the gentleman!

(The End.)

THE HELPMATE¹

BY MAY SINCLAIR

XXXII

ANNE sat in her chair by the fireside, very still. She had turned out the light, for it hurt her eyes and made her head ache. She had felt very weak, and her knees shook under her as she crossed the room. Beyond that she felt nothing, no amazement, no sorrow, no anger, nor any sort of pang. If she had been aware of the trembling of her body, she would have attributed it to the agitation of a disagreeable encounter. She shivered. She thought there was a draught somewhere; but she did not rouse herself to shut the window.

At eight o'clock a telegram from Ma-jendie was brought to her. She was not to wait dinner. He would not be home that night. She gave the message in a calm voice, and told Kate not to send up dinner. She had a bad headache, and could not eat anything.

Kate had stood by, waiting timidly. She had had a sense of things happening. Now she retired with curiosity relieved. Kate was used to her mistress's bad headaches. A headache needed no explanation. It explained everything.

Anne picked up the telegram and read it over again. Every week, for nearly three years, she had received these messages. They had always been sent from the same post-office in Scale, and the words had always been the same: "Don't wait. May not be home to-night."

To-night the telegram struck her as a new thing. It stood for something new. But all the other telegrams had meant the same thing. Not a new thing. A thing that had been going on for three years; four, five, six years, for all she knew. It was six years since their separation; and that had been his wish.

She had always known it; and she had always put her knowledge away from her, tried not to know more. Her friends had known it too, — Canon Wharton, and the Gardners, and Fanny. It all came back to her — the words, and the looks that had told her more than any words, signs that she had often wondered at and had refused to understand. They had known all the depths of it. It was only the other day that Fanny had offered her house to her as a refuge from her own house in its shame. Fanny had supposed that it must come to that.

God knew she had been loyal to him in the beginning. She had closed her eyes. She had forbidden her senses to take evidence against him. She had been loyal all through, loyal to the very end. She had lied for him; if, indeed, she *had* lied. In denying Lady Cayley's statements, she had denied her right to make them, that was all.

Her mind, active now, went backwards and forwards over the chain of evidence, testing each link in turn. All held. It was all true. She had always known it.

Then she remembered that she and Peggy would be going away to-morrow. That was well. It was the best thing she could do. Later on, when they were home again, it would be time enough to make up her mind as to what she could do. If there was anything to be done.

Until then she would not see him. They would be gone to-morrow before he could come home. Unless he saw them off at the station. She would avoid that by taking an earlier train. Then she would write to him. No; she would not write. What they would have to say to each other must be said face to face. She did not know what she would say.

She dragged herself upstairs to the

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nursery where the packing had been begun. The room was empty. Nanna had gone down to her supper.

Anne's heart melted. Peggy had been playing at packing. The little lamb had gathered together on the table a heap of her beloved toys, things which it would have broken her heart to part from.

Her little trunk lay open on the floor, packed already. The embroidered frock lay uppermost, carefully folded, not to be crushed. At the sight of it Anne's brain flared in anger.

A bright fire burned in the grate. She picked up the frock; she took a pair of scissors and cut it in several places at the neck, then tore it to pieces with strong, determined hands. She threw the tatters on the fire; she watched them consume; she raked out their ashes with the tongs, and tore them again. Then she packed Peggy's toys tenderly in the little trunk, her heart melting over them. She closed the lid of the trunk, strapped it, and turned the key in the lock.

Then, crawling on slow, quiet feet, she went to bed. Undressing vexed her. She, once so careful and punctilious, slipped her clothes like a tired Magdalen, and let them fall from her and lie where they fell. Her nightgown gaped, unbuttoned, at her throat. Her long hair lay scattered on her pillow, unbrushed, unbraided. Her white face stared to the ceiling. She was too spent to pray.

When she lay down, reality gripped her. And with it, her imagination rose up, a thing no longer crude, but full-grown, large-eyed, and powerful. It possessed itself of her tragedy. She had lain thus, nearly nine years ago, in that room at Scarby, thinking terrible thoughts. Now she saw terrible things.

Peggy stirred in her sleep, and crept from her cot into her mother's bed.

"Mummy, I'm so frightened."

"What is it, darling? Have you had a little dream?"

"No. Mummy, let me stay in your bed."

Anne let her stay, glad of the comfort

of the little warm body, and afraid to vex the child. She drew the blankets round her. "There," she said, "go to sleep, pet."

But Peggy was in no mind to sleep.

"Mummy, your hair's all loose," she said; and her fingers began playing with her mother's hair.

"Mummy, where's daddy? Is he in his little bed?"

"He's away, darling. Go to sleep."

"Why does he go away? Is he coming back again?"

"Yes, darling." Anne's voice shook.

"Mummy, did you cry when Auntie Edie went away?"

Anne kissed her.

"Auntie Edie's dead."

"Lie still, darling, and let mother go to sleep."

Peggy lay still, and Anne went on thinking.

There was nothing to be done. She would have to take him back again, always. Whatever shame he dragged her through, she must take him back again, for the child's sake.

Suddenly she remembered Peggy's birthday. It was only last week. Surely she had not known then. She must have forgotten for a time.

Then tenderness came, and with it an intolerable anguish. She was smitten and was melted; she was torn and melted again. Her throat was shaken, convulsed; then her bosom, then her whole body. She locked her teeth, lest her sobs should break through and wake the child.

She lay thus tormented, till a memory, sharper than imagination, stung her. She saw her husband carrying the sleeping child, and his face bending over her with that look of love. She closed her eyes, and let the tears rain down her hot cheeks and fall upon her breast and in her hair. She tried to stifle the sobs that strangled her, and she choked. That instant the child's lips were on her face, tasting her tears.

"Oh mummy, you're crying."

"No, my pet. Go to sleep."

"Why are you crying?"

Anne made no sound; and Peggy cried out in terror.

"Mummy — is daddy dead?"

Anne folded her in her arms.

"No, my pet, no."

"He is, mummy, I know he is. Daddy! Daddy!"

If Majendie had been in the house she would have carried the child into his room, shown him to her, and relieved her of her terror. She had done that once before when she had cried for him.

But now Peggy cried persistently, vehemently; not loud, but in an agony that tore and tortured her as she had seen her mother torn and tortured. She cried till she was sick; and still her sobs shook her, with a sharp mechanical jerk that would not cease.

Gradually she grew drowsy and fell asleep.

All night Anne lay awake beside her, driven to the edge of the bed, that she might give breathing space to the little body that pushed, closer and closer, to the warm place she made.

Towards dawn Peggy sighed three times and stretched her limbs, as if awakening out of her sleep.

Then Anne turned, and laid her hands on the dead body of her child.

XXXIII

The yacht had lain all night in Fawness Creek. Majendie had slept on board. He had sent Steve up to the farm with a message for Maggie. He had told her not to expect him that night. He would call and see her very early in the morning. That would prepare her for the end. In the morning he would call and say goodbye to her.

He had taken that resolution on the night when Gardner had told him about Peggy.

He did not sleep. He heard all the sounds of the land, of the river, of the night, and of the dawn. He heard the lapping of the creek water against the yacht's

side, the wash of the steamers passing on the river, the stir of the wild fowl at day-break, the swish of wind and water among the reeds and grasses of the creek.

All night he thought of Peggy, who would not live, who was the child of her father's passion and her mother's grief.

At dawn he got up. It was a perfect day, with the promise of warmth in it. Over land and water the white mist was lifting and drifting eastwards towards the risen sun. Inland, over the five fields, the drops of fallen mist glittered on the grass. The farm, guarded by its three elms, showed clear, and red, and still, as if painted under an unchanging light. A few leaves, loosened by the damp, were falling with a shivering sound against the house wall, and lay where they fell, yellow on the red-brick path.

Maggie was not at the garden gate. She sat crouched inside, by the fender, kindling a fire. Tea had been made and was standing on the table. She was waiting.

She rose, with a faint cry, as Majendie entered. She put her arms on his shoulders in her old way. He loosened her hands gently and held her by them, keeping her from him at arm's length. Her hands were cold, her eyes had foreknowledge of the end; but, moved by his touch, her mouth curled upward unaware and shaped itself for kissing.

He did not kiss her. And she knew.

Upstairs in the bedroom overhead, Steve and his mother moved heavily. There was a sound of drawers opening and shutting, then a grating sound. Something was being dragged from under the bed. Maggie knew that they were packing Majendie's portmanteau with the things he had left behind him.

They stood together by the hearth, where the fire kindled feebly. He thrust out his foot, and struck the woodpile; it fell and put out the flame that was struggling to be born.

"I'm sorry, Maggie," he said.

Maggie stooped and built up the pile again and kindled it. She knelt there,

patient and humble, waiting for the fire to burn.

He did not know whether he was going to have trouble with her. He was afraid of her tenderness.

"Why did n't you come last night?" she said.

"I could n't."

She looked at him with eyes that said, "That is not true."

"You could n't?"

"I could n't."

"You came last week."

"Last week — yes. But since then things have happened, do you see?"

"Things have happened," she repeated, under her breath.

"Yes. My little girl is very ill."

"Peggy?" she cried, and covered her face with her hands. Then with her hands she made a gesture that swept calamity aside. Maggie would only believe what she wanted.

"She will get better," she said.

"Perhaps. But I must be with my wife."

"You were n't with her last night," said Maggie. "You could have come then."

"No, Maggie, I could n't."

"D' you mean — because of the little girl?"

"Yes."

"I see," she said softly. She had understood.

"She will get better," she said, "and then you can come again."

"No. I've told you. I must be with my wife."

"I thought —" said Maggie.

"Never mind what you thought," he said with a quick, fierce impatience.

"Are you fond of her?" she asked suddenly.

"You know I am," he said; and his voice was kind again. "You've known it all the time. I told you that in the beginning."

"But — since then," said Maggie, "You've been fond of me, have n't you?"

"It's not the same thing. I've told you

that, too, a great many times. I don't want to talk about it. It's different."

"How is it different?"

"I can't tell you."

"You mean — it's different because I'm not good."

"No, my child, I'm afraid it's different because I'm bad. That's as near as we can get to it."

She shook her head in persistent, obstinate negation.

"See here, Maggie, we must end it. We can't go on like this any more. We must give it up."

"I can't," she moaned. "Don't ask me to do that, Wallie dear. Don't ask me."

"I must, Maggie. I must give it up. I told you, dear, before we took this place, that it must end, sooner or later, that it could n't last very long. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, — I remember."

"And you promised me, did n't you, that when the time came, you would n't —"

"I know. I said I would n't make a fuss."

"Well, we've got to end it now. I only came to talk it over with you. There'll have to be arrangements."

"I know. I've got to clear out of this."

She said it sadly, without passion and without resentment.

"No," he said, "not if you'd rather stay. Do you like the farm, Maggie?"

"I love it."

"Do you? I was afraid you did n't. I thought you hated the country."

"I love it. I love it."

"Oh, well then, you shan't leave it. I'll keep on the farm for you. And, see here, don't worry about things. I'll look after you, all your life, dear."

"Look after me?" Her face brightened. "Like you used to?"

"Provide for you."

"Oh!" she cried. "That! I don't want to be provided for. I won't have it. I'd rather be let alone and die."

"Maggie, I know it's hard on you.

Don't make it harder. Don't make it hard for me."

"You?" she sobbed.

"Yes, me. It's all wrong. I'm all wrong. I can't do the right thing, whatever I do. It's wrong to stay with you. It's wrong, it's brutally wrong, to leave you. But that's what I've got to do."

"You said — you only said — just now — you'd got to end it."

"That's it. I've got to end it."

She stood up flaming.

"End it, then. End it this minute. Give up the farm. Send me away. I'll go anywhere you tell me. Only don't say you won't come and see me."

"See you? Don't you understand, Maggie, that seeing you is what I've got to give up? The other things don't matter."

"Ah," she cried, "it's you who don't understand. I mean — I mean — see me like you used to. That's all I want, Wallie. Only just to see me. That would n't be awful, would it? There would n't be any sin in that?"

Sin? It was the first time she had ever said the word. The first time, he imagined, she had formed the thought.

"Poor little girl," he said. "No, no, dear, it would n't do. It sounds simple, but it is n't."

"But," she said, bewildered, "I love you."

He smiled. "That's why, Maggie, that's why. You've been very sweet and very good to me. And that's why I must n't see you. That's how you make it hard for me."

Maggie sat down and put her elbows on the table and hid her face in her hands.

"Will you give me some tea?" he said abruptly.

She rose.

"It's all stewed. I'll make fresh."

"No. That'll do. I can't wait."

She gave him his tea. Before he tasted it he got up and poured out a cup for her. She drank a little at his bidding, then pushed the cup from her, choking. She sat, not looking at him, but looking away,

through the window, across the garden and the fields.

"I must go now," he said. "Don't come with me."

She started to her feet.

"Ah, let me come."

"Better not. Much better not."

"I must," she said.

They set out along the field-track. Steve, carrying his master's luggage, went in front, at a little distance. He did n't want to see them, still less to hear them speak.

But they did not speak.

At the creek's bank Steve was ready with the boat.

Majendie took Maggie's hand and pressed it. She flung herself on him, and he had to loose her hold by main force. She swayed, clutching at him to steady herself. He heard Steve groan. He put his hand on her shoulder, and kept it there a moment, till she stood firm. Her eyes, fixed on his, struck tears from them, tears that cut their way like knives under his eyelids.

Her body ceased swaying. He felt it grow rigid under his hand.

Then he went from her and stepped into the boat. She stood still, looking after him, pressing one hand against her breast, as if to keep down its heaving.

Steve pushed off from the bank, and rowed toward the creek's mouth. And as he rowed, he turned his head over his right shoulder, away from the shore where Maggie stood with her hand upon her breast.

Majendie did not look back. Neither he nor Steve saw that, as they neared the mouth of the creek, Maggie had turned, and was going rapidly across the field, towards the far side of the spit of land where the yacht lay moored out of the current. As they had to round the point, her way by land was shorter than theirs by water.

When they rounded the point they saw her standing on the low inner shore, watching for them.

She stood on the bank, just above the

belt of silt and sand that divided it from the river. The two men turned for a moment, and watched her from the yacht's deck. She waited till the big mainsail went up, and the yacht's head swung round and pointed upstream. Then she began to run fast along the shore, close to the river.

At that sight Majendie turned away and set his face toward the Lincolnshire side.

He was startled by an oath from Steve and a growl from Steve's father at the wheel. "Eh — the — little —" At the same instant the yacht was pulled suddenly inshore and her boom swung violently round.

Steve and the boatswain rushed to the ropes and began hauling down the mainsail.

"What the devil are you doing there?" shouted Majendie. But no one answered him.

When the sail came down he saw.

"My God," he cried, "she's going in."

Old Pearson, at the wheel, spat quietly over the yacht's side. "Not she," said old Pearson. "She's too much afraid o' cold water."

Maggie was down on the lower bank close to the edge of the river. Majendie saw her putting her feet in the water and drawing them out again, first one foot, and then the other. Then she ran a little way, very fast, like a thing hunted. She stumbled on the slippery, slanting ground, fell, picked herself up again, and ran. Then she stood still and tried the water again, first one foot and then the other, desperate, terrified, determined. She was afraid of life and death.

The belt of sand sloped gently, and the river was shallow for a few feet from the shore. She was safe unless she threw herself in.

Majendie and Steve rushed together for the boat. As Majendie pushed against him at the gangway, Steve shook him off. There was a brief struggle. Old Pearson left the wheel to the boatswain and crossed to the gangway, where the two

men still struggled. He put his hand on his master's sleeve.

"Excuse me, sir, you'd best stay where you are."

He stayed.

The captain went to the wheel again, and the boatswain to the boat. Majendie stood stock-still by the gangway. His hands were clenched in his pockets; his face was drawn and white. The captain slewed round upon him a small vigilant eye. "You'd best leave her to Steve, sir. He's a good lad and he'll look after 'er. He'd give his 'ead to marry her. Only she wudd n't look at 'im."

Majendie said nothing. And the captain continued his consolation.

"She's only trying it on, sir," said he. "I know 'em. She'll do nowt. She'll do nubbut wet 'er feet. She's afeard o' cold water."

But before the boat could put off, Maggie was in again. This time her feet struck a shelf of hard mud. She slipped, rolled sideways, and lay, half in and half out of the water. There she stayed till the boat reached her.

Majendie saw Steve lift her and carry her to the upper bank. He saw Maggie struggle from his arms and beat him off. Then he saw Steve seize her by force, and drag her back, over the fields, towards Thre Elms Farm.

XXXIV

Majendie landed at the pier and went straight to the office. There he found a telegram from Anne telling him of his child's death.

He went on to the house. The old nurse opened the door for him. She was weeping bitterly. He asked for Anne, and was told that she was lying down and could not see him. It was Nanna who told him how Peggy died, and all the things he had to know. When she left him, he shut himself up alone in his study for the first hour of his grief. He wanted to go to Anne; but he was too deeply stupefied to wonder why she would not see him.

Later they met.

He knew by his first glance at her face that he must not speak to her of the dead child. He could understand that. He was even glad of it. In this she was like him, that deep feeling left her dumb. And yet, there was a difference. It was that he could not speak, and she, he felt, would not.

There were things that had to be done. He did them all, sparing her as much as possible. Once or twice she had to be consulted. She gave him a fact, or an opinion, in a brief methodic manner that set him at a distance from her sacred sorrow. She had betrayed more emotion in speaking to Dr. Gardner.

But for those things, they went through their first day in silence, like people who respect each others' grief too profoundly for any speech.

In the evening they sat together in the drawing-room. There was nothing more to do.

Then he spoke. He asked to see Peggy. His voice was so low that she did not hear him.

"What did you say, Walter?"

He had to say it again. "Where is she? Can I see her?"

His voice was still low, and it was thick and uncertain; but this time she understood.

"In Edie's room," she said. "Nanna has the key."

She did not go with him.

When he came back to her she was still cold and torpid. He could understand that her grief had frozen her.

At night she parted from him without a word.

So the days went on. Sometimes he would sit in the study by himself for a little while. His racked nerves were soothed by solitude. Then he would think of the woman upstairs in the drawing-room, sitting alone. And he would go to her. She did not send him away. She did not leave him. She did nothing. She said nothing.

He began to be afraid. It would do her

good, he said to himself, if she could cry. He wondered whether it was wise to leave her to her terrible torpor; whether he ought to speak to her. But he could not.

Yet she was kind to him for all her coldness. Once, when his grief was heaviest upon him, he thought she looked at him with anxiety, with pity. She came to him once, where he sat downstairs, alone. But though she came to him, she still kept him from her. And she would not go with him into the room where Peggy lay.

Now and then he wondered if she knew. He was not certain. He put the thought away from him. He was sure that for nearly three years she had not known anything. She had not known anything as long as she had had the child; when her knowing would not, he thought, have mattered half so much. It would be horrible if she knew now. And yet, sometimes her eyes seemed to say to him, "Why not now, when nothing matters?"

On the night before the funeral, the night they closed the coffin, he came to her where she sat upstairs alone. He put his hand on her shoulder and spoke her name. She shrank from him with a low cry. And again he wondered if she knew.

The day after the funeral she told him that she was going away for a month with Mrs. Gardner.

He said he was glad to hear it. It would do her good. It was the best thing she could do.

He had meant to take her away himself. She knew it. Yet she had arranged to go with Mrs. Gardner.

Then he was certain that she knew.

She went, with Mrs. Gardner, the next day. He and Dr. Gardner saw them off at the station. He thanked Mrs. Gardner for her kindness, wondering if she knew. The little woman had tears in her eyes. She pressed his hand and tried to speak to him, and broke down. He gathered that, whatever Anne knew, her friend knew nothing.

The doctor was inscrutable. He might or he might not know. If he did, he would

keep his knowledge to himself. They walked together from the station, and the doctor talked about the weather and the municipal elections.

Anne was to be away a month. Majendie wrote to her every week and received, every week, a precise, formal little letter in reply. She told him, every week, of an improvement in her own health, and appeared solicitous for his.

While she was away, he saw a great deal of the Hannays and of Gorst. When he was not with the Hannays, Gorst was with him. Gorst was punctilious, but a little shy, in his inquiries for Mrs. Majendie. The Hannays made no allusion to her beyond what decency demanded. They evidently regarded her as a painful subject.

About a week before the day fixed for Anne's return, the firm of Hannay and Majendie had occasion to consult its solicitor about a mortgage on some office buildings. Price was excited and assiduous. Excited and assiduous, Hannay thought, beyond all proportion to the trivial affair. Hannay noticed that Price took a peculiar and almost morbid interest in the junior partner. His manner set Hannay thinking. It suggested the legal instinct scenting the divorce court from afar.

He spoke of it to Mrs. Hannay.

"Do you think she knows?" said Mrs. Hannay.

"Of course she does. Or why should she leave him, at a time when most people stick to each other if they've never stuck before?"

"Do you think she'll try for a separation?"

"No, I don't."

"I do," said Mrs. Hannay. "Now that the dear little girl's gone."

"Not she. She won't let him off as easily as all that. She'll think of the other woman. And she'll live with him and punish him forever."

He paused, pondering. Then he delivered himself of that which was within him, his idea of Anne.

"I always said she was a she-dog in the manger."

XXXV

Anne was not expected home before the middle of November. She wrote to her husband, fixing Saturday for the day of her return.

Majendie, therefore, was surprised to find her luggage in the hall when he entered the house at six o'clock on Friday evening. Nanna had evidently been waiting for the sound of his latch-key. She hurried to intercept him.

"The mistress has come home, sir," she said.

"Has she? I hope you've got things comfortable for her."

"Yes, sir. We had a telegram this afternoon. She said she would like to see you in the study, sir, as soon as you came in."

He went at once into the study. Anne was sitting there in her chair by the hearth. Her hat and jacket were thrown on the writing-table that stood in the middle of the room. She rose as he came in, but made no advance to meet him. He stood still for a moment by the closed door, and they held each other with their eyes.

"I did n't expect you till to-morrow."

"I sent a telegram," she said.

"If you'd sent it to the office I'd have met you."

"I did n't want anybody to meet me."

He felt that her words had some reference to their loss, and to the sadness of her homecoming. A sigh broke from him; but he was unaware that he had sighed.

He sat down, not in his accustomed seat by the hearth, opposite to hers, but in a nearer chair by the writing-table. He saw that she had been writing letters. He pushed them away and turned his chair round so as to face her. His heart ached looking at her.

There were deep lines on her forehead; and she was very pale; even her little close mouth had no color in it. She kept her

sad eyes half hidden under their drooping lids. Her lips were tightly compressed, her narrow nostrils white and pinched. It was a face in which all the doors of life were closing; where the inner life went on tensely, secretly, behind the closing doors.

"Well," he said, "I'm very glad you've come back."

"Walter, — have you any idea why I went away?"

"Why you went? Obviously, it was the best thing you could do."

"It was the only thing I could do. And I am glad I did it. My mind has become clearer."

"I see. I thought it would."

"It would not have been clear if I had stayed."

"No," he said vaguely, "of course it would n't."

"I've seen," she continued, "that there is nothing for me but to come back. It is the right thing."

"Did you doubt it?"

"Yes. I even doubted whether it were possible — whether, in the circumstances, I could bear to come back, to stay —"

"Do you mean — to — to the house?"

"No. I mean — to you."

He turned away. "I understand," he said. "So it came to that?"

"Yes. It came to that. I've been here three hours; and up to the last hour, I was not sure whether I would not pack the rest of my things and go away. I had written a letter to you. There it is, under your arm."

"Am I to read it?"

"Yes."

He turned his back on her, and read the letter.

"I see. You say here you want a separation. If you want it you shall have it. But had n't you better hear what I have to say, *first*?"

"I've come back for that. What have you to say?"

He bowed his head upon his breast.

"Not very much, I'm afraid. Except that I'm sorry — and ashamed of my-

self — and — I ask your forgiveness. What more can I say?"

"What more indeed? I'm to understand, then, that everything I was told is true?"

"It *was* true."

"And is not now?"

"No. Whoever told you, omitted to tell you that."

"You mean you have given up living with this woman?"

"Yes. If you call it living with her."

"You have given it up — for how long?"

"About five weeks." His voice was almost inaudible.

She winced. Five weeks back brought her to the date of Peggy's death.

"I daresay," she said. "You could hardly — have done less in the circumstances."

"Anne," he said, "I gave it up — I broke it off — before that. I — I broke with her that morning — before I heard."

"You were away that night."

"I was not with her."

"Well — And it was going on, all the time, for three years before that?"

"Yes."

"Ever since your sister's death?"

He did not answer.

"Ever since Edie died," she repeated, as if to herself rather than to him.

"Not quite. Why don't you say, — since you sent me away?"

"When did I ever send you away?"

"That night. When I came to you."

She remembered.

"Then? Walter, that is unforgivable. To bring up a little thing like that —"

"You call it a little thing? A little thing?"

"I had forgotten it. And for you to remember it all these years — and to cast it up against me — *now* —"

"I have n't cast anything up against you."

"You implied that you held me responsible for your sin."

"I don't hold you responsible for anything. Not even for that."

Her face never changed. She did not take in the meaning of his emphasis.

He continued. "And if you want your separation, you shall have it. Though I did hope that you might consider that six years was about enough of it."

"I did want it. But I do not want it now. When I wrote that letter I had forgotten my promise."

"You shall have your promise back again, if you want it. I shall not hold you to it, or to anything, if you'd rather not."

"I can never have my promise back, — I made it to Edie."

"To Edie?"

"Yes. A short time before she died." His face brightened.

"What did you promise her," he said softly.

"That I would never leave you."

"Did she make you promise not to?"

"No. It did not occur to her that I could leave you. She did not think it possible."

"But *you* did?"

"I thought it possible — yes."

"Even then? There was no reason then. I had given you no cause."

"I did not know that."

"Do you mean that you suspected me — then?"

"I never accused you, Walter, even in my thoughts."

"You suspected?"

"I did n't know."

"And — afterwards — did you suspect anything?"

"No. I never suspected anything — afterwards."

"I see. You suspected me when you had no cause. And when I gave you cause you suspected nothing. I must say you are a very extraordinary woman."

"I did n't know," she answered.

"Who told you? Or must I not ask that?"

"I cannot tell you. I would rather not. I was not told much. And there are some things that I have a right to know."

"Well —"

"Who is this woman? the girl you've been living with?"

"I've no right to tell you — that. Why do you want to know? It's all over."

"I must know, Walter. I have a reason."

"Can you give me your reason?"

"Yes. I want to help her."

"You would — really — help her?"

"If I can. It is my duty."

"It is n't in the least your duty."

"And I want to help you. That also is my duty. I want to undo, as far as possible, the consequences of your sin. We cannot let the girl suffer."

Majendie was moved by her charity. He had not looked for charity from Anne.

"If you will give me her name, and tell me where to find her, I will see that she is provided for."

"She *is* provided for."

"How?"

"I am keeping on the house for her." Anne's face flushed.

"What house?"

"A farm, out in the country."

"That house is yours? You were living with her there?"

"Yes."

Her face hardened. She was thinking of her dead child who was to have gone into the country to get strong.

He was tortured by the same thought. Maggie, his mistress, had grown fat and rosy in the pure air of Holderness. Peggy had died in Scale.

In her bitterness she turned on him.

"And what guarantee have I that you will not go to her again?"

"My word. Is n't that sufficient?"

"I don't know, Walter. It would have been once. It is n't now. What proof have I of your honor?"

"My —"

"I beg your pardon. I forgot. A man's honor and a woman's honor are two very different things."

"They are both things that are usually taken for granted, and not mentioned."

"I will try to take it for granted. You

must forgive my having mentioned it. There is one thing I must know. Has she — that woman — any children?"

"She has none."

Up to that moment, the examination had been conducted with the coolness of intense constraint. But for her one burst of feeling, Anne had sustained her tone of businesslike inquiry, her manner of the woman of committees. Now, as she asked her question, her voice shook with the beating of her heart. Majendie, as he answered, heard her draw a long, deep breath of relief.

"And you propose to keep on this house for her?" she said calmly.

"Yes. She has settled in there, and she will be well looked after."

"Who will look after her?"

"The Pearsons. They're people I can trust."

"And, besides the house, I suppose you will give her money?"

"I *must* make her a small allowance."

"That is a very unwise arrangement. Whatever help is given her had much better come from me."

"From *you*?"

"From a woman. It will be the best safeguard for the girl."

He saw her drift and smiled.

"Am I to understand that you propose to rescue her?"

"It's my duty — my work."

"Your work?"

"You may not realize it; but that is the work I've been doing for the last three years. I am doubly responsible to a girl who has suffered through my husband's fault."

"What do you want to do with her?"

"I want, if possible, to reclaim her."

He smiled again.

"Do you realize what sort of a girl she is?"

"I'm afraid, Walter, she is what you have made her."

"And so you want to reclaim her?"

"I do, indeed."

"You could n't reclaim her."

"She is very young, is n't she?"

"N-no — she's eight and twenty."

"I thought she was a young girl. But, if she's as old as that — and bad —"

"Bad? Bad?"

He rose and looked down on her in anger.

"She's good. You don't know what you're talking about. She is n't a lady, but she's as gentle and as modest as you are yourself. She's sweet, and kind, and loving. She's the most unworldly and unselfish creature I ever met. All the time I've known her she never did a selfish thing. She was absolutely devoted. She'd have stripped herself bare of everything she possessed if it would have done me any good. Why, the very thing you blame the poor little soul for, only proves that she had n't a thought for herself. It would have been better for her if she'd had. And you talk of 'reclaiming' a woman like that! You want to turn your preposterous committee on to her, to decide whether she's good enough to be taken and shut up in some of your beastly institutions! No. On the whole, I think she'll be better off if you leave her to me."

"Say at once that you think I'd better leave you to her, since you think her perfect."

"She *was* perfect to me. She gave me all she had to give. She could n't very well do more."

"You mean she helped you to sin. So, of course, you condone her sin."

"I should be an utter brute if I did n't stand up for her, should n't I?"

"Yes." She admitted it. "I suppose you feel that you must defend her. Can you defend yourself, Walter?"

He was silent.

"I'm not going to remind you of your sin against your wife. *That* you would think nothing of. What have you to say for your sin against her?"

"My sin against her was not caring for her. *You* need n't call me to account for it."

"I am to believe that you did not care for her?"

"I never cared for her. I took everything from her and gave her nothing, and I left her like a brute."

"Why did you go to her if you did not care for her?"

"I went to her because I cared for my wife. And I left her for the same reason. And she knew it."

"Do you really expect me to believe that you left me for another woman, because you cared for me?"

"For no earthly reason except that."

"You deceived me — you lived in deliberate sin with this woman for three years — and now you come back to me, because, I suppose, you are tired of her — and I am to believe that you cared for me?"

"I don't expect you to believe it. It's the fact, all the same. I would not have left you if I had n't been hopelessly in love with you. You may n't know it, and I don't suppose you'd understand it if you did, but that was the trouble. It was the trouble all along, ever since I married you. I know I've been unfaithful to you, but I never loved any one but you. Consider how we've been living, you and I, for the last six years, — can you say that I put another woman in your place?"

She looked at him with her sad, uncomprehending eyes; her hands made a hopeless, helpless gesture.

"You know what you have done," she said presently. "And you know that it was wrong."

"Yes, it was wrong. But the whole thing was wrong. Wrong from the beginning. How are we going to make it right?"

"I don't know, Walter. We must do our best."

"Yes, but what are we going to do? What are you going to do?"

"I have told you that I am not going to leave you."

"We are to go on, then, as we did before?"

"Yes — as far as possible."

"Then," he said, "we shall still be all

wrong. Can't you see it? Can't you see now that it's all wrong?"

"What do you mean?"

"Our life. Yours and mine. Are you going to begin again like that?"

"Does it rest with me?"

"Yes. It rests with you, I think. You say we must make the best of it. What is your notion of the best?"

"I don't know, Walter."

"I *must* know. You say you'll take me back — you'll never leave me. What are you taking me back to? Not to that old misery? It was n't only bad for me, dear. It was bad for both of us."

She sighed, and her sigh shuddered to a sob in her throat. The sound went to his heart and stirred in it a passion of pity.

"God knows," he said, "I'd live with you on any terms. And I'll keep straight. You need n't be afraid. Only — See here. There's no reason why you should n't take me back. I would n't ask you to if I'd left off caring for you. But it was n't there I went wrong. I can't explain about Maggie. You would n't understand. But, if you'd only try to, we might get along. There's nothing that I won't do for you to make up —"

"You can do nothing. There are things that cannot be made up for."

"I know — I know. But still — we might n't be so unhappy — perhaps, in time — And if we had children —"

"Never," she cried sharply; "never!"

He had not stirred in his chair, where he sat bowed and dejected. But she drew back, flinching.

"I see," he said. "Then you do not forgive me."

"If you had come to me, and told me of your temptation — of your sin — three years ago, I would have forgiven you then. I would have taken you back. I cannot now; not willingly, not with the feeling that I ought to have."

She spoke humbly, gently, as if aware that she was giving him pain. Her face was averted. He said nothing; and she turned and faced him.

"Of course you can compel me," she said. "You can compel me to anything."

"I have never compelled you, as you know."

"I know. I know you have been good, in that way."

"Good? Is that your only notion of goodness?"

"Good to me, Walter. Yes. You were very good. I do not say that I will not go back to you; but if I do, you must understand plainly, that it will be for one reason only; because I desire to save you from yourself; to save some other woman, perhaps —"

"You can let the other woman take care of herself. As for me, I appreciate your generosity, but I decline to be saved on those terms. I'm fastidious about a few things, and that's one of them. What you are trying to tell me is that you do not care for me."

She lifted her face. "Walter, I have never in all my life deceived you. I do not care for you. Not in that way."

He smiled. "Well, I'll be content so long as you care for me in any way — your way. I think your way's a mistake; but I won't insist on that. I'll do my best to adapt my way to yours, that's all."

Her face was very still. Under their deep lids her eyes brooded, as if trying to see the truth inside herself.

"No — No," she moaned. "I have n't told you the truth. I believe there is no way in which I can care for you again. Or — well — I can care perhaps — I'm caring now — but —"

"I see. You do not love me."

She shook her head. "No. I know what love is and — I do not love you."

"If you don't love me, of course, there's nothing more to be said."

"Yes, there is. There's one thing that I have kept from you."

"Well," he said, "you may as well let me have it. There's no good keeping things from me."

"I had meant to spare you."

At that he laughed. "Oh, don't spare me."

She still hesitated.

"What is it?"

She spoke low.

"If you had been here — that night — Peggy would not have died."

He drew a quick breath. "What makes you think that?" he said quietly.

"She overstrained her heart with crying. As you know. She was crying for you. And you were not there. Nothing would make her believe that you were not dead."

She saw the muscles of his face contract with sudden pain.

He looked at her gravely. The look expressed his large male contempt for her woman's cruelty; also a certain luminous compassion.

"Why have you told me this?" he said.

"I've told you, because I think the thought of it may restrain you, when nothing else will."

"I see. You mean to say, you believe I killed her?"

Anne closed her eyes.

XXXVI

He did not know whether he believed what she had said, nor whether she believed it herself, neither could he understand her motive in saying it.

At intervals he was profoundly sorry for her. Pity for her loosened, from time to time, the grip of his own pain. He told himself that she must have gone through intolerable days and nights of misery before she could bring herself to say a thing like that. Her grief excused her. But he knew that, if he had been in her place, she in his, he the saint and she the sinner, and that, if he had known her through her sin to be responsible for the child's death, there was no misery on earth that could have made him charge her with it.

Further than that he could not understand her. The suddenness and cruelty of the blow had brutalized his imagination.

He got up and stretched himself, to shake off the oppression that weighed on

him like an unwholesome sleep. As he rose he felt a queer feeling in his head, a giddiness, a sense of obstruction in his brain. He went into the dining-room, and poured himself out a small quantity of whiskey, measuring it with the accuracy of abstemious habit. The dose had become necessary since his nerves had been unhinged by worry and the shock of Peggy's death. This time he drank it undiluted.

He felt better. The stimulant had joggled something in his brain and cleared it.

He went back into the study and began to think. He remained thinking for some time, consecutively, and with great lucidity. He asked himself what he was to do now, and he saw clearly that he could do nothing. If Anne had been a passionate woman, hurling her words in a fury of fierce grief, he would have thought no more of it. If she had been the tender, tearful sort, dropping words in a weak helpless misery, he would have thought no more of it. He could imagine poor little Maggie saying a thing like that, not knowing what she said. If it had been poor little Maggie, he could have drawn her to him and comforted her, and reasoned with her till he had made her see the senselessness of her idea. Maggie would have listened to reason,—his reason. Anne never would.

She had been cold and slow, and implacably deliberate. It was not blind instinct but illuminated reason that had told her what to say and when to say it. Nothing he could ever do or say would make her take back her words. And if she took back her words, her thought would remain indestructible. She would never give it up; she would never approach him without it; she would never forget that it was there. It would always rise up between them, unburied, unappeased.

His brain swam and clouded again. He went again to the dining-room and drank more whiskey. Kate was in the dining-room and she saw him drinking.

He saw Kate looking at him; but he did not care. He was past caring for what anybody might think of him.

His brain was clearer than ever now. He realized Anne's omnipotence to harm him. He saw the hard, imperishable divinity in her. His wife was a spiritual woman. He had not always known what that meant. But he knew now; and now for the first time in his life he judged her. For the first time in his life his heart rose in a savage revolt against her power.

His head grew hot. The air of the study was stifling. He opened the window and went out into the cool dark garden. He paced up and down, heedless where he trod, trampling the flowerless plants down into their black beds. At the end of the path a little circle of white stones glimmered in the dark. That was Peggy's garden.

An agony of love and grief shook him as he thought of the dead child.

He thought, with his hot brain, of Anne; and his anger flared like hate. It was through the child that she had always struck him. She was a fool to refuse to have more children, to sacrifice her boundless opportunities to strike.

There was a light in the upper window. He thought of Maggie, walking up and down in the back alley behind the garden, watching the lights of his house burning to the dawn. The little thing had loved him. She had given him all she had to give; and he had given her nothing. He had compelled her to live childless; and he had cast her off. She had been sacrificed to his passion, and to his wife's coldness.

Up there he could see Anne's large shadow moving on the lighted window-blind. She was dressing for dinner.

Kate was standing on the step, looking for him. As he came to the study window he saw Nanna behind her, going out of the room. His servants had been watching him. Kate was frightened. Her voice fluttered in her throat as she told him dinner was served.

He sat opposite his wife, with the little

oblong table between them. Twice, sometimes three times a day, as long as they both lived, they would have to sit like that, separated, hostile, horribly conscious of each other.

Anne talked about the Gardners, and he stared at her stupidly, with eyes that were like heavy burning balls under his aching forehead. He ate little and drank a good deal. Half an hour after dinner he followed her to the drawing-room, dazed, not knowing clearly where he went.

Anne was seated at her writing-table. The place was strewn with papers. She was absorbed in the business of her committee, working off five weeks of correspondence in arrears.

He lay on the sofa and dozed, and she took no notice of him. He left the room and she did not hear him go out.

He went to the Hannays'. They were out. He went on to the Ransomes' and found them there. He found Canon Wharton there, too, drinking whiskey and soda.

"Here's Wallie," some one said. Mrs. Hannay (it was Mrs. Hannay) gave a cry of delight, and made a little rush at him which confused him. Ransome poured out more whiskey, and gave it to him and to the canon. The canon drank peg for peg with them, while he eyed Majendie austerely. He used to drink peg for peg with Lawson Hannay, in the days when Hannay drank; now he drank peg for peg with Majendie, eying him austerely.

Then the Hannays came between them. They closed round Majendie, and hemmed him in a corner, and kept him there talking to him. He had no clear idea what they were saying or what he was saying to them; but their voices were kind and they soothed him. Dick Ransome brought him more whiskey. He refused it. He had a sort of idea that he had had enough, rather more, in fact, than was quite good for him; and ladies were in the room. Ransome pressed him, and Lawson Hannay said something to Ransome; he could n't tell what. He was

getting drowsy and disinclined to answer when people spoke to him. He wished they would let him alone.

Lawson Hannay put his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Come along with us, Wallie," and he wished Lawson Hannay would let him alone. Mrs. Hannay came and stooped over him and whispered things in his ear, and he tried to rouse himself so far as to stare into her face and try to understand what she was saying.

She was saying "Wallie, get up! Come with us, Wallie, dear." And she laid her hand on his arm. He took her hand in his, and pressed it, and let it drop.

Then Ransome said, "Why can't you let the poor chap alone? Let him stay if he likes."

That was what he wanted. Ransome knew what he wanted — to be let alone.

He did n't see the Hannays go. The only thing he saw distinctly was the canon's large gray face, and the eyes in it fixed unpleasantly on him. He wished the canon would let him alone.

He was getting really *too* sleepy. He would have to rouse himself presently and go. With a tremendous effort he dragged himself up and went. Ransome walked with him to the club and left him there.

The club room was in an hotel opposite the pier. He could get a bedroom there for the night; and when the night was over he would be able to think what he would do. He could n't go back to Prior Street as he was. He was too sleepy to know very much about it, but he knew that. He knew, too, that something had happened which might make it impossible for him to go back at all.

Ransome had told the manager of the hotel to take care of him. Every now and then the manager came and looked at him; and then the drowsiness lifted from his brain with a jerk, and he knew that something horrible had happened. That was why they kept on looking at him.

At last he dragged himself to his room. He rang the bell and ordered more whiskey. This time he drank, not for lucid-

ity, but for blessed drunkenness, for kind sleep, and pitiful oblivion.

He slept on far into the morning and woke with a headache. At twelve Hannay and Lawson called for him. It was a fine warm day with a southerly wind blowing, and sails on the river. Ransome's yacht lay off the pier, with Mrs. Ransome in it. The sails were going up in Ransome's yacht. Hannay's yacht rocked beside it. Dick took Majendie by the arm. Dick, outside in the morning light, looked paler and puffier than ever, but his eyes were kind. He had an idea. Dick's idea was that Majendie should run with him and Mrs. Ransome to Scarby for the week-end. Hannay looked troubled as Dick unfolded his idea.

"I would n't go, old man," said he, "with that head of yours."

Dick stared. "Head! Just the thing for his head," said Dick. "It'll do him all the good in the world."

Hannay took Dick aside. "No, it won't. It won't do him any good at all."

"I say, you know, I don't know what you're driving at, but you might let the poor chap have a little peace. Come along, Majendie."

Majendie sent a telegram to Prior Street and went.

The wind blew away his headache and put its own strong, violent, gusty life into him. He felt agreeably excited as he paced the slanting deck. He stayed there in the wind.

Downstairs in the cabin the Ransomes were quarreling.

"What on earth," said she, "possessed you to bring him?"

"And why not?"

"Because of Sarah."

"What's she got to do with it?"

"Well, you don't want them to meet again, do you?"

Dick made his face a puffy blank. "Why the devil should n't they?" said he.

"Well, you know the trouble he's had with his wife already about Sarah."

"It was n't about Sarah. It was another woman altogether."

"I know that. But she was the beginning of it."

"Let her be the end of it, then, if you're thinking of *him*. The sooner that wife of his gets a separation the better it'll be for him."

"And you want my sister to be mixed up in *that*?"

Mrs. Ransome began to cry.

"She can't be mixed up in it. He's past caring for Sarah, poor old girl."

"She is n't past caring for him. She is n't past anything," sobbed Mrs. Ransome.

"Don't be a fool, Topsy. There is n't any harm in poor old Toodles. Majendie's a jolly sight safer with Toodles, I can tell you, than he is with that wife of his."

"Has she come home then?"

"She came yesterday afternoon. You saw what he was like last night. If I'd left him to himself this morning he'd have drunk himself into a fit. When a sober—a fantastically sober—man does that—"

"What does it mean?"

"It generally means that he's in a pretty bad way. And," added Dick pensively, "they call poor Toodles a dangerous woman."

All night the yacht lay in Scarby harbor.

(To be continued.)

THE EVOLUTION OF AN EGOIST: MAURICE BARRÈS

BY JAMES HUNEKER

ONCE upon a time a youth, slim, dark, and delicate, lived in a tower. This tower was composed of ivory, — the youth sat within its walls, tapestried by most subtle art, and studied his soul. As in a mirror, a fantastic mirror of opal and gold, he searched his soul and noted its faintest music, its strangest modulations, its transmutation of joy into melancholy; and he saw its grace and its corruption. These matters he registered in his "little mirrors of sincerity." And he was happy in an ivory tower and far away from the world, with its rumors of dullness, feeble crimes, and flat triumphs. After some years the young man wearied of the mirror, with his spotted soul cruelly pictured therein; wearied of the tower of ivory and its alien solitudes; so he opened its carved doors and went into the woods, where he found a deep pool of water. It was very small, very clear, and reflected his face, reflected on its quivering surface his unstable soul. But soon other images of the world appeared above the pool: men's faces and women's, and the shapes of earth and sky. Then Narcissus, who was young, whose soul was sensitive, forgot the ivory tower and the magic pool, and merged his own soul into the soul of his people.

Maurice Barrès is the name of the youth, and he is now a member of the Académie Française. His evolution from the ivory tower of egoism to the broad meadows of life is not an insoluble enigma; his books and his active career offer many revelations of a fascinating, though often baffling, personality. His passionate curiosity in all that concerns the moral nature of his fellow man lends to his work its own touch of universal-

ity; otherwise, it would not be untrue to say that the one Barrès passion is love of his native land. "France" is engraved on his heart; France and not the name of a woman. This may be regarded as a grave shortcoming by the sex.

I

Paul Bourget has said of him: "Among the young people who have entered literature since 1880 Maurice Barrès is certainly the most celebrated. . . . One must see other than a decadent or a dilettante in this analyst . . . the most original who has appeared since Baudelaire." Perhaps, as Stendhal once hinted, praise from colleague to colleague is but a certificate of resemblance. Yet Bourget said much more about the young writer, then in his twenties, who in 1887 startled Paris with a curious, morbid, ironical, witty book, a production neither fiction nor fact. This book was called, *Sous l'Œil des Barbares*.¹ The volume made a sensation. Not that Barrès was then unknown; he had made several efforts to lay hold of notoriety, though not successfully. He was born the 22nd of September, 1862, at Charmes-sur-Moselle (Vosges), and received a classical education at the Nancy (old capital of Lorraine) Lyceum. Of good family, — among his ancestors he could boast some military men, — he early absorbed a love for his native province, a love that later was to become a species of soil worship. His health not very strong at any time, and nervous of temperament, he nevertheless moved on Paris, for the inevitable siege of which all romantic readers of Balzac dream

¹ *In the Sight of the Barbarians.*

during their school days. "*A nous deux!*" muttered Rastignac, shaking his fist at the city spread below him. "*A nous deux!*" have exclaimed countless youngsters ever since. Maurice, however, was not that sort of Romantic. He meant to conquer Paris, but in a unique way; he detested melodrama. He moved to the capital in 1882. His first literary efforts had appeared in the *Journal de la Meurthe et des Vosges*; he could see as a boy the Vosges Mountains; and Alsace, not far away, was in the clutches of the hated enemy. In Paris he wrote for several minor reviews, met distinguished men like Leconte de Lisle, Rodenbach, Valade, Rollinat; and his Parisian début was in *La Jeune France*, with a short story entitled "*Le Chemin de l'Institut*" (April, 1882). Ernest Gaubert, who has given us these details, says that, despite Leconte de Lisle's hearty support, Mme. Adam refused an essay of Barrès as unworthy of the *Nouvelle Revue*. In 1884 appeared a mad little review, *Les Taches d'Encre*, irregular in publication. Despite its literary quality the young editor displayed some knowledge of the tactics of "new" journalism. When Morin was assassinated by Mme. Clovis Hugues, sandwich men paraded the boulevards carrying on their boards this inscription: "Morin reads no longer *Les Taches d'Encre!*" Perseverance such as this should have been rewarded; but little "ink-spots" quickly disappeared. Barrès founded a new review in 1886, *Les Chroniques*, in company with some brilliant men. Jules Clarétie about this time remarked, "Make a note of the name of Maurice Barrès. I prophesy that it will become famous." Barrès had discovered that Rastignac's pugnacious methods were obsolete in the battle with Paris, though there was no folly he would be incapable of committing if only he could attract attention — even to walking the boulevards in the guise of primeval man. Far removed as his exquisite art now is from this blustering desire for publicity, this threat, uttered in jest or

not, is significant. Maurice Barrès has since stripped his soul bare for the world's ire or edification.

Wonder-children do not always pursue their natural vocation. Pascal was miraculously endowed as a mathematician; he ended a master of French prose, an hallucinated, wretched man. Franz Liszt was a prodigy, but aspired to the glory of Beethoven. Raphael was a painting prodigy, and luckily died so young that he had not time to change his profession. Swinburne wrote faultless verse as a youth. He is a critic to-day. Maurice Barrès was born a metaphysician; he has the metaphysical faculty as some men have a fiddle hand. He might say with Prosper Mérimée, "Metaphysics pleases me because it is never-ending." But not as Kant, Condillac, or William James — to name men of widely disparate systems — did the precocious thinker plan objectively. The proper study of Maurice Barrès was Maurice Barrès, and he vivisected his *ego* as calmly as a surgeon trepanning a living skull. He boldly proclaimed the *culte du moi*, proclaimed his disdain for the barbarians who infringed upon his *I*. To study and note the fleeting shapes of his soul — in his case a protean psyche — was the one thing worth doing in a life of mediocrity. And this new variation of the eternal hatred for the *bourgeois* contained no menaces leveled at any class, no groans of disgust à la Huysmans. Imperturbable, with an icy indifference, Barrès pursued his fastidious way. What we hate we fight, what we despise we avoid. Barrès merely despised the other *egos* around him, and entering his ivory tower he bolted the door; but on reaching the roof did not fail to sound his horn announcing to an eager world that the miracle had come to pass — Maurice Barrès had discovered Maurice Barrès.

Egoism as a religion is no new thing. It began with the first sentient male human. It has since preserved the species, discovered the "inferiority" of women, made civilization, and founded the fine

arts. Any attempt to displace the *ego* in the social system has only resulted in inverting the social pyramid. Love our neighbor as ourself is trouble-breeding; but we must first love ourself as a precaution that our neighbor will not suffer both in body and mind. The interrogation posed on the horizon of our consciousness, regarding the perfectibility of mankind, is best answered by a definition of socialism as that religion which proves all men to be equally stupid. Do not let us confound the ideas of progress and perfectibility. Since man first realized himself as man, first said, "I am I," there has been no progress. No art has progressed. Science is a perpetual rediscovery. And what modern thinker has taught anything new?

Life is a circle. We are imprisoned, each of us, in the cage of our personality. Each human creates his own picture of the world, re-creates it each day. These are the commonplaces of metaphysics. Schopenhauer, greater artist than original thinker, has shown some of them to us in tempting garb.

Compare the definitions of Man made by Pascal and Cabanis. Man, said Pascal, is but a reed, the feeblest of created things; yet a reed which thinks. Man, declared the materialistic Cabanis, is a digestive tube — a statement that provoked the melodious indignation of Lacordaire. What am I? asks Barrès; *je suis un instant d'une chose immortelle*. And this instant of an immortal thing has buried within it something eternal of which the individual has only the usufruct. (Goncourt wrote, "What is life? The usufruct of an aggregation of molecules.") Before him Sénancour in *Obermann* — the reveries of a sick, hermetic soul — studied his malady, but offered no prophylactic. Amiel was so lymphatic of will that he doubted his own doubts, doubted all but his dreams. He, too, had fed at Hegel's ideologic banquet, where the verbal viands snared the souls of the guests. But Barrès was too sprightly a spirit to become a mystagogue.

Diverse and contradictory as are his several souls, he never utterly succumbed to the spirit of analysis. Whether he was poison-proof or not to the venom that slew the peace of the unhappy Amiel (that bonze of mysticism), the young Lorrainer never lacked elasticity or spontaneity, never ceased to react after his protracted plunges into the dark pools of his subliminal self. And his volitional powers were never paralyzed. Possessing a sensibility as delicate and vibrating as Benjamin Constant, or Chopin, he has had the courage to study its fevers, its disorders, its subtleties. He knew that there were many young men like him, not only in France, but throughout the world, highly organized, with less bone and sinew than nerves, — exposed nerves; egoistic souls, weak of will. We are sick, this generation of young men, exclaimed Barrès; sick from the lying assurances of science, sick from the false promises of politicians. There must be a remedy. One among us must immolate himself, study the malady, seek its cure. I, Maurice Barrès, shall be the mirror reflecting the fleeting changes of my environment, social and psychical. I repudiate the transcendental indifference of Renan; I will weigh my sensations as in a scale; I shall not fear to proclaim the result. Amiel, a Protestant Hamlet (as Bourget so finely says) believes that every landscape is a state of soul. My soul is full of landscapes. Therein all may enter and find their true selves.

All this, and much more, Barrès sang in his fluid, swift, and supple prose, without a vestige of the dogmatic. He did not write either to prove or to convince, only to describe his interior life. He did not believe, neither did he despair. There is a spiritual malice in his egoism that removes it far from the windy cosmos of Walt Whitman or the vitriolic vanity of d'Annunzio. In his fugue-like flights down the corridor of his metaphysics, he never neglects to drop some poetic rose, some precious pearl of sentiment.

His little book, true spiritual memoirs, aroused both wrath and laughter. The wits set to work. He was called a dandy of psychology, nicknamed *Mlle. Renan*, pronounced a psychical harlequin, a masquerader of the emotions; he was told that, like Chateaubriand, he wore his heart in a sling. Anatole France, while recognizing the eloquent art of this young man, spoke of the "perverse idealist" which is Maurice Barrès. His philosophy was pronounced a perverted pyrrhonism, the quintessence of self-worship. A *Vita Nuova* of egoism had been born.

But the dandy did not falter. He has said that one never conquers the intellectual suffrages of those who precede us in life; he made his appeal to young France. And what was the balm in Gilead offered by this new doctor of metaphysics? None but a Frenchman at the end of the last century could have conceived the Barrèsian plan of soul-saving. In Baudelaire, Barbey d'Aurevilly, and Villiers de l'Isle Adam, the union of Roman Catholic mysticity and blasphemy has proved to many a stumbling stone. These poets were believers, yet Manicheans; they worshiped at two shrines; evil was their greater good. Barrès plucked several leaves from their breviaries. He proposed to school his soul by a rigid adherence to the Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius Loyola. With the mechanism of this Catholic moralist he would train his *ego*, cure it of its spiritual dryness, — that malady so feared by St. Theresa, — and arouse it from its apathy. He would deliver us from a Renan-ridden school.

This scholastic fervor urged Barrès to reinstate man in the centre of the universe, a position from which he had been routed by science. It was a pious, mediæval idea. He did not however assert the bankruptcy of science, but the bankruptcy of pessimism. His book is metaphysical autobiography, a Gallic transposition of Goethe's *Wahrheit und Dichtung*. We may now see that his concentrated egoism had definite aims

and was not the shallow conceit of a callow Romantic.

Barrès imbibed from the Parnassian poetic group his artistic remoteness. His ivory tower is a phrase made by Sainte-Beuve about de Vigny. But his mercurial soul could not be imprisoned long by frigid theories of impeccable art, — of art for art's sake. *My soul!* that alone is worth studying, cried Maurice. John Henry Newman said the same in a different and more modest dialectic. The voice of the French youth is shriller, it is sometimes in falsetto; yet there is no denying its fundamental sincerity of pitch. And he has the trick of light verbal fence beloved of his race. He is the comedian among moralists. His is neither the frozen eclecticism of Victor Cousin, nor the rigid determinism of Taine. Yet he is a partial descendant of the Renan he flouts, and of Taine, — above all, of Stendhal and Voltaire. In his early days if one had christened him *Mlle. Stendhal*, there would have been less to retract. *Plus* a delicious style, he is a masked, slightly feminine variation of the great mystifier who wrote *La Chartreuse de Parme*, leaving out the Chartreuse. At times the preoccupation of Barrès with the moral law approaches the borderland of the abnormal. Like Jules Laforgue his intelligence and his sensibility are closely wedded. He is a sentimental ironist with a taste for self-mockery, a Heine-like humor. He had a sense of humor, even when he wore the *panache* of General Boulanger, and when he opposed the Dreyfus proceedings. It will rescue from the critical button-moulder, who follows in the footsteps of all thinkers, many of his pages.

A dilettante, an amateur — yes! But so was Goethe in his Olympus, so Stendhal in his Cosmopolis. He elected at first to view the spectacle of life, to study it from afar, and by the *tempo* of his own sensibility. Not the tonic egoism of Thoreau this; it has served its turn nevertheless in France. Afferent, centripetal, and other forbidding terms, have been

bestowed upon his system; while for the majority this phrase egoism has a meaning that implies our most selfish instincts. If however, said Bourget, you consider the word as a formula, then the angle of view is altered; if Barrès had said in one jet, "Nothing is more precious for a man than to guard intact his convictions, his passions, his ideal, his individuality," those who misjudged this courageous apostle of egoism, this fervent prober of the human soul, might have modified their opinions — and would probably have passed him by. It was the enigmatic message, the strained symbolism, of which Barrès delivered himself, that puzzled both critics and public. Robert Schumann once propounded a question concerning the Chopin Scherzo: "How is gravity to clothe itself if jest goes about in dark veils?" Now Barrès, who is far from being a spiritual *blagueur*, suggests this puzzle of Schumann. His employment, without a *nuance* of mockery, of the devotional machinery so marvelously devised by that captain of souls, Ignatius Loyola, was rather disquieting, notwithstanding its very practical application to the daily needs of the spirit. Ernest Hello, transported by such a spectacle, may not have been far astray when he wrote of the nineteenth century as "having desire without light, curiosity without wisdom, seeking God by strange ways, ways traced by the hands of men; offering rash incense upon the high places to an unknown God, who is the God of darkness." Ernest Renan was evidently aimed at, but the bolt easily wings that metaphysical bird of gay plumage, Maurice Barrès.

II

He has published over twelve volumes and numerous brochures, political and "psycho-therapeutic," many addresses, and one comedy, *Une Journée Parlementaire*. He calls his books metaphysical fiction, the adventures of a contemplative young man's mind. Paul Bourget

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is the psychologist pure and complex; Barrès has — rather, had — such a contempt for action on the "earthly plane," that at the head of each chapter of his "idealologies" he prefixed a *résumé*, a concordance of the events that were supposed to take place, leaving us free to savor the prose, enjoy the fine-spun formal texture, and marvel at the contrapuntal involutions of the hero's intellect. Naturally a reader, hungry for facts, must perish of famine in this rarefied æsthetic desert, the background of which is occasionally diversified by a sensuality that may be dainty, yet is disturbing because of its disinterested portrayal. The Eternal Feminine is not unsung in the Barrès novels. Woman for his imagination is a creature exquisitely fashioned, hardly an odalisque, nor yet the symbol of depravity we encounter in Huysmans. She is a "phantom of delight;" but that she has a soul we beg to doubt. Barrès almost endowed her with one in the case of his Bérénice; and Bérénice died very young. A young man, with various names, traverses these pages. Like the Durtal, or Des Esseintes, or Folantin, of Huysmans, who is always Huysmans, the hero of Barrès is always Barrès. In the first of the trilogy — of which *A Free Man* and *The Garden of Bérénice* are the other two — we find Philippe escaping by seclusion and reverie the barbarians, his adversaries. The *Adversary* — portentous title for the stranger who grazes our sensitive epidermis — is the being who impedes or misleads a spirit in search of itself. If he deflects us from our destiny he is the enemy. It may be well to recall at this juncture Stendhal, who avowed that our first enemies are our parents, an idea many an insurgent boy has asserted when his father was not present.

Seek peace and happiness with the conviction that they are never to be found; felicity must be in the experiment, not in the result. Be ardent and skeptical! Here Philippe touches hands with the lulling Cyrenaicism of Walter Pater.

And Barrès might have sat for one of Pater's imaginary portraits. But it is too pretty to last, such a dream as this, in a world wherein sorrow and work rule. He is not an ascetic, Philippe. He eats rare beefsteaks, smokes black Havanas, clothes himself in easy-fitting garments, and analyzes with cordial sincerity his multi-colored soul. (And oh! the colors of it; oh! its fluctuating forms.) The young person invades his privacy — a solitary in Paris is an incredible concept. Together they make journeys "conducted by the sun." She is dreamlike until we read, "*Cependant elle le suivait de loin, délicate et de hanches merveilleuses*" — which delicious and dislocated phrase is admired by lovers of Goncourt syntax, but must be shocking to the old-fashioned who prefer the classic line and balance of Bossuet.

Is that all? one asks in Stendhalian dialect. Nothing happens. Everything happens. Philippe makes the stations of the cross of earthly disillusionment. He weighs love, he weighs literature, — "all these books are but pigeon-holes in which I classify my ideas concerning myself, their titles serve only as the labels of the different portions of my appetite." Irony is his ivory tower, his refuge from the banalities of his contemporaries. Henceforth he will enjoy his *ego*. It sounds at moments like a Bunthorne transposed to a more intense tonality.

But even beefsteaks, cigars, wine, and philosophy pall. He craves a mind that will echo his, craves a mental duo, in which the clash of character and opposition of temperaments will evoke pleasing cerebral music. In this dissatisfaction with his solitude we may detect the first rift in the lute of his egoism. He finds an old friend, Simon by name, and after some preliminary sentimental philandering at the seashore, in the company of two young ladies, the pair agree to lead a monastic life. To Lorraine they retire and draft a code of diurnal obligations. "We are never so happy as when in exaltation," and "The pleasure

of exaltation is greatly enhanced by the analysis of it." Their souls are fortified and engineered by the stern practices of Loyola. The woman idea occasionally penetrates to their cells. It distracts them — "woman, who has always possessed the annoying art of making imbeciles loquacious." Notwithstanding these wraiths of feminine fancy, Philippe finds himself almost cheerful. His despondent moods have vanished. He quarrels, of course, with Simon, who is dry, an *esprit fort*.

The *intercessors* now appear, the intellectual saints who act as intermediaries between impressionable, bruised natures and the Infinite. They are the near neighbors of God, for they are the men who have experienced an unusual number of sensations. Philippe admits that his temperament oscillates between languor and ecstasy. Benjamin Constant and Sainte-Beuve are the two "Saints" of Sensibility who aid the youths in their self-analysis; rather a startling devolution from the "Imitation of Christ" and Ignatius Loyola! Tiring, finally, of this sterile analysis, and discovering that the neurasthenic Simon is not a companion-soul, Philippe, very illogically and very naturally, resolves that he must bathe himself in new sensations, and proceeds to Venice. We accompany him willingly, for this poet who handles prose as Chopin the pianoforte, tells us of his soul in Venice, and we are soothed when he speaks of the art of John Bellini, of Titian, Veronese, above all of Tiepolo, "who was too much a skeptic to be bitter . . . His conceptions have that lassitude which follows pleasure, a lassitude preferred by epicureans to pleasure itself." Graceful, melancholy Tiepolo! This Venetian episode is rare reading.

The last of the trilogy is *The Garden of Bérénice*. It is the best of the three in human interest, and its melancholy-sweet landscapes exhale a charm that is nearly new in French literature; something analogous may be found in Slavic music, or in the *Intimiste* school of painting.

Several of these landscapes are redolent of Watteau: tender, doleful, sensuous, their twilights filled with vague figures, languidly joying in the mood of the moment. The impressionism which permeates this book is a veritable lustration for those weary of commonplace modern fiction. Not since has Barrès excelled this idyl of the little Bérénice and her slowly awakening consciousness to beauty, aroused by an old, half-forgotten museum in meridional France. At Arles, encompassed by the memory of a dead man, she loves her donkey, her symbolic ducks, and Philippe, who divines her adolescent sorrow, her yearning spirit, her unfulfilled dreams. Her garden upon the immemorial and paludian plains of Arles is threaded by silver waters, illuminated by copper sunsets, their tones reverberating from her robes. Something of Maeterlinck's stammering, girlish, questioning Mélisande is in Bérénice. Maeterlinckian, too, is the statement that "For an accomplished spirit there is but one dialogue — that between our two egos, the momentary *ego* we are, and the ideal *ego* toward which we strive." Bérénice would marry Philippe. We hold our breath, hoping that his tyrant *ego* may relax, and that, off guard, he may snatch with fearful joy the chance to gain this childlike creature. Alas! there is a certain M. Martin, who is Philippe's political adversary — Philippe is a candidate for the legislature; he is become practical; in the heat of his philosophic egoism he finds that if a generous negation is good waiting ground, wealth and the participation in political affairs is a better one. M. Martin covets the hand of Bérénice. He repels her because he is an engineer, a man of positive, practical spirit, who would drain the marshes in Bérénice's garden of their beautiful miasmas, and build healthy houses for poor people! To Philippe he is the "adversary" who despises the contemplative life. "He had a habit of saying, 'Do you take me for a dreamer?' as one should say, 'Do you take me for an idiot?'"

Philippe, nevertheless, more solicitous of his *ego* than of his affections, advises Bérénice to marry M. Martin. This she does, and dies like a flower in a cellar. She is a lovely memory for our young idealist, who in voluptuous accents rhapsodizes about her as did Sterne over his dead donkey. Sensibility, all this, to the very *ultima Thule* of egoism. Then, Philippe obtains the concession of a suburban hippodrome. Poor Bérénice! *Pauvre Petite — Secousse!* The name of this book was to have been *Qualis artifex pereo!* And there is a fitting Neronian tang to its cruel and sentimental episodes that would have justified the title. But for Barrès, it has a Goethian quality; "all is true, nothing exact."

In 1892 was published *The Enemy of Law*, a book of violent anarchical impulse and lyric disorder. It is still Philippe, though under another name, André, who approves of a bomb launched by the hand of an anarchist, and because of the printed expression of his sympathy he is sent to prison for a few months. "A Free Man," he endures his punishment philosophically, winning the friendship of a young Frenchwoman, an *exaltée*, and also of a little Russian princess, a silhouette of Marie Bashkirtseff, and is an unmistakable blood relative of Stendhal's "Lamiel." After his liberation André makes sentimental pilgrimages with one or the other, finally with both of his friends, to Germany and elsewhere. A shaggy dog, *Velu*, figures largely in these pages, and we are treated to some disquisitions on canine psychology, which, with the death of the dog, inevitably recall episodes in that curious book by François Poictevin, entitled *Seuls*. Nor are the sketches of Saint-Simon, Fourier, Karl Marx, Ferdinand Lassalle, and Ludwig of Bavaria, the Wagnerian idealist, particularly novel. They but reveal the nascent social sympathies of Barrès, who was at the law-despising period of his development. His little princess has a touch of Bérénice, coupled with a Calmuck disregard of the *convenances*; she loves the "warm smell of

stables" and does not fear worldly criticism of her conduct; the trio vanish in a too gallic, a too rose-colored perspective. A volume of protest, *The Enemy of Law* served its turn, though here the phrase — clear, alert, suave — of his earlier books is transformed to a style charged with flame and acid. The moral appears to be dangerous, as well as diverting, — develop your instincts to the uttermost, give satisfaction to your sensibility; then must you attain the perfection of your *ego*, and therefore will not attenuate the purity of your race. The Russian princess, we are assured, carried with her the ideas of antique morality.

In the second trilogy, — *Du Sang, de la Volupté et de la Mort; Amori et Dolori Sacrum; and Les Amitiés Françaises*, — we begin an itinerary which embraces parts of Italy, Spain, Germany, France, particularly Lorraine. Barrès must be ranked among those travelers of acute vision and æsthetic culture who in their wanderings disengage the soul of a city, of a country. France, from Count de Caylus and the Abbé Barthélemy (*Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis*) to Stendhal, Taine, and Bourget, has given birth to many distinguished examples. In the first of the new group, *Blood, Pleasure and Death*, — a sensational title for a work so rich and consoling in substance, — is a collection of essays and tales. The same young man describes his æsthetic and moral impressions before the masterpieces of Angelo and Vinci, or the tombs, cathedrals, and palaces of Italy and Spain. Cordova is visited, the gardens of Lombardy, Ravenna, Parma, — Stendhal's city, — Sienna, Pisa; there are love episodes in diaphanous keys. Barrès, ever magnanimous in his critical judgments, pays tribute to the memory of his dead friends, Jules Tellier and Marie Bashkirtseff. He understood her soul, though afterwards cooled when he discovered the reality of the Bashkirtseff legend. (He speaks of the house in which she died as 6 Rue de Prony; Marie died at 30 Rue Ampère). In the

ucceeding volume, consecrated to love and sorrow, the soul of Venice, the soul of a dead city, is woven with souvenirs of Goethe, Byron, Chateaubriand, Musset, George Sand, Taine, Leopold Robert the painter-suicide, Théophile Gautier, and Richard Wagner. The magic of these prose-dreams is not that of an artist merely reveling in description; Pierre Loti, for instance, writes with no philosophy but that of the disenchanting; he is a more luscious Sénancour; D'Annunzio has made of Venice a golden monument to his gigantic pride as poet. Not so Barrès. The image of death and decay, the recollections of the imperial and mighty past aroused by his pen are as so many chords in his egoistic philosophy: Venice guarded its *ego* from the barbarians; from the dead we learn the secret of life. The note of revolt which sounded so drastically in *The Enemy of Law* is absent here; in that story Barrès, mindful of Auguste Comte and Ibsen, asserted that the dead poisoned the living. The motive of reverence for the soil, for the past, the motive of traditionalism, is beginning to be overheard. In *French Friendships*, he takes his little son Philippe to Joan of Arc's country and enforces the lesson of patriotism. In his newest book, *Le Voyage de Sparte*, the same spirit is present. He is the man of Lorraine at Corinth, Eleusis, or Athens, humble and solicitous for the soul of his race, eager to extract a moral benefit from the past. He studies the Antigone of Sophocles, the Helen of Goethe. He also praises his master, the great classical scholar, Louis Ménard. Barrès has, in a period when France seems bent on burning its historical ships, destroying precious relics of its past, blown the trumpet of alarm; not the destructive blast of Nietzsche, but one that calls out, "Spare our dead!" Little wonder Bourget pronounced him the most "efficacious servitor, at the present hour, of France the eternal." Force and spiritual fecundity Barrès demands of himself, force and spiritual fecundity he demands

from France. And, like the vague insistent thrumming of the *tympani*, a ground bass in some symphonic poem, the idea of nationalism is gradually disclosed as we decipher these palimpsests of egoism.

III

The art of Barrès to this juncture had been a smoky enchantment, many-hued, of shifting shapes, often tenuous, sometimes opaque, but ever graceful, ever fascinating. Whether he was a great spiritual force or only an amazing protean acrobat, coquetting with the *Zettgeist*, his admirers and enemies had not agreed upon. He had further clouded public opinion by becoming a Boulangist deputy from Nancy, and his apparition in the Chamber must have been as bizarre as would have been Shelley's in Parliament. Barrès but followed the illustrious lead of Hugo, Lamartine, Lamennais. His friends were moved to astonishment. The hater of the law, the defender of the press of Chambige, the Algerian homicide, this writer of "precious" literature, among the political opportunists! Yet he sat as a deputy from 1889 to 1893, and proved himself a resourceful debater; in the chemistry of his personality patriotism had been at last precipitated.

His second trilogy of books was his most artistic gift to French literature. But with the advent, in 1897, of *Les Déracinés* (*The Uprooted*) a sharp change in style may be realized. It is the sociological novel in all its thorny efflorescence. Diction is no longer in the foreground. Vanished the velvety rhetoric, the musical phrase, the nervous prose of many facets. Sharp in contour and siccant, every paragraph is packed with ideas. *The Uprooted* is formidable reading, but we at least touch the rough edges of reality. Men and women show us familiar gestures; the prizes run for are human; we are in a dense atmosphere of intrigue, political and personal; Flaubert's Frédéric Moreau, the young man of

confused ideas and feeble volition, once more appears as a cork in the whirlpool of modern Paris. The iconoclast that is in the heart of this poet is now rampant. He smashes institutions, though his criticism is also constructive. He strives to expand the national soul, strives to combat cynicism, and he urges decentralization as the sole remedy for the canker that is blighting France. Bourget holds that "Society is the functioning of a federation of organisms of which the individual is the cell;" that functioning, says Barrès, is ill-served by the violent uprooting of the human organism from its earth. A man best develops in his native province. His deracination begins with the education that sends him to Paris, there to lose his originality. The individual can flourish only in the land where the mysterious forces of heredity operate, make richer his *ego*, and create solidarity — that necromantic word which, in the hands of social preachers, has become a glittering and illuding talisman. A tree does not grow upward unless its roots plunge deeply into the soil. A wise administrator attaches the animal to the pasture that suits it.

This nationalism of Barrès is not to be confounded with the perfidious slogan of the politicians; it is a national symbol for the youth of his land. Nor is Barrès affiliated with some extreme modes of socialism — socialism, that day-dream of a retired green-grocer who sports a cultivated taste for dominoes and penny philanthropy. To those who demand progress, he asks, Progressing toward what? Rather let us face the setting sun. Do not repudiate the past. Hold to our dead. They realize for us the continuity of which we are the ephemeral expression. The cult of the "I" is truly the cult of the dead. The egoism must not be construed as the average selfishness of humanity; the higher egoism is the art — Barrès is the artist, always — of canalizing one's ego for the happiness of others. Out of the Barrès nationalism has grown a mortuary philosophy; we

see him rather too fond of culling the flowers in the cemetery as he takes his evening stroll. As a young man he was obsessed by the vision of death. Remy de Gourmont has said that Barrès is an excessive man despite his appearance of calm. His logic is sometimes audaciously romantic; he paints ideas in a dangerously seductive style; and he is sometimes carried away by the electric energy which agitates his not too robust physique. This cult of the dead, while not morbid, smacks nevertheless of the Chinese. Our past need not be a cemetery, and we agree with Jean Dolent that man is matter, but that his own soul is his own work.

Latterly the patriotism of Barrès is beginning to assume an unpleasant tinge. In his azure, *chauvinisme* is the ugliest cloud. He loves the fatal word "revenge." *In the Service of Germany* presents a pitiable picture of a young Alsatian forced to military service in the German army. It is not pleasing, and Barrès' rage will be voted laudable until one recalls the stories by Frenchmen of the horrors of French military life. Barrès belongs to the group of militarists and nationalists who were so active in the Dreyfus affair. Among his associates at that time were Drumont, Coppée, Jules Lemaitre, Léon Daudet, Lavedan, Brunetière. He upholds France for the French. It is doubtless a noble idea, but it leads to narrowness and to fanatical outbreaks. His influence was great from 1888 to 1893 among the young men. It abated, to be renewed in 1896 and 1897. It reached its apogee a few years ago. The Rousseau-like cry, "Back to the soil!" made Barrès an idol in several camps. His recent election to the Academy, filling the vacancy caused by the death of the poet de Heredia, was the consecrating seal of a genius who has the gift of projecting his sympathies in many different directions, only to retrieve as by miraculous tentacles the richest moral and æsthetic nourishment. We should not forget to add, that by the numerous early

Barrèsians, the Academician is looked upon as a backslider to the cause of philosophic anarchy.

Paris is, after all, the proving ground for the world's theories; the crudest philosophic metal from elsewhere, after being passed through its intellectual smelting furnace, emerges radiant mintage. Thus it is interesting to study the process of purification and adaptation by French thinkers of Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche. The determinism of Taine stems in Germany; his theory of environment has been effectively utilized by Barrès. In *The Uprooted*, the argument is driven home by the story of seven young Lorrainers who descend upon Paris to capture it. Their Professor Bouteiller (said to be Barrès' old master at Nancy, Burdeau) has educated them as if "they might some day be called upon to do without a mother-country." Paris is a vast maw which swallows them. They are disorganized by transplantation. (What young American would be, we wonder?) Some drift into anarchy, one to the scaffold because of a murder; all are *arrivistes*; and the centre figure, Sturel (Barrès?), is a failure because he cannot reconcile himself to new, harsh conditions. They blame their professor. He diverted the sap of their nationalism into strange channels. A few "arrive," though not in every instance by laudable methods. One is a scholar. The account of his interview with Taine and Taine's conversation with him is another evidence of the intellectual mimicry latent in Barrès. He had astonished us earlier by his recrudescence of Renan's very fashion of speech and ideas; literally a feat of literary prestidigitation. There are love, political intrigue, and a dramatic assassination—the general conception of which recalls to us the fact that Barrès once sat at the knees of Bourget, and had read that master's novel, *Le Disciple*. A striking episode is that of the meeting of the seven friends at the tomb of Napoleon, there to meditate upon his grandeur and to pledge themselves

to follow his illustrious example. "Professor of Energy," he is denominated. A Professor of Spiritual Energy is certainly Maurice Barrès. In another scene Taine demonstrates the theory of nationalism by the parable of a certain plane tree in the Square of the Invalides. For the average lover of French fiction *The Uprooted* must have proved trying. It is, with its two companions in this trilogy of "The Novel of National Energy," — Stendhal begot the phrase; see his *Letters*, — a social document, rather than a romance. Nevertheless it is a classic. It embodies so clearly a whole cross-section of earnest French youths' moral life, that — with *L'Appel au Soldat*, and *Leurs Figures*, its sequels — it will be consulted in the future for a veridic account of the decade it describes. One seems to lean out of a window and watch the agitation of the populace which swarmed about General Boulanger; or to peep through keyholes and see the end of that unfortunate victim of treachery and an ill-disciplined temperament. Barrès later reviles the friends of Boulanger who deserted him, by his delineation of the Panama scandal. It is all as dry as a parliamentary blue-book. After finishing these three novels, the dominant impression gleaned is that the flaw in the careers of four or five of the seven young men from Lorraine was not due to their uprooting, but to their lack of moral backbone.

Paris is no more difficult a social medium to navigate in than New York; the French capital has been the battlefield of all French genius; but neither in New York nor in Paris can a young man face the conflict so loaded down with the burden of general ideas and with so scant a moral outfit as possessed by these young men. The Lorraine band, — is it a possible case? No doubt. Yet if its members had remained at Nancy they might have

been shipwrecked for the same reason. Why does not M. Barrès show his cards on the table? The Kingdom on the table! cries Hilda Wangel to her Masterbuilder. The cards, M. Barrès! The moral! Love of the natal soil does not make a complete man; some of the greatest patriots have been the greatest scoundrels. M. Bourget sums up the situation more lucidly than M. Barrès, who is in such a hurry to mould citizens that he omits an essential quality from his programme — God (or character, moral force, if you prefer other terms). Now, when a rationalistic philosopher considers God as an intellectual abstraction, he is not illogical. Skepticism is his stock in trade. But can Maurice Barrès elude the issue? Can he handle the tools of those pious workmen, Loyola, de Sales, and Thomas à Kempis, for the building of his soul, and calmly overlook the inspiration of these masons of men? It is one of the defects of dilettanteism that it furnishes a *point d'appui* for the liberated spirit to see-saw between free-will and determinism, between the Lord of Hosts and the Lucifer of Negation. If we are to take Barrès seriously, and he has in the past forced us to accept him as such, we must ask him why he plays with the counters of Christianity though he may not consider them valid! Is not this debasing the moral currency, to employ a telling phrase of George Eliot? Paul Bourget feels this spiritual dissonance. Has he not said that the day may come when Barrès may repeat the phrase of Michelet: *Je ne peux passer de Dieu!* Huysmans achieved the road to Damascus, Huysmans of whom Barbey d'Aurevilly predicted years ago that he must either look down the mouth of a pistol or kneel at the foot of the cross. Will Maurice Barrès plod the same weary penitential route without indulging in another elliptical flight to a new artificial paradise?

THE WALKING WOMAN

BY MARY AUSTIN

THE first time of my hearing of her was at Temblor. We had come all one day between blunt whitish bluffs rising from mirage water, with a thick pale wake of dust billowing from the wheels, all the dead wall of the foothills sliding and shimmering with heat, to learn that the Walking Woman had passed us somewhere in the dizzying dimness, going down to the Tulares on her own feet. We heard of her again in the Carrisal, and again at Adobe Station, where she had passed a week before the shearing, and at last I had a glimpse of her at the Eighteen-Mile House as I went hurriedly northward on the Mojave stage; and afterward sheepherders at whose camps she slept, and cowboys at rodeos, told me as much of her way of life as they could understand. Like enough they told her as much of mine. That was very little. She was the Walking Woman, and no one knew her name, but because she was a sort of whom men speak respectfully, they called her to her face, Mrs. Walker, and she answered to it if she was so inclined. She came and went about our western world on no discoverable errand, and whether she had some place of refuge where she lay by in the interim, or whether between her seldom, unaccountable appearances in our quarter she went on steadily walking, was never learned. She came and went, oftenest in a kind of muse of travel which the untrammelled space begets, or at rare intervals flooding wondrously with talk, never of herself, but of things she had known and seen. She must have seen some rare happenings too — by report. She was at Maverick the time of the Big Snow, and at Tres Pinos when they brought home the body of Morena; and if anybody could have told whether de Borba killed Mariana for

spite or defense, it would have been she, only she could not be found when most wanted. She was at Tunawai at the time of the cloud-burst, and if she had cared for it could have known most desirable things of the ways of trail-making, burrow-habiting small things.

All of which should have made her worth meeting, though it was not, in fact, for such things I was wishful to meet her; and as it turned out, it was not of these things we talked when at last we came together. For one thing, she was a woman, not old, who had gone about alone in a country where the number of women is as one in fifteen. She had eaten and slept at the herders' camps, and laid by for days at one-man stations whose masters had no other touch of human kind than the passing of chance prospectors or the halting of the tri-weekly stage. She had been set on her way by teamsters who lifted her out of white, hot desertness and put her down at the crossing of unnamed ways, days distant from anywhere. And through all this she passed unarmed and unoffended. I had the best testimony to this, the witness of the men themselves. I think they talked of it because they were so much surprised at it. It was not, on the whole, what they expected of themselves.

Well I understand that nature which wastes its borders with too eager burning, beyond which rim of desolation it flares forever quick and white, and have had some inkling of the isolating calm of a desire too high to stoop to satisfaction. But you could not think of these things pertaining to the Walking Woman, and if there were ever any truth in the exemption from offense residing in a frame of behavior called ladylike, it should have been inoperative here. What this

really means is that you get no affront so long as your behavior in the estimate of the particular audience invites none. In the estimate of the immediate audience—conduct which affords protection in Mayfair gets you no consideration in Maverick. And by no canon could it be considered ladylike to go about on your own feet, with a blanket and a black bag and almost no money in your purse, in and about the haunts of rude and solitary men.

There were other things that pointed the wish for a personal encounter with the Walking Woman. One of them was the contradictory reports of her, as to whether she was comely, for example. Report said yes, and again, plain to the point of deformity. She had a twist to her face, some said; a hitch to one shoulder; they averred she limped as she walked. But by the distance she covered she should have been straight and young. As to sanity, equal incertitude. On the mere evidence of her way of life she was cracked, not quite broken, but unserviceable. Yet in her talk there was both wisdom and information, and the word she brought about trails and waterholes was as reliable as an Indian's.

By her own account she had begun by walking off an illness. There had been an invalid to be taken care of for years, leaving her at last broken in body, and with no recourse but her own feet to carry her out of that predicament. It seemed there had been, besides the death of her invalid, some other worrying affairs, upon which, and the nature of her illness, she was never quite clear, so that it might very well have been an unsoundness of mind which drove her to the open, sobered and healed at last by the large soundness of nature. It must have been about that time that she lost her name. I am convinced that she never told it because she did not know it herself. She was the Walking Woman, and the country people called her Mrs. Walker. At the time I knew her, though she wore short hair and a man's boots and had a fine down

over all her face from exposure to the weather, she was perfectly sweet and sane.

I had met her occasionally at ranch houses and road stations, and had got as much acquaintance as the place allowed; but for the things I wished to know there wanted a time of leisure and isolation. And when the occasion came we talked altogether of other things.

It was at Warm Spring in the Little Antelope I came upon her in the heart of a clear forenoon. The spring lies off a mile from the main trail and has the only trees about it known in that country. First you come upon a pool of waste full of weeds of a poisonous dark green, every reed ringed about the water level with a muddy white incrustation. Then the three oaks appear staggering on the slope, and the spring sobs and blubbers below them in ashy-colored mud. All the hills of that country have the down plunge toward the desert and back abruptly toward the Sierra. The grass is thick and brittle and bleached straw-color toward the end of the season. As I rode up the swale of the spring I saw the Walking Woman sitting where the grass was deepest, with her black bag and blanket, which she carried on a stick, beside her. It was one of those days when the genius of talk flows as smoothly as the rivers of mirage through the blue hot desert morning.

You are not to suppose that in my report of a Borderer I give you the words only, but the full meaning of the speech. Very often the words are merely the punctuation of thought, rather the crests of the long waves of intercommunicative silences. Yet the speech of the Walking Woman was fuller than most.

The best of our talk that day began in some dropped word of hers from which I inferred that she had had a child. I was surprised at that, and then wondered why I should have been surprised, for it is the most natural of all experiences to have children. I said something of that purport, and also that it was one of

the perquisites of living I should be least willing to do without. And that led to the Walking Woman saying that there were three things which if you had known, you could cut out all the rest, and they were good any way you got them, but best if, as in her case, they were related to and grew each one out of the others. It was while she talked that I decided that she really did have a twist to her face, a sort of natural warp or skew into which it fell when it was worn merely as a countenance, but which disappeared the moment it became the vehicle of thought or feeling.

The first of the experiences the Walking Woman had found most worth while had come to her in a sand storm on the south slope of Tehachapi in a dateless spring. I judged it should have been about the time she began to find herself, after the period of worry and loss in which her wandering began. She had come, in a day pricked full of intimations of a storm, to the camp of Filon Geraud, whose companion shepherd had gone a three days' passear to Mojave for supplies. Geraud was of great hardihood, red-blooded, of a full laughing eye and an indubitable spark for women. It was the season of the year when there is a soft bloom on the days, but the nights are cowering cold and the lambs tender, not yet flockwise. At such times a sand storm works incalculable disaster. The lift of the wind is so great that the whole surface of the ground appears to travel upon it slantwise, thinning out miles high in air. In the intolerable smother the lambs are lost from the ewes; neither dogs nor man make headway against it.

The morning flared through a horizon of yellow smudge, and by mid-forenoon the flock broke.

"There were but the two of us to deal with the trouble," said the Walking Woman. "Until that time I had not known how strong I was nor how good it is to run when running is worth while. The flock traveled down the wind, the sand

bit our faces; we called, and after a time heard the words broken and beaten small by the wind. But after a little we had not to call. All the time of our running in the yellow dusk of day and the black dark of night, I knew where Filon was. A flock-length away, I knew him. Feel? What should I feel? I knew. I ran with the flock and turned it this way and that as Filon would have.

"Such was the force of the wind that when we came together we held by one another and talked a little between pantings. We snatched and ate what we could as we ran. All that day and night until the next afternoon the camp kit was not out of the cayaques. But we held the flock. We herded them under a butte when the wind fell off a little, and the lambs sucked; when the storm rose they broke, but we kept upon their track and brought them together again. At night the wind quieted and we slept by turns, at least Filon slept. I lay on the ground when my turn was, tired and beat with the storm. I was no more tired than the earth was. The sand filled in the creases of the blanket, and where I turned, dripped back upon the ground. But we saved the sheep. Some ewes there were that would not give down their milk because of the worry of the storm, and the lambs died. But we kept the flocks together. And I was not tired."

The Walking Woman stretched out her arms and clasped herself, rocking in them as if she would have hugged the recollection to her breast.

"For you see," said she, "I worked with a man, without excusing, without any burden on me of looking or seeming. Not fiddling or fumbling as women work, and hoping it will all turn out for the best. It was not for Filon to ask. Can you, or Will you. He said, Do, and I did. And my work was good. We held the flock. And that," said the Walking Woman, the twist coming in her face again, "is one of the things that make you able to do without the others."

"Yes," I said; and then, "What others?"

"Oh," she said as if it pricked her, "the looking and the seeming."

And I had not thought until that time that one who had the courage to be the Walking Woman would have cared! We sat and looked at the pattern of the thick crushed grass on the slope, wavering in the fierce noon like the waterings in the coat of a tranquil beast; the ache of a world-old bitterness sobbed and whispered in the spring. At last, —

"It is by the looking and the seeming," said I, "that the opportunity finds you out."

"Filon found out," said the Walking Woman. She smiled; and went on from that to tell me how, when the wind went down about four o'clock and left the afternoon clear and tender, the flock began to feed, and they had out the kit from the cayaques, and cooked a meal. When it was over, and Filon had his pipe between his teeth, he came over from his side of the fire, of his own notion, and stretched himself on the ground beside her. Of his own notion. There was that in the way she said it that made it seem as if nothing of the sort had happened before to the Walking Woman, and for a moment I thought she was about to tell me one of the things I wished to know; but she went on to say what Filon had said to her of her work with the flock. Obvious, kindly things, such as any man in sheer decency would have said, so that there must have something more gone with the words to make them so treasured of the Walking Woman.

"We were very comfortable," said she, "and not so tired as we expected to be. Filon leaned upon his elbow. I had not noticed until then how broad he was in the shoulders and how strong in the arms. And we had saved the flock together. We felt that. There was something that said together, in the slope of his shoulders toward me. It was around his mouth and on the cheek high up under the shine of his eyes. And under

the shine the look — the look that said, 'We are of one sort and one mind' — his eyes that were the color of the flat water in the toulaires — do you know the look?"

"I know it."

"The wind was stopped and all the earth smelt of dust, and Filon understood very well that what I had done with him I could not have done so well with another. And the look — the look in the eyes —"

"Ah-ah —!"

I have always said, I will say again, I do not know why at this point the Walking Woman touched me. If it were merely a response to my unconscious throb of sympathy, or the unpremeditated way of her heart to declare that this, after all, was the best of all indispensable experiences; or if in some flash of forward vision, encompassing the unimpassioned years, the stir, the movement of tenderness were for *me* — but no; as often as I have thought of it, I have thought of a different reason, but no conclusive one, why the Walking Woman should have put out her hand and laid it on my arm.

"To work together, to love together," said the Walking Woman, withdrawing her hand again; "there you have two of the things; the other you know."

"The mouth at the breast," said I.

"The lips and the hands," said the Walking Woman, "The little, pushing hands and the small cry." There ensued a pause of fullest understanding, while the land before us swam in the noon, and a dove in the oaks behind the spring began to call. A little red fox came out of the hills and lapped delicately at the pool.

"I stayed with Filon until the fall," said she. "All that summer in the Sierras, until it was time to turn south on the trail. It was a good time, and longer than he could be expected to have loved one like me. And besides, I was no longer able to keep the trail. My baby was born in October."

Whatever more there was to say to

this, the Walking Woman's hand said it, straying with remembering gesture to her breast. There are so many ways of loving and working, but only one way of the first-born. She added after an interval, that she did not know if she would have given up her walking to keep at home and tend him, or whether the thought of her son's small feet running beside her in the trails would have driven her to the open again. The baby had not stayed long enough for that. "And whenever the wind blows in the night," said the Walking Woman, "I wake and wonder if he is well covered."

She took up her black bag and her blanket; there was the ranch house of Dos Palos to be made before night, and she went as outliers do, without a hope expressed of another meeting and no word of good-by. She was the Walking Woman. That was it. She had walked off all sense of society-made values, and, knowing the best when the best came to her, was able to take it. Work,—as I believed; love,—as the Walking Woman had proved it; a child,—as you subscribe to it. But look you: it was the

naked thing the Walking Woman grasped, not dressed and tricked out, for instance, by prejudices in favor of certain occupations; and love, man love, taken as it came, not picked over and rejected if it carried no obligation of permanency; and a child; *any* way you get it, a child is good to have, say nature and the Walking Woman; to have it and not to wait upon a proper concurrence of so many decorations that the event may not come at all.

At least one of us is wrong. To work and to love and to bear children. *That* sounds easy enough. But the way we live establishes so many things of much more importance.

Far down the dim, hot valley I could see the Walking Woman with her blanket and black bag over her shoulder. She had a queer sidelong gait, as if in fact she had a twist all through her.

Recollecting suddenly that people called her lame, I ran down to the open place below the spring where she had passed. There in the bare, hot sand the track of her two feet bore evenly and white.

THE HERITAGE

BY "FREDERIC LORN "

I

For me with dew-spread gossamers —
Before the winds have stirred
Or Dawn awaked her choristers —
The grass is diapered;
For me from all the dappled trees
And the green woodland way
Birds chant in full voiced harmonies
Their hymn to-day.

II

My eyes are to the East: her face
The magic secret knows;
For look! how flushed the dome of space
With petal'd seas of rose!
The swaying vault's high void unrolls
To one vast fan of flame;
For me all life on earth extols
Day's awful name.

III

My tears are in the rain; my wrath
Is in the wind-vexed sea;
And in the sun's star-border'd path
Is laughter made for me;
Lo! at mid-blossoming of morn
Beyond the meadow-ways
My thought is in quick spirals born
Of spangling haze.

IV

For me at eve in circling dance
The coiling mist-wraiths blend
In silent valleys of Romance
Wherethrough slow streams descend.
My eyes are to the West, and swim
In fiery lakes of light,

The Heritage

For now her flaming seraphim
Announce the night.

V

So, on the day's o'erarching scroll
Unseen, moves night's away;
As night doth from her depths unroll
The banner of the day.
And, though in riddles men may deal,
I watch, in all, through all;
And know that none can from me steal
Their sure recall.

VI

So in waste winter's sheath there grows
The quivering bud of spring
That blooms to summer's splendid rose
Fine odors squandering;
And in the seed she scattereth
I mark the unending chain
Of Death-in-Life and Life-in-Death
To Life again.

VII

Mine on uncharted hills the snow;
The unforded rivers mine;
Mine are the eldrich woods below
That break the valley-line.
For me the clouds make tournament,
The ocean shifts her mood;
All Nature flaunts for my content
Her hardihood.

VIII

For me the Air, and Sea, and Earth
Are holy trinity;
I own my God in their high worth
And rich simplicity;
For me the myriad æons told,
The unnumbered ages run,
Are nothing, for I own naught old
Beneath the sun.

NATURE AND ANIMAL LIFE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

How surely every drop of water that sees the light in the most remote mountain or forest recesses finds its way to the sea, if not in some way intercepted. How surely the springs collect into rivulets, the rivulets into brooks, the brooks into creeks, the creeks into rivers, and the rivers sooner or later find their way to the great ocean reservoir. Dip up a cup of water from the little mountain rill and ask it whither it is going, and if it could reply it would say, "I am going to the sea; I have no choice in the matter. I am blind, I have no power of self-direction, but my way is appointed, and I know that sooner or later I shall reach the great deep." It seems as if some engineer had planned and shaped the face of the landscape and of the continent with this very end in view. But the engineer was the water itself. Water flows down hill; that settles it. It is all the inevitable result of natural law. Neither the lives of men nor of the lower animals escape the action of similar universal laws; especially are the lower animals under their dominion.

In the first place, the activities of all creatures are largely determined by their organization. This appoints the bird to fly, the fish to swim, the snake to glide, and man to walk and stand erect. It appoints the woodpecker to bore or drill the trees, the snipe to probe the mud, this kind to catch insects, that one to catch fish, this one to live on seeds or fruit, the other to prey upon game, and so on.

Now, the so-called intelligence of the lower animals is largely like that of the rills that find their way to the sea, or of the seeds of the plants that find their way to their proper habitat. Marsh plants find their way to the marshes, hill plants find their way to the hills. The spores of the

black knot seem to hunt out every plum-tree in the land. The rats and the mice find their way to your new house or new barn, because they are constantly on the search for new fields. The squirrels find the acorn grove and the birds the cherry trees for the same reason. Their necessities for food send them in all directions till they hit the right spots. I cleared off a swamp in the woods and put a ditch through it; in two or three years the cat-tail flag was growing in my ditch. These winged seeds from distant swamps traversed the air in all directions, and when the wind dropped them on the proper soil they took root and thrived; all others — vastly the greater number — came to naught.

Nature plays the principal part in the lives of all creatures, man included, supplying motives, impulses, opportunities, the guidance of organization, the inheritance of instinct, the stimulus or the check of environment, the bent of race, family, temperament, the lure of plenty, the bar of scarcity, the potency of soil, climate, geography. The birds come North when a warm wave brings them; the shad run up the rivers when the south wind blows them up; the hibernating animals come out of their retreats when the warmth wakes them up.

The play of will and conscious intelligence inside the limitations of nature is considerable in man, very little in the lower animals.

The lives of these animals as I view them, their daily and hourly actions and conduct, are not so much a matter of choice and purposeful self-direction, implying volition and intelligence, as they are the result of what we call the blind impersonal forces of nature — as much so as the flowing of water down

hill, or the rising of thistle-down into the air.

The bird builds a nest, not because it thinks nest, and plans nest, and sees the end from the beginning, as man does when he builds a house, but because the great mother nature in which it is embodied and which is active in the bird thinks nest for it — and impels it to the construction. The bird is the instrument of the propagating impulse which pervades nature, as is man himself up to the point where his own individual judgment and volition come into play, which, it must be confessed, have only a narrow field to work in. The beaver in building its dam works as blindly, that is as inevitably and unconsciously — as free from individual initiative — as it does in developing its chisel-like teeth or its broad trowel-like tail. This inherent unconscious intelligence we call instinct, a faculty which is constant in its operation, and though not inerrant, is free from the vacillations and failures of human reason. It is analogous to that something in the plants which determines their forms, the color of their flowers, and their times and seasons. Instinct is sometimes abortive; so do plants sometimes fail of their colors and fruit.

All the larger movements of humanity are probably as much the result of the operation of natural law as are the movements of the animals. A man feels free to choose this or that, to emigrate or stay at home, to undertake this or that enterprise or to let it alone; yet that which finally determines his course, influences his will, is quite beyond the reach of his will or his consciousness. He does certain things because he is of a certain race and family, because he lives in a certain age and country, because his hair is red or black, because his health is good or bad. He is a democrat or a republican because his father was so before him. He is skeptical because he lives in a skeptical age; he is a fanatic because he is surrounded by fanatics; he wears a derby hat because all his neighbors do;

he gesticulates because he is a Frenchman; he growls because he is an Englishman; he brags because he is an American. The many influences that work over his head and under his feet, and that stream upon him from all sides, are all unknown to him.

The animals are all so wise in their own sphere, the sphere of instinct, in doing the things that they have to do in order to survive and perpetuate the species, that one is always astonished at their stupidity outside that sphere when a new problem presents itself; as when a robin and a phoebe each built three or four nests on a timber under a porch, because there were three or four places in a row just alike, and the bird could not distinguish between them or concentrate herself upon one spot. The nesting instinct in each case was so strong that the bird had not a particle of sense apart from it. Something impelled it to build, build, and it put down its load of mortar or straws at whichever point it chanced to hit. It was a hit-or-miss game surely. Such incidents give us a glimpse of how absolutely under the dominion of natural impulses animal life is, especially at certain times. The breeding instinct with nearly all creatures becomes a kind of intoxication, a frenzy, and if the bird, with all its cleverness, is ever a fool, it is a fool then. On different occasions I have seen a robin, a bluebird, and a blue jay, in nesting time, each dashing itself against a window in which it saw the reflection of its own image, thinking it was demolishing or just going to demolish a rival. Hour after hour, and day after day, the bloodless farce went on, till the birds finally desisted, apparently not because they saw they were the dupes of their own jealousy, but from sheer exhaustion. How like blind inanimate nature such things are; like the winds and the waves in their unintelligent fury. An animal never sees through appearances, things are what they seem to him, and a piece of paper or an old hat by the roadside is a fearsome thing to a nervous horse. Na-

ture has heaped the measure of their caution and fear, that they may be sure to escape their real enemies, and she has heaped the measure of their propagating instincts to make sure that the species do not fail.

How clever, too, they are about their food! They *have* to be or else starve. No doubt many of them have starved in the past, and only the clever ones survived and so continued the species. When one sees the birds in spring scouring about for food where apparently there is no food, or thinks of the mice and squirrels and foxes in the barren, desolate, snow-choked woods, or of the thousands of crows in winter going to and fro night and morning in quest of forage, one realizes how acute and active and discerning they must become to survive at all. Just how the robin knows the precise spot in the turf on the lawn to dig in order to strike a fat grub, I do not know, but he rarely fails. I am sure that I could not pick out the spots. But my dinner is not contingent upon that kind of acuteness; if it were, no doubt I could quickly learn the secret, too. The red squirrel no doubt learned that the sap of the maple was sweet long before the Indian or white man did. How surely he finds out in May when the seeds of the elm-tree will afford him a tiny morsel. He is hard-pressed for food at this time and will take up with very short pickings. I saw one a few moments ago getting his breakfast in an elm near my cabin. How eager and hungry he appeared to be, how rapidly he chipped up or opened the flakelike samaras of the tree and devoured the minute germ which they held. He would hold to a branch by his hind feet, and reach far down to the ends of the pendant twigs for the clusters of fruit. A squirrel's hind feet are especially adapted for hanging in this way. Mr. Hornaday says the pika (like a small hare) in the Canadian Rockies cuts and gathers various grasses and plant stalks, and cures them in the sun beside the entrance to its den, and then stores them up for winter use. He

says that if, during the day, the shadow of a rock falls upon the curing hay, the pika moves it out into the sun again. Another authority says that it will also make haste to house its hay if a shower threatens. These last acts seem almost incredible. I should like to have a chance to verify them. In any case we see in the habits of this creature another proof that an animal will and can learn to live, and in the struggle may develop an instinct that closely simulates human intelligence. Simulates, I say; we can hardly call it the same, though it reaches the same end by the same means. It is not to be supposed that the individual pika knows the value of curing grass before storing it away, as we know it from experience and observation, or that it takes any thought about the matter. The race of Pikas knows it as an inherited trait. It is the wisdom of nature and not of the individual pika. I suppose the habits of the wild creatures generally in laying up their winter stores is as far removed from conscious thought and purpose as is the storing up of fat in our bodies an unconscious process. Life in all its forms adapts itself to its conditions; else it would not be life; it would cease. Only in man is this adaptation ever a matter of thought and calculation, and in him only in a minor degree. The climate, the geography, the geology, the race, the age, all play a part in moulding and making him.

Over all and under all and through all is the universal intelligence, the cosmic mind. It is it that determines and shapes, humanly speaking, all the myriad forms of the universe, organic and inorganic. Only in the higher forms of animal life is the cosmic mind supplemented by conscious, individual intelligence. There are occasional gleams of this intelligence in the lives of the lower animals, but not till we reach man does the spark become a flame. Man's wit differs from the wit of universal nature in that it plays inside the latter and has a certain mastery over it and works to partial and personal ends. We call the cosmic mind blind; it is

rather impersonal and indirect. All ends and all means are its, and it fails of no end because it aims at none. How can a circle have an end? It returns forever into itself. Suns and systems and races and men are but the accidents, so to speak, of its universal activity. Man sees the end of his efforts because they are limited to his personal wants and aspirations. But nature's purpose embraces all. Her clock is not wound up for a day, or a month, or a year. It was never wound up, and it will never run down, and it strikes only the hours of eternity. But here I am in deep waters, quite over my head. Follow any of these little rills of natural history and they will lead you sooner or later to larger questions and thence to the boundless sea.

The adaptiveness of animal life, and one may say of vegetable life also, is a subject of deep interest.

In the dry streamless valleys on Cape Verde Islands Darwin saw a kingfisher that lived on grasshoppers and lizards, diving for them in the true kingfisher fashion. Doubtless our own kingfisher, under the force of circumstances, might adapt himself to such a mode of life.

The beasts and birds that are most adaptive in the matter of food, thrive best. If the quail could learn to subsist upon tree buds as does the grouse, it would not perish as it now does during our winters of deep snow.

What a success the crow is! And to what does he owe it more than to his adaptiveness in regard to food? Grain, nuts, worms, insects, fish, frogs, eggs, grubs, mice, and things still more unsavory — each and all help him through the season.

The hawks are restricted to flesh alone, hence their comparatively limited numbers.

I suppose we always attribute much more thought and purpose to the animals than they are capable of. We do not realize what automatons they are. Much of their activity is the result of their organization, and very little the result of

free choice, as with man, though in the case of man what he calls his "free choice" is no doubt largely determined by forces and conditions of which he is not conscious.

I notice that the nests of the orioles are longest and deepest where they are the most pendant, that they are deeper and more pocket-like on the willows and elms than on the oaks and hickories, and that they are the shallowest of all on stiff young maples where they are usually placed near the stem of the tree. In such cases they are shallow and cuplike. The longest nests I see near me are on the weeping willows. Now if this observation holds true, the natural inference would be that the birds considered the matter, and that they knew that the more pendant the nest the greater the danger to eggs and young during high winds; therefore, in certain situations they build deeper than in others. But I cannot make myself believe that the birds take any thought about the matter at all. The simplest explanation of their course seems to me to be this: In the act of building their nests they would be swayed more or less by the winds — more upon the willows and elms than upon trees of stiffer branches like oaks and maples. This greater swaying would stimulate them to build deeper nests; it would be the condition that would bring their pendant-nest-instinct into greater activity. A still simpler explanation is the suggestion that this instinct is feeble in some birds than in others, and is feeblest of all in those birds that build cup-shaped or basket-shaped nests on stiff young maples newly planted by the roadside. We are not to ascribe to an animal a process of reasoning so long as there is a simpler explanation of its conduct.

I suppose the migrating of the birds in spring or fall, and the various other animal migrations, are no more the result of purpose or calculation or knowledge than the putting forth or the dropping of the leaves of the trees is the result of calculation. It is a reflex, the response to

an external stimulus in the earth and air.

When we have an early spring we plant and sow early, and *vice versa*. We seem to think that the birds choose to act similarly, and to nest early or late as their judgment as to the weather prompts. But they have no choice in the matter. A warm wave brings them, and a cold wave retards them, as inevitably as it does vegetation. The warmth stimulates them to nest-building, for the reason that it increases their food supply; the more warmth the more food, and the more food, the more rapidly the egg develops in the mother bird. Heat hastens the ripening of the egg as surely as it hastens the ripening of fruit, and cold retards it to the same extent. In cold, backward springs I note that the robin lays only two or three eggs in the first nest; in warm seasons she lays four or five.

Pluck off the leaves of a tree in the early season and new leaves will form; sometimes new blossoms will come a second time. Rob a bird of her eggs and she will lay another clutch, and still another, till the season is past. I suppose that there is no more of deliberate purpose in the one case than in the other. A wild plant's one thought, one ambition, is to mature its seed. When it starts in the spring it has the whole season before it, and it runs the stalk up to its full stature; but if it gets a late start its abbreviated stalk seems like an act of conscious intelligence; it must hasten with its seed before the season passes. The second or third nest of a bird in spring is usually a much more hasty affair than the first. The time is precious, and the young must not get too late a start in life.

I fancy that to all human beings the spring gives an impulse toward new fields, new activities, that is quite independent of any will or purpose of their own. We are all children of one mother after all and are tied to her apron strings. The pulse of the life of the globe is felt alike in all of us, feeble or strong. Our power of will, of purpose, carries but a little way against the tendencies of race,

of climate, of the age, or the tides of the seasons.

I have often asked myself if we should count it an act of intelligent foresight in the birds when they build their nests near our houses and roadways, apparently seeking the protection from their enemies which such places are supposed to afford. I have concluded that the idea of protection does not influence them any more than it does the rats and the mice that infest our houses, or the toads that lurk under our porch floors. How should a robin, or a phoebe, or a bluebird, or any other bird, know that its enemies are less bold than itself and dare not venture where it ventures? These birds are all more or less afraid of man and tolerate his presence under protest, and it is probably true that the dangers to which they are exposed in nesting near us, from cats, rats, mice, and boys, are as great or greater than they would be from wild enemies in remote fields and woods. Birds seek the vicinity of man because food in the way of insects, seeds, fruits is more abundant, and because the shelter which some of them seek is better and more extensive. I think the oriole is attracted by the abundance of nesting material, — strings and horsehairs; and the swallows for the same reason, — mud and feathers. All birds instinctively seek to hide their nests, and even porches and sheds and bridges afford cover and hiding for the robins and phoebes, to say nothing of the better foraging upon the lanes and in the garden and cherry-trees for the robins, and in the air about the buildings for the phoebes. The king-bird likes to be near the beehives, for he is fond of the drones; and the chipmy comes to the rose bush, or the lilac bush, or the near apple-tree, because she likes crumbs from the table and the meal the chickens leave. I notice that the birds build in or about deserted houses nearly as freely as about those that are occupied. All birds that build in holes and cavities can be attracted by putting up suitable boxes and houses for them to nest in. In this way

you can attract bluebirds, house wrens, and purple martins.

In certain respects the birds are much like the weeds. Certain weeds follow our footsteps and thrive best near us; they fatten on our labor. So do certain species of birds follow us, not for protection but for better shelter and better fare. Surely the English sparrow does not dog the footsteps of man for any fancied protection. The wood thrush seems to love civilization; he doubtless finds his favorite food more abundant in the vicinity of our dwellings. His cousins, the hermit and veery thrushes, prefer the dense, remote woods, and doubtless for the same reason. The wood thrush's brighter coat seems more in keeping with the open glades and groves than with the denser woods.

The paramount question with bird and beast, as with us, is always the question of well-being. We consider the matter, we weigh the pros and cons, and choose our course, as we think, according to reason. But the animals are prompted and guided by outward conditions,—the season, the food supply, their nesting needs, and so forth. Of course primitive man is largely influenced by the same considerations; his necessities determine his course.

It is interesting to note how certain insects behave like natural forces. Watch the growth of the paper nest of the hornet; see it envelop the obstacles in its way, — leaves and twigs, — precisely as a growing tree might, or as flowing water does. I saw two nests of yellow-jackets in the side of a house, built in the space between the siding and the inner wall; and these nests flowed out of the cracks and nail-holes in the clapboards in thin sheets, just as any liquid would have done. Narrow gray

films were pushing out here and there, over a space of several square feet. The hornets had filled the space inside with their nest and had reached the limit, but they did not know it, and kept on building as long as the season prompted.

One of our recent nature writers — closely akin to the "fakirs" — thinks that the yarding of the moose and deer in winter is a matter of calculation and foresight, and that the precise locality of the yard is selected by leaders of the herd long before it is needed; when the truth undoubtedly is that there is no choice or prevision about it, but it is a matter of necessity; these animals yard where the deep snows overtake them; their yard is the limited area over which they are able to wander to secure food; they browse the same ground over and over, and so gradually make paths. The whole proceeding is inevitable and free from choice, and belongs to the category of natural events. The animals cannot wander freely far and wide on account of the embargo of snow, so they wander as far as they can, and this makes their yard. It is a yard only in the sense that it is a comparatively narrow range, though it is usually miles in extent.

We marvel at what we call the wisdom of the hive bee, yet there is one thing she never learns from experience, and that is, that she is storing up honey for the use of man. She could not learn this, because such knowledge is not necessary to her own well-being. Neither does she ever know when she has enough to carry her through the winter. This knowledge, again, is not important. Gather and store honey as long as there is any to be had, is her motto, and in that rule she is safe.

THE CRUISE OF THE QUINZE MILLE VIERGES

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

I

As I look back over the years I have been married, one of the most definite things in the harbor of my memory is a little fleet of boats. These are the boats which have belonged to us. They are not an imposing lot, nor are there very many of them. Most people would see only a collection of little sloops and jib-and-mainsail boats, all indifferently smart, and some of them old, tubby affairs which, for all the paint and new cordage which we put on them, could make no pretense to smartness at all. You would not find among them all a boat of a new model, or even a brand-new suit of sails. But I can see in this brood of ugly ducklings all sorts of perfections. There is not one of them all that was not ready and willing and faithful; not one of them that played us an ugly trick; nor was there one on which I had not spent hours of loving care, trying to give her a semblance of smartness even in her old age.

There is in my mind another shadowy fleet of boats: the boats we coveted and imagined ourselves buying. They make a large, imposing fleet, their lines are perfect, and their well-fitting sails spotless. Among them are schooners, and forty-foot yawls — and even steam yachts; but I doubt if I at least should have loved one of them as much as the boats we have actually owned, and upon which Stan and I have spent so many hours of well-meant and bungling labor.

There is a third fleet of boats that I sometimes wonder over: it is the fleet of our narrow escapes, and it is composed of boats we came near buying. Some are boats far beyond our means, handsome creatures which all but lured us from the paths of virtuous moderation;

though most of them are jovial, disreputable old craft, which beckoned to Stan and me with crazy masts, crying to us that we were boatless and that they were to be bought cheap. I have adventurous moments when I wish I knew what would have happened had our hands not been stayed by some lingering bit of New England common sense. Should we all have been drowned by now, I wonder, if we had bought the *Je l'Aimais*? or should we have had a beautiful time and all sorts of picturesque adventures sailing down the Mediterranean coast?

At the time, I did n't at all want to buy her, and I'm rather proud of the way I acted in the matter; that is why I tell this story. No woman ever thoroughly learns the lesson of not plucking at the sleeve of Fate and begging it to turn this way and that way; and so when, for once, one of us sits as impassive under trial as Fate itself, no wonder we remember it; no wonder we like to record it.

To make it come home to you more vividly, I must ask you to imagine yourself traveling in Europe, — traveling with a nurse and baby, — and then fancy your husband seriously considering the possible purchase of a menagerie of decrepit and unsalable animals, or an inaccessible and ruined house; and then, if you managed to hold your tongue and let nature take its course, see if you would n't feel proud of the depth of your self-control.

As a yachtsman's wife, I have been guilty of lubberly acts enough, and so, when I do anything tactful and wise, it gives me pleasure to recall it.

I stood at my window, which overlooked the beach of Saint Raphael, and as I watched the pleasant, bustling scene, I observed, dressed in a sweater and a

tam-o-shanter, an ignoble pair of old trousers on his legs, my husband,—not different, so far as my impartial eye could see, either in manner or costume, from any other of the other loafers on the beach: the only thing that marked him a foreigner was that they gesticulated vociferously, while he did not.

He was the centre of a small group of fishermen, who were evidently trying to prove something to him, for they pointed frequently to a boat near which they stood. It needed no second sight to tell me what was afoot.

"Aha!" thought I, "they're trying to sell that prehistoric relic to Stan — and they will!"

I hastily put on my hat and joined my husband, although I knew well enough that my presence could have no restraining influence on him once he was in the grip of his master passion. Unfortunately, women have a desire mortal to their own comfort and peace of mind, — they want to know the worst. I arrived in time to see Stan looking over a boat with a critical eye. He is a very good judge of boats when he is n't buying one, but Stan in a boatless condition would be quite capable of buying a bird's nest to sail in.

In a sober mood, I think he would have considered a good, stout bird's nest more seaworthy than the venerable craft that was under consideration. I have n't been a yachtsman's wife so many years for nothing, and I knew that Stan was indulging in no academic pastime in dicker-ing over a boat; I knew that he seriously considered buying that aged craft, with its rotten planks and all. I shall always feel that I deserved praise for not asking him the simple question, "with what" he proposed to buy that museum relic from the shores of the Mediterranean; or that I did n't point out to him that our stay in Saint Raphael was to be of but three weeks' duration; instead, I am proud to say that for once I held my tongue, and even looked as enthusiastic as human nature could be expected to.

II

The *Je l'Aimais* was, so far as my small historical knowledge goes, a bastard model of those vessels with which Cæsar explored this same coast some two thousand years before. She was about thirty feet long, and heavy, without centreboard or keel. Her short and slender mast was out of all proportion to her heavy lines. Like the other fishing boats, she had a lateen sail, which means that on the mast was casually fixed a hook; and by means of this hook and a ring the sail was naively fastened.

The boat showed signs of long disuse. Any one could see at a glance that, even among other boats of her type, she was peculiarly unseaworthy, for she wore the unmistakably discouraged air of a boat which has searched for years in vain for a new owner. Boats that have no loving owner have always seemed to me like dogs in the same plight. Lack of care, the absence of fresh paint, gives them the same lonely and dejected look that one observes in a lost dog. It takes no experienced eye to tell if a boat has passed from the hands of a careful proprietor, who has been proud of her, or has "lain up," neglected, for season after season. The *Je l'Aimais* was of the latter type.

According, however, to the florid gentleman in the worn red tam-o-shanter, the *Je l'Aimais* was a pearl among pearls, a boat of boats, a real bargain. Yes, she had lain up, it is true, a season or two, it may be three or four — it may be five or six; but only because her owner lived down Antibes way. Just why he had n't had her put in the water and sailed down to Antibes was patent even to the dull eye of a female, for this venerable Noah's ark was only one step from the time when a boat is broken up for her iron and such of her fittings as may yet prove serviceable for another season on a more fortunate craft.

She had one virtue, however. She could be bought very cheap; to that every

one agreed with wise nods and head-shakings.

Stan looked her over with an air of criticism which I don't believe deceived any of the honest fishermen surrounding him. That he was an "Englishman" proved to their simple minds that he was mad to start with; that he had considered this boat at all must have proved to them that he was only recently escaped from his keeper. There was a certain eagerness in the air of the elderly rascal most interested in the sale, which seemed to indicate that he feared the keeper might at any moment appear upon the scene.

How mad we were Stan was to prove by what he was next to say. They had fished all their lives in small boats, as we had sailed in them, and yet we had not one word of boat talk in common. We were of the present day, and the models of their boats dated from the Cæsars. The models of fishing boats do not change and improve along the Mediterranean shore. The boatbuilder of two hundred years ago could come back and successfully ply his trade and use the same models that his fathers had taught him.

"That boat would be better for an iron shoe," said Stan, with a recrudescence of the boat-trader's instinct.

"Not at all! Not at all, M'ssieu'," replied the elderly fisherman, an uneasy eye fixed on me. I fancied that he might have at home a seaworthy wife who sometimes prevented him from buying things which he should not.

"Iron on the keel of a boat causes her to sink. A bit of bad weather, a Mistral comes up, the waves come up, your sail pitches off — pouff!" — he illustrated this with a dramatic gesture — "down you go at the same moment — the iron inevitably drags you to the bottom. Then — finish."

"I don't see," said Stan, "why you have no centreboards."

They looked at each other blankly. Stan's French, at the best, is not yet idiomatic, and he translated the word

"centreboard" literally. He took from his pocket a piece of paper and drew a picture of a boat with a centreboard. He made a boat of his hands, and with a chip of wood showed the attentive crowd the working of this useful apparatus.

"Ah-h-h!" they breathed. They understood.

"M'ssieu', those boats of that cast are the type of the most dangerous," they explained, "unsuited entirely for our rough waters. There has never yet been a fishing boat here with a centreboard — nor will there be, thank God, while our boatbuilders have any sense left. Safe boats are of the model that you see before you, the model of the *Je l'Aimaïs*."

"I don't see how your boats come about, without a centreboard," Stan persisted.

With the tact of Frenchmen, they ignored this question. It may be that they did not think it was important whether a boat came about quickly or not, never having sailed in the kind that did.

"There came to this harbor," said one of the other fishermen, "an Englishman in a boat such as you describe, M'ssieu'. He went out one day, the Mistral came up; he was never seen again."

"The centreboard," added another stout sailor, "may be good for other waters — not for these."

"We have always sailed in such boats," a bent-over grandfather clinched the argument.

III

There fell on us one of those sudden and unaccountable silences that come over people in the midst of busy talk. Far off we could hear a merry-go-round playing. The cheerful noises of the beach rose about us, calling us like the voice of a friend. The *Je l'Aimaïs* and Stan looked each other in the face while she sung to him her false siren chant.

"I can be bought cheap — cheap — cheap," I could hear her telling him. "I am old and dried up, but I am a boat. I can be your own boat. You can go in me

where you like. You can see every little nook of this lovely coast. I can be bought for nothing, for nothing at all." And of all songs in the world, this song without music is the one which can lure Stan farthest afield. I do not mind a real boat making him commit follies for her sake, but it hardened my heart to think of the decrepit *Je l'Aimais* putting the comether on my husband.

"Why did n't you all go out to-day?" he asked suddenly. I like to think that a suspicion of what the *Je l'Aimais* and her kind really were came over him. It was a beautiful day, the sun bright above, and no hint of coming storm; a little *Mistral* blowing — a nice fair breeze that would hardly have been considered a lady's breeze off the New England coast.

"The *Mistral*!" they replied in one voice. "No one goes out when the *Mistral* blows. Boats that go out when the *Mistral* blows end up at Africa, if they end up at all; unless —" and *Saucisse* pointed a dramatic finger downward.

"You could beat back," Stan suggested.

They looked at one another pityingly. He had given another indication of insanity.

"One cannot beat back against the *Mistral*," said the elderly fisherman, with the air of a man who delivers a proverb of Solomon. And all together they burst out into talk of the deadliness of the *Mistral*.

Stan broke in on their chatter in a businesslike American way.

"Write to the owner of the boat in Antibes and find out what her exact price is, and then find some one who will make an estimate of her repairs," he commanded.

The writing to the owner in Antibes seemed simple, but an exact estimate as to the cost of the repairs was a different matter; the simple Saint Raphaelese does n't like to be pinned down to the concrete in this brutal Anglo-Saxon way. Babel arose again.

"It would n't be much," they vociferated.

"It depends upon how much *M'ssieu'* insists upon having done," said some one.

"And upon how many coats of paint he has in his mind," said a second.

A woman on the outskirts of our little crowd admitted in an undertone that she believed that paint had gone up this year. And the hour having come for lunch, we dispersed, every one of us pleased with himself, since each opposing party had the consoling feeling of knowing the other to be wanting in intelligence.

I formed a little third party by myself, and what I thought of the *Je l'Aimais* or what I thought of Stan, I will not say. but my pleasure in my own superior thoughts was dominated by the impotent question: Would Stan buy her or would he not?

IV

When I looked out of the window the next morning, it seemed as if the beach had blossomed in the night with strange, exotic flowers, or as if a flock of birds with flame-colored wings had just that moment alighted there. The fishing fleet of Saint Raphael was drawn up high and dry on the crescent-shaped beach, as is the immemorial custom, and the many-colored sails of the boats were being dried in the morning sun. Beyond, the Mediterranean danced as blue as even the guide-books pretend it is; and as the *Mistral* still blew gently, I knew the fishing fleet would not go out that day.

There were more things happening on the beach than the mere drying of sails. Old men were mending nets of fabulous lengths; women were hanging their clothes out to dry, and others were sitting gossiping on the keels of boats; others, again, were washing out wine casks. And, since the day was one when the cautious Mediterranean fisherman would not venture forth, — though it would have seemed the top of a fine morning to one of our Gloucester men, — all sorts of small repairs were going on on the boats them-

selves; here one man was giving a coat of paint to his boat's keel; there, another was doing a bit of calking; or again, a man was letting a patch into the side of his boat. And these things were all done with a thoroughness — even with a ponderousness — that our land knows nothing of. The patch that was being let in I could see even from my window; it would outlast the fisherman's children's children if the boat did. The boats themselves, though none of them were much over forty feet, were of the same substantial build; they were as broad of beam as the women of Saint Raphael, and were built of ponderous planks and beams, — boats built to last for generations, if one liked.

The beach of Saint Raphael was more than a shipyard, more than a place to mend nets. It was the town park; it was the town nursery. Here fat French babies rolled around, tugging at their mothers' skirts, who industriously plied the small activities of knitting, mending, and what not, such as thrifty French women love to bring with them into the open when they give their babies an airing.

Besides this, the beach was the place where the cart people pitched their booths. I could see from my window the waffle man dexterously making long, snakelike cakes through a funnel-shaped machine. Behind him, his wife sat on the steps of the cart, which was their home, preparing the midday meal, and gossiping with the neighbors. Farther along, the wife of the rival waffle man flaunted her feather boa contemptuously. It was perhaps because of the feather boa and a certain artificiality of complexion that she had no such solid standing among the good people of Saint Raphael as had her plainer competitor. French people are conservative, and any one will agree that if you live in a cart which is drawn by hired mules from place to place, and earn your living by making penny cakes and waffles out in the open air, naturally a feather boa and an artificial complexion, a hat, and a long skirt, are conspicuously

out of place in the state of life to which God has called you.

The greatest crowd was assembled around the bird man, who was industriously raffling his green paroquets. One paid a sou for a ticket, and if one drew a lucky number, one *might* get a little green bird. A great many people raffled every day for these birds; I did myself, but I never saw any one carry a paroquet away with him, although Stan says he has. Like the other cart-dwellers, the bird man's cart was directly back of his booth, and a large bull-dog lay at the door, sunning himself and pretending to watch over his master's chattels; I had found out, however, that for all his undershot jaw and red eyes, he was a very venal beast, and could be bought off by a pat on the head and a kind word or two. Farther off down the beach, the merry-go-round was in full swing, whirling round its little wooden horses to the inspiring air of "*Viens Poupoule*."

Up and down the beach broad-hipped, short-skirted, full-chested women, with bright colored kerchiefs knotted round their necks, came and went on their business, hung up their multi-colored wash, darned their husbands' breeches, peeled vegetables for dinner; plying, indeed, on the beach, all the little familiar occupations that a New England woman would keep for her back porch.

V

The men who were not at work on their boats grouped themselves into little knots, gossiping about the catch of fish, the arrival of the next sand boats from Nice, and the probable duration of the present Mistral. Presently I heard Stan's voice behind me.

"She's got the mellowest sail you ever saw," he said; and well I knew who "she" was. "A better color than any of those down there. Come along and buy a chart of the coast."

Below, in the hotel café, there was a difference of opinion as to where a detailed

chart of the azure coast might be bought. One told us that charts of the nature we described might be purchased at the custom house; another recommended us to go to the Mairie; while still another kindly indicated the inspector of the port as the dispenser of all charts and nautical information. I saw our morning's work cut out for us, and was glad; as, after all, it does no one any harm to buy a chart, and it amuses Stan.

When we got it at last, the coast between us and Cannes, and again from Cannes to the Peninsula of Antibes, seemed singularly devoid of small harbors; a bare, rocky coast it was, which perhaps accounted for the fact that the Romans always pulled their galley up on the beach at night and slept ashore — which custom has been followed ever since by the dwellers on the north coast of the Mediterranean.

The absence of harbors did not discourage Stan. "There will always be," he asserted, "some little shelter where one can lay up a boat of this size. I can't imagine anything more fascinating," he went on, "than a cruise from here to Nice in a little boat."

Neither could I, if I could have sent on the nurse and baby by mail, *poste restante*, and gone myself in a boat of a build which I understood better; for I have the woman's distrust of anything I do not understand; and I will say for myself that my distrust of the small fishing craft of the Mediterranean was soon to have its foundation.

Stan, however, continued in his enthusiasm. "It has n't been done," he exulted. "You see, it has n't been done. These land-hugging fishermen never go out beyond rowing distance, and the Englishmen who cruise on this coast have done it in yachts they have had sent down. I believe in using the type of boat that the country affords. It is probably better adapted for the waters."

"Why don't the fishermen ever go out in rough weather, then?" I could n't help asking.

"Because they are Frenchmen from the south of France!" replied Stan, with a touch of irritation, as if that explained all.

"Let's go out and hire a boat for a sail?" Stan suggested next; which I knew was merely an excuse for feasting his eyes on the lovely shape of the Je l'Aimais.

At home, the hiring of a sailboat is a simple matter. One finds a boat to hire, and after a certain amount of decent traffic concerning the price, one hires it or one does n't. Here, we found a sailboat to hire without the slightest difficulty, and we wished to go out in it at once. But, said the man, — again it was Saucisse with whom we dealt, —

"M'ssieu' the Directeur of the Port goes once a week to visit his maternal aunt at Fréjus, and without his consent it would be impossible, Madame and M'ssieu', for me to take you."

Stan naturally inquired what M'ssieu' the Directeur of the Port had to do, in a land fairly bursting with Liberté, Egalité and Fraternité, with the taking of us out for an afternoon sail.

"M'ssieu'," replied Saucisse with calm. "it is the law. I have no license to take out pleasure parties; therefore each time I take out any one in my boat, I must have my paper signed by M'ssieu' the Directeur of the Port. Otherwise, were anything to happen to you, I should be responsible to the government for your lamented corpses. You can see, M'ssieu', the embarrassment it would put a poor man with seven small children dependent upon him to, to be responsible to the French government for the corpses of two distinguished foreigners. I cannot do it, M'ssieu'. To-morrow if you like — to-morrow in the earliest dawn — I will get the signature of M'ssieu' the Directeur of the Port. But this afternoon — impossible."

VI

The next morning we started forth in the Young Louis, the boat of Saucisse.

We started forth, it is true, against the remonstrances of Saucisse himself, his wife, the fishermen of Saint Raphael, the Director of the Port, the taker of customs, and the town physician. They all said it was no day to go sailing. Very little wind blew, the sky was slightly overcast; but still it was no day for a lady to venture forth; and they stood upon the massive structure of the mole, a picturesque, head-shaking crowd, watching our departure.

"Wind may come from those clouds," Saucisse told us ominously. "Sooner or later, wind is sure to come."

"Is n't your boat seaworthy?" Stan asked with some temper.

"M'ssieu'," replied Saucisse, hurt, but still with dignity, "I did n't think of my boat. I have been out often when the wind blew," he continued proudly. "I think of Madame. If the wind blows, waves inevitably rise," — he spoke as though he were imparting new scientific information to Stan, — "and if the waves rise, the spray will blow from them. And then —" he paused dramatically, — "Madame will be wet. Do what we may to prevent it, Madame will be wet from the spray of the sea. I don't like it. We would do best to stay within the harbor. Still —" He bent himself to his oars.

Stan watched him rowing for a moment or two. It was a heavy boat, and required no mean pair of shoulders to get up what we so insistently call "a white ash breeze." Then, —

"Why don't you put your sail up?" he inquired. "Why don't we sail out of the harbor?"

Saucisse bent to his oars.

"It is not the custom," he said. "We always row in and out of the harbor. It prevents confusion. The wind, as you see, is against us. Were all the boats to tack back and forth, disaster might result. It is better so; we have always rowed in and out of the harbor."

He bent to his oars again.

Stan subsided, but I knew that he was

hurt to the very core of his yachtman's heart. His feelings, I knew, were similar to those of a well-brought-up girl who finds herself having to commit publicly some grossly unconventional act. Presently, after we had passed the mole and had cleared what other few boats were out, with infinite leisure, with none of the snap known to the North Atlantic yachtman, — stopping to talk with Stan, who was very polite under the trying circumstances, — Saucisse finally unrolled his lateen sail, which lay across the bottom of the boat, and hooked it on to the bottom of the mast.

"I think I'd like to go across the bay," Stan informed him.

Serenely, with uninterrupted calm, Saucisse headed in the other direction.

"The wind does n't serve for that course to-day, M'ssieu'," said he with tranquillity. "It would be best to go down past the lion rouge and the lion d'or."

This he explained as one explains things to a very young and rather unintelligent child. "We will have a reach there and a reach back." He took up the tiller. "Let us hope," he said, "the wind does not change; otherwise the little waves will come up in a choppy fashion, and we shall be compelled to row home."

"Why?" Stan demanded.

Saucisse looked at him with a pitying eye.

"One has to row home," said he, "when one's sail pitches off," — which, it seems, is the habit of the picturesque lateen sail in anything like a sea-way.

I sat quiet, but content. I had sailed with my husband seven years, and in all that time I had never before heard his opinion disputed. In all those many years I had always seen him take whatever course he chose. I had seen him take the upper hand of a New England fisherman, of other yachtmen, and especially I had had him take the upper hand of me. I had heard him use the pitying tone that Saucisse now employed. When Saucisse opened his mouth and spoke, he was a communicative Frenchman, and ready

to impart information to the stray foreigner, however ignorant or however mad. He explained in words of one syllable the theory of sailing to my husband. He explained how the wind hit the sail and how one was unable to sail against the wind, and why one pushed the tiller this way, and again pulled it that. He explained these things with the same unspeakable patience that I had had them explained to me, after I knew them all.

We returned from our sail without mishap. I did not get wet, the wind did not rise, the sail did not pitch off, and Stan had had the theory of sailing explained to him thoroughly by a comic old pusillanimous Frenchman. I did n't ask him if he had enjoyed the afternoon. I had.

VII

Whether he had enjoyed the sail or not, Stan's first act on arriving home was to find out if word had come from Antibes from the owner of the *Je l'Aimais*. It had not. "Why," said the fisherman in the red tam-o-shanter, reproachfully, "it was only two or three days ago that we wrote!" Such haste evidently seemed to him indecent.

Stan had learned from Saucisse all he wished to know about sailing the native craft of the Mediterranean. There arose and grew in his mind a contempt for the Mediterranean fisherman and all his ways. He had sailed smaller boats on rougher water, single-handed, although his business in life did n't take him on the sea, and these shore-keeping sailormen filled him with a wholesome New England disgust. He had always felt humble-minded in the face of a Gloucester man, so he said, and had expected to find the same metal in the fishermen along the Mediterranean coast; but except in the pleasantest of weather, land was the place for them.

I don't know whether it was with the conscious desire of showing them how an American could sail one of their own boats, that he chose a day with a trifle

more wind than they considered wholesome to go out in alone, or whether he felt that he had had enough lessons in seamanship. We joyfully started off together a few mornings later in the *Quinze Mille Vierges*, Saucisse having refused to hire us the Young Louis on such an unsuitable day for a lady to go sailing.

No word in the mean time had come from the owner of the *Je l'Aimais*, although more than a week had passed since we had opened negotiations for her purchase. And every day she had sung to Stan her song about owning one's own boat and the joy one can have on the face of the waters in a little boat that belongs to one's self and to no one else. He had waited with some impatience for the final letter. He had got estimates from the other men around the beach how much the old *Je l'Aimais* ought to cost. It was true that the putting her into the water would be far more expensive than the cost of her disreputable hulk, but, somehow, this did n't impress Stan. What one spends on fitting up a boat afterwards never seems to count. It is like putting improvements into one's own house.

The next best thing after sailing in one's own boat is sailing in a hired boat, without a captain, having one's own way, with no Saucisse to tell which way one must head, or to draw long faces about the wind's coming up. We did n't mind the wind's freshening a little, anyway. Both of us were used to being wet with the spray of the sea.

So, contrary to all tradition, we hoisted our sail well in the harbor and made off for Saint Tropez, a town a few miles down the coast. A large concourse of beach loafers saw us off, and prophesied disaster with shrugs and gestures, while Saucisse openly expressed his opinion that had not M'ssieu' the Directeur of the Port been absent that day to visit his maternal aunt, he would never have allowed us to proceed forth; although I don't think he could have interfered, even under the paternal laws of the French government. There is no law which can

prevent one from hiring a boat and going out in it, although a boat-owner must have his papers signed before he takes out a pleasure party. In the first case, no jealous government can ask what has become of its citizens. Their loss is their own folly.

We had a three-quarter reach out, and our boat made fair time. It was a heavenly day for a sail, and I knew that each mile in the *Quinze Mille Vierges* made Stan think how much he wanted a boat of his own. We were both as pleased as children with everything. We liked the naïve working of the lateen sail, we admired the marvelously clear water. We stopped in little coves along the lonely coast, just for the fun of exploring, like two children.

Then we headed for home about noon, after a perfect run of about three hours. The wind had shifted slightly, which meant a beat back. We made very little headway. There was, I remember, a certain big, cone-shaped pine tree that seemed to walk along the shore with us. I said nothing. It seemed to me one of those times in a woman's life when questions are superfluous, and when it is even better not to talk at all.

Finally Stan burst out.

"I believe," he exploded, "that this darned prehistoric dishpan is falling off!"

That was just what was happening. We were falling off. The steady adverse wind was calmly pushing her away from the land; and as we had no centreboard or keel, the *Fifteen Thousand Virgins* was acting just as a skiff with a sail would have done under similar circumstances.

"Perhaps she'll go better on the other tack," said Stan.

We tried to come about. We nosed up into the wind, and there her lovely red sail, mellowed by the delicious Mediterranean sun, flapped as useless as a flag. She had n't had headway enough to come about.

Stan sat and gazed at it. He said nothing. There were no words in his vocabulary, brought up in the decent atmo-

sphere in which he had been, that would adequately have expressed what he felt towards that sail and that boat.

I still said nothing. I knew if I did anything it would somehow get to be my fault. I made myself as inert and inconspicuous as the big pair of oars lying at the bottom of the boat. And still the red sail flapped derisively in the wind, and still the gentle current bore us off shore. There was only one thing to be done; I knew it and Stan knew it. Neither spoke of what it was. There was only one way to get that boat round. I went forward, and stood in the prow of the boat, looking down into the water, with my back to Stan; he took up the heavy oars, and like any "son of a snail-catching Frenchman" he rowed his boat round about.

VIII

It was the only way, but nevertheless it was a terrible come-down for a yachtsman who all his life has aimed to do in all things as a yachtsman should. Of course, there was no need of my keeping up this false delicacy the entire afternoon. Slowly we made our way towards home, falling off a great deal, always driven farther off shore, and always having to row about. We talked little about it, but we understood then why one cannot beat back against the Mistral, and why the Mediterranean fisherman only goes out on a pleasant day, and why Saucisse would n't head in the direction that he was told to. And we also saw that if the breeze freshened, there would be nothing for it but to take in our sail and row slowly and painfully home, and that even then, there being but one man among us, the heavy boat might end up in some other place than the harbor of Saint Raphael.

I almost wished that this had happened, and that we had had a thrilling adventure to record, instead of the only climax being that a punctilious yachtsman had to row his boat about through long hours, while the sun and the waves

smiled at him, and his wife, more sympathetic than the forces of nature, tried to pretend that she did n't know what an unyachtsmanlike performance was in progress. If we had been blown on to an alien coast and had to spend a night under a tree, it would have been a far more glorious tale. As it is, we have talked very little about this performance since.

But we were not to be deprived of every dramatic touch. It took us three hours to sail down to Saint Tropez; it took us nine to beat back. It might have taken us twice nine, but for the wind's shifting a little, and a little breeze enabling us to sail home the last three miles.

We arrived home after dark, at nine o'clock. On the mole as we came into the little harbor, past the little toy light-house, there was the flashing of lanterns and the hum of excited voices, and out of the darkness a voice hailed us. We answered, and from a score of throats came up a cry.

"They come! They come! It is they!" A woman's voice gave thanks to the Blessed Virgin. All the fishing population of Saint Raphael was there and waiting for us. Two boats, we learned later, had gone out in search of us. Monsieur the Directeur of the Port was there, the Collector of Customs, with whom we had grown friendly, the doctor, our hotel-keeper, the head waiter, Saucisse, his voluble wife — all our friends, in fact.

A dozen hands helped us to land, while Monsieur the Directeur of the Port exclaimed to us in a reproachful tone, —

"Consider! Consider, M'ssieu', my embarrassing position had some mischance occurred, as we all so feared!"

We made what might be called a triumphal entry. We were pointed out

afterwards on the beach. It seemed that no small boat of the size of the *Quinze Mille Vierges* ever attempted to make Saint Tropez in an afternoon. We had accomplished a feat. Now they knew for a certainty that the madhouse was fairly yawning for us; still, our seamanship was a proven matter.

I did n't ask Stan if he still desired to skirt the Mediterranean shore in a boat in use in these waters. He himself carried the whole thing off with bravado. He still inquired daily and with some acerbity if word had come from the owner of the *Je l'Aimais*, and he confided to me that he should take some one along to row the boat around, since such seemed to be the local custom.

My own opinion is that not for anything in the world would he have bought a boat that caused one such humiliation; but still, I cannot tell. Men are strange and tenacious animals, and it may be that, had we ever heard from the owner of the *Je l'Aimais*, I should have to transfer it from the fleet of our narrow escapes to the fleet of the boats which we have owned. But we never did hear, so the question that put itself to me so vividly that day I first made the acquaintance of the *Je l'Aimais*, Would Stan buy or would n't he? was never answered. She was, after all, as definitely out of our reach as any of the stately boats we only dreamed of buying, and only because we were in a land where the words, "Step lively, please!" have never yet been heard. Three weeks was too short a time for any man living in Antibes to get around to answering a business letter.

But I still have my curiosities. Had Stan bought the *Je l'Aimais* would she have drowned us, or should we have had more memories to add to the day we spent on the *Fifteen Thousand Virgins*?

THE VALUE OF ALDRICH'S VERSE

BY ALBERT PHELPS

I

For some years my volume of Aldrich's poems has shared with Herrick a corner of my case of most intimate books. There he has no worse neighbors than Landor, Theocritus, and Keats; and I have little doubt that on many another shelf than mine this book of exquisite verse has found just such a cherished place; but I have often wondered what judgment the professional critics would pass upon his work when the inevitable time came for them to attempt to assign his official rank among English-speaking poets.

In the first place, both in his life and in his art, he held so aloof from the market-place of letters, taking no part in the literary "movements" which made and unmade so many reputations during the course of his life, that any attempt to value his work by comparison with that of his contemporaries would be of small profit. He plainly meant that his verse should live solely by what he might catch of the fugitive aspects of living beauty, and embody in forms of the most perfect clarity and finish of which he was capable — to carve out in the purest form of art only what life gave to his hands as precious ore, and to reject all else. Moreover, in his work, considered for itself alone and judged according to its own standards, the care of the poet has rendered the services of critic and commentator to a great extent superfluous. No aim was apparently more consistently before him than that the purely fashioned shapes of verse which he wrought so sparingly should contain all that was necessary to their appreciation — and no more. To this end, Nature happily endowed him with a sensitive temperament and an instinct for refined artistry; and a fortunate fate

granted him the luxury of writing as little and as well as he had inclination and power. Every now and then there comes an artist who may be sure of real immortality in the admiration of certain temperamentally sympathetic spirits, without ever stirring the indifference of the bigger public. It may be that time will prove Aldrich to be such a one. Accept his motive and choice of subject, and there can be no question of the consummate skill with which he has wrought his conceptions and impressions into well-nigh flawless form perfectly adapted to his purpose. Whether this means much or little to one is solely a matter of temperament.

It would not be altogether surprising if critics, with the best intent, and with all the praise which they must surely give to the delicacy of his workmanship, should present his art in what seems a wrong light to those who *do* feel that almost personal interest which, I say, is purely a matter of temperament. Accordingly, in some of the press-notice which have already appeared since the poet's recent death, there seems to be just noticeable already an unconscious trifle of the complacency which most people assume towards work cast in small form and wrought with conscious purpose to the highest degree of artistic refinement. Perhaps there is really nothing to be done about it; and proselyting for the sake of any artistic creed may be as unproductive of successful converts as the same sort of effort for a religious dogma. In both cases, the question is fundamentally one of feeling; and argument can, at best, hope to gain only a mental acquiescence, which means no more in art than it does in religion. Aldrich himself felt this when he wrote,

If my best wine mislike thy taste,
And my best service win thy frown,
Then tarry not, I bid thee haste;
There 's many another Inn in town.

Nevertheless, in the life and work of this man, so unswervingly devoted to one purpose, there are demonstrated some broad principles of art which are too little appreciated by people in general, and therefore too often neglected by writers; so that it is well worth while to attempt to discover the ideal which he thought worthy of fifty years of service and which has produced the only *uniformly* artistic body of verse in the course of American literature.

II

Here is a quatrain which in itself might almost serve to epitomize the artist's method:—

See where at intervals the firefly's spark
Glimmers and melts into the fragrant dark;
Gilds a leaf's edge one happy instant, then
Leaves darkness all a mystery again.

The four lines of this little poem seem to me perfect in their illusive beauty and fragrant with haunting suggestion. In their almost complete objectivity lies what is one of the chief charms of Aldrich's method, but also the stumbling-block in the way of such readers as insist that the artist shall extract the last shred of meaning from his subject in obvious explanation. Aldrich had the rare faculty of sketching a subject with so sure a touch that he dared leave it to produce and even interpret its own mood, without any crude or too obvious analysis of the feeling that originally produced the poem. It is the method of a Whistler pastel or a Japanese print. On the other hand, such a poet as Wordsworth—be it said with all reverence—might have found a hundred lines insufficient to explain, to the very dregs, all that he himself felt at such a moment as the one caught and fixed in this quatrain, and might have been further impelled to overflow in a foot-note of prose. Aldrich, however, has left all this

to an implied imagination in the reader. He has seized whatever was significant of the moment, excluded all the rest, and fixed the essential fact in a few perfect words which possess almost the vivid actuality of painting. The whole impression is so compressed as to produce the immediate and complete effect of that one momentary revelation of a summer night.

The external features of Aldrich's art are plain enough. It is cosmopolitan and, as one would naturally expect of a man to whom high culture had opened a second world as real and vital as the first, it draws almost as much direct inspiration from art as from nature. Yet there is little of outright bookishness and nothing of the manner of the dilettante. The effect of other literature is present, indeed, but only in evanescent flavors. One might guess, for instance, that some poets of France have had much to do with the forming of his style. One feels this influence, however, only in a certain clearness and definiteness of outline, in the likeness of the language to natural prose, and in the clarity of the form. There are absolutely no obscure lines overladen with turgid imagery or gaudily colored adjectives,—the besetting sin of nearly all English-using verse writers of to-day, who seem bent upon imitating the faults which Keats outgrew. What an example of the power of plain words to convey a sense of the most perfect poetic beauty is the "Invocation to Sleep," in such lines as these:—

The bell sleeps in the belfry—from its tongue
A drowsy murmur floats into the air
Like thistle-down. There is no bough but
seems
Weighted with slumber—slumber every-
where!
Couched on her leaf the lily sways and dips;
In the green dusk where joyous birds have
sung
Sits silence with her finger on her lips;
Shy woodland folk and sprites that haunt the
streams
Are pillowed now in grottoes cool and deep;
But I in chilly twilight stand and wait
At the portullis of thy Castle gate,

Longing to see the charmed door of dreams
Turn on its noiseless hinges, delicate Sleep.

But after all there is little to be gained by trying to find, through the internal evidence of the poems, the manifold influences which may have played some part in their creation. At best, one might only hazard a guess that Herrick, Tennyson, Keats, Landor, Heine, Gautier, De Musset, and Hafiz had been absorbed in the growth of the poet's nature. One just feels this as a congenial bond of artistic freemasonry, something like the pleasure of meeting unexpectedly in a strange place a man who happens to know all one's best friends. Yet really in only a single instance would a comparison with the work of any one of these poets bring out more clearly the individual qualities of Aldrich's poetry. Of course the English Herrick is that one; yet even in this case Aldrich has forestalled the critic. The lines with which he honors his brother of an earlier generation are sufficiently self-revealing.

If thy soul, Herrick, dwelt with me,
This is what my songs would be :
Hints of our sea-breezes, blent
With odors from the orient;
Indian vessels deep with spice;
Star-showers from the Norland ice;
Wine-red jewels that seem to hold
Fire, but only burn with cold;
Antique goblets, strangely wrought,
Filled with wine of happy thought;
Bridal measures; vain regrets;
Laburnum buds and violets;
Hopeful as the break of day;
Clear as crystal; new as May;
Musical as brooks that run
O'er yellow shadows in the sun;
Soft as the satin fringe that shades
The eye-lids of thy Devon maids;
Brief as thy lyrics, Herrick, are,
And polished as the bosom of a star.

In these lines you find Aldrich himself, and his verse also has the same gem-like quality. Words, as he uses them, seem to have the almost visible loveliness of precious stones or wrought gold. The very mold into which his fancy is cast is most often satisfyingly beautiful in itself, independent of the poetic spirit

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which animates it — in the same way in which the silent beauty of a vase, or the color and texture of rare fabrics, is satisfying. Herrick himself could not have added a further touch of grace to such poems as "Corydon" or "A Bridal Measure." Nor does the volume of the elder master enshrine more charming portraits of imaginary women than one finds in Aldrich's pages. Sometimes it is only a sketch in a few lines to stir the fancy into dream-making — a city street at night and a girl standing "as in a golden frame" in the light of a shop-window. Or it may be an intaglio head carved by a long-dead artist in precious stone. Now it is a woman of our own day and race transformed momentarily by the magic atmosphere of the sea into

A siren lithe and debonaire,
With wristlets woven of scarlet weeds,
And strings of lucent amber beads
Of sea-kelp shining in her hair.

Again it is a girl reading in a dim room, from an illuminated volume, of knights and queens passing with music and antique pageantry through the vellum pages — the pale, intent face, pallid lips, and bowed head — the transient flush of the cheek — the lowered eyes full of dreams — the wind rattling against the casement — and on the hearth a fire of apple-wood along whose damp bark a little flame runs and chirrup like "a wren's ghost haunting the familiar bough." But perhaps the most perfect of all in the real magic of the words is the oriental vision of the young slave-girl from the Bosphorus in "Nourmadede."

Long narrow eyes, as black as black !
And melting, like the stars in June;
Tresses of night drawn smoothly back
From eye-brows like the crescent moon.
She paused an instant with bowed head,
Then, at a motion of her wrist,
A veil of gossamer outspread
And wrapped her in a silver mist.

The lanterns spread a cheating glare;
Such stains they threw from bough and vine
As if the slave boys here and there
Had spilled a jar of brilliant wine.
And then the fountain's drowsy fall,

The burning aloes' heavy scent,
The night, the place, the hour—they all
Were full of subtle blandishment.

O shape of blended fire and snow!
Each clime to her some spell had lent—
The North her cold, the South her glow,
Her languors all the Orient.
Her scarf was as the cloudy fleeces,
The moon draws round its loveliness,
That so its beauty may increase
The more by being seen the less.
And as she moved, and seemed to float—
So floats a swan!—in sweet unrest,
A string of sequins at her throat
Went clink and clink against her breast.
And what did some birth-fairy do
But set a mole, a golden dot,
Close to her lip to pierce men through.

But beyond this rare quality of invoking the illusion of visible beauty, Aldrich's verse possesses the still rarer gift of a delicate and subtle music, so spontaneous in fluid melody and so perfectly cadenced in the fine harmony of the rhyme, that he seems to have found again the lost secret of Elizabethan lyrics. In the smaller pieces,—such as "Imogen," "Threnody," "Insomnia," "Nocturne," and "Palabras Carinosas," for instance—his sense of form and symmetry orbs itself most perfectly. There are narrative poems in the volume, also, as flawless as the lyrics, dramatic fragments, sonnets, and descriptive pieces that rank with the best, and in *Judith and Holofernes*, he has more perfectly mastered the music of blank verse, so it seems to me, than any poet of the later nineteenth century, except Tennyson; yet his preference was openly for

the lyric
Ever on the lip,
Rather than the epic
Memory lets slip;

and the singing melody which he knew so well to draw from a few lines of mated words fully justified his choice. Fragile, evanescent, almost fragrant with sweetness, the charm is incommunicable save by quotation. It would be hard to find in English a lyric more perfect by every test of art than this:—

O cease, sweet music, let us rest!
Too soon the hateful light is born;
Henceforth let day be counted night,
And midnight called the morn.

O cease, sweet music, let us rest!
A tearful languid spirit lies,
Like the dim scent in violets,
In beauty's gentle eyes.

There is a sadness in sweet sound
That quickens tears. O music, lest
We weep with thy strange sorrows, cease!
Be still and let us rest.

Yet all this preoccupation with form, this eagerness for beauty in which the added charm of art is always present, in no way dulled his sense of the simple loveliness of nature. It was an article of faith with him that even the sincerest poetic impulse lost half its value when expressed in crude, unshapely verse; that gold, when carved into the chaste design of ornament, was more golden than when it lay clodded in the earth or only half-revealed in the baser quartz; that the diamond, to be of worth, must be polished with its own rich dust, or—to quote his own words—

Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,
Were little poorer if he lacked the thought.

But his mastery of the refined technic of verse never led him into mere display of virtuosity. The true use of technical mastery is admirably revealed in the exquisite simplicity, the transparent clarity, of the slightest line that came from his hand. In the same way—although he was frankly of the world of urbanity and culture, and although he was not given to such voluble protestations as the Pharisees of nature-worship use—he was never forgetful of his kinship with the earth, whose beauty he could limn in lines

From end to end in blossom like the bough
The May breathes on.

The life of the town never deafened his ear to "the flutings of the silver wind," nor bound his fancy to its treadmill.

When the first crocus thrusts its point of gold
Up through the still snow-drifted garden
mould,

And folded green things in dim woods unclose
 Their crinkled spears, a sudden tremor goes
 Into my veins and makes me kith and kin
 To every wild-born thing that thrills and
 blows.

Sitting beside this crumbling sea-coal fire,
 Here in the city's ceaseless roar and din,
 Far from the brambly paths I used to know,
 Far from the rustling brooks that slip and
 shine

Where the Neponset alders take their glow,
 I share the tremulous sense of bud and briar
 And inarticulate ardors of the vine.

III

So much for the external impression of Aldrich's poetry; but it is only when we look deeper below the transparent surface and seek to analyze the source of this apparent simplicity of result, that we begin to learn the real power of the man.

The very end and aim of such art is that the enjoyment of it should depend upon nothing extraneous to itself nor upon anything which it has to offer beyond its intrinsic beauty. However much the maker may be preoccupied with the attainment of symmetry, he means that we who are to receive his work shall not be dragged in as distracted witnesses of his labor. The ideal and purpose of *form* is that the final clarity and essential completeness of the result shall obliterate all traces of the process of creation.

The creed of such an artist as Aldrich is simple and brief: To reveal his own impressions and intuitions of the beauty and significance of life, with as much of the living quality of their revelation, and even of the instantaneous vividness of the moment of inspiration, as he can transmit through a relatively cumbersome medium of expression; hence, to fix the essential and eliminate superfluous detail; to complete the work within as small a compass as possible, so that it may be apprehended as a whole and the impression be instantaneous, vivid, and direct; to make the carefully planned symmetry of form felt only in the simplicity, clearness, and

harmony of the effect. That he was enabled by temperament and good fortune to follow and even practically attain this ideal, independent of the support and influence of the public, gives his poetic work a unique value aside from any other qualities which it may possess or lack.

The fact that he employed usually the smaller forms of verse does not, of course, detract from the value of his achievement as an example of artistic excellence. Symmetry of form is revealed most clearly in concentration — in the short story more than in the novel; in the sonnet more than in the epic; in the fugue more than in the opera. And here, too, in order fully to appreciate æsthetic values, one must consider the form, for the time being, apart from the content of the work of art — a disassociation, by the way, especially hard for Anglo-Saxons. The maxims of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" — though perhaps themselves less useful than the equally well-known rhyme, —

Thirty days hath September, —

would doubtless outweigh, on the scales of the every-day moral philosopher, the illusive phantasy of Poe's "Ulalume;" yet this poem, passing beyond the bourne of ordered thought, almost beyond the sphere of poetry, into music, awakens — with that strange magic which is the power of the artist alone — a vague consciousness of the mysterious life within us which lies deeper than reason.

The citing of such an extreme instance as "Ulalume" is not to be taken as an implication that art should not be employed as the vehicle of rational ideas, or may not illuminate with its living radiance the most profound depths of thought. All that is meant is that, in the criticism of art, the work of the artist and not his material is to be considered, and that art is simply the medium of expression, and is ruled by special laws which are not affected by the nature of the subject beyond the necessary adaptation of the means to the end. Thus, although a poem, even a small one, may, and often

does, contain in symbolic form a truly vast suggestion of significant thought, it may also, with equal propriety and without losing any of its purely artistic excellence, serve to color and transform even the trivial, the impossible, the useless — if such expressions do indeed have any but a very relative meaning. We are learning from the Japanese that in merely arranging a spray of cherry-blossoms in a jar one may produce a work of art, fragile as it is, that may be as truly precious for that fleeting sense of pure beauty as the work of him who paints Fusi-yama. Form — this human creation wrought from the incoherence of nature — possesses in its essential being a strange vitality which we do not yet understand, and springs from a deeper source than we are fully conscious of.

The many who still seem to think that form is a mere artifice, a technical convention, should recall one simple instance of the potent magic with which it may irradiate life. Many a farmer, no doubt, in his fall ploughing has turned up the nest of a field-mouse; yet, in only the single case which must start up in the memory of every one, did this little incident become a pathetic tragedy which has stirred the deepest and tenderest feelings of humanity in the thousands who have read and never forgotten Burns's poem. This transformation of a commonplace fact into that moving force of revelation which we call poetry, is wrought solely by the form through which the sensitive brain of the poet has transmitted his own vivid impression to others less alive to the significance of the life around them and of what they themselves think and feel.

Form is all-important, — let the subject be what it may, — whether the medium of expression be music, poetry, painting, or sculpture. It is the swift short-hand of art, by which impressions are transmitted with all the direct and instantaneous vividness of the moment of inspiration. It is the embodiment of the harmony which art seeks to wrest from the

mystery of life. It is the *lingua franca* of the ages; for no formless work has long outlasted its generation. Then, since form is of such infinite importance, not as a mere ornament of art but as the very means of its effectiveness, the work of one who is preëminently successful in its achievement has a special value in an age and land where the bigger public is too likely to encourage hasty overproduction and careless disregard of the sincerity which makes for permanence and worth. For these reasons, Aldrich's poetry, so unique in American literature for uniform excellence and lifelong consistency of purpose and attainment, is a precious legacy to the poets of to-morrow.

IV

But fortunately this theoretical view of Aldrich's poetry is not at all necessary to its comprehension and enjoyment. The perfect simplicity and clearness of his verse demand of the reader little beyond a natural sensitiveness to pure beauty. He recognized that life really exists for us only in those comparatively rare moments which seem to be endowed with a special meaning; and knowing, whether by deliberation or instinct, the limits as well as the scope of his power, he chose for his art those moments which offer some subtle and delicate gift of beauty, or flash a momentary revelation upon the eternal mysteries around and within us.

No poet ever held his calling more sacred or kept his soul, as a sensitive instrument, in finer tune for inspiration. With patient art he wove his many-colored words into the fine texture of his cloth of gold, careful that nothing in the tissue or the design should be of a hue that might fade with the passing interests of the day, and thinking, perhaps, of those priceless fragments of Sappho and the minor poets of Hellas preserved in the quotations of commentators. Then, before the glow of life began to flicker, or his hand to lose its skill, he closed his

work, so that no chance weakness might mar its plan.

The poet was right, and has probably assured himself a cherished memory when the conditions which have made the short and loud fame of work of the hour have passed into the dead and dusty re-

cords of history; for in his verse one surely feels that grace which possesses the charm of perennial youth, and finds those essential verities of loveliness that are as fresh in an ancient line of Meleager as in the new sweetness of a spring morning to-day.

ANIMULA VAGA

BY JOHN B. TABB

A SPIRIT from the grave
Again I come,
E'en as I vanished, save
Disrobed and dumb.

No shadow as I pass —
However clear
The wave on mirroring glass —
Betrays me near;

Nor unto them that live
Forlorn of me,
A signal can I give
Of sympathy.

Ah, better 't were to hide
Where none appear,
Than thus in death abide
To life so near!

A CAPTAIN OF THE VANISHED FLEET

BY BENJAMIN SHARP

His tall spare figure was for many years a familiar object in the streets of Nantucket. Jovial, energetic, sinewy, and active, he represented the type of men who built up a great industry. Born when that industry was nearly crushed out of existence by the war with England, the child of eight years trudged to school through the streets of the greatest whaling port of the world; his voyages covered the age of its greatest prosperity, and in his retirement on his island home he watched its decline and its extinction.

One day, when looking at the crumbling wharves and shallowing docks, he said, "When I was a boy these looked like a cedar swamp." The masts of sloops, schooners, and ships, two or three deep at the wharves, rose along the harbor front like a forest, where now there is nothing — a coal schooner, perhaps; or maybe a wood coaster might pull in for a week, and then have to wait for high tide to get clear of the mud in which she had been lying.

This whaleman was born when Nantucket was at a standstill and was cold and hungry. The war had taken from the islanders their only occupation. Their ships, which had escaped burning and capture, came hurrying home when they heard of the war, like birds flying to cover on the approach of a storm. The soil of the island was poor; little or no wood was then growing there. During the first year of the war the islanders fished for cod and chased the humpback whale in the waters to the east of their island; this gave them food and light. Once a privateer appeared and captured their boats. As they dared not put out again, food now became scarce,—of fuel there was but little,—and they were cold and

hungry, as their fathers had been during the War of the Revolution.

As a boy, our coming mariner played about the wharves and climbed the rigging of the many ships then fitting out; or with some companions got an old whale boat and played whaling in the harbor, as other boys "off island" played Indian. With a log for a whale and an old "iron," they became skillful harpooners long before they were called upon to change play into grim work; and like the Carib boy, who had to pierce his food with an arrow before he could have it, the Nantucket boys became experts before they went to sea. And they became strong of back and powerful of limb in this whale boat, painted black on one side and white on the other, for boys did not agree any more then than now. Agreeing, however, to disagree, the larboard and starboard watches divided, and painted their respective sides to suit their own tastes.

The shipping of those days amounted to a little over twenty thousand tons, making Nantucket the greatest whaling port in the world, with its vast fleet whose "harpoons penetrated with success every nook and corner of every ocean." What is twenty thousand to-day? Many a great ocean liner nowadays has a greater tonnage, and so accustomed are we now to bigness, that some, knowing nothing else, will not believe it to be possible that those small vessels could have lived through the gales which they experienced. We forget that an enormous steel monster, driving into a head sea at the rate of seventeen to twenty miles an hour, is a very different problem from a light wooden vessel, hove to, and riding like a duck on the surface of a long mountainous wave.

Is safety always in size? Some modern writers seem to think so. One who recently described a voyage he took in a "four-poster" from San Francisco to Liverpool, tells of a gale he experienced off the Horn, making the statement that, in his opinion, no ship of less than one thousand tons could have lived through it! How many whale ships of less than three hundred tons have ridden the gales off that stormy cape, and probably made better weather of it than his great elephant ever did? Of three hundred tons! The old *Lydia* of Nantucket made two Cape Horn voyages, besides spending a year in that region hunting "elephant oil," and going eight voyages to the South Atlantic, and was of only one hundred and sixty tons! Between 1790 and 1800 there were thirty Cape Horn voyages from Nantucket alone, to say nothing of those from other ports of the United States, and all in ships under three hundred tons. None of them were lost, and it is more than likely that some met with gales fully as severe as those of our young author, describing his first voyage at sea.

Our captain's first experience at sea was as a boy, in the capacity of two men. He once jocularly said to me, "I had two berths — cook and steward — two men, and I was only fourteen." I have often wondered how the men fared on that little sloop, as she sailed away to Philadelphia full of oil and spermaceti candles, with a fourteen-year-old boy as cook and steward. The food must have been simple, or the digestions of the crew very good, for he made several trips back and forth, leaving the oil and candles in Philadelphia, and bringing home things which they had not at home — corned beef, flour, iron, and other raw materials for the many trades then thriving on his busy little island, where all the refitting and provisioning were done, so that the island teemed with a life that is now scarcely credible.

The flour from "off," as the mainland was called, was made into ship's bis-

cuit or hard-tack and stamped with the baker's initials. Some of these stamps have survived the wholesale destruction of old things. One was a circular disk of wood through which hand-made nails had been driven and their heads secured. In the centre of this bristling array of sharp points were fastened crudely carved G. F.'s or T. C.'s, the whole looking somewhat like a home-made curry-comb. The points made little holes around the initials in the soft dough and were pressed in before baking. Then these flinty disks of bread were packed into new oil casks, as were all provisions and stores for the ships, and these casks, when emptied, were ready for the oil as it came hot from the coolers. Sometimes it came in so fast that the busy cooper could not keep up with it; then the casks had to be broached and the hard tack thrown overboard to make room for the more valuable oil.

In those days smithies rang with the blows of hammer on anvil, as the iron work was turned out, as the harpoons and lances, the whale-spades and boarding-knives, were fashioned. The streets echoed with the rumble of oil carts; the clicking of the calker's mallets and the chanties of the heaving riggers made lively music among the wharves.

When walking along the now quiet streets, my friend said to me, "When I think back, I hear the old noises — and that makes the streets as empty as the wharves."

Among the riggers was one who landed on Nantucket from a wreck, a British man-o'-war's man, — Robert Ratliff, — who spent the best part of his life as master rigger there, until the great fire swept his all away. I listened to his story as he told it at the Asylum (as the islanders charitably call their home for the poor) shortly before his death, — of his voyage on the Northumberland, and how the great Corsican appeared on his way to St. Helena.

All is past and nearly all forgotten. Of the seven great rope-walks, where shrouds and cables, running riggers, and tow lines

were made, not a trace remains, and I doubt if there be many now living who can point out the places where they stood. The great sail-lofts where the arrivals and the departures of ships were chalked upon the dark beams and the polished floors, with the harder knots of the planks standing out like little hillocks, have all gone, and with them the sail-makers who had first worked in "Rushie" duck, and then in cotton canvas. There is not a man left now who can cut even a small boat's sail.

There were great warehouses and candle-works, where the sperm oil was handled and separated from the waxy spermaceti. The summer oil had much, and the winter oil had little, of this valuable material. The winter's cold hardened the wax from which the oil was pressed, and as it would not thicken, this winter's oil was used for burning in outdoor lamps. Nearly all the spermaceti went into candles; none, as now, on shirt fronts and metallic cartridges.

My friend — for he was my friend — learned the trade of cooper, making his first voyage "a-whalin'" in that capacity. On this voyage he learned the craft of a seaman; on his second he shipped as boat-steerer and could wear the "chock-pin" in his upper two button-holes. This long wooden pin, which held the tow line in the chock at the head of the boat, was worn when ashore by one who had taken his whale.

The cooper was a very important man on a whale ship, for the casks were not all made up when the voyage began, though some of course were ready for the oil. Room for some hundred completed barrels was provided, and new ones made from the roughly shaped staves and heads, which formed part of the whaler's outfit. Then there were the casks which had been emptied of their stores and water, kindling wood and "slops," as the clothing, tobacco, and other necessities for the sailors were called.

Generally, by the time whales were

"raised" there was plenty of space for the oil. For whales then lived far away from that island in whose waters they sported when the Indian dwelt there. One of the first settlers, pointing to them, said, "There is the green pasture where our children's grandchildren will go for their bread." Yes, in our friend's day, sperm whales had gone from Nantucket, from the Bahamas, from the Brazil Banks, and had been followed round Cape Horn into the Pacific, where the first was taken in those waters by one of these hardy islanders.

It was often long before the first whale was "fin out." There is written on a fly-leaf of one of the old logs, a date, and "Nine months out, 23 Bbls sperm oil, Oh dear." It takes but little imagination to hear the deep sigh as this was written, to see the man come on deck and gaze for the thousand thousandth time over the empty waters and to feel that great sinking of disappointment.

Many have told of the chase, — of the attack with harpoon and lance, of the flurry and death of the whale, of the cutting-in and trying-out, of the joy and excitement of whaling, — but it is left to those who read some of the old letters, now yellow and crumbling with age, to know of the homesickness — of the longing to hear from home and family. The delivery of letters in those days was very uncertain indeed. Every vessel sailing carried many letters and packages, sometimes amounting to a thousand, to the fleet "on the other side of land," as the Pacific was then called, to be delivered at certain rendezvous: at "Turkeywana," at Lahaina, at the Bay of Islands, or perhaps at a "gam" on the "grounds," should the ships meet. Sometimes the letters were brought home; the desired ship was not spoken, or she may have been a missing ship or have sailed away to new grounds or to other seas.

The cooper's "lay" was a good one, as good as that of some of the officers. The crew of whalers were not paid wages; instead, each member signed on for a

definite share, or lay, of the voyage. Sometimes the voyage was a short one, when they had "greasy luck," as in the case of the Loper, which came home in a little over fourteen months, a full ship. I knew one whaleman who was forty-nine months away, and when the voyage was settled up, he found that he was, with his advance and his slop-chest account, seventy-five dollars in debt; he might have belonged to that crew which "got no oil, but had a rattlin' good sail."

So our cooper sailed away on his first voyage to the "other side of land," in a ship of less than three hundred tons. With royal and, maybe, to'-gallant yards on deck, and their masts housed, they worked in a leisurely way around the Horn, where the mariner of those days hung his conscience and left it there until his return. His ideas of what a Christian was were crude but clear. "He got his religion round Cape Horn," he once said when speaking of a brother captain; and "He would n't lower a boat on a Sunday — no, not if the whales were chafin' the sides of his ship — but he'd squeeze the last cent out of you." Then followed an account of some shady transactions of this religious captain. After a long silence he added, "He was a good Christian — but he was a d — d rascal."

The whale ship of those days was a thing of beauty, for expense as well as care was lavished to make everything "ship-shape and Bristol fashion." There was a pride and romance in those picturesque times — pinching and nail-paring economies had not come. The crew made a show on gala days with the white duck trousers and red shirts of the starboard watch, and the blue ones of the larboard. In spite of the blood and gurry, the oil and soot, after the whale was cut in and tried out, everything was cleaned, and with lye every spot of grease taken from the decks, leaving them "as clean as a hound's tooth." Our whaleman never forgave Dana for his slurring remarks on whalers, and the mere mention of

Two Years before the Mast drew from him violent and uncomplimentary remarks.

He knew George W. Gardner, who in 1818 struck out into new fields. Steering west from the Galapagos Islands, he found an area which fairly swarmed with sperm whales, thus quieting that whaleman, who only the year before boldly stated that no ship "would ever fill with sperm oil again." For the "Inshore grounds," as they were called after the discovery of the "Offshore grounds," were then practically exhausted, as the whaling fleet had hunted there exclusively for years, up and down the South American coast, keeping the glistening white Andean tips "just a-liftn'" from their mastheads.

Later, he knew the grounds himself, and also those stretching from Japan to the eastward, near the then called Sandwich Islands. These "Japan grounds" were discovered by a townsman of his in the ship *Maro*, in company with an English ship, the *Enderby*, commanded by a Nantucket Coffin; "but the Nantucket ship," he always added gleefully, "took the first whale there."

The horrors of the wreck of the *Essex* did not turn this lad of eight years from his desire to go to sea. He knew the survivors, as every one did, and of their terrible sufferings in open boats for three months. And other disasters daunted him not, nor any of the Nantucket boys either, for that matter. They not only knew the dangers of their future calling, from the whale itself, — the stove boat, the foul line, — but they were familiar with the stories of wrecks on uncharted reefs, of fire and missing ships, of the attacks of natives, and of scurvy. They knew the other side too, as many came back; for they had imaginations, and pictured the excitement of the chase, the sweets of the balmy coral isle, and the life at sea. Nothing could stop them. Whole classes in the high school laid their plans, and when free shipped together. Then no real man could become

engaged to his sweetheart until he had killed his whale, or marry until he was captain. "She married him before he had a ship," was a reproach in the whaling circles of the island.

He knew William Carey, "who lived in the Wawinet country," as he called the eastern end of the island. "Who was he?" I asked. He was the only survivor of the Oeno, I learned, which struck on one of the Fiji Islands and soon became a wreck. He landed with the twenty others of the crew, and the natives received them kindly. Inside of a month a conquering tribe visited the island. They were hungry, perhaps, for they massacred and ate all hands but the boy Carey. An old woman threw oil on him and then they could n't touch him. Thus tabooed, Carey lived there for three years among the savages, until a visiting ship took him off.

And many were the savage attacks on the whalemens of those days. Nor was it always treachery or savagery on the part of those people, but more often an act of revenge for some wrong done them. But this did not matter — they were "only natives" to these men whose consciences were hanging on Cape Horn for the nonce. The wrong, it is true, may sometimes have been merely indifference on the part of the white man to some native custom or religious rite, as when Captain Cook chopped up the idols for firewood, — an act of sacrilege which cost him his life. Sometimes it was wanton outrage for a small theft: a cannon loaded to the muzzle with bullets and scrap iron was fired (as a "lesson") into a peaceful village of thatched huts, among innocent women and children. Then woe to the next ship which came, for it was race against race. A boat's crew was enticed ashore, spirited away, and killed. Then the papers rang with accounts of "Another horrible massacre." Six white men against fifty or a hundred killed and mangled natives! In the one case, massacre; in the other, "just retribution."

And speaking of theft, I was told, as a good joke, how at Lahaina a party of Kanakas were "foolin' round the grindstone, and before we knew what they was up to, they had it overboard. We lay in eight fathoms. They dove down and rolled it a piece over the bottom and came up, and others went down, and by rollin' of it and spellin' of each other they got it to the beach."

Native and Kanaka in his mind, as in the minds of all whalemens, were synonymous. I well remember how furious he became when a newly arrived "stranger" to Nantucket, on being introduced to him, politely said, "I'm glad, Captain, to meet one of the natives of this lovely place." For some moments he could not speak; and when he had recovered somewhat he stamped out into the shed with rage in his eye; the only evidence we had of him for the rest of the evening was the odor of his tobacco. "She took me for a Kanaka," he said, when I next saw him. "Me!" and his florid face became scarlet.

He "knocked off goin' to sea" not long after the great fire of 1846. So he was an old-timer, for he stopped before innovations came in. He knew nothing of double topsails. His were single, and he liked to tell of the races between the crews of the three masts, when they reefed topsails at sunset on the cruising-grounds. For whalers carried large crews — more than enough to handle the sails. The four or five whale boats, each with a crew of six men, made thirty or more "hands." At a given signal the men swarmed aloft and out on to the yards, to see who could close-reef their topsail first. This reefing was done in order that as little headway as possible should be made in the darkness, for whales could not be seen at night.

He took with him on his last voyage the newly invented whaling-gun, and forgot all about it until nearly home. Then he thought he would try it — and he did — from the deck of his ship as she was bowling along with stun' sails

set aloof and aloft. He was a powerful man and said nothing after the discharge. He then handed the gun to the mate, a small man, telling him that it was good sport. He later gathered the mate up from the lee scuppers, and nursed his own shoulder for days after.

He, as an epitome of the island's history, went with some of the best blood of the place to California. The fire had swept away two-thirds of the town, and now petroleum was being pumped from the great oil fields of Pennsylvania. No one then believed that this rock oil would hurt the whale fishery. "How we laughed," a whaler once said to me, "when we heard that burning oil had been discovered in the ground! I was comin' home from the Indian Ocean and had just sunk St. Helena astern, when we spoke and 'gammed' a New Bedford ship. The captain told me of the finding of rock oil — said it was prophesied that it would kill whalin' — kill whalin', the idea!" And they laughed, as these two ships swayed on the long blue South Atlantic swell, with their topsails against their masts, the one knowing and the other learning of the discovery which would in a short time be the death-blow to their great trade.

Now our Californian came home but little richer than when he left. He had saved, however, and had been lucky on his last voyage. He stayed about his island home and saw the last ship sail away, the last schooner come in with a humpback and cut it up alongside the wharf. He saw the houses of his town taken down in "bays" and sold "off." He saw the ways, where several ships had been built, crumble away under the insidious boring of the "worm," and he saw a new race come in with the blue-fish, and swarm over his island, as was prophesied in the old Indian tradition, — for, said they, after the blue-fish had come, stayed for a time, and then disappeared, "when they come again, there will come with them a new race;" and with them indeed came the "stranger,"

the suspected, the "off-islander," the tolerated summer visitor.

The strength of these old men was remarkable. Those who lived through such lives as theirs were truly survivals of the fittest. He, with a brother octogenarian, two years his senior, each year had at least one "cruise a-fishin'." Alone they sailed, anchored, and fished. Did they talk of the past? — the aged recognize no future, and the present to them is dim. Did the one tell of his eight voyages around the world, with his wife as a companion for forty years; of his sea life, and of his children's birthplaces on Pitcairn's, at Samoa, and at Norfolk Island? Did he tell him how, when the boats were all out after whales, he launched, with the ship-keeper's help, the spare boat and struck and killed his last whale when he had passed the sixtieth year-stone of his long life? This I cannot say; but once they did lose a borrowed anchor and felt so badly about it — not the anchor, but the unseamanship of it — that they went the next day to find it. Each of these old men — the one eighty-two, the other eighty-four — took a dory and rowed a mile or two. They got the ranges, which they had instinctively taken, dragged about for an hour or more, with two bricks and a piece of trawl line between them, hooked it up, brought it back, and threw it into the sail-boat with the remark, "Sorry we kept it so long."

My friend passed away as quietly as did the great industry with which he was so closely associated. The first sign was a willingness to rest, — something which his long active life had never known. He then knew and said that he had "signed on for his last voyage." His last words were, "I'm all clear now," showing that he knew that crooked channels and treacherous shoals were behind him, and that he was now rolling away steadily over the blue curve of the sea, as his ship had so often done, and would soon slip over the horizon into the great unknown.

THE CITY AND ITS MILK SUPPLY

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

If the death angel, Azrael of the flaming sword, stood before the gates of the city crying, "Open ye! For every street within your portals must yield to me one babe in ten," what wailing and what lamentation would run quicker than thought through palace and through hovel! But decimation does not suffice the death angel to-day. Two babes of every ten die in our great cities, and the world, filled with the rush of our modern age, scarce gives a thought to this fearful winnowing.

Nor is such a statement in any way an exaggeration. There can be little doubt that of one thousand children born, the fifth year will find more than one fourth of the whole number blotted out. And the majority of these have come from the narrow ways of the city. Boston and Washington lose over two hundred and fifty, New York over two hundred and seventy-five children, from every thousand. Many an empire-making struggle has passed with far less loss. Read on the tattered banners of historic British regiments the golden scroll of battles, from Malplaquet to Pretoria. How few of them show any such list of slain as do these records of the tiny victims of disease in peace.

Study the rows of figures further, and certain definite facts stand forth in the light. June, July, and August are the months of greatest infant mortality. Diseases of the digestive system cause forty per cent and more of the deaths. Not only that, but many deaths from other causes are rated as complicated by diseases of this class. No small number of these might well be added to the direct column wherein occur the greatest percentage of the deaths. That points to one thing as a source of danger, the food

supply. Cow's milk is the exclusive food of a great part of our children up to the time they are one year old. It is the chief food of practically all children from the age of one to the age of five. The inference is obvious.

It is remarkable that, with all the excitement concerning pure food laws which has stirred our wide expanse of territory during the last year, so little attention should have been given to the food of the child. We hear of laws to provide inspection for meat, laws to control the sale of drugs, laws to regulate the movement and inspection of vegetable products, but not one of all these important movements has to do with a substance so likely to cause widespread death, or to act as a carrier of disease, as the one we are discussing here. Most of the foods are cooked. Milk is served raw. Most of the foods are limited in the scope of their distribution. Milk enters every household. Most of the foods give comparatively little lodgment or nutrition to evil bacteria. Milk offers both. Can there be any greater municipal necessity than proper milk laws properly enforced?

Strange to say, the little street of the Azores, or the mountain village of northern Italy, feeds its children better than we can feed our own. Smelling to heaven though these little towns may be, with gutters running with sewage, with walls and barns falling in dirty picturesque decay, their common milk supply is superior to that furnished even to the better class of our American cities. Twice a day, morning and evening, the herdsman leads his goats through narrow street and up rocky alley. Patiently the herd stands for its milking beside the clustering children, and the warm milk,

fresh from the animal, goes directly to the child. The rising generation there gets pure milk. Pure milk is whole milk from a clean, healthy animal. Such milk is practically sterile, and if it be transferred to the consumer in that state, it is safe. But the danger from milk increases with every hour after it leaves the creature which produces it, unless precautions are taken to turn it over to the consumer in the same state in which it comes from the healthy animal. Therefore, since we can solve the problem in no such fashion as can the herdsman of the foreign streets, we must first understand the peculiar dangers which surround our city milk supply and then find the means of overcoming them.

Our common necessities of life, such as air, water, and milk, are taken so much for granted, that many of their ordinary properties escape our observation. The widespread course of milk, coming as it does to every family table, makes it a means for spreading disease, once pathogenic conditions have been introduced, second to no other medium, barring water. In one respect it is more dangerous than water, since a plague of typhoid or Asiatic cholera startles the community from its customary phlegm and causes immediate regulation of the single source of supply. But the death of children from stomach trouble or analogous disease makes no deep impression upon the people as a whole, and a hundred separate milkmen in a city are infinitely harder to regulate than is a common service of water. Other factors for comparison may be found in the inherent properties of the two liquids. The transparency of water causes its instant rejection when it bears visible sediment. The whiteness and opaqueness of milk serve as covering and shelter for insoluble substances. Dirt and filth, the carriers of disease, are easily hidden therein. A report from Germany, the home of systematic inspection, well shows the possibilities inherent here. Berlin, with its great system of vital statistics, reports that its inhabitants con-

sume daily three hundred pounds of barnyard refuse in their milk supply. If that is true of Berlin, a city of extraordinary cleanliness, what must happen in our cities here?

Still more important than the mere carriage of dirt or filth, stands the power of milk to give lodgment and nutrition to the bacterial hosts. These bodies are about us everywhere, lurking in the dust on the window-sill, floating in the sunshine, lying on the ground; they exist in such countless hordes that words like billion or quintillion utterly fail of significance when the number in an area of any size is to be considered. These invisible myriads of the air, moreover, increase with tremendous rapidity once they encounter favorable conditions for growth, such as moisture, warmth, and food. All these are furnished by milk. Raise barnyard dust near an open milk-pail, and the whirling masses which have been lying in the refuse of the barnyard floor pour down upon the liquid as the destroying Huns of Attila poured down upon Europe.

But it must not be thought that all of the bacteria are evil. Suppose we try to separate the sheep from the goats. Roughly speaking, we may say that three great classes of bacteria may be present in milk, the acid-producing bacteria, the putrefactive bacteria, and the disease germs proper. The souring of milk is an everyday phenomenon, and every housewife knows that high temperature sours milk and low temperature keeps it sweet. Translated into scientific terms, the souring of milk means that lactic acid bacteria, the bacteria of the first class, have been busily working on the various constituents, and have changed a part of them over into lactic acid, which in turn has acidified the milk. This type of bacillus is commonly harmless, indeed it may have an absolutely beneficial effect, but the souring of the milk has been well called a placing of red lanterns to warn of danger, since the growth of these acidifying germs shows the growth of the

other types, both of which are carriers of disease.

The putrefactive bacteria do not as a class belong in milk, but to be present must be introduced there from filth or outside refuse. This is the class of bacteria most dangerous to the child, since certain members of the group are the immediate cause of many of the serious digestive troubles of children. Dangerous, indeed, such troubles often are to adults, but far more dangerous when they assail the delicate system of the child. Once entered into the intestines, they produce putrefaction there, with grave accompanying disturbances. Cholera infantum, for example, long recognized as an acute milk poisoning, comes from these dangerous enzyme visitors, and its symptoms resemble those of poisoning by white arsenic, a violent gastro-intestinal irritant.

The third class, the pathogenic or disease germs proper, come in a way which is entirely preventable. They are the germs of contagious disease, the bacilli which cause typhoid, diphtheria, and cholera, and they get into milk through milkers or handlers who are suffering from mild forms of disease, from persons who have been in contact with sufferers from such troubles, or else from deliberate or careless adulteration with a disease-infected water supply.

Besides this direct effect, we find one serious indirect result. All classes of bacteria by their growth extract considerable nutrient value, so that an infected or dirty milk, twenty-four hours old, gives less actual food to the child than does clean or fresh milk. And these infinitesimal bodies increase like wildfire. If two samples be taken, one from the milk of the night before, and the other from that of the morning of an examination, over one hundred thousand more bacteria per cubic centimeter will commonly be found to have sprung up over night in the uncooled evening's milk, than are found in the fresh supply.

Responsible as man may be for care-

lessness which allows the growth of dangerous bacteria, he is even more directly responsible when he deliberately adds water for purposes of gain, or skims off cream from milk which is to be sold as whole milk. In either case the percentage of fat is cut down, and a constituent is removed which is needed, not only for purposes of nutrition, but also for the heat which keeps our body engine running. Thence comes a direct weakening of the resistant power and of the capacity of assimilation. The milk business, with its billions of gallons of milk, hundreds of millions of pounds of butter, and millions of pounds of cheese, is one of the great industries of the United States. With any such volume of business comes the tendency toward unrighteous gain. How great this evil is has been shown in St. Louis, where it is estimated that over sixteen hundred gallons of cream is removed each day, — a loss of \$900,000 a year to consumers, and one which bears most heavily upon the scanty purses of the poor. In New York the frauds committed by the milkmen are said to amount to about \$10,000 per day, — a gain to a few individuals, which bears in its train two dangers, the transmission of disease and the lessening of bodily resistance because of diminished food value. Fortunately, business policy keeps one branch of the great industry, condensed milk, fairly free from adulteration and from disease. The great problem there is to get rid of water, as any increase of it would work injury. Not only that, but impurities in condensed milk may set up putrefaction, with resultant gases which may burst the can and necessitate the return of the stock.

There are, then, two factors to be considered in the control of milk. First, bacterial cleanliness, and second, the necessity for whole unadulterated milk. The first is the one which we most need to consider here. To fully recognize the necessity for proper bacterial conditions, we must trace the milk back to its source, consider the dairy farm, and what such a farm should be.

No matter how thoroughly imbued city men may be with city life and city ways, nothing touches most of them more closely than does the thought of country life. Typical of all wholesome outdoor joys is the mind picture of the old-fashioned barn. The wide doors swinging open to vistas of clover-scented meadow, the lofts laden with generous overhanging masses of hay, above which wheel the darting swallows, the cows and horses in their darkened stalls, and the broad bands of sunshine piercing the dusty windows, to broaden out into a full golden river before the open door, all give a figment of the imagination which completely fills the rural foreground of the average urban dweller. While that remains the conception of a dairy farm, the actual conditions are likely to be hidden completely from view. It is true that the old unswept barn where dust and refuse filled the air had evident difficulties, but it is also true that it had certain redeeming features. Our forefathers had a liking for "sightly spots" as they expressed it, and no one traversing the east to-day can fail to note how often a great red or white barn crowns some noble eminence. Those heights meant good drainage, good air, and free ventilation. The milk produced there, once it left the barn, was the especial province of the good housewife, and the spotless purity of her cool milkroom with its border of shining milkpans was her pride and joy. Not only that, but the short time which intervened before the warm milk reached its users left comparatively little chance for injury. Then, indeed, the foaming draught from the healthy pasture-fed cows might well bear health and strength.

No such conditions exist to-day in the majority of dairy farms. The milk supply of the city, if it comes from afar, must pass through hours of waiting by cross-road, by station, and in train, ere it reaches the urban terminal; and when it reaches the door it is likely to be anywhere from sixteen to forty hours old. Only when

the greatest care has been taken in starting the milk clean, and keeping it throughout at a low temperature, can it arrive without accompanying millions of bacteria. If the milk comes from near at hand, the increasing value of real estate about a city only too often places the dairy farm in some damp, undrained spot. In either case the doctrines of fresh air, cleanliness, and sunshine spread slowly through the consciousness of the hired milker, an employee not uncommonly taken from some batch of immigrants just entering upon their first occupation in a new land. So seldom is any cleansing attempted in some of these barns that every movement of the milkers plants the seeds of numerous colonies of bacteria. An almost historic experiment of Freeman's shows this clearly. Three culture plates, shallow dishes containing sterile solutions ready to give lodging and food to errant bacteria, were set for three minutes in separate places, one in the free open air, one just outside a barn, and the third placed inside, in front of a cow and beside a milkpail when milking was going on. The solutions were afterward developed, that is, were put under conditions favorable to bacterial growth, and the first plate showed six, the second one hundred and eleven, and the third, eighteen hundred colonies of bacteria. No result could more strikingly illustrate the possibilities of the dirty barn. Not only the floor but the cow herself is an immediate provider of such bodies, for the sides and udders of the animal lying in the filth of the stall carry many putrefactive germs. Then, too, those common carriers of disease, the swarming flies, may easily carry infection from a considerable distance.

The food of the herd must be good and ample if the milk produced is to be up to the standard. Where tower the walls of brewery or distillery the daily wayfarer may note streams of farm wagons which enter the big gates empty and come out full of dark spent grains. The farmer who buys those cheap grains

is injuring the composition of his milk, and his wagon is bearing an improper food to the farm. That is only one of the dangers which come to the herd when greed of gain or ignorance holds sway instead of a wise progression. The milk of cows suffering from tuberculosis and other complaints is another example. Concerning this, one thing we may say. Whether bovine tuberculosis be fairly transmissible to man or not, the secondary products of toxine reactions in tuberculous cows, or the impure milk which comes from any diseased cow, may fill the milk with most injurious ingredients. But all these things are less likely to occur than is the ever-present trouble of unclean milkers, of unwashed dishes, and unswept floors. In cleanliness, in spotlessness, lies the great solution. One more point should be mentioned. Look out for sounds in the early morning hours which mean that milk is being bottled on the street in the wagon, instead of at the farm in the milk-house. The milk-house may well be in a far from perfect condition, but milk bottled there is far less liable to serious contamination than when it is taken from the farm in cans and bottled at the consumer's door. On the street the possibility of contamination from dust, flies, and dirty bottles rises to a practical certainty.

The number of proper dairy farms is growing year by year. Those breeze-swept sunny heights which called instinctively to the farmer of an older day, call because of their good drainage and ventilation to the modern farmer. His long, low barn, clean-swept, with floors where every form of filth may be easily and swiftly removed, his open stalls and stanchions, his separate hay barn, all show thought, care, and cleanliness. On such a farm the milk-house is properly separate from the barn and deserves a word for itself. There come the clean-handed, white-clad milkers, with their covered pails whose contents have been drawn from clean cows. No milker enters the milk-house, but each pours his milk

from an outside passage directly into the aerator or cooler. This piece of apparatus takes the warm milk fresh from the cow, and cools it immediately to 36° or 40° F., passing it from a tank over a large expanse of cylindrical pipe, whose interior is cooled by coils through which flows running water. From the cooler, the milk is run direct into sterile bottles. These are capped and placed on ice, where they remain, both on the farm and in the wagon, until the consumer is reached. Such a farm has, as a matter of course, a pure and sufficient water supply and clean and jointless milk utensils.

With all the difficulties which bar the way it must seem an Augean task to cleanse the city milk, to force the farmer to have proper conditions in his barn. Yet after all it is not so hard when one knows that there are definite ways to go about a cure, that dairy farms exist where pure milk is being produced, and that in some cities the milk supply is excellent. Since it has been proved that a satisfactory milk supply can be secured, the natural sequence is the arousing of the community to such a point that it will require every farmer who supplies it to have a proper farm, every dealer to keep and deliver his milk whole and clean.

The necessity for those standards which oblige the milk to have a certain content of fat and solids, that is, to contain the amount of nutriment which should exist in milk from a healthy cow, is fairly recognized. The difficulty in this respect has come less from a lack of city ordinances than from the appointment of incompetent or untrustworthy officials; or else from insufficient appropriations, which too often keep good milk officials from covering any reasonable portion of the supply, to say nothing of taking care of the whole. The automatic law, which will work without ample appropriations, though long sought, is yet to be found.

The newer standard which requires that milk shall be free from injurious bacteria and germs, or that a fixed quantity of milk shall not contain more than

a certain limited number of bacteria, is the one which chiefly needs our attention. For this standard a tiny mass of liquid, the cubic centimeter, about the thirtieth part of a liquid ounce, is taken. A small portion only can be used effectively, since even here the number of bacteria present may range from a meagre hundred to a host of ten million. But counting the bacterial inhabitants in a cubic centimeter is quite as effective a way of telling the condition of the milk as counting the bacteria in a quart would be. It is known that the greater the number of bacteria present the greater the chance for evil growths. We may, therefore, obtain a standard from the total number present, and decide that for practical purposes the purest milk is that milk which contains the smallest number of bacterial forms.

So the bacteriologist, bending over his microscope and culture tube in the quiet laboratory, stands between death and the children. No unworthy follower of St. George, the dragon-fighter of old, is this follower of science, fighting the modern dragons of disease and death. To him may safely be left the task of guarding the city, provided we have a law which will require a certain limit to the number of bacteria present, and inspectors to enforce the law. In his laboratory the samples received from the wagons and the farm are each carefully labeled, properly diluted, and poured on plates which hold sterile solutions calculated to give the best results in the way of bacterial growth when placed in warm, moist air. After a few hours under these conditions the plates begin to show dark spots which steadily grow larger and larger. These are the colonies from the individual micro-organisms, whose progeny have increased at the rate of hundreds, almost of thousands, an hour. Each colony means a single living organism at the start, and from the total of colonies the number of individuals present may be determined. Their kind also may be ascertained, be it harmless lactic acid form,

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dangerous putrefactive enzyme, or disease germ direct. Such bacteriological care insures the surest, safest, and healthiest supply that a community can possibly obtain.

The safeguarding of the city's milk by sterilization and pasteurization has been so often considered that some reference to their action is essential. While heat up to 100° F. tends to increase bacteria rapidly, yet high temperature kills them, and the problem of the effect of temperature upon milk is no simple one. Whenever the housewife scalds her milk to keep it from souring she employs sterilization. Her real object in the process is to kill the lactic acid bacteria and prevent them from doing their work. In fact, practically all the living organisms of milk are destroyed by keeping it at 212° F, the boiling temperature, for ten minutes. But with this destruction come a series of changes which affect seriously the composition of the liquid. The gases, aromatics, and several of the watery constituents are lost, while some of the other constituents are modified. In consequence the digestibility of the milk is affected, and serious intestinal illness has been attributed to a constant use of such milk by infants. The process is a somewhat difficult one to perform properly; moreover, the appearance and taste, as well as the composition, of the sterilized milk, are injured. In consequence but little of it is used in American cities, though it is commonly found in continental Europe.

Pasteurization is the simple process of subjecting milk for twenty minutes to a temperature of not under 155°, not over 159°. This method, while it does not kill all bacteria, destroys the more dangerous of them, kills both putrefactive and disease germs, and commonly reduces the number per cubic centimeter from thousands and tens of thousands of bacteria to less than a hundred. Here is a possible safeguard for the individual family unable to obtain sanitary milk. The composition and appearance of the milk are not injured by pasteurization,

and decided results are obtained. The destruction of the souring bacteria is in itself no minor matter, since milk which either has turned, or is on the point of turning, may be given accidentally to infants, with serious digestive troubles as a result. But far more important than this is the fact that the destruction of the germs of tuberculosis, typhoid, and diphtheria is practically certain. Pasteurization is inexpensive, simple, and easy to perform, does not require complex apparatus, but does demand care. Yet any process which heats milk above blood heat can never be wholly satisfactory, and pasteurization is by no means perfect. Nevertheless, it surely seems wiser for the individual consumer to have recourse to it than to chance the use of milk from a questionable supply.

Higher and higher loom the huge caravanseries where flock the city dwellers. Greater and greater wax the numbers of hospitals and institutions. With the increase of centres where hundreds and thousands may be fed from a single source of supply, has come a different problem from that which meets the individual consumer. At least one record exists which tells how milk received pure may be kept pure, even when distributed in many different directions.

Down beyond the North End of Boston, where the harbor air first begins to hold its own against the city smells, lies the Floating Hospital, a noble philanthropy nobly carried on. A year or two ago, when a new hospital ship was equipped for its use, it was determined that pasteurization should not be employed, and that no milk should be heated above 212° F., the boiling point. That meant that bacterial growths must be practically excluded from the supply, for the cases which enter the hospital are largely those of children suffering from digestive disease. No satisfactory apparatus by which institutions could keep milk down to a minimum of bacteria had been evolved, and the search to find a way to ac-

complish this fell upon the director of the food laboratory of the hospital, Mr. Frederic W. Howe. He took up the task and designed a laboratory which sends out milk day by day with a smaller bacterial content than has yet been recorded from any institution. The Boston Board of Health requires a standard of not more than five hundred thousand bacteria per cubic centimeter. The food laboratory of the Floating Hospital sends out milk to all its wards with a bacterial content of from one to two hundred. How is this possible of accomplishment? It is done by means of a series of devices that insure absolute cleanliness in every process. That means a chance for the children, a decrease in infant mortality, which is one of the noteworthy accomplishments of the day.

The cramped space of a ship leaves little room for useless experimentation, so the sunny laboratory is a multum in parvo of four small rooms, cut off from the rest of the hospital and having communication by door only with the deck, by windows only with the corridors. The first room is the cleansing-room, where the nursing bottles back from the wards are washed by motor-driven brushes in tanks filled with hot cleansing solutions. From there the bottles are taken to the great sterilizer, — a rack-lined, copper-floored room where hundreds of bottles may be placed. The doors of the sterilizer are hermetically closed, and live steam, perhaps the greatest cleansing agent known, is turned on to fill every cranny of the room and of its contents. Then comes the modifier room, where the whole milk is modified to meet the needs of each individual patient. This room beyond the sterilizer is the essential part of the whole process. Any institutional apparatus must be of a sort to require a minimum of time and care with a maximum of efficiency. That is what is accomplished here. The modifier, a great square tank filled with cooling brine, holds a series of cylindrical tanks which supply the various liquids required

for the milk mixtures used in the laboratory. The turning of a tap gives the milk. By a single connection of the hose each can is connected with a live steam pipe which cleanses and sterilizes it perfectly. Every can, once filled, is sealed save for its single delivery tube, and the bacteria instead of being killed are excluded. Last of all in the series, but first in actual use, comes the huge refrigerator where the clean milk from a model dairy farm is delivered at one side and taken into the modifier room on the other. Day after day and meal after meal pure milk mixtures are furnished to the children, and the percentage of cases gained and the number of children who pull through despite the handicap of the slum, is the best certificate of success. No institution or hospital but can profit by such experimental success as this.

One more record of modern research before we close; and this is another chapter of that great theory which shows the possibility of destroying germs of evil within the body by means of their enemies, the germs of good. It has long been known that certain health-giving properties belong to buttermilk, but the scientific value of this fact has only recently been recognized. It was found that in certain cases buttermilk was extremely successful in curing digestive difficulties. That gave a clue to start the development of the theory. If buttermilk stripped of much of its value in the butter-making, and dirty from the process, would do this, could not clean milk be so treated as to make it of greater value? Experiment after experiment along this line has been tried. In the latest and most successful a pure culture of lactic acid bacteria is added to clean milk to acidify it. Sufficient of these bacteria are introduced to produce a maximum of seven-tenths of one per cent of lactic acid, a quantity which curdles the milk but gives in the soluble part a goodly growth of bacteria. These tiny warriors are the deadly enemies of putrefaction; once within the body they struggle with the bacteria of evil

which have taken lodgment there, fighting on until they utterly destroy them. This is the same action in type as when antitoxine in diphtheria destroys the poisons which that germ disease has brought into the system. It is another step toward the prevention of disease by neutralization. No slight possibility for the future is such safeguarding of food by use of good bacteria to fight the bad. Among the many attempts tending towards the stamping out of disease this latest discovery may well stand as a precursor of great and noble deeds.

Probably the best results obtained to-day have come from the union of private enterprise with the physicians of the city and with the lay allies of reform. The encouragement of such united action may well become a public duty. Wherever wagons upon the street bear the sign "Certified Milk," two things are likely to be true, — that the farm from which the wagon comes furnishes good milk, and that the dealer selling the milk has little difficulty in procuring customers. The sign is a most valuable advertising asset. Certified milk means, first, that a certificate has been issued to a dairy farm by a committee of physicians, and implies that the farm has been inspected and is in every way what it should be. It means, second, that the milk is delivered to the customer in some thoroughly satisfactory way. It is entirely possible that some features of any system like that of certification may not be practical for certain individual cities; but one feature, personal investigation of the conditions of the farm, should be a part of every milk inspection. In Vancouver, B. C., for example, the city milk-seller cannot obtain a license unless the farmer from whom he obtains his milk agrees to inspection. If the result of such supervision is not satisfactory, the trouble is removed by taking away the license.

But all attempts to create proper conditions have one difficulty, — they cost good money; and when we consider the low rate at which milk is now sold we are

forced to question whether it is possible for the dairy farmer to live and supply clean milk at anywhere near the present rate. Yet after all paraphrasing, we come back to the old question, "What should not a man give for the life of his child?" The alarming increase in the cost of latter-day living falls sorely on a great part of our population, but should we complain of the extra cost of the food of our children when we pay ungrudgingly for many luxuries? The American pays from eight to fifteen cents extra a pound to get the choice cut of meat, and he considers an extra cigar or two a day a mere trifle. Can he logically refuse to spend the comparatively small extra amount which may mean life and strength to his child? But paying a larger milk bill is not enough. Each consumer must see to it that every cent of the increased price stands for an increased excellence of product.

And now, to sum it all up: First, the modern study of milk tends to one end,

the exclusion of bacteria by cleanliness, not their destruction by heat. In general however, it considers pasteurization a fairly satisfactory substitute where pure milk cannot be obtained. Second, mortality statistics tend to prove that exclusion is necessary for the child and for the nation. It may be that at the present moment we are a little weary of reform. The pendulum of warning may have gone too far in some directions, but in one it has not gone far enough. The lives of the city children hang in the balance to-day. If there is any means by which we can bring back ruddy cheeks and healthy bodies to children unjustly deprived of them, if there is any way in which we can lower our present fearful death rate, who of the community can refuse to lend interest, or give aid? The trumpet call which summons should rouse each deadened ear, quicken each dulled soul. It is the call to a new all-embracing, all-powerful children's crusade.

THE EARTH AND THE HEAVENS

BY E. T. BREWSTER

A STATE of mind in which admiration mingles with disappointment is likely to be that of the thoughtful reader as he puts down Commander Peary's book.¹ So much heroism and sacrifice and pain have gone for so little! Even the undiscovered country which Peary saw a hundred miles away had previously been surmised from the set of the Arctic tides; the new coast added to the map of Grant Land amounts but to some seventy miles. Of Peary's twenty years of Arctic work the last have been by no means the most profitable.

Inevitably one contrasts the Roosevelt with the Discovery. Both ships found a

harbor farther from the equator than any before them. Each commander sighted new land which he failed to reach; and in addition, mapped with his own hand a new coast which he was the first to skirt on foot. Each, curiously, making his dash for the pole, went four and one-half degrees beyond his ship, and escaped by the skin of his teeth. Unfortunately, the resemblance ends here. The British National Expedition carried a competent scientific staff; its American rival did not. If Captain Scott² had never gone a mile from his ship, his party would still have made worthy contributions to science.

¹ *Nearest the Pole*. By R. E. PEARY, U. S. N. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1907.

² *The Voyage of the Discovery*. By CAPTAIN ROBERT F. SCOTT, R. N. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

Commander Peary's *Nearest the Pole* tells but too well the essential failure of his attempt. He loaded his ship with Newfoundlanders and Eskimos, and after all made no greater distance across the polar ice than Nansen and Cagni before him. It may be a trifle unheroic to fill jars with plancton and boxes with fossils, and to read a thermometer, once an hour, through an Arctic year; but half-a-dozen important sciences wait for just such commonplace facts. Polar exploration is not only a great adventure; it is also a learned profession for which breaking records is less important than keeping them.

But if other men have done better scientific work than Peary, few have played better the great game. In this respect his own too modest and somewhat colorless account does him scant justice. Possibly, in reaching forward unto the things that are before, he has already begun to forget those which are behind. Doubtless, too, his long familiarity with the region which he has made peculiarly his own makes it impossible for him to see anything with his reader's eyes. A catalogue of miles covered, of birds seen, and beasts killed, is too apt to take the place of the little details of daily life, the shoes and clothing and meals, — or the lack of them, — the housing and the talk, the devices for keeping soul and body together, that are precisely what the traveler of the easy-chair wants to know. Put the veteran explorer fifty miles from land on the wrong side of the Big Lead, waiting until two miles of open water shall skim over and make the risk of crossing preferable to the certainty of starving to death, and his account is vivid enough. Anything much short of the prospect of sudden death is likely to be lumped in with the rest of the day's work where it is to be read only between the lines. As it is, one gets a far better idea of what Peary has done than of what it was like in the doing.

Really to understand what Peary accomplished one should read Fiala. The livelier and more personal narrative gives

one a juster idea than Peary's own of all that Peary overcame — and the second Zeigler expedition did not.¹ This did, however, bring back such a set of camera plates as to atone to the general reader for any failure of management or for any undeserved misfortune.

One gets the setting of Peary's work, from any one of three histories of Arctic research which carry their accounts up to the time of the Roosevelt's return. G. Firth Scott's² is a slight affair, milk for babes. That of J. Douglas Hoare is a more serious work,³ well provided with illustrations and maps, and thoroughly good reading. Naturally, of the three, General Greely's⁴ is the most important. In method, it is strictly a "handbook," a somewhat encyclopedic account based upon original sources, not meant for continuous reading. It is, nevertheless, a fascinating narrative. The author's own party broke the record for farthest north; he himself went into Smith Sound with twenty-four men, and, coming out with five, brought out instruments and maps and the records of some of the best scientific work that has been done in the region. Whether, therefore, General Greely tells of the work of the Circumpolar Observation Stations, or of the hundred sailors, who, coming down the shore of King William Land, "fell down and died as they walked," he writes as one who knows about it all.

General Greely takes up, somewhat briefly, the history of discovery in the region of the South Pole. The same topic occupies also Dr. Mill,⁵ whose leisurely

¹ *Fighting the Polar Ice*. By ANTHONY FIALA. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1906.

² *The Romance of Polar Exploration*. By G. FIRTH SCOTT. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1906.

³ *Arctic Exploration*. By J. DOUGLAS HOARE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1907.

⁴ *Handbook of Polar Discoveries*. By A. W. GREELY, Major General, U. S. A. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1906.

⁵ *The Siege of the South Pole*. By HUGH R. MILL, D. Sc., LL. D. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1905.

and detailed account is all that a book of the sort should be. The simplicity of Antarctic conditions makes it an easy story to follow; the absence of memorable disasters makes it a cheerful one.

It looks as if the Hyperboreans will need to bestir themselves, or the South Pole will be reached first. To be sure, no ship will ever reach eighty south. But on the other hand, instead of the drifting floes and open leads that balked Peary, the traveler beyond Mount Erebus may choose between the level plateau of Victoria Land and the ice of the Great Barrier, a quarter-mile thick, that has not stirred since the Glacial Period. Antarctica remains the only dark continent more from choice than from necessity. Since Ross, in 1842, only two vessels have gone beyond seventy-five: it was only within ten years that the first of mankind waited through an Antarctic night, while thus far only a single party has left its ship and tried seriously to get south on foot. Then two sailors and a physician, all new to the dog team and the ski, went as far as Peary and his Eskimos. With Antarctic luck to offset the greater distance, it should be nip and tuck between Peary and Wellman at one end of the earth's axis and the two projected expeditions at the other. It is a question whether, in the interests of sport, flying machines should not be barred.

There seems to be no need for either Pearys or Scotts among Mr. Lowell's Martians. Our nearest planetary neighbors ought to know their flat and sea-less world far more completely than the children of men know theirs. In fact, even our own maps of the Martian surface have no tantalizing blank spaces at top and bottom, while, thanks to the nearly complete annual melting of its snow-caps, the poles of that other world are as familiar to the inhabitants of both as are the regions between. A mountain on Mars a quarter of the height of unknown peaks in Alaska and Antarctica or on the Roof of the World would have been seen years ago. A few miles of perpetual

ice prove to be a more impassable barrier than sixty millions of empty space.

The argument for the existence of Martians is both ingenious and plausible. Ever since 1877, when Schiaparelli discovered his so-called canals, it has become increasingly clear that there are on the surface of Mars certain structures which, so far as is known, are not matched elsewhere in the solar system. On the whole, too, no explanation thus far offered hangs together so well as that of which Professor Pickering is the author and Mr. Percival Lowell the most conspicuous advocate — that the lines are the strips of verdure along narrow water-ways that are quite possibly artificial. The hypothetical Martians, it appears, are fated twice each year to see most of their available water stowed away in one or other of the polar ice-caps. They have, therefore, been forced to cover the entire surface of their planet with a network of irrigating ditches, which take the waters from the spring meltings, first at one pole then at the other, and distribute them over the desert land.

Of the two recent books¹ dealing with this fascinating problem, that of Professor Morse is to be taken the less seriously. The author is a zoölogist, and a student of Japanese porcelains, not an astronomer. His book is carelessly put together, repetitious, decidedly partisan — and always lively. With the other, the case is different. Mr. Lowell is a distinguished amateur astronomer, who began his study of Mars as a boy from the roof of his father's house. He has built and equipped an observatory for this special purpose, and with all the world before him chose Flagstaff, Arizona, where the seeing is said to be better for weeks on end than it has ever been known to be at Greenwich. To unusual natural eyesight he has added one of the best twenty-four-inch telescopes ever built.

¹ *Mars and its Mystery.* By EDWARD S. MORSE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1906.

Mars and its Canals. By PERCIVAL LOWELL. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

Nevertheless, Mr. Lowell has not yet succeeded in convincing the astronomical world. Nor will he probably, in spite of the skill with which he has marshaled a considerable body of evidence, persuade all his unprofessional readers. The canals, whatever they may be, are close to the limit of visibility, where sight, always the most gullible of the senses, is prone to play strange tricks. Scientific men also are "intensely human," and it may well be questioned whether all the Martian canals are quite so uniform in width, or quite so straight, as Schiaparelli and Lowell have drawn them. No theory in the least pretends to explain their mysterious doubling; while Mr. Lowell's detailed and admirable drawings themselves show that the Martians, if such there be, have not run their thousand-mile ditches at all in the way which, to the earth-born mind, would seem to be the most efficient or the most economical.

Now in addition comes the new Planetesimal Theory to cut the ground from under the assumption that a civilized race of Martians —

"As much superior to us
As we to Cynocephalus —"

finds itself any shorter of water to-day than it always has been. Both our authors take it for granted that because Mars is smaller than our earth, it must by so much the sooner have run through its life-history. If then there are intelligent beings on our nearest celestial neighbor, they have been doomed to see their oceans dry up, and themselves compelled to undertake engineering works upon a scale inconceivably vast, in order to keep the surface of their planet generally habitable. Yet it is by no means certain that either the earth or Mars has ever been either hotter or wetter than at the present moment.

The old Nebular Hypothesis, which Kant and Laplace put forth quite independently between the middle and the end of the eighteenth century, has been justly regarded ever since as one of the

great triumphs of the scientific imagination. Nevertheless, in spite of the brilliant attempts of Lockyer, George Darwin, and others to patch up its weak places, the Nebular Theory has never really fitted all the facts, while with the progress of knowledge the discrepancy has tended to become greater rather than less. Only with the advent of the present century, however, has there been any thorough-going attempt to replace the old doctrine with a better.

During the spring of 1900, two professors in the University of Chicago, one an astronomer, the other a geologist, brought out a remarkable group of papers in which they pointed out the essential weakness of all forms of the Nebular Theory, and set forth a new and radically different explanation of the solar system. It is as yet too soon for the Planetesimal Theory to have been threshed out, and its value determined. It is, however, by no means impossible that we have here one of the two or three really important contributions that America has made to science.

With the present year, in two readable general works on their respective sciences, Professors Chamberlain and Moulton give the first accessible and untechnical account of their new theory.¹ At bottom it is a theory of spirals, in the sense that the other was a theory of rings. Laplace presupposed a spherical mass of attenuated gas, with its particles moving at random, and the whole coming in time to revolve as a solid. The new theory presupposes gaseous particles and meteorites, each revolving in its own orbit about a central mass. The one postulates as the ancestor of our present system, one of the somewhat uncommon "green" nebulae; the other, one of the far more numerous, flat, spiral "white" nebulae,

¹ *An Introduction to Astronomy.* By FOREST RAY MOULTON, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

Geology. By THOMAS C. CHAMBERLAIN and ROLLIN D. SALISBURY. In three volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1906.

with two long coiled arms, a central body at the middle of the disk, and numerous irregular knots, ready to become the nuclei of planets, — such a system, in short, as the great nebula of Andromeda.

Of the two accounts of the new theory, Chamberlain's is by several times the more extended, as befits the most complete, and by general agreement the best, work on its topic; though both follow much the same method, even to employing the same diagrams. The geologist, moreover, carries his discussion far beyond the point where the history of our earth ceases to be a question of astronomy, and considers the bearing of his assumptions on the interpretation of early geologic time.

Here appears the most revolutionary portion of the new doctrine. If the solar system never was a uniformly diffused nebula, no more was this deceitful old world ever an incandescent globe, with skies of molten brass, out of which rained liquid iron. It is not fluid within, and never has been. There never was a universal ocean out of which the continents emerged, an island at a time. On the contrary, the primitive surface was universal dry land, parts of which had gradually become swamps and ponds and, finally, seas, as air and water out of interplanetary space fell in, bit by bit, on the growing world. In short, all our old notions of the early history of our planet are just about reversed, so that our cold, airless, and waterless satellite suggests not so much a state to which the earth will come as a condition through which it has already passed; and Mars to-day reproduces the young earth when life first appeared upon it.

The time has been when the man who reported a snowstorm on Mars would have been accused rather of sacrilege than of credulity, and when the host of heaven were not to be theorized about, but to be worshiped as immortal gods. To the monuments of these bygone days two veteran astronomers have turned their at-

tention, as routine work at the telescope has passed on to younger eyes.

For most of its readers Schiaparelli's gossipy little volume¹ on that literature, which for nine men in ten is the only contact with ancient thought, will bring something of a surprise. The ancient Hebrews were a thoroughly unscientific people, who took their astronomy altogether at second hand; for that very reason, the general soundness of their knowledge testifies to the existence of a considerable body of astronomical fact and doctrine diffused throughout the ancient world. The Israelites erred in their location of Sheol; but their concern for the starry heavens above them, as for the moral law within, quite puts to shame the metropolitan of to-day.

Not our spiritual ancestors, but our fathers after the flesh, who built the prehistoric monuments of Scotland, England, and Brittany, are the study of Sir Norman Lockyer.² Lockyer's method is to put himself in the place of one of the old astronomer-priests, and with crumpleh for observatory, horizon for graduated circle, and in place of telescope a sight-line over menhir, altar, dolmen, or tumulus, to work out the same definite astronomical problem which confronted the ancient man of science. The idea is not new. The novel element is the precision of Lockyer's work.

Since the length of the solar year is one of the beginnings of wisdom, the first task of primitive astronomy was to fix the calendar and determine the dates for all sorts of observances and festivals. An obvious method, one followed by many ancient peoples and, in a general way, by ourselves, is to catch the sun at its farthest point north or south, and base the divisions of the year on the solstices and equinoxes. This is Lockyer's "June

¹ *Astronomy in the Old Testament*. By G. SCHIAPARELLI. New York: H. Froude. 1905.

² *Stonehenge and Other British Stone Monuments Astronomically Considered*. By SIR NORMAN LOCKYER, K. C. B., F. R. S. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

been hurried in great numbers into this "direct action" of general strikes, intended to secure ends outside of legislation or politics.

The sudden rise of this new syndicalism precipitates what is perhaps only the inevitable evolution of all Socialism, peaceful or otherwise. It directly threatens the radicalism which has so long monopolized the political power of the French Republic for its own anti-clerical projects. Indeed, the new power is likely to prove of more immediate importance to the Republic than all the conflict of Parliament and government with Roman Catholic citizens, who have never known how to use either their votes or their legal rights of action.

From the 8th to the 14th of May, 1907, the French Parliament satisfied to the full the national passion for logic and oratory in connection with this new irrepressible conflict. During a two days' speech, lasting in all more than seven hours, M. Jaurès defended the legal right to existence of the General Labor

Confederation; the right of "state functionaries" to form unions of their own, and their further right to affiliate them with the other syndicates in the one General Confederation. M. Clemenceau, whose ministry was at stake, would not condemn the Confederation; but he refused to government employees the right to rise up against superior authority. His concession to the Socialist leader did not please the *bourgeois* Radicals. Minister Briand, who was a Socialist leader, had advocated the general strike and helped to set the Confederation on its way, showed himself the same patient and superlatively effective debater as in previous discussions of Church and State. He saved the ministry for the time being, but only to be excommunicated by most of his fellow-Socialists.

This new majority was a distinct breaking away from the *Bloc* of Radical and Socialist deputies, which had so long ruled France absolutely. Time will tell if M. Jaurès was right in dubbing M. Briand "the Morny of the reaction!"

HEIMWEH

BY JAMES B. KENYON

Ah, could it be once more ere life's wan close! —

That I might climb the long ancestral hill

Where the smooth slope dips to the shattered mill,

And the shrunk brook amid its alders flows;

Feel the soft wind that down the valley blows;

Hear in the dewy hush the whip-poor-will

Thresh the gray silence, and through evening's chill

Breathe once again the scent of thyme and rose:

Then would great peace flood all my avid breast;

Welcome would be the dusk of twilight skies;

And as a late bird hastens to her nest

Through deepening gloom with little happy cries,

So should I seek the covert of my rest,

And give to death my sleep-consenting eyes.

CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

THE general level in this country, the predominance of the neutral, that impress themselves upon visitors, are partly due to social and economic causes, but they are also partly due to the absence of Time. There is always rawness, want of perspective, lack of composition, where the great artist, Time, has not been long at work. Time changes every aspect, but he has freest scope in history: he diminishes and rubs out, or increases and lifts into bold relief; he disentangles his favorites from the many and sets them full in the foreground of attention, as if there had been but a few dozen men since the world began. So we may hope that in the course of centuries the history of America will be as interesting, as individual, as striking to the imagination, as that of Europe; and that our heroic age, the period of the Civil War, will be as epical as the struggle round Troy. But first much must be forgotten: the lesser men whose memories love and pride have guarded must be sacrificed to oblivion; thousands of gallant men must be left to nameless graves, serving merely as numbers to magnify the glory of Time's favorites. Time will not botch his canvas with crowded figures, he chooses only such as can be readily moulded into some beautiful, imaginative, or heroic figure.

Among such figures, if one dare prophesy, will be that of Charles Russell Lowell. This little book of Mr. Emerson's¹ (doubly excellent in its admiration and its restraint) shows how Lowell already begins to detach himself from hundreds as brave as he, and to stand out in simple beauty like one of the figures of ancient

Greece. Lowell shows the large freedom of the heroic age. He had no false modesty, no unnerving doubts, no skeptical theories, no sickly conscience. Leonidas did not stop to wonder whether Asiatic civilization might be better for Greece and for the world, he did not weigh honor against life, nor hesitate to leave forever the fair face of his Spartan wife, the race, the chase, the colors of morning on the Spartan hills; he followed the high call of Fate and became immortal. Such a figure was Lowell. His honesty, his manly innocence, his unswerving faith, his singleness of purpose, his erect, straight-eyed young figure, full-facing duty, and his early death, are the stuff that Time the Artist loves.

He was quite free from the straiter elements in New England tradition. To do, ποιεῖν, was his purpose, *to do* in that ideal plane where the worker, ποιητής, is a poet. He had the simple idea that every man must do what work he can in the labor of life, come what may. "My ambition," he says, "is to keep up my power of work, to be able to *toil terribly*, as Emerson says of Sir Walter Raleigh; for this I am always training." He rejoiced in the fact that the real rewards of labor are spiritual. When twenty he wrote: "The happiest afternoon I ever knew. I use the word happiest in its highest sense, was passed at an open window, the first of the season, filing away on cast iron. . . . Nothing can repay a man for what he has done well except the doing of it. . . . The *Heroes* of the world have certainly needed work and had it and done it well, and it is *Heroes* that we must try to be." Yet there was no touch of Puritan self-sufficiency. During the war he wrote, "I have begun of late to doubt seriously whether I ever did any-

¹ *The Life and Letters of Charles Russell Lowell*. By EDWARD W. EMERSON. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1907.

thing right;" and later, "I am content not to look ahead very much, but to remain here quietly drilling."

His valor was of the same simple, integral character. The surgeon of his regiment says of him in the field: "Such a noble scorn of death and danger they [his men] never saw before, and it inspired them with a courage that quailed at nothing. You may believe that my personal regard for Colonel Lowell colors this a little. You are mistaken; it is temperate and reliable." While Lowell lay stretched on a table, just before his death, paralyzed from the shoulders down, one of his officers was lying near him, dying, and oppressed by the agony of death. Lowell said to him, "I have always been able to count on you, you were always brave. Now you must meet this as you have the other trials — be steady — I count on you." In the presence of death he shared with his comrade his own courage. Sir Philip Sidney, when he passed the cup of water to the dying man on the field of Zutphen, thought of the man's corporal pain; Lowell thought of the dying soldier's honor.

Lowell's courage was not that of the mere soldier, rejoicing in fight, like Diomed or Ajax. He took his part in the war with the simple idea that in the eternal strife between the higher and the lower a man must take sides. He wrote to a friend: "I fancy you feel much as I do about the profitableness of a soldier's life, and would not think of trying it, were it not for a muddled and twisted idea that somehow or other this fight was going to be one in which decent men ought to engage for the sake of humanity — I use the word in its ordinary sense. . . . There are nobler things to be done in this country than fighting."

Mr. Emerson's brief *Life* and his choice of *Letters* set Lowell's character into high relief by showing us the deep and varied happiness that he renounced. He knew the sweetest life had to give; he knew it, deeply enjoyed it, and gave

it up. He took pleasure in many things. He appreciated the loveliness of the earth. In Florence he writes, "Here am I with a stock of cheerfulness so great that my spirits verge on the idiotic;" in Paris, "Blessed be the man that invented words! I have enjoyed Paris. I have enjoyed immensely the Louvre and the Tuileries garden — Titian and Giorgione are as great in France as in Italy;" in Venice, "Yesterday, too, how could I write? I had just come from a picture by Tintoretto, a Venus and Bacchus, which . . . I might almost take as my aim, my ideal in life — and certainly it did give me a push, a swing, which I think I shall never entirely lose. The figure of Venus fills the same place in my idea of life that the Venus of Milo does in my religion." He enjoyed the exercise of the mind, reading Kant, Darwin, Buckle, Goethe, Ruskin, Carlyle, and the Elizabethan poets. He could speak French and Italian, and read German and Spanish. He loved horses and dogs; "Dogs are my weakness." But chief in his happiness were his friends, and the great affections of life. To his mother he wrote, "Try and help me to be a little more like what you saw me as a little child. . . . You must remember when you are well, I am well; you are the very root of my life now, and will be perhaps forever."

About a year before his death he married Miss Josephine Shaw, sister of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw. "In these times," he said, "weddings are what they should be, quiet, simple and sacred." From the front he wrote to her, "I don't want to be shot till I've had a chance to come home. I have no idea that I shall be hit, but I want so much not to be now, that it sometimes frightens me." Yet when Mrs. Lowell made plans for them after the war, for travels in Italy or Egypt, he answered, "We do not own ourselves, and have no right even to wish ourselves out of harness."

He was killed at the age of twenty-nine; she, then twenty years old, lived on for forty-one years, living as her

husband had lived, spending herself in service, free from care for self, free from all that could cloud or obscure the nobility of life. While she lived she was so light-hearted, so interested in all sorts of things, so loving in all human relations, so careful of little duties, and took so much delight in the daily joys and recreations of life, that, blinded by the mere pleasure of her presence, one did not wholly realize the simple heroic lines of her character. It is death and death only that reveals the full nobility of a life. As her husband had felt the great law of human gravitation impelling him to the service of humanity, so did she. *Semper gaudens in Domino*. She went about the city of New York, to right wrongs, to succor those in tribulation, to comfort the weak-hearted, to raise up those that had fallen, just as if it were ordinary business. Mr. Felix Adler applied to her a phrase from one of Longfellow's poems, "The Lady with the Lamp;" it was a happy phrase to choose. The lamp which Josephine Shaw Lowell held shed its own light on the objects it shone upon; in that moment the coarse became less coarse, the refined more refined, the repulsive, the vulgar, the mean, lost something of their baseness, and not in that moment only, for the lamp was a magic lamp, and where its light had fallen something luminous remained forever. Her story should be told, like the reminiscences of St. Francis by his disciples, in *Fioretti*, — the little flowers of memory and imagination that blossomed out of their affection. Her visits to the needy, to grief-stricken women, to unfortunate girls; her efforts that the insane should be kindly and carefully tended, that alms to the poor should do all good and no harm, that employees and laborers should deal fairly with one another, that justice should prevail in government, and honor in public affairs, could only be told in such stories. For it was not merely the things she did that made men and women love her, but the graciousness of her presence which graced her acts as fra-

grance graces lilies of the valley. St Francis said that "God is always courteous," and she had that high attribute.

Through long service to the ideal, she learned to rejoice in the world as she found it, believing that such was the will of God. In spite of daily scenes of misery, she was smiling and happy, joyful in her appointed place, seeming to say, like the Lady Piccarda in Dante's *Paradise*:

The quality of Love allays our Will,
It makes us only long for what we have,
And lets us thirst for nothing else beside.
If we should crave a higher place, our will
Would be at discord with the Will of God
That puts us here; and in these spheres
there is

No room for discord as thou see'st (if thou
Canst see God's Nature), for to live in love
Is here necessity. The life of bliss
Hath life alone within His Holy Will;
And so our separate wills are one through His.
So that ranged as we are from sphere to sphere
Throughout this realm, is joy to all this realm,
And to our King, who forms our wills with
His.

And His Will is our peace; it is the sea
To which moves all that His Will doth create.

The Roman Catholic Church, in its interpretation of the desires and needs of mankind, has had the custom of expressing in its own phraseology the cry of affection for such women as she, acknowledging by canonization the general right and duty to honor, to venerate, to imitate. This practice, in that ancient mode, we have denied ourselves; but when we see a holy life lived among us, we feel the same gratitude, the same wish to venerate, the same recognition of righteousness that the old world felt. Whatever our skepticism, it seldom goes so far as to doubt the reverence due to forty years of noble life.

Mrs. Lowell's life is the poetry that celebrates her husband's heroism. By what she did his high purposes attained achievement at least in part, and through her — one may believe or hope — they will still remain fruitful and accomplishing. When men have once seen the heroic and the beautiful they can never again be utterly indifferent to them.

Had it not been for her, General Lowell's figure would have remained that of the heroic young warrior dying for his country; but from her we learn that the cause he had at heart was the larger cause of humanity. He was a soldier by accident as it were; he plunged into the war, as a man fords a stream in his way, for the sake of leading his fellows to a fairer country beyond, in which he and they in soberness and moderation should strive for a fuller, freer, juster sharing of what life has to give between the men who work with their heads and those who work with their hands. In that way he hoped to satisfy his great desire of discharging the debt under which, as he felt, he lay to other men. He was one of those of whom his admired poet Dante speaks: "All men on whom a Higher Nature has imprinted a love of what ought to be, esteem it their chief concern that, according to the measure in which they have been enriched by the toil of men who have gone before, they themselves

must toil for the good of the men that come after them, so that these may be the richer because of them."

After finishing this little volume, after putting aside questionings, regrets, and longings for what might have been, one stands up with a feeling of pride, holding the book in one's hands, in possession of an answer to those who taunt us with luxury, ostentation, vulgarity; for here is the life of an American who, as men of all ways of thinking will agree, lived not for ambition, selfseeking, power, or glory, but for honor; and one feels the strong belief that Lowell's was not merely a life that is past, but the model of lives that are to be.

One is grateful to Mr. Emerson, who, with this mere handful of letters, has given us so definite an outline of Lowell's personality; and in the short story he brings in that delightful group of young men, Shaw, Higginson, Barlow, as well as Mr. Forbes, Governor Andrew, and others.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OLD CARES FOR NEW

"Are all these your servants?" asked an alert Northern woman, whose entire household owes its spotless cleanliness to her own relentless hand; whose table is garnished, food prepared, clothes made, and mended, by her own fingers, or those of her sister. "What a fine time you must have! We are glad if we can have one; and most of us have none." As to that, I suppose it depends upon the view-point. It may be, that with her three servants, my wife, Claudia, has an easy time. It is true, equally, if we grant that, that her money pays for it; and if money is not to make life fairer and easier, less a labor and a pain, why have money? I wish those who have little money might

have more, to make life sweeter, freer from care; or free, ever, for any of us, from the anticipation or apprehension of want. This is the one anguish the poor face daily; one hope they fight for, one thing we all beat in the ugly countenance of the Devil with: to make something for our own people, that, by so much, at least, life may be less hard than we have known it to be for those we have loved much. Otherwise, having enough one's self, 't were easy to rest satisfied with work well done, no matter what the return be. Yet, perhaps, the question of ease depends upon the view-point. God forbid that Claudia, my wife, should ever work as others in her place work, as I have seen my own loved people toil, from need! Let her rather keep a thousand

servants! Frankly, this matter of ease is one of comparatives, and depends greatly upon the point of view: we get certain assistance in drudgery from our servants; meantime I manage my man, Walter's, business affairs, and play the master for him in the old-fashioned way, heal his beast for him, build his cart, see that he has labor, give work when he has none, lend when he falls in need, get it again if he can pay it, or lose it, grateful that we have been enabled to aid an honest unfortunate; pay Prince's debts, despite his animadversions, in order to defend Mary's home from lien; save Mary herself from insurance and installment speculators, and the countless disreputable whites who prey upon the ignorance and hapless helplessness of the blacks; medicine and encourage her, prevent her from falling a prey to her own childish extravagance, Claudia buying the greater part of her clothes, more wisely and more economically than Mary herself feels that she can do it; and, between us, by Claudia's surveillance, and my own wrath and willingness to apply a rough grasp to vicious matters, to keep both white and octoroon procuresses from enticing a handsome, decent young nurse to her everlasting ruin. Thus, between us, somehow, we all do live, each easier in one way, but with greater difficulty in another. We, Claudia and I, are rid of what men call drudgery and menial labor, which Claudia's position in the world and active agency in many affairs in the community would not permit her to assume, and which I, while pursuing my vocation, have no time to entertain; but we are loaded with responsibilities which are not in any way avoided, nor are in any conscience avoidable; which are not easy to carry wisely, and are truly heavy at times to bear patiently or carefully.

I, for myself, have lived more easily, and with less worry, when I cooked my own meals, and made my own bed; I could do it again, and with a relieved sense; but it is not to be any more.

Life is scarcely easier; only a little more convenient by exchange: they give the lower labors of life; we assume all the responsibilities, as nearly as it is possible for white employers to do so at present. As the mother of Claudia's Cousin Henry said to him as a lad, when the Emancipation Proclamation was made, and the War had set in to its fatal decline for the Confederacy: "We may lose what we have hoped for; but go down on your knees, and thank God that you will be freed from an awful burden of instant responsibility for the bodies and souls of many men!

Let not the careful and economic Northern housewife who does all her own work think that the life of the Southern house-keeper is easy: where it is eased in one respect it takes on care in another. As for myself, I am content with the nature of our life; I do not know want; I have known it, not merely in name, but in a wearying aspect, a shadow across my whole youth; yet youth was happy! I do not deserve all that I have, perhaps; I am grateful; yet I have been easier when I had less, and had less care when I knew actual want. I have been far happier, to use the word commonly, when I have been poorer, because free from many great perplexities and extraneous responsibilities, which every employer of simple and childlike humanity must assume, if he wish to keep his conscience clean when he views it in his closet. I do not talk of things I do not know; I have moiled and sweated, and drudged daily, in apparently unending labor for small reward; yet even this I have since regarded as easier than what my friend regards as ease. My life, to-day, with four dark-faced and simple servants, seems less hard in the elimination of drudgery, but is harder through the amassing of strange cares; for, for every element of apparent ease, a new pain is given. All the leisure from labor which has been given to my life by the multiplication of servants, has been counterbalanced by the opening of new paths of duty plain before me. All the

delight that has been added to my life in twenty years, lies in the happy possession of my wife, Claudia, and our two children; as for the ease, and the rest, you may have it for a peanut. I wish I could take the drudgery out of the life of my friend, and the fret; but I am convinced that though I did so I could not give her ease, but only the exchange of weariness. No doubt she longs for other opportunities of nobler efficiency; well, so do we here, and face handicaps to that efficiency which she has never known or beheld even in outraged fancies or disordered dreams.

Once in a while we all are bound to face our lives very frankly, and, without pretending, take invoice of what we have got for what we have given. The multiplicity of negro servants, faithful, affectionate, simple-hearted, easily gratified though they may be, when best, is not ease for honest men; was never easy to the conscientious; is becoming less easy. The evident pain and care of the master and mistress only assume new and different forms; to be freed from some responsibilities I could heartily welcome drudgery; and, as for Claudia, she pays *quid pro quo*, in care and cash, nursing the petulant and helpless, in patience always bearing with many irritations that I would not endure, and purchasing, by perpetual maintenance of cheerfulness in the face of constant peculiar trials and discomforts, any ease she may possess. Her life, to be sure, is not drudgery; God bless her! she would not permit it to be if it were, nor so much as admit that it could be, if done for those she is deeply affectioned towards. But it is not an easy one, and, I am confident, would at times, terribly perplex my Northern friend, with her small, pleasant, clean, and scrupulously-adjusted house, where breakage, and waste, recklessness, and childlike ability to comprehend the simplest problems of economy and life, do not fret; and where questions of a great right and wrong do not sometimes face one like shadowy spectres over the lives

of one's own beloved children, to whom, inevitably, we must bequeathe the unsolved problem of understanding what we ourselves have thus far unsuccessfully striven to comprehend.

To be sure, there is a difference between my wife, Claudia's, point of view, and mine: Claudia has never known poverty, although her life, while one of wealth, has been one of the extremest simplicity; I have, and know that poverty is bitter; and that to exist in poverty and unrecompensing toil, without prospect other than of need and toil unrecompensed, is desperate; ill health, with poverty and many actual distresses added, is heartsickening to face in the quiet hours of bitter thought when the direct action is chill; and to wish to do for those whom we love, and to be unable so to do, is sometimes almost too much for love to bear. Yet I find, for myself, and would that my friend remember, — though, perhaps, I am not now so much preaching directly to my friend, as speaking for the benefit of those others who observe from afar off, — that for every ease that service gives here, in a land of sun and roses, is added a new care, sometimes a strange one; and for every privilege of relief from hand-labor, a penalty of duty; and for each bodily relief from toil and from task, a mental or moral responsibility, which none who is honest and honestly fears heaven's forfeiture of growth, dares shirk.

A WORD FOR THE MODERN OLD LADY

Although the Contributor who laments the passing of the Old Lady says many things which cannot be denied, — and says them in a most charming and convincing manner, — yet there is another side to this as to other questions. The gentle and sweet-faced old lady, with her knitting, was a picturesque and pleasing figure and satisfied the sense of fitness which demands that the lines be sharply drawn between the different ages

of women. We all know the types — sunny childhood, sweet maidenhood, fair matronhood, and serene old age. But was old age always serene? Was contentment put on with the cap and amiability acquired with the knitting-needles? Was "the large leisure of quiet home-staying" always conducive to the happiness of the home circle?

The old lady of the past was not expected to have any personal interests stronger than interest in the younger generations. She was expected to live much in the past — and it is true enough that as we grow older our thoughts do revert to earlier days, and perhaps with as much pain as pleasure; she was expected to be always ready to lend a sympathetic ear to other people's plans for the future; she was expected to be cheerfully philosophical, and *always* "serene." Well, thank Heaven, there were and are such old ladies — enough of them to fix the type; and they will continue to exist as long as there are cheerful, unselfish, and sympathetic women who live to grow old. But there were also restless old ladies, critical and carping old ladies, interfering old ladies, — old ladies who cultivated in their daughters and daughters-in-law those graces of forbearance and unselfishness in which they were themselves so conspicuously lacking. Such old women also continue to exist, of course, but it seems to me to be one of the great blessings of modern life that in retaining their physical vigor longer than of old, women also retain their independence and cultivate their own pursuits. I am not fonder than other people of seeing an old woman with her cheeks and her hat covered with artificial roses, and I readily admit that an active old woman with a fad and a figure (the Contributor seems to object to her erectness and especially to resent her occasional slenderness) is less picturesque than the capped and kerchiefed ornament of the domestic fireside, but it is my impression that she is far happier. She has her own affairs to occupy her mind and is not on that account less sympathetic or

wise or philosophical — or any less prepared for her final departure from this earthly stage.

I think, dear Contributor, that if you want the old lady of the past back again you must see to it that the old lady of the present has less vitality. Make a house-plant of the young girl, dispense with modern ideas of hygiene, and you may get back your old lady of the fireside. I don't myself believe that the unlovely "present-day young woman of seventy-five" is any more frequent than was the unlovely old woman of a past generation, only she is more in evidence. Families very properly covered up their skeletons and presented a united front to the world, with the decorously becaped and bespectacled grandmother duly occupying the middle foreground, whereas the frisky old woman of the present day will not pose in any such fashion.

As for the accusation that our boys and girls are increasingly disrespectful to their elders, I think, on the contrary, that our young people's manners are very much on the mend. In my own younger days we were brought up to be respectful and obedient, yet compared with the punctilious deference with which I am treated by my children's friends, our manners seem to have been lacking in fine finish, even though they were not to be called free and easy. True, this pretty courtesy may be more or less a fashion, yet even where it is only on the surface it is likely to work in, just as in the case of a young woman who, in a time of trouble and disappointment, said to me, "After all, by dint of *appearing* cheerful I have got so that I really *am* cheerful." For my own part, it seems to me that our boys and girls are in a very hopeful way, even though their grandmothers do not look as old as by good rights they should, and dress in a fashion too youthful even for their looks. It is not given to us all to have taste in dress, and a uniform is not without its advantages. The question is, will the grandmothers ever consent to resume the uniform?

CHEYNE ROW — HOW DO LONDONERS PRONOUNCE IT ?

I AM an admirer of Thomas Carlyle, and on my last visit to London made a pilgrimage to Cheyne Row. It was a long distance from my room in the neighborhood of the British Museum; but who minds riding on the top of a 'bus through London streets, where "every step is history," and who does n't like to ask directions of a London policeman? The policeman at Trafalgar Square, whom I asked for a 'bus to Cheyne (*Shāyne*) Row, was at a loss for a moment, but when I mentioned "Carlyle's house," he said, "Oh, you mean *Chine* Row." I was a bit surprised, for I had my pronunciation from one who had got his in London, he said. He, too, was a Carlylean, and had read *Sartor* seventeen times, carrying it around with him, when a young Methodist circuit-rider, in the breast-pocket of his coat, — doubtless to keep it safe from the eyes of his presiding elder. Anyhow the policeman put me on the right 'bus; the rest was simple: I needed now only to be asked to set down at the nearest point to *Chine* Row. But the guard was puzzled till I said I was seeking Carlyle's House, then he said, "Oh, *Chī-ne* Row!" He let me off at the right place, and I was soon at my goal. The matron gave me full freedom of house and garden, for I seemed to be the only visitor that rainy August afternoon, and I could inspect at my leisure the interesting relics and mementos of the Carlyles, and read most interesting authentic documents, such as Disraeli's autograph letter offering Carlyle the Grand Cross of the Bath and the latter's dignified but grateful answer declining it. The room of chief interest to me was, of course, the sound-proof study at the top of the house, where Carlyle could be at peace from the noise of London, and whence he would descend when he had read himself full seat himself on the floor in the sitting-room with his back against the chimney-jamb, light his pipe, and pour out, as it

were molten lava from a volcano in eruption, a flood of ideas upon Mrs. Carlyle. It was a great afternoon — but my story was about the street-name, and I had still other experiences with that.

Cheyne Row opens into Cheyne Walk, and happily just as I entered the latter street a postman passed, whom I asked about the house where George Eliot died. He pointed it out (No. 4), and went on to tell me of other historic houses that I wanted to see, the sometime abode of Dante Gabriel Rossetti (No. 16) and the house where Turner died (No. 119). Indeed this postman's brain was a veritable storehouse of information about Chelcean antiquities and historic associations, and he was as ready to tell it all as the Ancient Mariner. He was pleased that I had just come from Carlyle's house, but most kindly corrected my pronunciation of the street-name. "We call it *Chāy-ne* Row, sir. You would be interested, sir," he added, "to see Scots come there sometimes and sit on the stoop and shed tears about Carlyle." I should indeed have been interested to see that, and I wondered what Carlyle's ghost thought about it. But there were other places to see; so inventing some polite excuse I moved on, and soon met with another delightful bit of London courtesy. A man who seemed to be a common laborer had pointed out across the street the locality of Turner's house, but I could not find either the number or the memorial tablet. Observing my puzzled movements, he crossed the wide muddy street and pointed out the tablet hidden under the overhanging ivy.

But I was not yet through with the name Cheyne Row. At the dinner table I was telling my experience with the policeman, the 'bus man, and the postman, and asked, "How do you call it, Mr. Hamilton?" He was a retired Indian civil-service official whom we all found most agreeable and well informed. "Why, I should say *Chané* Row," he answered. The maid, who was waiting at the table, was evidently disturbed and

uneasy, which was all explained when she knocked at my door after dinner, to say, "Mr. Hamilton does n't know, Sir; he's just back from India; we call it *Cheene Row*."

Mr. Hamilton's pronunciation is the one given of the name (though not of this particular street) in the Century Dictionary, and the postman's is that given by Carlyle, — "pronounced *Chainie Row*," he writes to Mrs. Carlyle (see Froude's *Life*, ii, p. 249), — but certainly London is not agreed on the way to call it.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN EUPHEMIST

THERE never was a greater fallacy, as there never was a more famous one, than that of Shakespeare: —

"That which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet."

For part of the rose's sweetness is its long lineage of other roses, with rings and rhymes and moonlight and fair women. Calling a rose a cowslip or a cabbage would so alter the suggestions as to destroy the imaginative pleasure which the actual smell merely serves to call into being.

It must be by a converse reasoning upon this principle that many people speak of their own cabbages as if they were roses. So much does aristocratic association count for! Calling the spade a spade is no such simple matter, — our own spade. If one only chooses with a judicious regard for fineness the phrases in which he speaks of his life, how its dull gray commonplaceness grows opal-bright! Even one's miseries afford a doleful pleasure, when they are mentioned respectfully. A man may belong to the class of Blunt Truth-tellers upon all other subjects; but show me the man, much less the woman, who, in speaking conversationally of his own possessions or his own business or his own ailments, does not by the same token pick and choose his way with the punctilious daintiness of a lady on a muddy crosswalk, and

you have found the hundredth man and a woman in a thousand. For there is an endearing intimacy about our own affairs that excuses their pettiness and glorifies their shabbiness. They are ours, to us all-important, however insignificant to others; and it is by a natural and pardonable impulse that we treat them tenderly.

This *euphemy* of one's affairs is nothing so gross as exaggeration; it is rather a nice choice of terms, a conveyance of the exact shade of sentiment felt. There is a whole vocabulary of euphemism in common use, — a currency of conversation, depreciated to be sure, but at a well-understood ratio, so that nobody is deceived, and its use is hardly at all restricted. Many men and most women, without falsifying by a hair's breadth, yet manage by some subtle and delicate art to give the impression that theirs is an enviable lot. In this vocabulary a man's unpretentious house-and-lot, incidentally mortgaged, becomes a "place," and his back yard a "garden," while his "lawns" and his "grounds" are invariably plural. In like manner he refers to his "piazzas," or even, if sufficiently versed in the demands of the hour on such matters, to his "terrace," or his "loggia," or his "summer-room." Such a common affair as the "stoop" or "porch" has long since been relegated to the farmhouses of our forefathers and the dialect stories. Why is it that one no longer hears of "folks" or of "sitting-rooms"? It is among the possibilities that some of these good old terms have been cast upon the rubbish-heap of vulgarities of speech that all good Americans are striving to avoid.

The euphemistic temperament, indeed, decorates all its pathway with the little flowers of speech. I know a charming woman who is so much an artist in this kind, that, not by her words alone, but by expressive tones, glances, gestures, the most humbly commonplace experience is tinged by her in the telling with the glamour of romantic adventure. It is

a gift that places her somewhat uneventful and inconspicuous life upon the plane of glory, in her own thoughts: and I am not sure but that it gives her friends as much pleasure as it does herself.

A colloquy between the Euphemist and the Blunt Truth-teller is always productive of interesting contrasts. The Euphemist patiently modifies his vocabulary to meet the statistical intelligence of his audience, gently conceding this and that to the narrow spirit of exactitude, but preserving to the last the deliberate kindness and sunny self-content of his class; while the other, more in anger than in pain at the laxity of conscience which can permit such verbal indulgences, speaks a truth more and more unvarnished in tones ever more acidly unpromising.

A phase of euphemy by no means least amusing to the interested observer, is the art by which these pleasant effects are produced. The tricks vary according to the impressionability of the hearer and the tact of the speaker. A fondly derogatory air, like that with which one mentions a favorite and spoiled child, or the tone in which the incorrigible New Yorker talks of his "little old town," suggests much, but is somewhat of the too obvious. A more certain and at the same time more delicate method is the clever use of *chiaroscuro*, placing the undeniably-to-be-praised in the high lights, and letting the questionable slip back into the shadowy spaces. Vagueness hath its uses, too; the mild mystery, the avoidance of detail, the immeasurable epithet, convey a foggy sense of bigness.

Men as a rule speak euphemistically of their affairs of business, women of their *affaires de coeur*. But in what touches personal vanity we are all euphemists alike. We prefer not even to think of ourselves as growing fat, or bald, or elderly; so we turn the mirror at a flattering angle, put pink shades on the candles, and drape the distasteful facts in tissues of goodly words.

After all, this euphemism is no mere

matter of words, but of the soul, — a kind of optimism. It is a feeling, a sentiment rather, that springs from heart to lips. What we love, that we would speak well of. Fortunately for us, it is the beauty and peace and the joys of home that we recall in absence, and not its shabbiness or its monotony or its family jars. The fittest survives in Memory, as in Natural History. We recall our happiness, not as a confused whole, checkered with petty annoyances and marred with the inevitable imperfections of the finite, but as an emotion simple and clear. Not the pleasure itself do we remember, but a gracious Symbol that suggests the flitted form of Joy herself. What wonder that we euphemize?

THE DICTIONARY BROMIDE

It is a gain to our lighter literature that Mr. Gelett Burgess has republished his "Bromide and Sulphite" speculations with additional illustrations. It must not be overlooked, however, that at present, in the scientific discussion of the human brain, his is only a working hypothesis, and not established truth.

Most of his bromidioms are what were earlier called platitudes or truisms, — "undisputed things said in a solemn way," though by no means by Katydids; but your Bromide by no means confines himself to them. He is much given to assertions that he knows others — Sulphites — will be wild enough to call in question, and rather wishes to be called in question, that he may reiterate his view, *à la reine Anne*, in the same words. The typical Bromidiom of this sort is, "I don't like Thackeray; he gives one such a very bad view of human nature."

One is not quite ready as yet to accept the absolute division of all mankind into Bromides and Sulphites. There are who might be either, and who have yet shown their Bromine or their Sulphurous Acid only on occasions. Mr. Burgess is kind enough to say that as these two sets clasp human nature in their opposed, yet meet-

ing semicircumferences, they overlap sometimes at the junction, and a Bromide appears as a Sulphite or *vice versa*. Bless the dear man! of course they do, and he himself, who evidently swells with Sulphitic pride, treats us to an expression of opinion as purely Bromidic as any that he satirizes. His tastes lead him to prefer the Gothic architecture, art and spirit generally, to those of the Renaissance. The former are with him a glorious burst of Sulphitic originality; the latter a mere echo of Bromidian classicism and conventionality. His views may be represented by the dictum, "The Mediæval mind was free in its operations; the Renaissance was restrained." Well, what of it? *Après?* What a truly Bromidian disposing, labeling, pigeon-holing of a subject. Does Freedom or Restraint throw everything into the rank of good or bad, higher or lower, spiritually attractive or repellent? It is the great trouble of the Sulphites that they embrace unconventionality so closely that it becomes a conventionality with them, and they are absolutely ignorant — or say they are — that there are beauty and truth of the highest order whose essence is restraint.

The fact is, both Bromides and Sulphites owe much of their effect to the bases which enter into their composition. Bromide of potassium is blissfully soothing; but Bromide of silver, exposed to the sun, makes a dirty stain on paper, which men may manipulate into the spectres called photographs. One particular species I have in mind is probably Bromide of Lead; but we know it as the Dictionary Bromide. The Dictionary Bromide values information highly; indeed, to be well informed is his *cachet*; but the information must have been derived from some Lexicon, Vocabulary,

or Word Book, or, with more caution, Encyclopædia. Most Bromides have one favorite book of this class to which they cling, as Islam to its Koran; a few more expansive ones are not averse to examine several on disputed points. But as a rule, such Bromides swear by "The Dictionary."

Everything in "The Dictionary" is true; nothing out of it exists. Pronunciation, etymology, spelling, meaning, usage, are all settled forever by going to the big book, taken from the chair which elevated his child at dinner. To dispute any of its statements is heresy, or rather absurdity. It is vain to appeal to independent reading, research, study of original sources, even personal experience; if any of these things had developed any facts bearing on the question, they would be in "The Dictionary;" and not being there, they do not exist. It is equally useless to represent that these books must, from their very size, have omissions; that from their cost, they cannot be, except for some slight revision, in the hands of men of profound minds or wide knowledge, but that a lexicographer is pretty sure to be what Johnson defined him, "a harmless drudge;" to point out that these writers copy one from another to an incredible amount; in short, that while a Dictionary may be for ordinary purposes a very useful book, it is impossible to look upon it as a finality, and that more than any other book, being in the most general use, it needs the most constant criticism. All this is to shake the foundations of the Bromide's existence. There is just one answer for the Sulphite — or the plain scholar — to make, when the Dictionary is thrown at his head, — "Yes, I find the Dictionary a very interesting book to read, but I should never think of it as a final authority."

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WHY AMERICAN MARRIAGES FAIL

BY ANNA A. ROGERS

I

THE STAGE OF THE KNIFE

"We surgeons of the law do desperate cures, Sir!"

THAT a large percentage of marriages achieve very little beyond a bare working compromise with happiness is not to be seriously denied. Nor is it to be doubted that there are more matrimonial catastrophes to-day than there were a generation ago. In fact, every recent decade has shown a marked increase in the evil of divorce in the United States, — out of all proportion to the growth of population. It is also a matter of statistics that the evil is growing more rapidly in our country than in Europe. Of course, this preponderance may be partly accounted for by the greater number of divorce courts on this side of the Atlantic. We have 2921 courts which have the power to grant divorces, as against England's one, Germany's twenty-eight, and France's seventy-nine.

Since during the last fifty years more radical changes by far have come in the social status of women than in that of men, there is a chance that at her door may lie the cause of at least some of this fast-growing social disease. And it is upon that admittedly daring assumption that these few suggestions are based.

There are those who consider that the statistics of divorce represent only an apparent fact, the argument being that this is the age of expression, not suppression. They go on to say that there are few more

diseases in the world of to-day than there were in Babylon, but that the wider and more intelligent recognition of disease and the modern differentiation in diagnosis lead to a false impression; that the real difference lies in the fact that a physician's work is now done in the open; that his discoveries belong to the morning paper; and that our modern life teems with specialists, hospitals, and an ever-enlarging *materia medica*. Medical books and magazines and lectures are more and more accessible to the general public.

In the same way it is claimed that the increasing difficulties in the marriage relation to-day are only apparent; that that question, too, has only just come into the open. The lovers of individualism maintain that it is high time that the enlightened surgery of divorce was resorted to, forgetting that "the significance of the increase of divorce must be sought in its relation to the family and the social order generally, rather than for its bearing on individual morality," still less for its bearing on individual happiness.

To follow the parallel a bit farther, may it not be suggested that, as there is a growing conviction among the best physicians that the knife is resorted to unnecessarily often to right physical disorders, the same may be true of psychological disorders? Gentler remedies, dietary measures, the daily régime of more intelligent living, have been known to spare more than one patient the horrors of the operating table. In fact, is not prevention the only genuine modern miracle? Toward that great end surely come all

the physical sciences, all social philanthropies and philosophies, bringing in outstretched hands their gifts to suffering humanity!

Three "instances" come uppermost: (1) Woman's failure to realize that marriage is her work in the world. (2) Her growing individualism. (3) Her lost art of giving, replaced by a highly developed receptive faculty.

First: Marriage is woman's work in the world — not man's. From whatever point it is viewed, physical or spiritual, as a question of civic polity or a question of individual ethics, it is her specific share of the world's work — first, last, and always; allotted to her by laws far stronger than she is. And the woman who fails to recognize this and acknowledge it has the germ of divorce in her veins at the outset.

Moonlit and springtime moods all to the contrary, the fact remains that marriage is not a man's work, but one of his dearest delusions, from which he parts begrudgingly. Moreover, it is not even necessary to him in the accomplishment of those things which *are* his work. It is generally no more than his dream of prolonging through years a humanly improbable condition. Happiness as a husband and father has always been his scarcely whispered prayer, his dearest secret hope, toward which all his idealism yearns. That numerous other and very potent motives enter into men's hearts is not in the least overlooked; it is only claimed that to the average man his future marriage is little more than a very beautiful dream.

But the wife who insists childishly upon treating marriage, either in theory or practice, as a beautiful dream, is forgetful of how very little is left of earnest life-work for a woman if she repudiates the dignified *duty* of wedlock placed upon her shoulders. Why should she not be taught the plain fact that no other work really important to the world has ever been done by a woman since "the morning of the world"? Only as a woman,

with all that that entails upon her, is she alone, preëminent, unapproachable. And yet apparently her whole energy is to-day bent upon dethroning herself!

Men, at this stage of civilization, are not only the world's workers, breadwinners, home-builders, fighters, supporters of all civic duties, — they are also the world's idealists. All else is mere quibbling!

Whatever the future may develop, up to the present time no great religion, deserving the name, has ever been founded by a woman; no vital discovery in science ever made by her; no important system of philosophy; no code of laws either formulated or administered. Nor along the supposedly more feminine lines of human development has, as yet, any really preëminent work come from her. Upon literature, music, sculpture, painting, women have as yet made very few enduring marks. As to her recent small successes at self-support, however to be commended and encouraged, they do not lead to any big end outside of herself or her immediate surroundings; her purposes are personal and ephemeral.

The poets are responsible for much of the present feminine megalomania, but modern scientists are effectively reducing the swelling, as it were; which may lead to a generally healthier social condition all around the family circle. In estimating the secondary differences between men and women, Havelock Ellis's interesting summary of what recent scientific research has so far accomplished states several facts that are markedly contrary to the general drift of unscientific opinion: —

"As regards the various senses . . . the balance of advantage on the side of women is less emphatically on their side than popular notions would have led us to expect. The popular belief is really founded on the confusion of two totally distinct nervous qualities: sensibility and irritability — or as it is perhaps better called, affectability; women having greater irritability, men deeper sensibility."

Galton, the pioneer in accurate study of the sensory differences between man and woman, remarks, "I found as a rule that men have more delicate powers of discrimination than women, and the business experience of life seems to confirm this."

Two of Ellis's more homely illustrations tend to support this view: "It is worthy of note that pianoforte tuners are usually men;" and, "men have a monopoly of the higher walks of culinary art; women are not employed in such occupations as tea-tasting, which requires specially delicate discrimination; they are rarely good connoisseurs of wine; and while *gourmandes* are common, the more refined expression *gourmet* does not even possess a feminine form."

The few foregoing suggestions are offered in refutation of the present false and demoralizing deification of women, especially in this country, an idolatry of which we as a people are so inordinately proud. One of the evil effects of this attitude is shown in the intolerance and selfishness of young wives, which is largely responsible for the scandalous slackening of marriage ties in the United States. Every stranger coming within our gates is amazed at the social domination of the female in our country, the subordination to her and her wishes of the hard-working, self-effacing male.

An extreme antithesis to this American woman-worship is of course to be found in England; and a picture comes to mind full of grim humor — a typical John Bull, deep magenta complexion, Pickwickian in figure, as sure of himself as the sun itself, the entirely joyless parent of four grown daughters. They stood in line before the counter in a silk shop in Italy. Four lengths of the same dull elderly shade of purple were measured off and paid for by the Great Briton; the four Britonesses stood helpless, voiceless, exchanging sly glances of bitter disappointment and disgust. They were asked no questions, hence they were as dumb as the beasts of the field. Once papa re-

marked with resounding complacency, —

"A good wearing shade, my dears."

"Oh yes, papa!" returned the spiritless chorus.

Papa gave each one her bundle, whereupon she said, "Thank you, papa!" and then he led the way pompously, and the five filed out, the narrow, broken-hearted shoulders of the girls drooping more than ever. The big brilliant eyes of the Italian clerk met those of the writer, an international smile was exchanged, and he exploded into two words: —

"Barbare! Sauvage!"

But that some middle ground between these poor abject English girls and our equally abject American fathers and husbands may be discovered, is not despaired of in this age of many and sudden changes.

It is contended (not without a decent show of timidity!) that in marriage, more often than not, the man is the idealist, however far he himself falls short of his own standards. Witness his inevitable dislike for and impatience of the whole barbaric display of a public wedding — that senseless whirl of grossly material things in which women revel. "What has it all to do with you, and our love, our happiness?" What wife has not stored away somewhere in her memory words like these, pleaded in a lover's voice? And the chances are that the woman called him selfish, and swore prettily that she revelled in "such vile matter," so she be "fairly bound."

The average wife who manages to live, after a marriage for love, up to the average husband's ideal of her before marriage, will, it is safe to say, reach her highest spiritual development. She need not aspire to any higher goal than the poor man's own illusions! The real trouble is that they are rarely likely to prove uncomfortably exalted.

In fact, to preserve his ideal of her — just the average busy man — is really her life-work. Hers, somehow, by hook or by crook, to save out of the inevitable strife of those early days of character-

reconstruction, at least a workable armistice; some sort of a broad friendship which leaves room for human frailties; to cultivate a habit of reasonable concession; a motherly wish to be a source of harmony to her husband; and an honest determination to arrest the disease of "incompatibility" (latent always) in its incipency, long years before it reaches the stage of the knife; to rise a little above the primitive frankness of a certain colored wife who admitted nonchalantly, — "O yes, I done left 'im!" "Wha' for you done left 'im?" she was asked. "Oh, I jes' natch'ully los' all taste fo' 'im!" which explanation, crude as it is, would cover the cause of an astonishing number of divorces in this year of grace 1907.

II

GROWTH OF INDIVIDUALISM

"My sweet, my own — Myself!"

The rock upon which most of the flower-bedecked marriage barges go to pieces is the latter-day cult of individualism; the worship of the brazen calf of Self.

It is admittedly not easy to remember that our lives are only important as integral parts of a big social system. Especially difficult is it for a woman to be made to realize this, because her whole life hitherto has been generally an experiment in individualism; whereas a man's, since the first primitive times, has become more and more an experiment in communism. The inborn rampant *ego* in every man has found its wholesome outlet in hard work, generally community-work, which further keeps down his egoism; whereas the devouring *ego* in the "new woman" is as yet largely a useless, uneasy factor, vouchsafing her very little more peace than it does those in her immediate surcharged vicinity.

Nowadays she receives almost a man's mental and muscular equipment in school or college, and then at the age of twenty she stops dead short and faces a world

of — negatives! No exigent duties, no imperative work, no manner of expending normally her highly-developed, hungry energies. That they turn back upon her and devour her is not to be wondered at. One is reminded of that irresistible characterization: "Alarm-clock women that buzz for a little and then run down."

And so it comes to pass that this highly-trained, well-equipped (and also ill-equipped) feminine *ego* faces wifehood — the one and only subject about which she is persistently kept in the dark. And from the outset she fails to realize, never having been taught it, that what she then faces is not a brilliant presentation at the Court of Love, not a dream of ecstasy and triumph, not even a lucky and comfortable life-billet — she is facing her work at last! her difficult, often intensely disagreeable and dangerous, life-task. And her salary of love will sometimes be only partly paid, sometimes begrudgingly, sometimes not at all — very rarely overpaid — by either her husband or her children. One of the precise facts that young women should be taught, as they are taught physical geography, is that men, all men, have their high and low emotional tides, and a good wife is the immovable shore to her husband's restless life.

It would appear that the indiscriminate and undigested education of the female masses and classes is depriving us Americans of good servants and of good wives at once. They are all "above their station!"

The really small percentage of unmarried women who have the blessing of paid work of any sort in their lives (as an absolute necessity against starvation) are of the elect, and of course know it not! The rest must wait for matrimony, if modest; struggle for it, if not. And then all this unexpended feminine egoism, joined with unexpended physical energy, demands from the normally expended masculine egoism far more of everything than he is at all prepared to give, far more than she has any just claim

to demand. More of his love, more admiration, more time, more money — she wants more of them all to satisfy her recently discovered Self. Ask the first girl of twenty who presents herself, let her be the average badly educated, restless, pampered, passionate, but shallow-natured maiden of the day, — superb in physique, meagre in sentiment, — and note her answer as to what she demands (not hopes for!) of her probable husband, quite irrespective of what he may get in return.

He must be a god physically (that seems to be the modern American girl's *sine qua non*); he must have wealth, brains, education, position, a perfect temper, and a limitless capacity to adore her, kneeling. And he, poor soul, after the first exigent mood, which soon passes, wants very little more than peace and a place to smoke unmolested; combined preferably with a guaranteed blindness to his general faults and particular fads. A recent public vote on this subject actually resulted in a stronger poll for "sweet temper" than for any other masculine prerequisite in a wife.

In a broader aspect American women are as a whole pampered and worshiped out of all reason, a condition which is sometimes found in young civilizations. In even a brief comparison with the same class in other countries, it will be found that our women as a whole do not deserve it. In France the proportion of wage-earning women is thirty-four per cent of the wage-earning population; in the United States it is only seventeen per cent. In France the working-women form eighteen per cent of the population, compared with six per cent in this country. Further, they do not render the conscientious careful personal domestic service of the German women; nor the financial support of French wives, and intelligent helpfulness in commercial as well as domestic affairs. How many American husbands could seriously advise with their wives on the subject of business and expect even comprehension, let alone sound business advice? An

astonishing number of French women of all classes are in commercial matters the gifted "silent partners" of their husbands, however loquacious in social doings. The painstaking thrift of European women has no parallel in this country; nor the painstaking cleanliness that is a revelation to American eyes accustomed to the general "slouch" from one end of the United States to another. It has been said of the much-maligned Italians that only among the Chinese can be found a parallel to their almost tragic economies. Half of Italy could live on what New York City alone throws away in a year. In England too, every intelligent woman understands politics, would be ashamed not fully to comprehend the measures before Parliament; and during election times she works with the energy of a ward politician for the man or idea that has won the right to her loyalty. Then, too, she lives more in other people's lives than we do. Each woman feels her obligation to give much of her energy to an endless detail of philanthropic work in her immediate neighborhood.

On the other hand very much more philanthropic work is done in this country, outside of the churches, than in England, but it is managed on a broader, less personal basis. In fact, it is left to twenty clear-headed, business-like women to do the work which is divided among two thousand of her English sisters. This is precisely what the writer wishes to prove, — the general idleness and self-centredness of the average American woman, and her unproved claim to be worshiped.

One very salient difference strikes the American traveler in walking before noon about any of, say, four European cities, London, Paris, Berlin, or Vienna. It may be summed up in the exclamation, "Why, where are the women?" An Italian friend fighting his way along Washington Street in Boston, walking, not on the sidewalk, which was a solid immovable congestion of femininity, but

on the cobblestones of the narrow street, was heard to gasp, "The Public is here a common noun of the feminine gender!" He on his side wondered where the men were. The whole world of women in the city, and from its suburbs, apparently, betakes itself to the shops every day, between nine o'clock and twelve. Shops are stifling, street cars jammed, sidewalks impassable. This is more or less true of shopping districts in all cities all over the United States.

This phenomenon represents several truths: we are prosperous; our men never "shop;" and as a people our women dress far beyond their incomes, the men remaining singularly negligent in their dress. Our sense of proportion in money expenditure has not yet properly developed; that only comes in a more advanced stage of civilization.

On a morning walk an English woman said to the writer, in one of our western cities especially given over to the national passion for dress, "Any countrywoman of mine dressed as that woman is, or that, or that, would be in her carriage. She would return to a substantial home, the door would be opened by a man in livery, every item of her environment would match the elegance of those furs, that frightfully expensive hat, that very smart broadcloth walking suit. Whereas the chances are (you see I've been keeping my eyes open!) that she came in a street-car, and will go home in one; she lives either in tiny lodgings, — I beg your pardon, flat! — and will open her front door with a pass-key; or else she lives in one of the suburban towns, in a very trumpery sort of little house, which does not in the least match those furs nor that hat! And a slovenly 'slavey' attends the door when she rings for admittance —"

"Or what is much more likely, her daughter or her mother," added the American.

The main cause of this daily submergence of our streets by the feminine world is not mere vanity, for the industrious, home-staying French women have

that quality to an even greater and much more insidious degree. It seems to be a combination of excessive energy and sheer idleness of purpose, and the national vice of extravagance.

The writer has taken the time and pains to follow, more than once, several typical American women on a typical morning shopping tour, and has discovered the anomaly that the longer they take to shop, the less they actually buy! And these idlers are not the well-dressed prosperous women, — they are the poorly clad, pale and irritable from fatigue. From counter to counter they go, fingering, pricing, commenting, passing on, hour after hour. Sometimes an ice-cream soda in the basement is their only lunch, followed by a complete rearrangement of hair in the "Ladies Parlor;" then a slow stroll through the "Art Department," and they remark casually to any one who will listen, "Well, I guess it's about time to go home!" One involuntarily wonders about that "home"! These facts are true of tens of thousands of our women in every city in the Union; and much travel has failed to discover its exact equivalent anywhere else in the world.

These facts mean a big economic loss somewhere in our development. All the writer cares to claim is that our women as a whole are spoiled, extremely idle, and curiously undeserving of the maudlin worship that they demand from our hard-working men.

That the higher-class women waste their time in equal measure is still more easy of proof. They crowd the smarter shops, bent on the American worship of "Everything Ready-made;" *matinées* are packed with solidly feminine audiences. The hair-dressers', the manicurists', the *cafés* at lunch-time, are full to overflowing with women — extravagant, idle, self-centred. Moreover, the always small class of so-called society women, *per se*, works harder and during longer hours in their pursuit of pleasure than any other women in our country. They

must perforce live by some sort of regulation and economy of energy to remain in the running at all.

Of course there are capable, earnest, industrious specimens of beautiful womanhood in every city, town, or village in the land, who make not only good wives and mothers, but who are leaders in philanthropic work, and often also retain their social preëminence by a careful apportioning of their time and vitality. These exceptions serve to emphasize the unworthiness of the woman who strives but to

"live and breathe and die

A rose-fed pig in an æsthetic sty!"

She has not merged her fate with her husband's if married, nor with her father's if not; she does not properly supplement their lives, she is striving for a detached profitless individuality. I emphasize this, for the fact that men are selfish, and vicious, and "desperately wicked," has been so thoroughly exploited, that the preference given to a less acknowledged economic situation may perhaps be pardoned.

III

"Wifehood is thought great in India in proportion to its giving, not receiving." — SISTER NEVEDITA.

In India an affection which asks for an equal return, so many heartbeats for a like number, is called "shop-keeping." Among us Westerners this Eastern exalted faculty of giving affection and not looking for any equable exchange of commodities, has degenerated into a sort of passion for sentimental bargains!

Unfortunately, there are no genuine psychic bargains thrown out on life's counter. The really good spiritual things cost the most, as do the material things. Success in any undertaking, even marriage, is always both shy and obstinate, and hides behind quite a thorny hedge of persistence, hard work, unselfishness, and above all, patience, a quality, now gone out of fashion, which made of our

grandmothers civilizing centres of peace and harmony; for they were content to use slow curative measures to mend their matrimonial ailments, and the "knife" was looked upon with horror. One finds so often in the women of that generation a strange quiet as of wisdom long digested; a deep abiding strength; an aloofness of personality that makes for dignity; sweet old faces that bear the marks of "love's grandeur." What is there to-day in all this fret and fuss and fury of feminine living, that compares with the power for good of these wonderful old women, fast disappearing?

We, of our day, on the contrary, hear much of such things as these: "Out upon your patience! If patience had not gone out of us women, we should still be sold in the market-places! From it were welded our chains, and the whole ignominy of the past."

There is really only one serious objection to this sort of talk — it is not true. The abolition of all forms of slavery that the world has ever seen began in some *man's* brain, working from above down, not from beneath up! No great united action of women has led to their gradual emancipation. Big changes such as that have always been born in some man's big soul, an entirely impersonal masculine ideality working slowly toward the general good.

Girls are capable of great patience, energy, and persistence in the acquisition of education or what are known as accomplishments. And later on in life, if women, bent on social success, were as easily discouraged, as exacting, as irritable in the accomplishment of that task, as they often are in the undertaking of marriage, the list of the world's successful salons would indeed be a brief one. There is no doubt that the women of the day have the qualities that would make for success, even in marriage, if they elected to expend them in these commonplace ways.

But the present excessive education of young women, and excessive physical

coddling (the gymnastics, breathing exercises, public and private physical culture, the masseurs, the manicurists, the shampooers) have produced a curious anomalous hybrid: a cross between a magnificent, rather unmannerly boy, and a spoiled, exacting, *demi-mondaine*, who sincerely loves in this world herself alone. Thus quite a new relationship between the sexes has arisen, a slipshod unchivalrous companionship, which before marriage they nominate "good form," but which after marriage they illogically discover to be cause for tears or for temper.

Two winters ago an old-fashioned woman who had lived in many lands chaperoned a party of well-bred, decidedly "smart" American young people, bent upon examining into some of the larger settlement workings of New York City. During a long evening entailing much walking and crossing of crowded streets, the girls strode along as detached and independent as if it were broad daylight, and they quite friendless. They crossed the bustling avenues, climbed in and out of cars, and never one masculine hand raised to help, nor voice to guide. The effect of such almost brutal discourtesy was startling indeed to the older woman, who had for years been out of touch with Young America. One generation had brought this painful change about. Whose new ideal of sex relation was this? Before the evening was over illumination came.

"Will you be good enough to give me your hand as I get out of the car? I'm accustomed to it," finally said the woman of a past generation in a decidedly unamiable tone. The young man's hand went out willingly at the next stop, and in a low voice he said, with a sigh and a smile, —

"It's a comfort to be with a woman once more who wants such a thing! I hope you'll pardon me, but it's not our fault. The girls snub us, you know, and say it's the worst possible form, and all that; and yet the fellows would all like to

do little things like that for women — I know I should! It seems as if the girls were snubbing one of our most decent instincts, don't you know — but — well, you see how it is! My mother always taught me that manners were but morals wearing their best bonnets and gowns."

Is it to be wondered at that the indefinable charm, the sacredness and mystery of womanhood are fast passing away from among us? When women themselves set the standard of conduct lower down; when they consider it a *gaucherie* to blush, shyness a laughable anachronism, sentiment "sickening nonsense," courtesy "bad form," is it cause for wonder that a few months after marriage a girl so often finds her husband disillusioned and in an ugly reactionary mood? Finding also herself stung into a fury of disappointment and resentment at his want of that same instinctive tenderness and courtesy which she had repulsed before marriage, and which now, when it is too late, she not only longs for, but demands!

"If women thought less of their own souls and more about men's tempers, marriage would n't be what it is," wrote a recent feminine philosopher. There are several facts about the masculine character of which women will do well to realize the immutability. It makes not one particle of difference what the wife expects or demands in marriage, whether she gives freely or begrudgingly, if for any reason whatsoever a man does not find his home happy, — or at least peaceful, — whether it be her fault or his, — the chances are that he will close his lips, put on his hat, and go his brutal way — elsewhere! He may seek distraction among other men, in a frenzy of work or pleasure — and he may not.

Of one thing the young wife may be sure, that a man has neither the instinct nor the time to coddle his disappointments in marriage — *he puts on his hat!* This is his universal, silent, unlabeled argument, that the happiness of

that home is not his business, but hers. If the fault is his, the brute expects patience; if it's hers, he expects self-control. If neither is forthcoming — well, that is her lookout! He wanted to be happy, he expected it, or else he would not have married her.

Under all of this selfish shunting of the responsibility of home-happiness on to the woman's shoulders, lies a deep justifying truth, — it is her business, — and the fact that some of nature's laws, such as gravitation, are at times extremely irritating, does not, however, make them inoperative.

Let the fault be his or hers, the main source of trouble lies in the undue development of youthful individualism. That the fault is generally hers, is of course not for a moment implied; but as the great French pessimist, in a mild mood, suggests, "Quarrels would not last long if the fault was only on one side."

On his side, nine times out of ten in this country, a man marries for love. Of course he idealizes her, and is absolutely sure that she is going to make him happy. Surely the greatest source of peril to the young wife lies in the distorted vision of her bridegroom's eyes, blinded by a passion for perfection! It would indeed be heaven if love's lens were after all the only just one, instead of being generally the most untrue!

The man's motives, if selfish, are generally as pure as are consistent with faulty humanity. At least he considers them a fair basis for a happy marriage; and he also thinks that, if he stays true and steadfast and sober, and clothes and feeds his wife, he has done his part. That he wants to continue loving her and being beloved, wants happiness, goes without saying; was it not nominated in the bond?

He is perfectly amazed when some strange, obscure element suddenly intrudes and turns his, as well as her, melody into discord; blackens his, as well as her, ideal. He is helpless, bewildered, frantic,

"Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I!"

On the young wife's part, she has been brought up in ignorance of a man's make-up, of his latent brutalities in which is rooted his very strength to bear the burdens of life. Unprepared, undisciplined, uncounseled, impatient of a less thing than godhood itself, she often refuses even to try to adjust the yoke to her inexperienced shoulders, and more often throws it off, glorying in the assertion of her "persistent self." She has not been told that perfection does not exist; that the yoke of imperfection is laid on every pair of shoulders, his as well as hers; that no wife celebrates her golden wedding, smiling and content under her gray hair, who has not her secret history of struggle, bitter disappointment, loneliness, jealousy, physical and mental agony. It is safe to say that she also did not marry an angel, for the very simple reason that there are none — male or female — in the whole wide world. But she was blessed with that "passion of great hearts," patience, and she has been victorious in the battle of life, — the battle that we are all fighting, every one; not this weeping wife here, nor that one there, nursing her wrath.

"It is better to face the fact, and know, when you marry, that you take into your life a creature of equal, if of unlike, frailties, whose weak human heart beats no more tunefully than your own." The engineer of a train must have learned well his business before he is allowed to assume the responsibility of the levers. How much knowledge of the even more complicated physical and moral levers of marriage do the average young people bring to bear upon their life problem?

Happily many of the colleges for women have commenced to recognize the wisdom of introducing the study of the family, and the statistics of sociology. It would seem that such a chair should be filled by a woman holding the degree of motherhood and wifehood, whatever else she may have picked up of human

knowledge. And even then, with all that undoubtedly could be taught our young women along these lines, it is but a preparation; there is the test ahead of them, when they will need the wisdom that only life itself can slowly and painfully teach.

Somewhere before the benediction of

the marriage ceremony might well be inserted Amiel's beautifully cadenced words to women facing their great life-work: "Never to tire, never grow cold; to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always; like God to love always, — this is duty."

EARL PERCY'S DINNER-TABLE

BY HAROLD MURDOCK

I

ON the afternoon of July 5, 1774, a crowd was gathering in King Street in the town of Boston in New England. In the open space before the Town House, where a few years before Captain Preston's men had fired their historic fusillade, knots of people stood about, gazing down towards the Long Wharf, beyond which gleamed the untroubled waters of the harbor. Another act in the enforcement of the Port Bill was about to be played, and the announcement had gone forth that His Majesty's 5th Regiment of Foot was to land that day and join the troops encamped upon the Common. It was a part of the humane policy of General Gage that no effort should be spared to impress with the pomp and show of force the wrong-headed people of the provincial capital, and within a fortnight had marched from their transports to the Common, in all the pride of "insolent parade," with colors flying and to the inspiring music of their bands. The 5th Regiment had long been expected, and something more than common interest was felt in this fine corps, because it was commanded by Hugh, Earl Percy, an officer of exalted birth, and of continental experience, who had served as a volunteer in Lord Granby's cavalry on the

never-to-be-forgotten day of Minden. The Tories in the town were ready to welcome with open arms the heir to the great Northumberland dukedom; and a few, who, like the celebrated Mr. Byles, affected literary tastes, were eager to pay their addresses to the nobleman whose parents were renowned as patrons of the arts.

The rebellious element in Boston held the Northumbrian duke as not unfriendly to their cause, and were inclined to regard the noble Colonel of the 5th as perhaps a friend in military disguise. So people of all shades of faith and opinion were in the street to witness the British march; but as the afternoon wore away and the shadow of Beacon Hill stole across the town, there was a thinning of the crowd, and the word was passed about that the landing was delayed and that the troops would spend the night aboard the transports.

But the Colonel of the 5th Foot, after the experience of nine long weeks at sea, was in no mood, either for lingering aboard his foul and dingy ships, or for attempting any jaunty evolutions to inspire the onlookers of the street with a sense of the strong arm of King George's ministers. The day was over, the gloom of night had settled on the narrow, crooked ways, lights twinkled in the taverns and coffee-houses all along the ill-paved length

of King Street, when, timed to the tap of drum, the heavy tramp of the 5th Regiment was heard approaching. The tavern doors and windows filled in a moment with surprised onlookers; a group of officers poured out of the British Coffee House to shout a rough welcome to comrades on the march, and the dusky column swept on, by the Town House, up the hill of Queen Street into Tremont Street, by Dr. Caner's stone chapel, and so out upon the gray expanse of the Common, where a canvas city had arisen, and where the dull glow of campfires flickered here and there on rows of tented streets. It was clear that Earl Percy was no play-actor, and in that shadowy mass of marching men expectant Toryism had no chance to mark its idol.

As General Gage was residing in Salem, which in the operation of the Port Bill had become the seat of the provincial governor, he appointed Percy as acting brigadier, and then conferred upon him the command of all the troops in Boston. On August 7 there arrived in Boston from New York "His Majesty's Royal Regiment of Welch Fuzileers," under command of Colonel Barnard; and headed by their famous band they marched to Fort Hill and pitched their camp. They were hailed in the *Massachusetts Gazette* as "one of the six renowned British Corps, to whose valor and intrepidity the ever memorable victory at Minden was gloriously acquired, the 1st of August, 1759." It is "a clever little army," that he commands, so the earl writes to Dr. Percy in London.

As we glance over the letters written by his Lordship from Boston in 1774, and as we turn the stained and faded files of the Boston newspapers of that day, we can gain some faint idea of what the town was like, and of what went on within it. Percy has little to say of the town itself. Mr. John Adams, coming to Boston from the seclusion of Braintree, was driven half mad by the bustle and distractions of the New England metropolis. He was bewildered by "the crowd of men, women,

beasts and carriages," and his attention solicited every moment by some new sight or some new sound. But Percy would hardly have been oppressed by feelings like these, and the town that drove Mr. Adams wild with its uproar was doubtless dull enough to him. There was nothing in Boston to suggest the whirl of life that surged along Fleet Street and under Temple Bar; the gayety of the Mall only hinted dimly at what one found in St. James Park on a sunny afternoon, or at Vauxhall or Ranelagh on a gala night. Moreover, Percy was used to looking out from the windows of Northumberland House upon the rush and roar of traffic that seethed about Charing Cross, where, according to Samuel Johnson, "the full tide of human existence" ebbed and flowed.

One of Percy's first transactions in the town was to buy a three-year-old horse for which he paid £450, but he was obliged to send to New York for a pair of chaise horses that were to his mind. Equipped in this fashion he finds time to ride or drive into the suburbs, and then his enthusiasm is mightily moved. The view of the Thames from Sion House had never stirred him as the vistas of the Charles from the road that led to the Colleges in Cambridge. The varied landscape with its gently sloping hillsides, interspersed everywhere with trees and bright waters, filled him with delight, and he assured his father that Nature in this favored land had achieved effects that put to the blush the carefully nurtured acres of the great park at Alnwick. "This is the most beautiful country I ever saw in my life," he writes, "and if the people were only like it, we shd do very well." He had come out well inclined toward the Province and its inhabitants. He had almost yielded to the advice of the duke his father and declined to serve in America, but his sense of soldierly obedience prevailed, and he had brought out his regiment with small admiration for its mission. His good will toward the people did not long outlive his arrival upon

the Common. They "are a set of sly, artful, hypocritical rascalls, cruel, & cowards." Such was his comment in August. "I must own I cannot but despise them completely. . . . To hear them talk, you would imagine that they would attack us & demolish us every night." His Lordship, like the majority of the English officers, could not understand how the civil disorders, and the treasonable sentiments that animated press and pulpit, could flourish in a community where prosperity and personal liberty were so universally enjoyed as in His Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay. What were the evils of which these people complained? As for tea, Boston might drink it more cheaply than London, if it would. It was the loyal element in the community that suffered and was threatened with the loss of free speech and all protection of the law. The crimes of these people consisted in their protesting treason and in their approval of Hutchinson's government, and the indignities and violence inflicted upon them were the work of men who had recourse to solemn fasts and who cited the Almighty as their unswerving ally. The bewildered gentlemen of the army were not experts at law, and they could not comprehend the local readings of the Massachusetts Charter. It must be admitted that they were in much the position of Mr. Boswell when he declared that he had "read little and thought little on the subject of America."

Having delivered his opinion of the country and of the people, Earl Percy took up in his correspondence a third phase of his environment. "Our climate is horribly inconstant," this was the burden of his comment. "It is ten times more inconstant than in England, for I have been in the Torrid & Frigid Zone frequently in the space of 24 hours. At some times, so hot as scarce to bear my shirt, at others so cold that an additional blanket was scarcely sufficient." Here is matter to convince us that, however conditions may have changed in Boston since the Year of Grace 1774, the cli-

mate of Earl Percy's time still reigns supreme upon the shores of Massachusetts Bay.

Despite his disgust for the townspeople, Percy dealt fairly by them and won the confidence and good will of the selectmen. He informed these gentry that any disorder on the part of the soldiery would be promptly punished, and that all law-abiding citizens should look upon the army as a safeguard and not as a menace. When a midnight fire broke out in Mr. Morton's house in Fish Street, and threatened the destruction of the North End, we are told that "Earl Percy politely offered the Service of the Soldiery" to fight the flames, and was thanked "for his Kindness" by the authorities. But when the artisans laboring on barracks for the winter accommodation of the troops, left their work through fear of the displeasure of their friends without the town, the earl abandoned all hope of the local population, as a community who were bent on mischief and of their own will had gone over to the Devil.

Before the close of the autumn the garrison of five regiments had been increased to nine, with an efficient train of the Royal Artillery. We find mention at this time of activity and turmoil among the Boston militia. Mr. John Hancock, as a foe to government, was removed by Gage from the command of the Independent Company of Cadets, whereupon the members disbanded and the resignations of the officers and the colors of the corps were handed to the governor at Danvers. We read, too, of an early October day when the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company concluded their training for the year by a march from the Town House to Copp's Hill. One wonders if Earl Percy saw them pass, and how their drill and discipline compared with that of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. There was hard and constant work on the Common for the British troops, and the fair Dorothy Quincy has left us memories of the time when her morning slumbers were dis-

turbed by Earl Percy drilling his regiment in the fields before the Hancock mansion.

Here on the Common all Boston gathers to witness, with varying sentiments, the evolutions of the troops. Mr. John Hancock in purple and fine linen looks out from his coach upon the scene. Dr. Joseph Warren, quietly but fashionably dressed, stands chatting with Major Small, whom all Boston holds in high regard. The major hopes that his elegant young friend in gazing upon the martial spectacle will realize the futility of the Provincial contention and will urge his people to bow in submission to the might of Britain. But the feelings stirred in Warren are of a different sort, and he is to put them into words for a memorable occasion.¹ Near by, a group is gathered about a burly red-faced man in the garb of a farmer, who is warmly greeted by more than one English officer who marks him in the throng. Israel Putnam of Connecticut is the hero of many an exploit and hairbreadth escape in the French war, and he is fighting his battles over again with Colonel Abercrombie of the 22d Regiment. Those within sound of Putnam's boisterous voice will discover that, however great his courage, he is not a modest man. Major Small taunts him in passing upon being an old rebel, and he noisily admits the impeachment. And here is Mather Byles punning for the delight of the bystanders, and pointing to the scarlet ranks, thanking God that at last he sees the grievances of the colony "*red-dressed*." Charles Lee, lank and ungainly, described in the Boston press as one of "the greatest military charac-

ters of the present age," blusters about, hungry for admiration, disregarded and snubbed by his old companions in arms. And then the eye falls on the honest face and sturdy form of Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island. His face burns with admiration as the serried lines of the 5th Foot sweep by him, and he thinks it would be joy to fight with or against such men as these. When the troops return to their camps and the crowd has melted away, you will find this military enthusiast at the shop of Mr. Knox on Cornhill, or poring over the volumes of some other bookseller for works that have to do with the Art of War.

We have noted the comments in Earl Percy's correspondence in regard to the country, the people, and the climate of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. On August 15 he writes to his father concerning another important matter. "What I feel myself the most comfortable in acquiring, is a good house to dine in (for we are all obliged to remain at other times & sleep in the camp). By this convenience I am enabled to ask the officers of the Line, & occasionally the Gentlemen of the country, to dine with me; & as I have the command of the Troops here, I have always a table of 12 covers every day."

The house occupied by Percy stood within its garden at the head of Winter Street.¹ It had been built early in the century, and its windows looked out upon the open pasturage of the Common. Through the thin foliage of those youthful elms which Mr. Paddock planted, loomed the crest of Beacon Hill with its gaunt signal drawn like a gibbet against the sky, while more to the west and down the slope there was a glimpse of the bright waters of the Charles, with the wooded heights of Brookline and Newton beyond. The location was most convenient

¹ Warren's address in the Old South Meeting-House in 1775, on the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, contained the following words: — "Even the sending of troops to put these acts in execution, is not without advantages to us. The exactness and beauty of their discipline inspire our youth with ardor in the pursuit of military knowledge. Charles the Invincible taught Peter the Great the art of war; the battle of Pultowa convinced Charles of the proficiency Peter had made."

¹ "His Excellency proceeded to Earl Percy's, who occupies a house at the head of Winter Street belonging to Inspector Williams." Letters of John Andrews, Esq., of Boston. Mass. Historical Society Proceedings, 1864-65.

for the earl, who was always within a stone's throw of the camps.

It is pleasant to see him crossing the Common each afternoon to do the honors of his mansion; and day by day and week by week it is interesting to watch his guests passing in and out the great door. It opens to officers in scarlet and gold and to officers in the blue of the Royal Navy, to gentlemen in silk and brocade and to gentlemen in velvet and lace. Old Dr. Caner goes up the path leaning on his cane; the great coach of Colonel Royall lumbers up to the garden gate; the chaise of Judge Lee waits in Long Acre to carry His Honor back to Cambridge. All those who love the king within this stern old New England town rejoice in the polite summons that brings them to Earl Percy's dinner-table.

And now, as the darkness of an early spring day comes on, let us in imagination look into Earl Percy's dining-room and see what passes there. The newly lighted candles are burning brightly on the broad table around which the earl's eleven guests are sitting at their ease, all but three in the uniform of the Royal Army. The dinner is cleared away and the port and madeira are going their rounds. The earl is chatting with a strapping officer on his left, whose handsome face is a fair legacy from the race of which he comes. This is Lieutenant-Colonel John Gunning of the 43d Foot, who has the honor to be the brother of the famous Gunning sisters, and through them a brother-in-law to the Duke of Argyll, and to the Earl of Coventry. "My sister the duchess," and "My sister the late Countess of Coventry," are well-worn phrases with Colonel Gunning, and within a year his pride has been stirred again by the marriage of his niece with Lord Stanley, the heir to the affluent Earl of Derby. The handsome colonel speaks with something of a brogue, betraying his Irish origin; and if his memory is good he can recall dark days of childhood when the family fortunes were low, dishonor imminent, and when the situation

was saved by warm-hearted George Anne Bellamy of the Smock Alley Theatre in Dublin. But those days are long past, and Colonel Gunning glories not only in his connection with great families in England, and in his rapid rise in the army, but also in an honest and complacent conviction that he is thirty-second in descent from Charlemagne.

On the right of Lord Percy is a lad of twelve or thirteen years, who is the hero of the occasion. This is Roger Sheaffe, son to the faithful customs collector whose memory is abhorred by rebellious Boston. He has won his way into the affection of the earl, who has promised to see to it that he gains a commission in his regiment. The plans are laid and the youth is about to set sail for England to gain such training as shall fit him for his profession. The earl has presented him to-night to his future comrades of the army, and the radiant face of the boy must be a pleasant sight in his Lordship's eyes.

Standing by the chair of the future soldier, and calling the blushes to his face with their banter, are two young officers who wear the insignia of the rank of lieutenant. One is Francis, Lord Rawdon, of the Grenadier Company of Percy's regiment, the son of the Earl of Moira, a tall elegant young fellow with a future before him, the earl thinks; the other is Edward Thoroton Gould of the 4th or King's Own Regiment, short and slight, with restless dark eyes and lines of dissipation on his pale face. His friends declare that he is a good soldier, if something of a rake withal.

The rather stout officer who sits beyond Sheaffe, playing with his wineglass and occasionally exchanging a word with Lord Rawdon, is the Hon. Henry Edward Fox, the youngest son of the late Lord Holland, and a captain in the 38th Regiment. Any one familiar with the prominent faces at Westminster, at Brookes's Club, or on the track at Newmarket, would recognize in the captain a near kinsman to the celebrated Charles

James Fox, who has just come to what may mean the end of his public career in his removal by the king's command from the commissionership of the Treasury. Harry Fox is said to have little of his brother's brilliancy and none of his vices, and when the 38th sailed for America, Mr. Horace Walpole of Strawberry Hill informed Sir Horace Mann that they took with them Lord Holland's "only good son." He sits quiet and good-humored at Earl Percy's table, with little but his increasing flesh to worry him, and bears himself with a certain well-bred air that Gunning, with all his handsome face and kinsmen by marriage, would give much to attain.

At the side of Fox is George Harris, Lord Rawdon's captain, a well-built young officer, with clear, honest eyes and the glow of health in his cheeks. He regards himself as an untried and inexperienced soldier, but Percy will affirm that he is a model officer with a genius for commanding men. His reputation for courage is secure. Half the army knows of that gallant rescue of a brother officer from the swift and cruel current of the Ouse, and of that duel in Ireland where his coolness and pluck were matched by his generosity and forbearance. Harris is talking across the table with Captain William Glanville Evelyn of the King's Own, a man of quiet, serious countenance, marked with the scars of smallpox. Captain Evelyn is not a youngster, and fifteen years have passed since he first donned the king's uniform. He is one of those faithful, hard-working soldiers who progress slowly because of lack of influence. His letters home contain every now and then an appeal for an introduction to "the great people" at Boston, or for a good word to the great ones at home. He is flattered and happy to sit at Earl Percy's table to-night. Scandal has not left the captain's name unsullied, and the curious among his acquaintance would know more of pretty Peggie Wright who has come out to him from England. It is whispered that she was a servant in

his father's household. Major Pitcairn sitting at the foot of the board has heard the gossip, but if you ask for his opinion of what Evelyn means and what the future holds for Peggie Wright, he, as an honest husband with nine children dependent on his modest pay, will merely say, "God knows." Captain Evelyn has more than his own fortunes and those of Peggie Wright to think of now, for he has in his care that rather prim young soldier who is with him at the table, his kinsman George Evelyn Boscawen, of the King's Own. Ensign Boscawen is the sole surviving son of the late Admiral Boscawen. He is the nephew and heir of the childless Viscount Falmouth, and he is here on active service in the army despite the prayers and tears of the fondest of mothers. Young Boscawen is brother-in-law to Admiral John Leveson Gower and to the Duke of Beaufort, and it is to Lady Gower that Evelyn writes by every ship concerning the most trivial happenings in the ensign's career. Boscawen has the enthusiasm of youth and has already discovered some shocking flaws in the English army system. So he has been laughed down by his mess and is known in the regiment by the nickname of "the General." He bears this promotion meekly and henceforward inclines to speak only a fragment of what he thinks. He is an object of interest to the youth in the blue of the Royal Navy who sits between Captain Harris and the Reverend Mather Byles. This is Cuthbert Collingwood, of the Somerset man-of-war, which lies at anchor in the stream off Charlestown ferry. Collingwood knows his profession, and knowing too something of the naval history of Great Britain, he wonders whether it will ever be his luck to do as good work as Boscawen's father wrought against the French at Louisburg and in Lagos Bay.

At the foot of the table the Reverend Mather Byles is discoursing with Major John Pitcairn of the Royal Marines, and keeping that staid old officer in a state of uproarious laughter. Poor Dr. Byles

labors under the disadvantage of being considered not only a preacher but a poet and wit as well. Within the year a doggerel rhyme describing the local clergy has gone the rounds in Boston, and in the two stanzas devoted to Byles even his friends admit that a lively portrait has been drawn.

There's punning Byles provokes our smiles,
A man of stately parts;
Who visits folks to crack his jokes,
That never mend their hearts.

With strutting gait and wig so great,
He walks along the streets,
And throws out wit, or what's like it,
To every one he meets.

Though not of the Church of England, Dr. Byles is in the eyes of the army the most sensible as well as the most delightful clergyman in Boston. He has correspondents among the brightest literary lights in England, and will show with pride volumes from his library with the loving inscription of his dear friend the late Mr. Pope of immortal memory. At heart an arrant Tory, he has kept his congregation in order by asserting that his functions are spiritual and that it is not for him to profane his pulpit by discussing the political problems of the day. The local clergy is a hearty rebel body, and they have small opinion of a man who prays for the king in meeting, and refuses to choose his texts for the elucidation of public questions. It is no aid to the doctor's standing with his flock that he consorts with the gentlemen of the army, and allows his daughters to promenade the Mall with these enemies of American Liberty. The band of the 5th Regiment has played sweet serenades beneath the windows of the Misses Byles, and now here is the doctor himself sipping his wine and throwing old Pitcairn into convulsions of laughter at Earl Percy's dinner-table.

There is that in the major which attracts the Reverend Byles, as it must all men who admire honest simplicity and courage. Here in rebellious Boston, hot-headed townspeople, affronted by quar-

relsome or drunken soldiers, are glad to leave their grievances in Pitcairn's hands for reparation. Blunt and outspoken, he is yet a modest man, and in the long years that have passed since he left his Fifehire home he feels that he has made little of his life. He has been knocking, about on land and sea, fighting the king's battles, until he wonders whether all his children would remember his lined and weather-beaten face. He thinks with pride of that good brother who has risen to the presidency of the College of Physicians in London, and thanks God that distinction has come to his family, though he must remain in obscurity as a mere major of marines. Were he gifted with second sight, he would see that his time on earth is short, but he would also see his brilliant son rising in another generation to be the pride and envy of the medical profession in London. If the time shall come, which God forbid, that the sword is really drawn in this distracted province, he will do his full duty to the king, and do it humanely by firing low with shotted muskets. In the mean time he is accomplishing as much for peace as any man in Boston who wears King George's livery.

Had Captain Evelyn been possessed of the peculiar talents of Mr. Boswell of Scotland he might have left us some such narrative as this:—

This evening I dined with Earl Percy at his house at the head of Winter Street. George and I were glad of this opportunity to sit at his Lordship's table, and we met there, besides young Roger Sheaffe, a Boston lad who is much in Percy's favor, Colonel Gunning, Major Pitcairn of the Marines, young Collingwood of the Navy, Lord Rawdon and Captain Harris of the 5th, Fox of the 38th, the Reverend Doctor Byles who preaches at the meeting-house on Hollis Street, and little Gould of *Ours*. Earl Percy presided at his table with the elegance of a man of fashion, and was most civil to me. He displayed at once the good breeding of a

gentleman of birth with the frank comradeship of the soldier. After dinner he called upon us to drink the health of "Captain Sheaffe who loved a red coat," and lavished upon the boy many remarks of approbation. His Lordship told us that he was under great obligation to the family of Master Sheaffe for many courtesies received in Boston, and that a few days since the lad had expressed the hope that some day he might wear the red coat, and be hailed as "Captain Sheaffe." "And so," the earl continued, "it is to be my pleasure to see this boy properly schooled and trained for His Majesty's service, and he is here to-night to meet the gentlemen of the army who are to be his future comrades and friends." Then turning to Collingwood, he made some pleasant remark to the effect that though his young charge preferred the red coat to the blue, yet he would be trained in all admiration for the service which Collingwood had chosen, and which Mr. Boscawen's noble father had so conspicuously adorned. This remark, which his Lordship made most graciously, put at least two young men in that room in excellent humour. Sheaffe discovered many signs of his happiness and confusion. He was greeted by all the gentlemen present, and old Pitcairn, who they say has a legion of sons of his own, put his hands on his shoulders, told him he was a fine lad, and hoped that we should all live to see him a general. When we had become quiet again, the earl went on to say that Roger was not the first of his mother's family to embrace the red coat. A few years before, his sister had married Ponsonby Molesworth, then a captain of the 29th and stationed in Boston. It was love at first sight. The regiment had just landed and was halting in Queen Street on the way to the Common. Molesworth saw Susannah Sheaffe leaning from the balcony of her father's house and declared to an officer near him, "That girl seals my fate!" So there was a brief courtship and a marriage, and tempted by domestic bliss Molesworth

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sold out his commission and settled down in Devonshire. "So," the earl continued, "the Sheaffes having drawn one good soldier from the king's colours are to give another in his place." The lad, as though feeling that his sister's loyalty had been questioned, then said in very pretty fashion, that if Mr. Molesworth was not now of the army, yet his sister still loved the red coat. He had seen only the other day a letter she had written her mother from Devonshire, regretting that she was obliged to stay "in that riotous Boston where misguided rebels were giving such trouble to our good King George." There was an honest ring to this and we cheered the boy with a will. Had we been at Colonel Nesbitt's or at General Pigot's, I think Gould would have started a stanza of "Hot Stuff,"¹ but even he did not dare risk it at Earl Percy's table.

The earl spoke of the beauty of the wooded country about Jamaica Plain, which led Harris to say that he thought the entrance to the harbour and the view of the town from it to be the most charming thing he ever saw, surpassing indeed the far-famed Bay of Dublin. For himself he would prefer some less favoured country where an active campaign was afoot. I was stirred to say some very harsh things of this generation of vipers that is troubling Massachusetts, and to express the belief that Harris would not have long to wait nor far to travel to find use for his powder and ball. I think they were of my mind on our side the table, but on the other Dr. Byles had something to say for Boston. Mr. Fox said nothing. He has a way of saying little when there is much talk — a trait, I am told, in Lord Hol-

¹ This song was the work of Edward Botwood, a sergeant of Grenadiers in the 47th Foot (Lascelles), who fell in Wolfe's attack upon the French entrenchments near Beauport, July 31, 1759. It was a favorite with the British army throughout the Revolution, and was sung to the air "Lilies of France." It will be found printed in full as a note in the third volume of Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*. (Little, Brown & Co. 1899.)

land's family. Harris declared that while he should like to try what stuff he was made of, yet he would rather the trial should be with others than these poor fellows of kindred blood. Gould prayed to be delivered from all such kinsmen and alluded to the decoration of Tory doorways with "Hillsborough paint." Some one called attention to the mean attack on Colonel Ruggles's house and the maiming of his animals. Pitcairn declared the worst cowards to be those who in fear of the rebels were publishing in the papers their regrets for having signed the farewell address to Governor Hutchinson. His Lordship was inclined to think that these gentlemen were in a bad situation if located in the country, where the protection of the troops did not reach. He spoke of the insults heaped upon the court officers at Worcester and at other places and thought that the general might soon dispatch a brigade up into the country to support the authorities, who were endeavoring to maintain the law in riotous communities. Pitcairn believed he could march a battalion of marines straight through Massachusetts, and bring the people to terms without the radical use of force. Mr. Fox roused himself at this and remarked that he had heard that old Putnam, the Connecticut ranger, had said that the king's troops could march over the continent provided "they behaved themselves civilly and paid well for everything they wanted." Dr. Byles saw wit in this and ventured a mild defense of the holy hypocrites who are ruining this province. He believed the disorderly element was not numerous, and that with a little patience on the part of the authorities and the military, the present troubles would subside and all become again loyal and law-abiding subjects of the king. "I recall," he said, "when patience has served me well in dealing with our selectmen. A foul quagmire had long stood in the street before my door and my complaints at the Town House brought me no relief. One day

from my window I saw a chaise containing two of our selectmen wallowing in the bog and quite unable to flounder out. I could not refrain from shouting, 'I am glad at last, gentlemen, to see you stirring in that matter.'" A roar of laughter greeted this speech of the reverend gentleman who has a great local reputation as a wit.

I did not think that Pitcairn relished the implied criticism of the troops in the last remark of Captain Fox, and I own I was offended by it. No sooner had Dr. Byles subsided than Mr. Fox spoke again, to say that a wise Parliament at Westminster and a wise Ministry at St. James were quite as essential to peace in the province as patient soldiers in Boston. His Lordship smiled at this, and said that soldiers were fortunate in not having to assume the burdens of Parliament or of ministers, having only to execute loyally the king's commands. Mr. Fox quite unabashed replied that he believed the army had not been above reproach in its sphere, and that too many of the officers had earned the reproaches and enmity of the townspeople. Pitcairn, who had flushed red at the first remark of Mr. Fox, to my surprise loudly assented to this, and thanked God that the marines had never been concerned in the disorders charged to the military. He deplored the destruction of King Hancock's fence, the scandalous doings at Miss Erskine's, and the attack by drunken soldiers on the Providence coach. Officers should keep sober, and should keep their men in order, if they had to flog them by companies. The major's allusion to the affair of the coach was an unhappy one, for Captain Gore of Percy's regiment is believed to have been the chief offender. His Lordship passed over the matter gracefully and informed the major that he believed that the incident had been much exaggerated. A remark of mine stirred the controversial spirit of Captain Fox, though I must own that his bearing was both quiet and polite. When I referred

to Mr. Samuel Adams of this town as a man of "desperate fortune whose political existence depended upon the continuance of the present dispute," Fox remarked that it became all of us to speak respectfully of the man for whom two regiments in His Majesty's service had been named.¹ This caused a general laugh in which Earl Percy joined, while Mr. Byles called out from the foot of the table that he hoped Roger Sheaffe would not quote this sally of Captain Fox to Mr. Molesworth, late of the 29th Regiment.

Gould alluded to the gossip in regard to Captain Scawen of the Guards and the wife of Captain Horneck of the same regiment. The earl, perhaps out of consideration for the youth of Roger Sheaffe, or because his own matrimonial affairs are not in a good state, diverted the talk from the line in which Gould would have pressed it. He turned the subject by asking Dr. Byles across the table if he admired the verse of Dr. Goldsmith whose death has occurred within the year. Dr. Byles replied that he regarded Goldsmith as an ingenious man of excellent talent, though not to be compared with his old friend and correspondent Mr. Pope, whose work he believed would endure till the end of time. The earl had heard it said that "the Captain in Lace" mentioned in Dr. Goldsmith's poem of *Retaliation* was none other than the Captain Horneck to whom Mr. Gould had referred. "I have often heard," said the earl, "my friend Dr. Percy mention Dr. Goldsmith with respect, and it was through him that the poet was first presented to my father at Northumberland House. A number of years since, Dr. Goldsmith wrote a poem which he sent in manuscript to my mother, and which she had printed for distribution among her friends. I have heard that these verses were after-

wards incorporated in Dr. Goldsmith's novel of *The Vicar of Wakefield*." The earl continued that he had heard much from Dr. Percy of Goldsmith's odd manners and improvident habits, and how on one occasion he strayed into the Duke of Northumberland's lodgings in Bath, mistaking them, he believed, for the house of his friend Lord Clare. His Grace, who had a great respect for Dr. Goldsmith and would have helped him had he known his necessities, prevailed upon him on this occasion to atone for his error by remaining to dinner.

Captain Fox said that he believed Goldsmith was well known to his brother Charles, as they were members together of a literary club in London. He had heard his brother speak in warmest praise of Mr. Goldsmith's merits, and knew that he regarded the *Traveller* as "one of the finest poems in the English language." He feared that the poet's death had been hastened by the burden of heavy debts. Here Gould muttered in my ear to wonder whether, if Lord Holland had not come to the financial relief of Charles Fox, that portly gambler would have been crushed as easily as the duke's scribbling friend from Grub Street.

Some allusion being made to the Battle of Minden, the conversation became for a time professional in character. George, with his head full of theories, asked whether it was not a mistake to detach the flank companies of regiments of foot for separate service. But the poor lad had not gone far in his argument before Gould was patting his back and hailing him as "the General," till, confused and abashed, he took refuge in blushes. Pitcairn hoped that no more regiments on the Irish establishment would come out. He had never known such a record of desertions on foreign service, and the rascals recruited in Ireland showed a clear willingness to fight on the rebel side. The earl explained that there had been much exaggeration in these matters. The other day there had been a statement published in Boston that one hun-

¹ When the news reached London of the Boston Massacre, and of the removal of the troops from the town as a result of the agitation headed by Samuel Adams, the 14th and 29th were derisively alluded to in Parliament as "the Sam Adams regiments."

dred men of the Royal Irish had deserted and gone into the country. As there were only three companies of the regiment stationed in Boston this would be a substantial loss, yet the earl could assure the major that the battalion was in good condition with fairly full ranks. Pitcairn was glad to have his Lordship's assurance on this point, but thought it a matter for regret that no Scotch regiments had been sent to Boston. The Scots were an orderly people, and he believed Fraser's made a fine record with Wolfe. Mr. Byles here remarked that the House of Brunswick had not always regarded the Scotch as an orderly people, and said gayly that he was not sure that the major himself had not been out in the *Forty-five*.¹ Pitcairn had a retort ready, but Colonel Gunning interrupted to say that he was glad to hear the 78th mentioned as having been at Quebec. He had always understood that the 43d had seen some fighting on the Plains of Abraham, but since the landing of the 47th in Boston, the impression seemed to be that Montcalm was beaten by a few companies of "Wolfe's Own." The earl laughed at this outbreak, and bowing very politely to Gunning, said that the glorious record of the 43d was better known than the colonel would admit, and then added that the major would be glad to know that as Ireland had been drawn on so heavily for troops the new regiments were almost certain to be sent from England. Then, turning again to Colonel Gunning, the earl remarked that it had been decided that General Burgoyne was coming out in a few weeks. It seems that Burgoyne and Gunning are both uncles to Lord Stanley, whose *fête champêtre* of last year in honour of his marriage with Lady Betty Hamilton was for months the talk of the town. Upon mention of this gorgeous affair, the earl stated that George Selwyn had said that it had every appearance of having been planned by Burgoyne and paid for by Lord Stanley, at which Gun-

¹ Referring to the uprising in Scotland in 1745 for the Chevalier Charles Edward.

ning broke into a roar of laughter that brought over Dr. Byles to find out what wit there was, not of his making.

Mr. Fox had become engaged in a discussion with Lord Rawdon upon the value of the American breed of horses as compared with the English stock, and was showing vast animation, for him. Mr. Byles, interrupting, suggested Pitcairn as a competent man to judge the dispute. The major affirmed that, while he knew little of the complicated workmanship of the beast, he could handle any quadruped that neighed. Every Fife man could ride, and he would race the doctor on a wager, from the North Battery to the Neck. The earl said that he had supposed the major would declare for the Scottish animal as his standard, and asked Harris whether he had forgotten the good horses they saw on the track at Kelso when they went from Alnwick to the races in 1772. Harris remembered the bonny lasses he saw that day far better than the horses, whereupon the major, forgetting his challenge, burst forth into a fine encomium upon the ladies of his native land.

We rose as the bell on the South Meeting-House was striking nine. The evening was one of the pleasantest I have passed in Boston. I believe I am regarded favourably by his Lordship, and shall study to win his interest. We went out pretty much together: Master Sheaffe walked down Tremont Street with Collingwood and Pitcairn; the Reverend Byles was sent home in his Lordship's coach. As we crossed the street to the Common, the earl was already coming out of his garden with his cloak about him, to make his evening rounds.

II

The coming of General Gage to reside in Boston relieved Earl Percy of many responsibilities, but there is no reason to believe that the hospitality of the Province House dimmed the attractions of the mansion at the head of Winter Street.

Throughout the season we meet the earl here and there about his duties. The season is not a harsh one, but the townspeople are amazed that he walks and rides with bosom open and wears no great-coat. The mild winter melts into an early spring and mid-April finds the grass green upon the Common, while the trees along the Mall are already bursting into foliage.

Doubtless Boston slept well on the night of the 18th of April, 1775, but we have it on good authority that it was otherwise with Earl Percy. We can place him on the Common not far from midnight, where he overhears the remark of a townsman that the British have marched upon a vain errand. From here we can follow him to the Province House, where, behind closed doors, it is believed that he consumed the early morning hours in consulting with his commander and in upbraiding him with having confided an important secret to an unworthy confidant.¹ A few hours later and he is mounted upon a white charger, and with pistols in holster is riding up and down the line of soldiery that extends all the way from Queen Street along Tremont Street almost to the bottom of the Mall.

When early risers on this historic morning attempt to cross the thoroughfare that skirts the Common, they are amazed at the imposing display of force that blocks the way. All sorts of wild stories are afloat as to what this commotion means. The townsmen hear that the Grenadiers and Light Infantry of the garrison went into the country last night, leaving the town by water from the bottom of the Common. It is whispered that their aim is the cannon at Concord, and perhaps the arrest of John Hancock and Samuel Adams. It is said that secret measures were taken early to warn these men and that signal lanterns burned last evening in the steeple of the North Church. It

is believed that they have bad news at the Province House and that the troops now forming are going out under Earl Percy to reinforce last night's expedition.

The army hears that the Grenadiers and Light Infantry have gone out on a secret mission, that Smith of the 10th is in command, and that the general has had the good sense to send Pitcairn along to keep an eye on things; that an express arrived from Smith before dawn, saying that the country was aroused and asking for reinforcements; that there is a stupid blunder somewhere in the orders, and so the brigade is not all mustered yet. Now everything is awaiting the arrival of the marines, and it is clear that Percy is disgusted and in bad humor.

Eight o'clock has sounded from the Old South tower, and at last the belated marines are arriving. The sergeants bustle about among their men, the lines are dressed, and as the hands of the town clocks are nearing nine the command to march passes along the street. Harrison Gray Otis on his way to the Latin School is turned back on Queen Street by a brusque officer, and makes his way up School Street in time to see the soldiers and hear those famous words of dismissal from Master Lovell. As the boys pour out of the building that is closing for many a long month, the troops are moving, the drums are rolling, and the fifes are screaming the shrill strains of *Yan-kee Doodle*. The head of the column is below West Street, and to all those in the throng who love the British flag it is an inspiring sight. The marines go by erect and solid, the best men Pitcairn thinks who ever fixed bayonet on musket; then follows a fine regiment which from the king's cipher and the royal lion on their colors we recognize as the King's Own. But the flank companies are missing, which means that Evelyn, Boscawen, and Gould went out with Smith last night. And here is the 47th, "Wolfe's Own," the famous corps that fought on the Plains of Abraham and saw its commander die victorious under the walls of

¹ General Gage had married the daughter of a colonist and was suspected in the army of being so much under her influence as to share with her important state secrets.

Quebec; and then comes glittering rank on rank of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the custodians of a proud record, with Minden emblazoned on their standards. We catch glimpses of Earl Percy riding slowly up and down the line, and the expression on his Lordship's face is not the one we find in Mr. Stuart's painting, nor that familiar to guests at his dinner-table. Two field-pieces rumble on after the column, and the wagons with supplies and ammunition bring up the rear. The music dies away, the crowd disperses, and Earl Percy and his brigade have passed on to a hard day's work.

The 19th was an anxious day in Boston. It was known in the forenoon at the Province House that the troops and the Minute Men had been in collision at Lexington, but Gage, lacking definite details, caused it to be given out that no lives had been lost. Later all sorts of wild rumors passed from mouth to mouth. It was repeatedly asserted in the afternoon that Earl Percy had been killed, and all through the day Beacon Hill was crowded by citizens and soldiers gazing westward for some sign of what was taking place. But from this airy height Boston looked down that day upon a land where all seemed peace, the fields and hills of Middlesex smiling in the sun, from the rippling current of the Charles to the hazy heights of Waltham. But toward sundown the situation became more clear, fires were burning in Menotomy, and to the eastward of the Colleges in Cambridge were drifting puffs of dust and smoke to tell the story of hard marching and of carnage. Then as darkness fell the flickering of musketry was visible all along the base of Prospect Hill, until it became clear that the troops were following the road into Charlestown. Late in the evening it was known in Boston that Percy was in the town across the ferry, and those stationed along the north water front could see the Somerset lowering her boats for service. All through the night the sailors rowed to and fro, bringing to town the wounded men who had fallen

in that long heart-rending march from Concord Bridge. Earl Percy was doubtless at the Province House before morning, to report upon his day's work. We can fancy the agitation of the gentle-hearted governor when his elegant brigadier confronted him, dirt-covered and powder-blackened, his voice gone, and with that rent in his dusty coat where the peasant's bullet had almost robbed a dukedom of its heir.

The events of the 19th of April wrought a change in the whole current of life in Boston. War had begun, and all New England in armed revolt was encamped about the town. Sympathizers with the popular cause passed out into the rebel camps, while the Loyalists, helpless in the face of the popular uprising, fled to Boston to dwell within the protection of the troops. These movements of the people were fostered by the British and by the provincial authorities, so that before the close of the month well-known faces were missed and strange faces had appeared in Boston. The presence of the wounded had a marked effect upon the temper of the people. The care of nearly two hundred stricken men kept the army surgeons well employed, while the prevalence of crutches and bandages upon the streets brought home to all the realities of grim-visaged war.

It had fallen to Captain Harris to cover the retreat with his company of Percy's regiment, and the earl told how he met him under fire, bareheaded on the dusty road, carrying his grenadier hat full of water for the comfort of the wounded. Harris had seen Lieutenant Baker and more than half of his tall fellows shot down by invisible marksmen, and he had lost all sense of kinship with the stealthy, straight-shooting people of the province. "I trust the Americans may be brought to a sense of their duty," he stormed. "One good drubbing which I long to give them by way of retaliation might have a good effect toward it."

There was gloom at Captain Evelyn's lodgings, for Joe Knight, the only officer

killed, was a lieutenant in the King's Own, while little Gould, shot through the leg, had been taken prisoner in Menotomy as he was hobbling home ahead of the column. "He was the most amiable and worthy man in the world," sobbed Evelyn over the loss of poor Knight, while Boscawen's grief was pathetic to witness. But Joe Knight, though cut off on the threshold of his career, was honored in his friendships and in dying as a good soldier should. He did not live to attain distinction in his profession, but his gentle character was to be enshrined in that series of loving letters which the Honorable Mrs. Boscawen addressed to Mrs. Delaney. The fate of Knight impressed Evelyn with the risks to which his young charge was exposed. "I wish," he wrote to his father, "they would purchase a lieutenancy for him at home, for I am very uneasy lest anything befall him while he is with me."

But there was no depression in the army over the affair of April 19. The officers declared that this was far different from campaigning in Germany, and that discipline and high training were useless in a contest where not above ten of the enemy could be seen in a body, and where all gave their fire from behind trees and walls, "and then reloaded on their bellies." Percy became at once the darling of the army. All through the march from Lexington to Charlestown Common he had his men in good control, and whenever opportunity offered to strike a blow he was quick to see and improve it. He left the marks of his heavy hand all along the roads of Menotomy and Cambridge, and it was cool design and not uncontrolled savagery that filled the evening air with the smoke of flaming dwellings. When Percy first saw Smith's demoralized infantry in Lexington, exhausted, powderless, and cumbered with their wounded, he realized that this was war and determined to play a strong part in it. For long years after, his name was abhorred by the Provincials, who had hovered on his flanks and who had suffered

at his hands that April afternoon. The officers of the line, the commander-in-chief in Boston, the king in London, all combined in praising "the masterly officership" that had brought off the troops "with so little loss through a severe and incessant fire for twenty miles;" and the Duke of Northumberland received, from ministers who loved him not, congratulations upon the conduct of his son.

And Percy himself, who had despised his foes, described the day in these words: "During the whole affair the Rebels attacked us in a very scattered, irregular manner, but with perseverance and resolution, nor did they ever dare to form into any regular body. Indeed, they knew too well what was proper, to do so. Whoever looks upon them as an irregular mob, will find himself much mistaken. They have men amongst them who know very well what they are about, having been employed as Rangers against the Indians and Canadians, and this country being much cov'd with wood and hilly, is very advantageous for their method of fighting. Nor are several of their men void of a spirit of enthusiasm, as we experienced yesterday, for many of them concealed themselves in houses and advanced within 10 yards to fire at me and other officers tho' they were morally certain of being put to death themselves in an instant. . . . For my part, I never believed I confess that they wd have attacked the King's troops, or have had the perseverance I found in them yesterday." In this frank fashion did Earl Percy acknowledge his error and pay his tribute to the courage of the men of Massachusetts.

Though Colonel Smith of the 10th and Barnard of the Fusiliers were both wounded in the April fighting, it was Major Pitcairn who retained the most disagreeable memories of the day. His story of that morning was always told with simple, straightforward frankness. He saw the militia drawn up under arms on the village green, and riding up ordered them to disperse, and damned them as they

deserved for a set of disloyal villains. They did not obey on the moment and he turned about to order his troops to surround and disarm them. Then came two or three scattered shots, which he did not see but believed to have been fired by the militia, followed by a sudden and promiscuous fusillade from a part of his own men. Though he struck his sword downwards with all earnestness as the signal to forbear or cease firing, the damage was done in an instant. This in effect was Pitcairn's story, and though he rested under no criticism from the general, he did not regard it a creditable tale. He could laugh over the loss of his horse and his pistols; the slaying of a few peasants did not disturb him, for the rascals had tempted fate by facing the king's troops in arms. But the old veteran was pained that a detachment serving under him should get out of hand and fire without orders. He had only one comfort in his trial, — the offenders were merely light infantry and not the marines.

It is likely that the damage inflicted upon the regiments, the shifting of the population, and the work of fortifying the town, checked for a time all social life in the garrison. But the incoming of the Loyalist families was an agreeable event to the officers, and we are told that Lady Frankland was an object of especial interest when she came down from Hopkinton to open her great mansion at the North End. On May 25 there arrived the *Cerberus* frigate with the three major-generals aboard, — Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne, — and at the same time that she cast anchor in the harbor, the transports came in with the three regiments of foot and the Queen's Light Dragoons. With these reinforcements the military population of the town exceeded the civil element, and as the most ardent rebels had crossed the Charles, Boston became in effect a loyal community. By the last of May the morale of the garrison was higher than at any time since Percy's arrival, and confidence was widespread among both the soldiery and the Tory

refugees, that a decisive movement was imminent that would crush out rebellion in the province and bring all loyal souls in Boston to their own again.

With the arrival of the *Cerberus* the receptions and dinners at the Province House took on more imposing state, and the great rooms of the governor's mansion were thronged with the bravest and the fairest that the town could boast. We can fancy too that, though Percy's army rank seemed less imposing since the landing of the major-generals, his house was not neglected, and that day by day he did the honors of his table. One is tempted to glance again into the old dining-room and mark the new faces that gather there: to hear Colonel Saltonstall and Mr. Vassall lament the inconveniences of the time, to hear Clinton tell his memories of the fighting Prince of Brunswick, and listen to Burgoyne's graceful and racy recital of the gossip that is amusing high life in London. But it is not necessary to call at Earl Percy's to find Burgoyne. You may see him on the Mall, where he saunters with handsome Tory ladies; at the bookshops on Cornhill, where he handles the volumes with loving hands and chats charmingly of their contents; or you may meet him coming down the steps of the Province House, after a conference with his Excellency, a queer smile on his face as he thinks how absurd it is that His Majesty's army in Boston should be commanded by a timid old woman.

The night of the 16th of June was quiet so quiet that officers on duty remarked it, and the "All's well" from the men-of-war at anchor in the harbor was plainly audible in the town. With the first flush of dawn came the boom of a cannon, then another, followed by the roll and roar of great guns bombarding. The town was alarmed by this harsh awakening, and there was a rush of soldiers and citizens to Copp's and Beacon Hills, from which the Royal vessels in the Charles were descried enshrouded in the smoke of their own guns.

At first it was not clear what caused the commotion in the fleet, but soon practiced eyes discovered beyond the river a low redoubt on the crest of Breed's Hill, whose grassy slopes formed a pleasant background for the clustering roofs of Charlestown. Officers rubbed their eyes in amazement. There was no room for doubt that during the few short hours of darkness the daring Provincials had done a work that was meant as a challenge to the troops in Boston:

There was a hurried conference of the generals at the Province House, as a result of which a force of two thousand men was assigned to Howe with orders to clear the hill, while Earl Percy was sent to Roxbury Neck to maintain a bombardment, and prevent any hostile move from that quarter. Clinton had urged a landing in the rear of the redoubt, with a view of cutting off the retreat of the Provincials and capturing the whole body, but others clamored for an attack in front. On the 19th of April the troops had complained that they could not see their foes; now they had them in plain sight and would beat them handsomely in the face of the whole country. The rascals would not stand to receive the bayonet, and losses would be trifling. Even Gage was carried away by the enthusiasm of his advisers. The excitement in Boston was intense. Groups gathered at corners discussed in whispers the intentions of the rebels, and as the roar of the bombardment went echoing through the streets their faces blanched with terror. The Province House was early thronged with officers who sought a place in the attacking column. Orderlies galloped through the streets on important errands, and from all parts of the town came the rolling of drums and the alarms of the bugle. Before noon the regiments were on the march, and the music of the bands and the screaming of the fifes was heard on every hand.

The 43d is passing down Hanover Street on its way to the North Battery, and Colonel Gunning makes a handsome figure at

its head. But the bands are playing in King Street, and as we hurry in that direction we can see through narrow lanes the glitter of moving steel. The scarlet ranks sweep down the famous street in an unceasing stream, — grenadiers, light infantry, the 38th, and Earl Percy's 5th. We see Abercrombie leading the grenadiers, and not far behind is Captain Harris, whose chance to thrash the rebels is close at hand. Lord Rawdon's face is turned away as he scans the alignment of his men; and then comes Evelyn, erect and stern, his mind filled with misgivings for the lad who is marching gayly at his heels. Now the colors of the 38th are tossing above the glare of bayonets, and in a moment we see Harry Fox go by, with the easy swing of a man of lighter build, cursing inwardly the duty upon which he is bound, but with the same imperturbable expression on his face that he wore at Earl Percy's dinner-table. As the column pours on to the Long Wharf, the boats and barges are ready and the work of embarkation is beautifully carried out. The naval officer in charge will win promotion for this day's work, and as he moves about the wharf we recognize the face of Collingwood.

Burgoyne was not to have a share in the day's fighting. His literary and not his military qualities were to be asserted on this occasion, and his famous letter to Lord Stanley will remain for all time the most vivid pen picture of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

We shall find him with Clinton on Copp's Hill where the Royal Artillerymen are busy with their guns. High above them, in the tower of Christ Church, Gage is looking down upon the battlefield and watching Prescott of Pepperell as he saunters along the distant rampart. The day is beautiful but intensely warm; the roofs and spires of Boston are black with excited humanity. Across the river the highlands of Middlesex are sprinkled with onlookers, while in strange contrast to all this eager life the village of

Charlestown lies sleeping in the sun, silent and deserted.

The advance is about to commence. The ships of war are concentrating their fire upon the redoubt, and the gunners on Copp's Hill toil with renewed energy at their heated pieces. The glittering files of the soldiery move up the slope with a precision and proud bearing that awes the spectators and draws forth the remark from the critical Burgoyne that "Howe's disposition is exceedingly soldierlike." Not a sign of life is visible in Charlestown or about the redoubt. The troops advance steadily, though impeded, it is clear, by the bad ground and by the stout fences that cross the slope. As the leading platoons deliver their fire with parade accuracy, the batteries on sea and land cease their roaring, and like the rolling back of a curtain the billowy clouds of powder smoke drifting seaward open up the whole battlefield to the view of those in Boston. The troops seem to have almost reached the redoubt; Burgoyne fears that the peasants have already withdrawn, when there is a sudden glancing of flame, a crash, and the provincial works are ablaze from end to end with musketry. Dense smoke envelopes the crest of the hill and completely screens the combatants from view. For ten minutes the awful roll and rattle continues; scarlet groups appear wavering here and there along the lower edge of the seething cloud; and then the thinned and broken lines of the soldiery come fully into view, swaying backward down the slope in orderly but unmistakable retreat.

The officers on Copp's Hill are stung with chagrin and shame. The whole country has witnessed the repulse of the troops. But it is clear that Howe is going up again, and all along the lines the swords of the officers can be seen flashing in the sunlight as they rally and reform the broken battalions. It is now that Howe gives the order for the burning of Charlestown. As the battery on Copp's Hill sends its bombs into the doomed town a boatload of sailors is seen

pulling out from the Somerset, to make sure of the work. In a few moments Charlestown begins to burn. The fire leaps up in a dozen places and spreads rapidly; the church spire sends a thin column of gray smoke skyward and then puffs out into blinding flames. In the shadow of the smoke which now drifts in dense volumes over the field of death, and supported by the renewed cannonading from the ships, the royal troops again move forward to the assault. Again there is the steady advance, though now the way is sadly cumbered with the fallen, and again the troops deliver their beautiful but useless volleys. As the din of the bombardment dies away, there comes a hush so deep that the roar of the flames and the crash of falling roofs in Charlestown is distinctly heard in Boston. Then again the redoubt breaks into awful life and the scarlet columns seem to shrink and wither before the fiery blast. In a short half-hour from Howe's second order to advance, the wreck of his detachment has been thrown back down the hill, almost to the beach.

There were few among the spectators on either side of the river who after this awful slaughter did not regard the battle as over, for the day at least. The scene upon the beach beggared description. Fully one-third of the attacking force had fallen. Regiments were reduced to battalions, and companies had been literally annihilated. Major Small with a detachment of marines now put off from Boston, and Clinton, unable longer to behold the discomfiture of the soldiery, threw himself into the boat as a volunteer. There was no appeal from Howe for fresh regiments, there was no move on the part of Gage to relieve the broken battalions that had twice scaled these fatal heights.

There were scores among the officers who had crossed the river with Howe who had called the Provincials cowards. The survivors of those two attacks were never to repeat the charge. And these gentlemen who so despised their foe had

been loud in proclaiming the invincibility of the British arms. They at least were no vain braggarts; they had indulged in no empty boasting. Ardent patriots, thrilling with the brave work of their countrymen behind that low redoubt, could scarce believe their senses, they could scarce withhold their admiration, when it became clear that the indomitable infantry which Howe commanded was still unbeaten. As the artillery was pushed forward through the swampy ground to rake the redoubt in flank, the soldiers, throwing aside knapsacks, coats, and all useless weight, were again reforming their now pitifully thin lines. All the world knows the rest of that day's work. How Howe, abandoning all parade formations, used the strength that was left him as it should have been used against a powerful and determined foe; how the provincial powder ran low, and how at last that fierce torrent of British steel burst into the redoubt and wrought awful vengeance upon brave and almost defenseless men who would not beg for quarter. "The day ended with glory," said Burgoyne, "and the success was most important, considering the ascendancy it gave the regular troops; but the loss was uncommon in officers for the numbers engaged."

But in addressing the noble lord in England, Burgoyne hardly did justice to the awful carnage which the army had sustained. "We were exulting in seeing the flight of our enemies," writes an ardent Tory of the town, "but in an hour or two we had occasion to mourn and lament. Dear was the purchase of our safety. In the evening the streets were filled with the wounded and the dying; the sight of which, with the lamentations of the women and children over their husbands and fathers, pierced one to the soul. We were now every moment hearing of some officer, or other of our friends and acquaintance, who had fallen in our defense, and in supporting the honor of our country." In another account we read: "The Saturday night and

Sabbath were taken up in carrying over the dead and wounded; and all the wood carts in town it is said were employed, chaises and coaches for the officers."

Percy coming down from Roxbury Neck in the early evening may well have been shocked at these evidences of the desperate fighting of the day. He hears that Pitcairn has been killed and that Abercrombie, mortally wounded, had made a last appeal to his men to treat old Putnam kindly if they took him. Major Small declares that he owes his own life to Putnam, who "rushed forward and struck up the muzzles of guns that were aimed at him." Percy is doubtless proud to learn that "his regiment suffered the most and behaved the best," and is pleased to hear from Burgoyne that Lord Rawdon has "behaved to a charm," and has established his name for life. But when they tell him that Harris is dangerously wounded, and that there were only eight men of his company left to follow Lord Rawdon into the redoubt, the earl's pride and pleasure are tempered by grief. Down at the marine barracks in the North End strong men are weeping like children for Pitcairn. They tell how he was bleeding from two wounds when he placed himself in front of the battalion for the third attack, and how as he pointed to the enemy he called out for the last time, "Now for the glory of the marines!" He was struck by four bullets as he entered the redoubt, and they believe at the barracks that he died as he had always wished to die, and that his closing eyes must have beheld his marines victorious. "We have lost a father." That is the wail of Pitcairn's bereaved command.

No one could complain of the way the 43d was handled at Bunker Hill, and Colonel Gunning came out unscathed, to be warmly commended by the general. That night, back in the Boston camp, Evelyn bethought himself of the dangers that beset us in this troubled life; he thought too of Peggie Wright, and then and there drew up his modest will. Harry

Fox bore himself in every emergency as became an officer of the 38th, and as he pored over the gaps in his company roll, he must have thought what a shameful waste it was to send His Majesty's troops against men of English blood.

Percy was fortunate in having none of his regimental officers slain. There were wounds in plenty, and the life of Harris was saved by trepanning. Years after he left the Boston hospital, he would laughingly tell how the doctors had allowed him to behold his own brains in a mirror.

For weeks the town was a hospital, and scores of soldiers who succumbed to their wounds were buried in trenches on the Common. "Many of the wounded are daily dying," writes an army surgeon at this time, "and many must have both legs amputated. The Provincials either exhausted their ball, or they were determined that every wound should prove mortal. Their muskets were charged with old nails and angular pieces of iron." We read how Lady Frankland gave up her mansion for a hospital, and how Clinton abandoned the Hancock House that it might be put to the same use. In the mess-rooms of the garrison, Minden lost its standing as a bloody battle. Minden was a dress parade to Bunker Hill, so the talk ran, and the far-famed French grenadier a really harmless animal when compared to the American peasant with a wall in front of him and powder and ball in his pouch.

We have only meagre records of what went on in Boston between July, 1775, when Washington arrived in Cambridge, and March, 1776, when he placed his heavy guns in position on Dorchester Heights. We know that the winter was not a mild one, and that low temperatures were rendered more fearful by the lack of fuel and by the rough gales that howled across the Common and through the narrow streets. Food was scarce, and the occasional skirmishes between outposts not being frequent nor warm enough to keep the troops in heart, it was a hard task to restrain them from

vandalism and excess. All lived in the hope of that long-deferred campaign which was to put everything to rights.

Burgoyne was a conspicuous figure in the town until the day of his departure. He converted the Old South Meeting-House into a riding school for his pet regiment of horse, and it is probable that almost any day one might have seen the Honorable Tom Stanley leaping his horse over the barriers. 'This was the young man for whom Burgoyne had yearned as he stood on Copp's Hill on the 17th of June, and who arrived in Boston shortly after the events of that day. Burgoyne was a good disciplinarian, but during his stay in town he was more active with his pen than with his sword. He found time to waste ink in a fruitless controversy with Charles Lee, and these letters, with the pompous proclamations he wrote for Gage, have proved the enduring part of his literary labors. His wit as a playwright and his efficiency as a stage manager were his best offerings to the royal cause in Boston. He wrote the prologue for a performance of *Zarah* at Faneuil Hall, and Lord Rawdon spoke the lines. We can fancy that the young man performed this task with far less confidence than he played his part at Bunker Hill. "The theatre flourishes surprisingly and has brought out some capital performers," writes George Evelyn, who, having succeeded in getting Boscawen sent home on recruiting duty, breathed free again. Burgoyne's piece of *The Blockade of Boston* was not acted until after the sailing of the accomplished author, and the first performance in Faneuil Hall was broken up by the alarm of a Yankee attack. Officers were ordered to their posts, and we read of the dilemma of certain fair Tories who made their way home without escort, to the great delight of their rebel sisters.

We see little of Earl Percy during these days, but we can imagine that because of the lack of tempting viands dinner-giving was going out of fashion in Boston. Sir William Howe managed to maintain a

dignified and charming hospitality at the Province House, and within its walls anxious Tories were wont to find new courage, and dance dull care away to the bewitching music of the Fusiliers' band. But when the raw March air began to throb to the roar of the Continental cannon, a spirit of gloom crept over the town, and made its way at last into the innermost recesses of the governor's mansion and chilled the heart in the governor's breast.

On the morning of March 5, 1776, the British officers were gazing in wonder upon Dorchester Heights, as nine months before they had looked across the Charles upon Breed's Hill. Washington had planted batteries on the high land during the night, and the admiral at once notified Howe that his anchorage was no longer tenable. Then Percy comes into prominence for the last time in Boston. He is ordered to rendezvous at the Castle with a force of three thousand men, and to cross to the mainland in the morning to attack the Continental works. The expedition bivouacked at the Castle that night, but the day of the 6th was ushered in by a driving storm, and the sea ran so high that it was found impossible to get the troops off. All through the stormy day Howe was pondering the lessons of Bunker Hill, and his memory was so haunted by the carnage wrought by the American farmers, that before the storm had subsided, he countermanded Percy's orders and began to prepare for evacuating the town. After sundown on March 16, the British troops went aboard the transports, and all night long the streets echoed to their departing tramp. On the 17th the fleet dropped down to Nantasket Roads, and there lay for ten days before weighing anchor for Halifax. As Percy paced the deck within sight of the hills of Boston, the windows of his house on Winter Street were looking out upon glad scenes, upon the street thronging with happy country people and townsfolk returning, upon the Common where detachments of the liberating army, ill

drilled and in motley garb, were going on duty. Putnam and Heath come down the street, so does Mr. Knox the bookseller in his artillery regimentals, and Charles Lee also, jealous and vain as of yore. But the old house rocks with the cheering of thousands when a greater than these approaches, a far nobler man indeed than any of the distinguished company who have sat down with Earl Percy at his table here in Boston. His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, rides a great charger, he wears the blue and buff, and he bows gravely to right and left upon the joyous crowds that line his way.

III

Let us glance in closing at what the future had in store for those gallant servants of King George whom we have met at Earl Percy's table. As we look into the scattering family correspondence that has been preserved, it is pleasant to see how fully Roger Sheaffe repaid the benevolence of his noble patron. In 1778 an ensign in the 5th Foot, in 1813 he was a major-general commanding against the United States in Canada. This service was sorely against his will, and he was ever devoted to his mother and to his friends and kindred in Boston. He revisited the town in 1788, and again in 1792, when he was clearly the idol of the family circle. He married Margaret Coffin, a cousin to the admiral of that name; and it was a note from the Duke of Northumberland¹ addressed to "Lady Sheaffe," that first informed this excellent woman that her husband had been created a baronet of England. The career of Roger Sheaffe was marked at times by hardship and disappointment, but through it all the duke appears and reappears in his rôle of a fairy godfather. We catch frequent glimpses of Sir Roger during the early half of the nineteenth century, and in the days of the third Duke of Northumberland we find him always a

¹ Percy succeeded his father as Duke of Northumberland in June, 1786.

welcome guest at Alnwick. He was apparently beloved and favored by the sons of the noble friend whom he first knew at his mother's house in Boston as Hugh, Earl Percy.

With the departure of the British from Boston, the light went out of the life of Dr. Byles. Rejected by his parish in 1776, he at length stood trial in the courts on the grave charge of honoring the king. He was found guilty and sentenced to banishment, but the penalty was never enforced. The old man lived on in Boston, detested by many, until in 1788 he died at the ripe age of eighty-two years. His Tory principles lived on in his daughters, and in the old house, surrounded by the furniture and mementos of the old days, they entertained in the old-fashioned way, and prayed for the restoration of royal authority. Early in the nineteenth century a portion of their house was removed to make way for public improvements, and the shock brought one of these sisters to her grave. The survivor lived to congratulate William IV upon his accession to the throne, and to subscribe herself his loyal and obedient subject. To the end she thought and babbled of the days of good King George, of the wrongs suffered by her father, of walks on the Mall with Sir William Howe, of courtesies extended by Earl Percy, and of the serenades by his regimental band.

Lord Rawdon sailed away to a brilliant career on southern battlefields. He was to justify the promise of Bunker Hill, and to live in history as one of the few capable officers who fought for Britain against Washington and Greene. In later years as Lord Moira, and later still as Marquis of Hastings, he governed England's far Indian empire, and won laurels as one of the great administrators of his day.

In 1793, Captain Harris of the 5th Foot has become Lord Harris of Seringapatam, having in conjunction with Colonel Arthur Wellesley overthrown the redoubtable Tippoo Sahib. Which proved that the brains the provincial bullet so

narrowly missed at Bunker Hill were well worth preserving.

Ensign Boscawen in 1777 was riding as captain in the Royal Irish Dragoons, and ten years later he showed tact and courage in pacifying the riotous miners at Truro. He never attained great distinction, but he fulfilled the hopes of his doting mother, and became the discreet and amiable Viscount Falmouth.

As for Glanville Evelyn, there was but a short span of life left for him when he sailed from Boston with Clinton. The longed-for promotion never came, and before the close of the year 1776 he died at the head of his company in an obscure skirmish outside New York. General Howe informed the ministry that the king had lost a "gallant officer" in Captain Evelyn, and Peggie Wright received, by virtue of his last will and testament, the few trinkets and odds and ends which were all his long years of faithful service had brought him.

Lieutenant Gould, cured of the hurt received at Lexington, was exchanged and sent home in the summer of 1775. His convalescence was so rapid and so complete, that within a few weeks after his arrival in England he was able to elope with the daughter of a peer. Mrs. Boscawen in horror reminded Mrs. Delaney that this young desperado had been a friend and comrade of her dear boy in the King's Own. In 1777 Gould comes again into notice as a witness at the trial of the Reverend John Horne in London, and we are told that Earl Percy was an interested spectator in the courtroom. To the chagrin of the king and his ministers, Gould testified as an eye-witness that the royal troops were the aggressors on Lexington Common. In 1792 we are surprised to find him in possession of the office once held by the most implacable enemy of bold Robin Hood. We must assume that, as Sheriff of Nottingham, "little Gould" turned his back upon the follies of his early life and became not only a sober citizen, but a terror to all evil-doers within his jurisdiction.

On the morning of October 21, 1805, Lord Nelson is bringing his fleet into action against the French. As the mighty mass of the Royal Sovereign drives grandly into the opposing line, Nelson, moved with enthusiasm at the sight, exclaims to an officer at his side, "See how that noble fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action. How I envy him!" And so the modest lieutenant of the Somerset in 1775 lived to have the honor of being second in command to Nelson on the glorious day of Trafalgar.

In the spring of 1779 we find "dear Harry Fox," as Lady Sarah Lennox calls him, back at the Duke of Richmond's seat in Sussex. He reappears among his kinsfolk as Lieutenant-Colonel Fox of the 38th. His campaigning has not undone him, for "he is a good portly figure," and while "he breathes short like poor Ste, which vexes one for fear of its being from the same cause of inward fat," he is active and stirring, and a strong walker. To Lady Sarah, "his looks, his manner, are all delightful; he has the more true *good* military air, the most noble ways." He talks of his service with a modesty and propriety that are charming. He still laughs at the folly of supposing that America can be conquered. "He says the Americans never plunder without leave, he *don't* say so of the English." He longs to pursue all sorts of campaigning save that against the Americans, which he has no heart for. And there is a general's commission and a fond wife awaiting Colonel Fox in the not distant future, and Lord Holland's "only good son" is destined to round out an honorable and useful life.

As for Gunning, that handsome soldier, with his distinguished connections, and hallucinations regarding Charlemagne, there is a sad downfall awaiting him. As a general resting from war's alarms, he is to be undone by a vulgar wife and an ill-bred daughter who crave an alliance with the great house of Marlborough. It is a strange story, and the wild campaign of those awful women cheered Selwyn's clos-

ing days and enlivened for weeks the letters of Horace Walpole. Poor Gunning, who, cool and collected, had held the 43d in hand under the iron hail of Bunker Hill, succumbed to this blow at his vanity. He cast his family from him, and plunged into dissipation and debt. Then, heedless of his high social connections, unmindful even of Charlemagne, he ran away with the wife of his tailor. He figured disreputably in a divorce suit, wrote for publication an "Apology" for his life, and died at last on the shores of the Bay of Naples. Years after his death a book was published by his erring daughter, and in inscribing it to the Princess Charlotte she described herself as "the daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Gunning and the niece of the late Duchess of Argyll and the Countess of Coventry." So by the hand of the daughter who had shamed him, his name was linked on a printed page with that of his famous sisters, without whom he would hardly have risen in the fashionable world, and contributed to one of the rarest of its scandals.

As for the noble Percy, he was to serve valiantly in America for some months before returning to London to lay before his sovereign his opinion of Sir William Howe. With his arrival home his days of active soldiering were finished, but his interest in military matters remained always keen. The 5th Regiment of Foot became the Northumberland Fusiliers in compliment to him, and the efficiency of the county militia long bore witness to his fostering care. In 1778 the earl obtained a divorce from the wanton daughter of Lord Bute. He had said to Bishop Percy that matrimony should never tempt him again until he should find another Lady Algernon.¹ And he kept his word, for though he married within a few months of his divorce, it was to Lady Algernon's younger sister, who was to grace

¹ Lord Algernon Percy married in June 1775, Isabella Susannah, second daughter of Peter Burrell of Beckenham, Kent, sister of the first Lord Gwydyr.

her high station both as Countess Percy and as Duchess of Northumberland. The "soldier duke" grew old in a fine aristocratic way, and became gouty and choleric of temper, as befitted an English peer. He was courted by the Whig leaders at Westminster and was somewhat spoiled by these attentions. He gave his counsel with a grand air and was quick to take offense. He quarreled at last with

Charles James Fox, and he is credited with administering a rebuff to no less a person than the Prince of Wales. In his declining years he must often have dwelt upon those fateful hours when he brought the army from Lexington to Charlestown Common, and he may well have given a wistful thought to those far-away days when his table was set with twelve covers in the house at the head of Winter Street.

CIVILIZATION

BY JAMES E. RICHARDSON

NORTHWARD, and Northward, Northward still she flees,
With limbs that flash to every king's desire;
And one shall follow her with pipe and lyre,
And one with spoils of hundred-harbored seas.
And each in turn shall overtake, and please,
And cosset her an hour, until she tire,
Break loose and run, by roadways tracked with fire,
Tombs populous and shattered palaces.

Between the suings of the Sun and Wind,
Whose kings in each truced hour of breathing-space
Are fain to woo, — brown Khem and jeweled Sindh,
Blithe Graikos and glut Rome, she prays the cold
In easement of her blood; wherefore her face
Is turned forever from those lemans old.

THE RULES OF THE GAME

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

IN the time when the family lived wholly off the produce of its own farm, questions of the distribution of wealth and of welfare could scarcely arise. But now that every man pours his product into some market, it enters in a way into social wealth and passes out of his control. What he shall have to show for it depends on factors which, as John Stuart Mill showed, are man-made rather than natural. He is obliged to enter a game, and to a degree his share of the Desirable depends on his success in that game. What hazards the game shall involve is largely within the will of organized society. Some temperaments want the risks great, the prizes big even if they must be few. Other temperaments want risk eliminated and something guaranteed for all. So long as both temperaments are present in society, it is safe to say that the game will be kept interesting by preserving something of risk. The establishment of the rules of the game lies within the province of society; and, seeing that the good or ill fortune of the player depends not only on his skill and means, but also on the rules of the game and how they are respected, it is worth while to consider the bearing on the social welfare of the various policies that society may pursue.

The non-enforcement of the rules of the game ruptures at last the social peace.

According to Plato, when Socrates, on the morning of his last day, is urged by his friends to escape from prison, the philosopher refuses because in imagination he hears the Laws of Athens saying to him, "What do you mean by trying to escape but to destroy us, the Laws, and the whole city so far as in you lies? Do you think that a state can exist and not

be overthrown, in which the decisions of law are of no force and are disregarded and set at naught by private individuals?"

All failure to enforce law is bad, but in certain classes of law slackness is not so mischievous as it is in others. There is a group of laws aiming to restrain men from preying on the vices of their fellows and thereby weakening the physical and moral fibre of the population. If saloon, dive, gambling den, betting ring, and pool-room, bribe themselves free of these laws, they not only continue their work of ruin, but incidentally the police is corrupted, and, in a measure, all law is weakened.

Again, if the administration of justice becomes so feeble that the police cannot catch, nor the courts hang, the red slayer, the laws for the protection of persons become cobwebs and men resort freely to the personal redress of real or fancied wrongs. Murders and homicides would hardly be several times as frequent now as they were in 1880, but for the fact that in this country for years only one slayer out of seventy has been brought to the gallows. The harvest is bloodshed, lynching mobs, and race friction.

There is, however, another type of law-impotence which loosens the masonry of the state itself, and hence menaces the sober and orderly people who are beyond the reach of the lawlessness of "water-front," or "levee," or "tenderloin," or "Little Italy." This is failure to enforce the laws governing the conduct of groups or classes in their economic struggle, in a word, failure to uphold *the rules of the game*.

If the laws guarding the interests of one class are enforced, while the counterbalancing statutes protecting another class lie dormant, or if a law is enforced

downward but not upward, or if Justice wields a sword on the poor but a lath on the rich and influential, the cheated class fiercely resolves to capture the state and to govern ruthlessly in its own interests. But, imbued with this vengeful spirit, government soon becomes the engine rather than the arbiter of conflicting interests, and the state sense perishes in the flame of class hate. This is why it may be more imperative to cut out alike Pinkertons and sluggers, to put down impartially corporation law-breaking and mob violence, than to enforce the ordinances for the "red light" district.

Suffering the big player to violate the rules of the game is doubly dangerous at the present stage. In twenty years two developments — the disappearance of free land in the rain belt, and the triumph of the big concern over the little — have narrowed the circle of opportunity for workingmen to achieve independence, and therefore tend powerfully to consolidate wage-earners into a conscious class. It does not yet appear whether this will make impossible that government by public opinion which has contributed so much to the good temper and steadiness of American society.

But there would remain government as compromise, and even on this lower plane the state may successfully guard the primary social interests. Not so, however, if hard-won political victory becomes a mockery because prosecutors are timid, or judges deferential, or executives suave, before the lusty law-breaker who is lord of the Desirable. "Jug-handled" administration of the laws kills the spirit of give-and-take, hardens the hearts of the outlawed class, and sets their jaws in the grim resolve to grasp the reins of power with a relentless hand and to retain them, if need be, by force.

The hustler's practice of "Get there — anyhow!" is warm sand for the hatching of cockatrice's eggs. In Pennsylvania the law-abiding disposition was so weakened by the Standard Oil Company's example, that a man who tapped a pipe-

line and stole Standard oil for two years was found innocent by jurors who had heard him plead guilty. In California the Southern Pacific Railroad Company brought law into such contempt that the train robbers, Evans and Sontag, were befriended by nearly the whole local population. In certain Rocky Mountain states mine operators and miners have both well nigh lost the state sense, and reach for a judgeship or a shrievalty as unhesitatingly as in a fight one would reach for a crowbar. Thus breach of law begets counter-breach. "Slush funds" and chicane soon breed mobs and terrorism, which in turn engender deportations, kidnappings, and brutal trampling upon the constitutional rights of citizens and communities. Brickbat, "acid egg," dynamite, and torch are in a way companion to "House of Mirth," "drift-wood," gangster's gavel, and "bull-pen." Nor is it easy to revive the olive tree, once the bramble has come up. It will take years of even-handed enforcement of law to restore to government in Colorado its lost prestige. A decade of Solon and Rhadamanthus cannot inspire the law-abiding spirit that one year of weak government or slack opinion can destroy. Hence the question how the game is played may be more serious than the question who wins. A selfish interest that fights in the open for the repeal of good laws is not to be censured in the same breath with an interest which seeks to choloroform these same laws by packing a commission, or "squiring" an inspector, or owning a judge.

To be sure, clash of interest arises as we leave behind the simple, homogeneous society of the early day; but it is not written that every such conflict shall invade politics and make the state its football. Knights jousting in the mediæval tourney did not expect the keeper of the lists to enter the fray. An athletic team with the instinct of sportsmanship does not count on winning through the partiality of the umpire. Likewise farmers and middlemen, landlords and tenants, producers and consumers, manufacturers

and mill-hands, single-line merchants and department stores, jostled together by circumstance, may fight with lawful weapons without laying hand to government. So long, indeed, as civic feeling is deep, the great majority of citizens shrink from using the state for the furtherance of their special group interests, and will not unite on such lines save to ward off the aggressions of some less scrupulous group.

The state inspires this reverence because it is felt to express our best selves. If happily constituted, it embodies our reason, fair-mindedness, and humaneness, not our passion, greed, and narrowness. This is why tax-payers will have their government build more solidly than they build themselves; why they will sanction in government sacrifices for a remoter posterity than they will sacrifice for individually; why they will not have their officers show in the punishment of criminals the vindictiveness, or in the treatment of dependents the parsimoniousness, they may feel in their own hearts.

Now, so long as battling groups feel that the law utters the best selves of their fellow-citizens they respect it, they hesitate to use it as an engine of their purposes. Moreover, they are content with the "square deal," because their dread of having the cards stacked against them prevails over the desire to stack them against others. But if government is weak or partial in upholding the rules of the struggle, or makes rules that favor one side as against the other, it forfeits this immunity. The arena of combat is shifted to politics. Impious hands are laid on the ark of the covenant. Into the law is injected now the greed of this class, now the vengefulness of that. As government thus degenerates, more and more expressing the common greed, hatred, and small-mindedness, instead of the common reason and conscience, it loses its power to command willing obedience, to conciliate jarring classes. This path leads to class war, and beyond that "the man on horse-back."

Tampering with the rules of the game finally brings the game itself into discredit.

Rules may be changed in the interest either of those about to enter the game, or of those actually in the game. The football code may be revised in order to benefit the sport, or in order to favor certain teams that happen to possess a star punter. So is it with changes in the laws. To be sure, they are made by men already in the game, — farmers, bankers, iron-molders, etc., — but these men in their policies may be thinking of themselves or thinking of their posterity. A man knows not what his sons will become and where their special interests will lie. So far, therefore, as they are concerned for their children, farmers, bankers, and iron-molders can agree, and the changes they can agree on will be such as will make the social game fairer for all. Their laws will be righteous, and those who are hit by them cannot pose as victims of "class legislation." But when farmers or bankers or iron-molders legislate for themselves as a class and to the damage of others, they pull the game askew and spoil it.

On considering how often during the last quarter-century tariff-protected businesses, the railroads, the public utility corporations, telegraph, telephone, express, lumber, coal, oil, insurance, and the various trusts, have captured and operated the machinery of government, one savors a fine irony in calling ours a regime of individualism. Is it, then, a part of the game founded on private property and free enterprise to grant exclusive perpetual franchises, to exempt surplus values from taxation, to make the corporation charter a contract, to exalt corporations into citizens with a right to the enjoyment of interstate comity, to legitimate the holding company, to enjoin strikers from the exercise of fundamental rights, to debar a policy-holder from suing the management of an insurance company for an accounting, injunc-

tion, or receivership, save with the consent of the attorney-general of the state? Indeed, it would be easy to name commonwealths that exemplify nothing but the covert domination of Big Business. But it is impossible that men should long acquiesce in a régime of sheer capitalism. There is sure to form a body of tangent opinion denying everything that capitalism affirms and affirming everything that capitalism denies. The Nemesis of treating private property, freedom of enterprise, and corporate undertaking as instruments of private gain rather than of public welfare, is the root-and-branch man who urges us to escape the Unendurable by taking refuge in the Impossible.

The revolutionary socialist charges to "the competitive system" ills, four-fifths of which arise from monopoly. He saddles individualism with the sins of commercialized politics, and sees the polluter of politics in capital rather than in Big Business. The abysmal inequalities of wealth he deems a natural development under "private ownership of the instruments of production," rather than an outgrowth of privilege. In swollen fortunes he sees the vestibule not to plutocracy, but to social revolution. Policies which protect the independent concerns and the petty properties, he finds "reactionary." He stigmatizes as "bourgeois" the endeavor to save the little investors from the maw of the predatory financier, and dreams of a coming society moulded to the heart's desire of wage-earners. Although, while rents and monopoly profits rise, the earnings of capital are falling, he proclaims the right of labor to the whole produce, and the wrongfulness of any return to the owner of capital. For a tested workable régime he offers a vague and ill-considered scheme, built largely out of antitheses to the actual and sharply at variance with human nature on its present plane. Infatuated with his chimera, he lifts no finger to reach the near-by good, while his wild proposals excite apprehensions which hin-

der the progress of genuine constructive work.

The truth is, on the plane of our inherited institutions government might be so administered in the public-welfare spirit, that three-fourths of the subversive sentiment existing would vanish. But the policy of "Score while you're in!" plays into the hands of the radicals who tell the workingman there is no half-way house between capitalism and collectivism. "Our innings!" cries Big Business exultantly; and with fifty-year franchise laws, iniquitous tariff schedules, excessive railway-mail charges, grabbing of public mineral lands, corrupt sale of canals and gas plants, fake meat-inspection, Niagara grabs, and the cynical denial of protection to labor, it plunges ahead, inviting the day when the cry will ring out, "To your tents, O Israel!" Every tampering with the simple logical rules of the game, on the theory that if you take care of business, business will take care of the general welfare, or if you take care of the capitalist, the capitalist will take care of the workingman, adds to those who think the game itself so hopelessly bad that there is no use in trying to make it fair.

In the sphere of opinion nothing so favors the root-and-branch men as the ascendancy of commercial standards of success. Certainly you may rate the business man by the money he has been able to make under the rules of his game. But all sages agree that the writer, thinker, scholar, clergyman, jurist, officer, administrator, and statesman must not be mere profit-seekers, nor may their social standing depend on their financial rating. The intrusion of Mammon's standards into such callings makes socialists of thousands who do not really believe that the exchange of money for labor is "exploitation."

Those who put their faith in a transfigured individualism should make haste to clean the hull of the old ship for the coming great battle with the opponents of private capital and individual initia-

tive. Certainly many of the villainies and oppressions that befoul it are no more a part of individualism than are the barnacles and trailing weed a part of the vessel. Moreover, if they are to put up a good fight for the ship, it behooves them to rid it of the buccaneers, wreckers, and shanghaiers that now impudently claim the shelter of its flag, and by their sinister presence compromise the efforts of its legitimate defenders.

The conspicuously successful violator of the rules of the game robs us of that which is more precious than gold.

The enterprises that have succeeded by trampling on the laws have done worse than extort money from us. After all, the monopolist as such hurts us no more than a drouth, a May frost, the boll weevil, or the chinch bug; and these are not calamities of the first rank, for, though they lessen our comfort, they do not leave us less civilized. But as successful law-breaker, the monopolist takes from us more than money: he takes away our ideals, leaving us more ape and less man. For twenty years the writer has watched the effect upon college young men of the conspicuous triumph of the first great commercial pirate — the oil trust — over able competitors, common carriers, oil producers, public prosecutors, attorneys-general, courts, legislatures, newspapers, and leaders of opinion. Many left college for the battle of life with the conviction that the ideals of success held up by their instructors were unpractical. "The preachers and professors and commencement speakers are old fogies," says one. "This is n't the kind of world they think it is. They are fussy old maids, not strong men." "With all these fine principles," says another, "you'd be a dead one from the start. You'd never get into the game at all." "Money's the thing! With money you're it, no matter who kicks," says a third. "I'm going to climb into the bandwagon, not hoot at it as it goes by." So, for several college generations, one

could mark in the ebb of generous ideals and the mounting of a precocious cynicism the working of the virus. If such was the impression of triumphant lawlessness upon young men whose horizon had been widened by academic culture, what must it have been upon the multitudes of callow youth that from the schoolboy desk go forth ill furnished into active life? The founder of the oil trust may give us back our money, but not if he send among us a hundred Wesleys can he give us back the lost ideals.

Unless rules be enforced, the moral plane will not be lifted simply by adding to the number of righteous men.

Many spiritual leaders imagine that the Kingdom of Heaven comes simply by regenerating souls; that, as man after man turns his face upward, society is duly uplifted. It would follow that the quiet work on individuals does not need to be supplemented by the recourse to law or public opinion, and that the Puritan's endeavor to establish righteousness is superfluous.

This may have been true before competition became lord of life, but now that the few lead off while the rest must follow suit, much depends on giving the lead to the good man rather than the bad man. You may add to the number of good men, but, without enforced rules, it will be impossible for them to stay in the higher posts and callings. For the social trend denies most men a free hand. More and more the chief vocations come under the baton of competition, so that one may not maintain one's self in them at all unless one feels at liberty to do as his rivals are permitted to do. Those in the same line must move in lock-step, and the pace is set by the meanest man who is allowed to continue in the business. The department store that pays its girls living wages and closes at six can hardly live in the same town with one that pays four dollars a week and closes at nine. If the price of glass jars is fixed by the manufacturer who overdrives little boys, every

competitor must, unless he possesses some offsetting advantage, conform to this practice. Leave the business he may; change it he cannot. If one dealer in foods successfully adulterates, his fellows must follow suit or else seek their patrons among the few who prefer a brand because it is dear. As for the dispenser of pure drugs, there is no place for him until the law steps in to standardize quality. The one shipper who extorts an illegal rate obliges all other shippers in his line to break the law or be snuffed out. So long as there are able attorneys willing to handle the corporation work just as it comes, clean or dirty, the lawyer who insists on picking and choosing must mildew in the basement of his profession. If the lavish use of money is countenanced in politics, no poor man can win without truckling to the contributors of campaign funds.

It is chiefly the directive groups in the social scale that are swayed by the twentieth man. The privates in the industrial army do not move in lock-step, for they keep step with their officer; their performance is standardized for them by those who give out the work. Farmers are independent, and on the soil a man may still live up to his ideals. In the learned professions there are tricks, to be sure, but the quack cannot set the pace. But in business, finance, and politics, it is more and more the case that all who maintain themselves therein must stand on about the same footing. Without pressure from outside, the moral level of practice will be low, and the good man will have to stagnate or get out. The rule of money in politics means "Wear the collar or quit." The control of the press by financial interests is a placard, "Stubborn truth-tellers not wanted." The reckless rivalry among life insurance companies advertises, "No room for the conservative manager." If it becomes common for dealers to give "commissions" to servants or purchasing agents, the sign might as well be hung out, "No one who will not bribe need apply."

How vain, then, to expect to better conditions simply by adding to the number of good men! The converts would be obliged to join the multitudes who have their work cut out for them. They might, of course, hew coal or lay bricks or drive oxen. But business, finance, and politics — so potent in determining the distribution of wealth and of welfare, so authoritative in impressing standards on the rising generation — would become not one whit better. There are already enough granite men to man the high posts; but till the ways be cleared for them, they accumulate on the lower levels where, having no free hand, they feel no moral responsibility. By themselves they can get no foothold at the strategic points where conditions are made, where the weal or woe of thousands is determined. Without aid they cannot maintain themselves in these competitive fields. It is, therefore, the first duty of society *to establish the righteous by lifting the plane of competition.*

Pure-food laws mean an open door for honest men in the purveying business. An efficient state insurance department means a chance for the "old-fashioned" manager. A stricter ethical code for the legal profession would enable certain briefless lawyers to forge to the front. Child-labor restriction is a godsend to the humane manufacturer. Outlawing the sweaters' dens may throw the ready-made clothing trade into the hands of reputable men. Already in banking we see a business, once the happy hunting-ground of swindlers, which, by regulation, has come to be a field for honorable men.

It is easy to see what fifty years of public condemnation of liquor-selling has done in driving good men out of it. It is easy to foresee what a lively public appreciation and support of truth-telling newspapers, of plain-spoken preachers, of fearless scholars, of civic-minded lawyers, of conscientious merchants, of humane manufacturers, of upright officials, and of zealous prosecutors, would do

to populate these walks with good men.

How useless is character without opportunity can be read in our recent political history. In growing numbers during the late eighties and the nineties, party machines, lackey to the greedy interests, strove to retire from politics men of high ideals and independent spirit. If, during his trial term, the popular district attorney, mayor, legislator, or congressman spurned the collar, at the end a hidden trap-door fell, and he dropped to oblivion. If the ringsters could not scheme or slander or gavel him down in the nominating convention, they knifed him at the polls. Oiled by corporation money the machines did their work well, and the resulting survival of the pliable added steadily to the putty faces in public life. Wiseacres laid the conspicuous decline in public men to general moral decay or to the superior attractions of the business career, blind to the like falling off in the character of the business men of the period, and unaware that the bulk of the American people were as rich as ever in red corpuscles. That the spinal sort found politics full of blocked stairways, while the gutta-percha manikins of the bosses and the big men of the interests were carried smoothly upward in the party elevator, brought about, at last, that mortifying end-of-the-century situation when, over perhaps a third of the country, the upper floors of the political fabric showed a dwindling contingent of bold and public-spirited men. From the upward rush of sterling characters in the five years since the grip of the "organization" began to be loosened and the political stairways cleared, judge what we lost during the decades when we let so many consciences knock vainly at the barred portals of public life!

Some, alive to the pace-setting power of the twentieth man, stigmatize competition as deteriorating and cry out that it is idle to expect improvement until the competitive system is abolished. This would be pouring out the baby with the

bath. Competition may pursue an upward path or a downward path. When makers adulterate or lyingly advertise, or overdrive their help, or replace men with children, they follow the downward path. When they eliminate waste, improve their processes, utilize by-products, install better machines, they follow the upward path. Collective industry would avoid the downward path, but it might not follow the upward path. The true policy is to fence off the downward paths and leave competition free to spur rivals into the upward path.

The resistance to the enforcement of righteous rules constantly increases.

Restraint breeds a resistance corresponding to the loss it imposes. When we go to short-chain the interests which prey on men's vices, they snap at us like jackals. Collective ownership of public utilities may quiet the special interests that now rage in the halter of regulation, but by the time their anti-civic career is ended another range of enterprises will be springing against the leash. We declare pipe-lines common carriers with the duty to file tariffs, and we get refusal, subterfuges, freak tariffs, and onerous requirements that bar independents from using the lines. If our children will not be called upon to fix gas prices and street-car fares in the teeth of concentrated private interest, they will have their hands full in regulating railroad, telegraph, express, insurance, pipe-line, and news-service rates; wharf, dock, storage, and cotton-baling charges; the prices of oil, anthracite coal, ice, and school books; and in prescribing the conditions of manufacture and sale of articles all the way from dressed beef to corporation securities.

Every year the points of contact — and of friction — between government and private interests have multiplied. In the days of well-water, candles, sorghum, and flat boats, there were no water, gas, sugar, or railroad interests to vex politics. Home-grown food did not call for the in-

spector. Till the factory came there was no need to bar children from toil or to enforce the guarding of dangerous machinery. A generation ago the little razor-back gas and horse-car companies had no call to mix in politics; but the advent of water-gas and the trolley, coupled with urban growth, gave them the lard of monopoly profit to defend, and made the public-service corporations the arch-corrupters of city councils. Once the railroads competed, but their consolidators have driven the despairing shipper to look to government for protection. On all sides we see businesses that, feeling less and less the automatic curb of competition, will soon need the snaffle of public regulation.

As the smoke lifts we can mark just who are resisting law and corrupting government. In the cities the fight is chiefly with the vice-caterers and the public-service corporations. The former want a "wide open" town. The latter want unhampered enjoyment of their monopoly power. They are law-defying until they own the source of law and can get perpetual grants on easy terms, with a free hand as to prices and fares and exemption of their franchise values from taxation. Battling along with these big interests are bankers fishing for deposits of city funds, rookery landlords in terror of the health-officer, business men intent on grabbing an alley or a water-front, and contractors eager to "job" public works.

The state government labors heavily, like a steamboat working through the *sudd*

on the Upper Nile. The railroads want to avert rate regulation and to own the state board of equalization. The gas and street-railway companies want "ripper" legislation, the authorization of fifty-year franchises, and immunity from taxation of franchises or limitation of stock-watering. Manufacturers want the unrestricted use of child labor. Mining companies dread short-hour legislation. Publishers want their text-books foisted upon the schools. The baking-powder trust wants rival powders outlawed. The oil trust wants to turn safety inspection against the independents. A horde of harpies have the knife out for pure-food bills. Brewers, distillers, elevator combines, pet banks, rotten insurance companies — all have a motive for undermining government by the people.

Thus time adds to the number of interests intent to break or to skew the rules of the game. The phalanx lengthens of those who want government to be of india rubber and not of iron. Of course this resistance produces results. Under a pressure of ten talents men collapse who were adamant under the pressure a single talent can exert. In view of the temptations we send them against, we ought not to marvel that so many public servants bend or break. It is not to be expected that government can withstand the growing strain without many structural improvements. In any case, it is certain that to the upholding of the rules of the game society must devote an increasing share of its thought and conscience.

FENIMORE COOPER

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

It is with keen pleasure that an American man of letters accepts the privilege of commemorating again the genius of Fenimore Cooper, — the earliest of our authors to be widely read beyond the boundaries of our own language, as Irving, his elder contemporary, was the earliest to win attention outside the borders of our own land. It is well for us that the first American novelist to reveal American character to the nations of Europe was himself stalwart in his own Americanism, full of the faith that sustains us all. As Parkman has declared, "Cooper's genius drew alimant from the soil where God had planted it, and rose to a vigorous growth, rough and gnarled, but strong as a mountain cedar." And as Lowell has finely phrased it, Cooper "looked about him to recognize in the New Man of the New World an unhackneyed and unconventional subject for art;" he "studied from the life, and it was the *homo Americanus*, with our own limestone in his bones, and our own iron in his blood, that sat to him."

The American whom Cooper painted in his pages is the American in the making; and it is the earlier makers of America that he has depicted with sympathetic sincerity, — the soldier, the sailor, the settler, the backwoodsman, sturdy types all of them, that gave no false impression of us to the rest of the world. And in thus portraying the men who made possible the nation as we know it to-day, he performed a splendid service to the country he loved devotedly. And his service to our literature is equally obvious. He wrote the first American historical novel, which remains to this day one of the best. He was the first to venture a story of the sea; and no one

of the writers who have followed in his wake has yet equaled his earlier attempt. He was the first to tell tales of the frontier, of the backwoods, and of the prairie. He stands forth even now the foremost representative in fiction of the United States as a whole, — for Hawthorne, a more delicate artist in romance, is of his section all compact, and his genius lacked fit nourishment when its tentacles did not cling to the stony New England of his birth. Well might Bryant assert that the glory which Cooper "justly won was reflected on his country, of whose literary independence he was the pioneer."

I

"There is no life of a man faithfully recorded," so Carlyle has declared, "but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed." The life of Cooper has been faithfully recorded by Professor Lounsbury, in the best biography yet devoted to any American man of letters. Cooper was born in New Jersey in 1789, just after the United States had adopted the constitution which has given stability to our government. When he was only a year old he was brought to Cooperstown, where he was to die three score years later. His far-seeing and open-minded father had settled more acres than any other man in America; and forty thousand souls held under him, directly or indirectly, most of them along the shores of the Susquehanna, the crooked river, "to which," as Cooper tells us, "the Atlantic herself had extended an arm in welcome." It was at Cooperstown that the future novelist passed his childhood, "with the vast forest around him," so Bryant has recorded, "stretching up the mountains that overlook the lake, and

far beyond, in a region where the Indian yet roamed, and the white hunter, half-Indian in his dress and mode of life, sought his game, — a region in which the bear and the wolf were yet hunted, and the panther, more formidable than either, lurked in the thickets, and tales of wanderings in the wilderness, and encounters with these fierce animals, beguiled the length of the winter nights.”

In due season he was sent to school at Albany; and then he entered Yale, only to be expelled before he had completed his course. Thus it was that he lacked the chastening influence of the prescribed programme of studies, narrow enough in those days and yet broadening to all who knew how to profit by it. His own college never made up to him for what may have been her mistake or his own; but a score of years later Columbia honored herself by granting him the degree of master of arts. As a preparation for the navy, Cooper made a long voyage to Europe before the mast; and on his return he was appointed a midshipman. He remained in the service only three years. He was on the Vesuvius for a season; he was one of a party that went to Oswego to build a brig on Lake Ontario, then girt in by the primeval forest; and he was, for a while, left in command of the gunboats on Lake Champlain; and all these posts gave him a knowledge of his native land and of its conditions which was to stand him in good stead later, when he turned novelist. Afterward he was ordered to the Wasp, where he served under the heroic Lawrence, — who was to die a few years later, crying “Don’t give up the ship!” But there seemed then little likelihood of war; so Cooper resigned his commission, and married Miss de Lancey, with whom he was to live most happily for the rest of his life, and who was to survive him only a few months.

His father and his wife’s father were both well-to-do; and for nearly ten years Cooper was content to live the placid life of a country gentleman, sometimes

at Cooperstown, and sometimes in Westchester, near New York. He reached the age of thirty, not only without having written anything, but even without any special interest in literature; and when at last he did take a first step into authorship, it was in the most casual fashion. Throwing down a contemporary British novel of slight value, he expressed the belief that he could write a better book himself. Encouraged by his wife, he completed a story of British manners and customs, about which he knew little or nothing from personal observation. But so complete was our American subservience to the British branch of our literature, that this did not seem strange then, even to Cooper, an American of the Americans. This first novel, *Precision*, was published without his name; it was even reprinted in England, where it was reviewed with no suspicion that it had not been written by an Englishman. However insignificant in itself, this first book revealed to its author that he could tell a story.

It is a commonplace of criticism that novelists flower late. Fielding and Scott, Thackeray and Hawthorne, had spent at least the half of the allotted three score years and ten before they blossomed forth as novelists, — as though to exemplify the Arab proverb that no man is called of God until he is forty. But Fielding and Scott, Thackeray and Hawthorne, had been writing abundantly from their youth up, plays and poems, sketches and short stories, whereas Cooper had served no such apprenticeship to literature. But when he had once tasted ink, he enjoyed it; and in the remaining half of his life he revealed the ample productivity of a rich and abundant genius. Toward the end of the next year, 1821, he published the *Spy*, followed swiftly by the *Pioneers*, and by the *Pilot*; and by these three books his fame was firmly established, in his own country, in Great Britain, and all over Europe, where he was hailed as a worthy rival of Scott. In these three books he

made good his triple claim to remembrance, as a teller of tales, as a creator of character, and as a poet (in the larger sense of the word).

The *Spy* was followed in time by another tale of the American revolution, *Lionel Lincoln*, wherein, so Bancroft has testified, "he has described the Battle of Bunker Hill better than it is described in any other work." It was accompanied later by other historical novels, some of them dealing with themes in European history, the *Bravo*, for one, and the *Headsmen*, for another, — good stories in their way, but without the solid support which a novelist has when he deals with his own people and his own time. The *Pioneers* was made more important by the composition of four other "Leatherstocking Tales," completing the interesting drama in five acts, which culminates at last in the simple hero's death, told with manly pathos. The *Pilot* had in its track the *Red Rover* and eight other tales of the sea; and it was also succeeded in time by a *History of the American Navy* and by a series of *Lives of Naval Officers*, in which Cooper proved his loyalty to his first profession. He was the author also of various volumes of travels at home and abroad.

Perhaps it is not strange that he who could describe fighting with contagious interest should not shrink from controversy. Cooper was large-hearted, but he was also hot-headed and thin-skinned. A high-minded man, beyond all question, he was high-tempered also, generally opinionated and occasionally irascible. Even in Cooperstown he became involved in a dispute which calls for no consideration now. In his travels in Europe he had been quick to repel ignorant aspersion against his native land; and on his return home he had not hesitated to point out the failings and the faults of his fellow-citizens, not always with the suavity which persuades to a change of heart. Bitterly attacked in the newspapers, he defended himself with his pen and in the courts of law.

That he was meanly assailed by mean men is shown by the fact that he was successful in the several libel suits he brought against his traducers. But the echoes of these "old, unhappy far-off things and battles long ago" have died away now these many years; and they need not be recalled. Cooper was independent and uncompromising; "his character," so Bryant testified, "was like the bark of the cinnamon, a rough and astringent rind without, and an intense sweetness within."

Although these needless disputes may have saddened the later years of his life, he was happy in his family and in his friends, whom he bound to him with hoops of steel. These friends, with Bryant and Irving at the head of them, were making ready for a public dinner to testify the high esteem in which they held him, when they heard that his health had begun to fail. He was then contemplating a sixth "Leatherstocking Tale;" but he did not live to start on his new story. And it was at Cooperstown that he died, in the fall of 1851, on the last day of his sixty-second year.

II

Fame has its tides, its flood and its ebb, like the ocean; and the author who is lifted high by a wave of popularity is certain in time to sink into the trough of the sea, perhaps to be raised aloft again by a later billow. The fame of Cooper soared after his first successes, only to fall away sadly during the later controversies. It was proclaimed again by Bryant and Bancroft and Parkman in the stress of emotion evoked by his sudden death, only to be obscured once more in the two score years that followed, as other literary fashions came into favor. Now, at last, in this new century, it has emerged once more, solidly established on his real merits and not likely again to be called in question. Time has made its unerring choice from out his many books, selecting those which

are most representative of his genius at its finest. It is by its peaks that we measure the height of a mountain, and not by its foot-hills and its valleys. Irving had Cooper in mind when he remarked that "in life they judge a writer by his last production; after death by what he has done best." No author can go down to posterity with a baggage-wagon full of his complete works; he can descend that long trail laden only with what will go in the saddlebags.

Cooper is a born story-teller; and the kind of story he excels in is the tale of adventure, peopled, now and again, with vital and veracious characters, having a life of their own, independent of the situations in which they may chance to be actors. Of this kind of story the *Odyssey* is the earliest example, as it is the greatest. Professor Trent is only just when he insists that Cooper lifted "the story of adventure into the realms of poetry." It may be acknowledged at once that he is not a flawless artist, never quitting his work till he has made it as perfect as he can; and his best books are not always kept up to their highest level. Even though he is denied the gift of verse, he is essentially a poet; but he is no Vergil, no Racine, interested in his manner as much as in his matter, and joying in his craftsmanship for its own sake. He had the largeness of affluent genius, and also the carelessness which often accompanies this, such as we may observe also in Scott and even in Shakespeare, rich creators of character, in whose works there is much that we could desire to be different and not a little that we could wish away.

As his devoted daughter has admitted loyally, "He never was, in the sense of studied preparation, an artist in the composition of a work of fiction. He wrote, as it were, from the inspiration of the moment." But even in this improvisation his native gift of narrative did not desert him. "It is easy to find fault with *The Last of the Mohicans*," said Parkman; "but it is far from easy to rival or even approach its excellence. The book has the gen-

uine game-flavor; it exhales the odors of the pine-woods and the freshness of the mountain wind." In this story, as in others, the author may be sluggish in starting, over-leisurely in exposition, not always plausible in the motives assigned for the entanglements in which his creatures are immeshed; he may be inconsistent now and then; but these are minor defects, forgotten when the tale tightens to the tensify of drama. Then the interest is beyond all question; and we cannot choose but hear. We read on, not merely to learn what is to happen next, but to know more about the characters as they reveal themselves under the stress of danger. We are not mere spectators looking on idly; we are made to see the thing as it is; we feel ourselves almost participants in the action; we are carried along by the sheer power of the writer, — breathless, delighted, convinced.

There are two reasons why Cooper has come into his own later than was his right, and why full recognition of his genius has been delayed. The first is a consequence of the enduring vogue of realism, which has failed to perceive that he was one of its precursors, and which has no relish for his more evident romanticism. Yet sharp-eyed critics ought to have been able to see that Cooper's detailed descriptions of customs and of costumes, when these were truly characteristic and needful to relate the character to the background, set a pattern for Balzac, the romanticist thus serving as a stimulus to the realist. They might even have noted that Cooper is a romanticist who is often a realist, just as Balzac is a realist who is often a romanticist. In all later fiction there are no more sternly veracious characters than Natty Bumppo and Long Tom Coffin; and though the method of their presentation is not so modern, they can withstand comparison with Huckleberry Finn and Silas Lap-ham, and with Colonel Newcome and old Goriot.

A second reason for the tardiness of Cooper's recognition may be found in the

fact that the vicissitudes of literary reputation seem to be more or less dependent on the historians of literature, and, as it happens, Cooper's deficiencies as a writer are of a kind obnoxious to the ordinary literary critics, who are rarely broad-minded or keen-sighted enough to perceive beneath Cooper's more obvious defects the larger merits, which are clear to the plain people, insensitive to the lesser blemishes that send shivers down the spine of the dilettante. These critics are unmoved by Cooper's fundamental force, which the plain people feel fully, while they are acutely sensitive to his lapses from literary conventions and traditions. Cooper came to story-telling late, without any apprenticeship to writing. He was not at all bookish; he was not a man of the library, but a man of the open air, — of the ocean and of the forest. In a sense, he was not a man of letters at all; he was interested not so much in literature as in life itself. And we must recall the pitiful fact also that there are always fastidious critics who think that whatever wins wide popularity must be poor stuff, ignorant that nearly all the really great artists have achieved indisputable popularity while they were alive to enjoy it.

Cooper's lack of early training cannot be gainsaid; and therefore his style appeals but little to those who cherish a rare word for its own sake and who delight in verbal marquetry. Even if he is essentially a poet, he is no sonneteer, polishing his lines until he can see his own image in them. He is careless of the rules of rhetoric, — sometimes unforgivably careless. Even in grammar he was no purist, no precisian; and his use of words is not always defensible, even if it is an overstatement of the case to charge him with "linguistic astigmatism." But if there is clumsy writing in his pages, this is never the result of the failure of any attempt at fine writing. Awkward he may be at times, but he is always sincere and direct; he is always unpretentious and simple. He has something to say, and he says it,

so as to stamp "on the mind of the reader the impression he desired to convey." He achieves the primary object of all good writing, in that he makes himself clearly understood, even if he sometimes fails to attain the secondary purpose of giving added pleasure by the mere expression. In describing nature and in depicting character, his style is nervous and unerring; and it can rise on occasion into genuine eloquence. When Bryant first read the *Pioneers*, he declared that here was "the poet of rural life in this country;" and Parkman praised the vigor and the fidelity of Cooper's descriptions of scenery, asserting that they who cannot feel the efficiency of his "strong picturing have neither heart nor mind for the grandeur of the outer world."

After admitting that Cooper is not beyond reproach for an occasional laxity in his style, for an occasional stiffness in his dialogue, and for an occasional prolixity in his narrative, it may be as well to add that sometimes he fatigues himself and his readers in the search for comic relief. Even Scott is not infrequently tedious in his minor characters, meant to be laughed at; and as Cooper lacked Scott's real richness of humor, he is more often tiresome and at greater length. There are passages of admirable humor scattered here and there in Cooper's pages, seemingly unconscious, most of them; and there are quaint characters sketched with a keen appreciation of their absurdities. But it must be confessed that when he sets out to be funny by main strength, he is plainly joking with difficulty. It is as though he thrust his hand into the grab-bag of our variegated humanity, willing to take whatever his fingers might find, whether it was truly a prize, like his great creations, or only a wooden doll dressed like a figure of fun and unfit to be thrust to the front of the stage.

Perhaps this may account in some measure for the flatness of a few of his female characters. He can draw women sympathetically, although some of his heroines are a little colorless. The wife

of Ishmael Bush, the squatter, mother of seven stalwart sons and sister of a murderous rascal, is an unforgettable portrait, solidly painted by a master; and Dew-of-June, the girl-wife of the treacherous Arrowhead, a primitive type but eternally feminine, is depicted with equal art. Judith and Hetty, the supposed daughters of the buccaneer, are real and vivid and feminine, both of them. And it is to be remembered also that women must ever play a minor part in the tale of adventure, since the bolder experiences in life are not fit for gentle and clinging heroines; and more often than not Cooper presents them with a kind of chivalric aloofness.

These adverse criticisms need not detain us. There is no denying that there are weak spots in Cooper's works; and there is no advantage in seeking to disguise this or to gloss it over. Cooper is what he is, — even if he is not what he is not. He is a teller of tales, a creator of character, a poet; and in his chosen form he has left more than one masterpiece. Very few masterpieces are absolutely free from defects; but defects, however obvious and however numerous, have never prevented the ultimate appreciation of a masterpiece.

III

That Cooper was able to leave more than one masterpiece behind him was due mainly, of course, to his own genius, but it was the consequence also of a singular piece of luck. It was his good fortune to take up novel-writing at the precise moment in the history of the art of fiction when one of his predecessors had just provided him with the exact model he needed, and when another had just revealed the richness of the material that lay ready to his hand. The year 1820, in which his imitation of a British novel had proved to him that he could at least tell a story, even though his subject might be alien to all his interests, was also the year in which Scott sent forth *Ivanhoe* and in which Irving completed the *Sketch Book*,

containing "Rip van Winkle" and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Scott supplied Cooper with the mould into which he could pour whatever he might have to express; and Irving disclosed the unsuspected possibilities of romance in American life, which had hitherto been deemed too barren and too bare for the creative artist to attempt. Irving's delightful tales may have drawn Cooper's attention to the kind of matter he could deal with most satisfactorily, while Scott's historical novel certainly indicated the manner in which he might handle it most advantageously.

It is characteristic of genius to be uninventive of formulas and to take over unhesitatingly the patterns which chance to be popular. Sophocles followed closely in the footsteps of Æschylus, and Shakespeare found his profit at first in accepting the frameworks which had been put together by Marlowe and by Kyd. That author is lucky who finds a formula ready to his hand and fit for the work he wants to do, as that author is unfortunate who has no inspiring model. Perhaps we have here a reason why one of Cooper's fore-runners, Charles Brockden Brown, a man of undeniable endowment, was able to leave so little that to-day abides in our memories. He had before him only the unsatisfactory fictions of Mrs. Radcliffe and of Godwin; and it is an interesting speculation to inquire whether he might not have rivaled Cooper if he had lived a score of years later, and had written only after Scott had devised the historical novel.

Scott had begun by editing the ballads of the Border and by writing ballads of his own. Then he rhymed the longer *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion*, retaining the tone and color of the ballad. When he was "beaten out of poetry" by Byron, he began to do in prose what he had been doing in verse, availing himself fully of the larger liberty that prose allows for description and for character-delineation. This accounts for the romantic element in his novels; and the realistic element is the

result of his desire to do for the Scots peasant what Miss Edgeworth had done for the Irish. The first eight of the prose narratives we now know as the *Waverley Novels* dealt with adventures in his own country, and they were then generally called the "Scottish Novels." But Scott wisely feared that "Scotland forever" might weary the English public sooner or later; so he crossed the border and employed in a tale of England the method he had invented for tales of Scotland. *Ivanhoe* is, in fact, the first English historical novel, with romantic episodes in the foreground and with realistic characters in the background. *Ivanhoe* appeared in 1820; and in 1821 Scott was encouraged by its success to cross the channel and to use the same framework for a tale of France, *Quentin Durward*.

It is easy now to see how much Scott lost when he left his native land, which he knew so intimately, for other countries with which he had only a literary acquaintance. His humbler Scots characters, whom he loved so heartily and whom he drew with such fidelity, are rooted in truth; and they abide to-day as the bulwarks of his fame. But the valiant young fellow who tilts in tournaments and fights a long fight and bears a charmed life, this bravura hero is now out of fashion, along with the rest of the frippery of romanticism. His deeds of derring-do may still please the boy in us, — the boy eternal in all of us at some stage of our mental development; but he fails to satisfy grown men, who can still relish the permanently veracious figures of Scott's realism, — Jeanie Deans, for example, and Caleb Balderstone. Tales of adventure come and go, one after another; they please the fancy of the moment, only to sink swiftly into oblivion; but character honestly presented must survive as long as man is interested in his fellow-creatures.

There is no denying, however, that the formula of the historical novel as Scott declared it, with its core of romanticism and its casing of realism, was pleasing to the many-headed and many-minded

public; and there is no cause for wonder that it was seized upon at once by other novelists in other countries. It was the formula which exactly fitted the kindred genius of Cooper, who also had the native gift of story-telling and the power of presenting simple and primitive character. Both the romantic and the realistic elements of Scott's framework appealed strongly to Cooper, who had the same rapidity of action, the same inventiveness of situation, the same command of pathos, even though his human sympathy might be less broad and his humor far less abundant. But Cooper never imitated Scott slavishly. He found in Scott's stories a formula fit for his use, and he availed himself of it, modifying it freely. He did in America very much what Hugo and Dumas were to do in France, and Manzoni in Italy; he borrowed the loom set up by Scott, only to weave on it a web of his own coloring.

Scott is generally considered as a historical novelist; but Cooper's historical novels are not his chief title to fame. Indeed, the best of them are scarcely to be classed at all as historical novels in the narrower sense, since they do not seek to evoke the manners and the man of long ago. The *Spy* and the *Pilot* deal with the American Revolution; and this was hardly more remote from Cooper than were the Napoleonic wars from Thackeray when he wrote *Vanity Fair*, which we accept now rather as a picture of society contemporary with the author, than as a historical novel. True romance does not require the remoteness of the past; and it is not the real artist, but the magic-lantern operator, who has to have the room darkened before he can display his pictures from life. The revolutionary conflict had come to a happy conclusion less than two score years before Cooper chose to put it into fiction, and he had many friends who were survivors of the strife. That war was nearer to him than the Civil War is to us to-day. There was no strain of the imagination needful

before he could put himself back in the times that tried men's souls; and he was not compelled to step off his own shadow, as Scott vainly strove to do when he composed *Ivanhoe* and *Quentin Durward*.

IV

The *Pilot* is like the *Spy* in that it is a novel of the American revolution, although its scenes are not on the land, but on the ocean mainly, and also in that the nameless hero is a seemingly enigmatic yet fundamentally simple character, like the vaguely glimpsed figure of Harvey Birch. Although the *Pilot* is the result of a desire to deal more effectively with life on the blue water than has been accomplished in the *Pirate*, no story of Cooper's more clearly reveals his real independence of Scott. The manner may be more or less similar; but the matter is wholly unlike, and so is the point of view. Scott is a landsman, a dweller in court-rooms and libraries; Cooper is a sailor, a man of the ocean, with a tang of the salt air in him. When he sailed before the mast in the merchant marine, he had bunked with the able seamen in the fore-castle, and he knew them through and through. When he received his commission in the navy, he gained an equal intimacy with the officers of the ward-room. When he set out to tell the first sea-tale ever attempted, he was writing out of the fullness of knowledge, and he was accomplishing a labor of love.

It is not easy for us now to perceive that the *Pilot* was a most daring experiment in fiction. No one had ever ventured to lay a story boldly on the sea and to seek for interest in the handling of a ship. Now and again, it is true, an episode or two of a novel had taken place on the ocean; and storms at sea had tempted the pens of the poets. But the novelists and the poets were landmen, all of them; and they could not choose but take the landsman's attitude of dread rather than the sailor's attitude of de-

light. They had never felt the joy of the seaman, when the wind blows high and the giant surges sweep ahead, and there is no land within a hundred miles. Cooper was a novelist and a poet and also a sailor-man; he knew ships because he had lived on them and loved them; he knew seamen because he had lived with them and appreciated their special qualities.

There is a storm in the *Odyssey*; but Homer was a landsman who looked at the sea with the eyes of a landsman, even if he may have made a few coasting trips between the mainland and the isles of Greece. There is a storm in the *Æneid* also; but Vergil achieved only a studio-piece, a cento from the Greek poets. Robinson Crusoe, mariner of York, was wrecked by a gale and cast away; but although Defoe had crossed the channel and had perhaps even braved the Bay of Biscay, he dealt with the storm only as a device to get his hero alone on an island. Smollett had been a surgeon's mate in the navy, and had sailed the Western Ocean; but his eye was open only for the strange humors of seafaring men, and there is no love for the sea in any of his comic chronicles, no understanding of its might and its mystery. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre had gone on long voyages in distant waters, and he was able to call up a tornado to make an end of *Paul and Virginia*; but he was only an artist in emotional description; he did not know the sea and love it as a sailor knows it and loves it. Scott in the *Pirate* had proved again the landsman's incapacity to get full value out of a sea-theme; and it was this story of Scott's which moved Cooper to undertake the *Pilot*.

Here at last was the real thing, a story of the ocean, of vessels manœuvring, of sailors as they are, — the work of a sailor who was also a teller of tales, a creator of character, a poet. Here was the formula to be handed down to those who might come after, to Melville and to Marryat, — good story-tellers, both of them, but lacking in Cooper's double

experience as a sailor before the mast in a merchant vessel, and as an officer on the quarterdeck of a man-of-war. The very novelty of the *Pilot*, its originality, seemed to the author's friends dangerous, and they discouraged him. Perhaps this is the reason why the story is a little slow in getting under way, and why the author sometimes tacks more than once before coming to close quarters. There are a few scenes on land, far less interesting than those at sea. But how veracious and convincing is the character of Long Tom Coffin! How vigorous and how humorous is the pinning of the British officer to the mast by Long Tom's harpoon! How superb is the account of the ship working off-shore in a gale! It is no wonder that the French naval historian, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, declared that "he could never read it without his pulse thrilling again with the joy of seamanship."

Heartened by the cordial acceptance of this first sea-tale, Cooper soon spun another yarn, the *Red Rover*, the action of which was laid wholly on the water, — after the opening chapters. In none of his novels does Cooper better display his mastery of narrative, and his power of sustaining interest. Thereafter Cooper could not long be kept away from salt-water; he wrote sea-tale after sea-tale, until there were half a score of them, setting forth the most varied aspects of the unstable element. In *Wing-and-Wing* he skirted the lovely shores of the Mediterranean; and in the *Two Admirals* he set in array a goodly fleet on the Atlantic. Although these ten sea-tales are not all of equal excellence, they are all proofs of his love for life afloat, of his insight into the shifting moods of nature, and of his understanding of the hardy men who go down to the sea in ships. They all reveal his ability to make the average reader perceive and enjoy technical operations. They are all more or less touched with the poetry of the sea, and instinct with the gliding grace of the vessels themselves. Cooper's "ships live,"

so Captain Mahan has informed us; "they are handled as ships then were and act as ships still would act under the circumstances." And the historian of sea-power holds that the water is "a noble field for the story-teller, for of all inanimate objects, a sailing ship in her vivid movement most nearly simulates life."

v

"Cooper of the wood and wave," as Stevenson affectionately termed him, is not more at home on the ocean than he is in the forest. Fine as are the sea-tales, they are surpassed in power and in popularity by the five stories in which the career of Leatherstocking is traced from youth to old age. In the character typified in Leatherstocking, Lowell found "the protagonist of our New World epic, a figure as poetic as that of Achilles, as ideally representative as that of Don Quixote, as romantic in his relation to our homespun and plebeian myths as Arthur in his to his mailed and plumed cycle of chivalry." And Thackeray declared that he liked Scott's manly and unassuming heroes, but he avowed that he thought Cooper's were quite their equals and that "perhaps Leatherstocking is better than any one in Scott's lot. La Longue Carabine is one of the great prize-men of fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff — heroic figures all, American or British; and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised him." Perhaps there is no better proof of Cooper's genuine power than that he can insist on Leatherstocking's goodness, — a dangerous gift for a novelist to bestow on a man, — and that he can show us Leatherstocking declining the advances of a handsome woman, — a dangerous position for a novelist to put a man in, — without any reader ever having felt inclined to think Leatherstocking a prig. We believe in his simple-minded goodness; and he keeps our sympathy in his rejection of Judith as in Mabel's rejection of him.

Cooper was shrewd in his judgment of his own works; and he said himself that "if anything from the pen of the writer of these romances is at all to outlive himself, it is, unquestionably, the series of the *Leatherstocking Tales*." For the deserved popularity of this series, abiding now nearly three score years since the author's death, there are many reasons besides the noble simplicity and the sturdy veracity of the central character. There are other figures as fresh and as real. There is Hurry Harry; there is Ishmael Bush; both of them necessary types of men bred on the border. There are Chingachgook and Uncas and Hardheart, good men and true. There is all the glamour of frontier life, now faded forever. There is the underlying poetry of the unbroken forest and of the sweeping prairie, of the broad lakes, and of the rapid streams. There are linked adventures of breathless interest, studded with moments of poignant emotion,—the death-grip of the wounded Indian over the falls, in the *Last of the Mohicans*, the implacable execution of the traitor in the *Prairie*, and many another in the other tales, scarcely less tense with tragedy. There is the rich gift of narrative; there are vigor and accuracy of description. There is unfailing fertility of invention; and there is also the larger interpreting imagination. There are pictures of resourcefulness in the presence of danger, and of courage in the face of death. There is unstrained pathos. And behind all these things, there is the author himself, delighting in his work and sustaining his story by his manly wisdom and his elemental force.

There would be no need to say more about this series, if it had not been attacked for one of its most salient characteristics,—for its presentation of the red men with whom the white men of the forest and the prairie were ever at war. Scorn has been heaped high on Cooper's Indians; they have been denounced as wooden images, fit only to stand outside cigar stores; and they have been de-

scribed as belonging to "an extinct tribe that never existed." The first of these criticisms may be dismissed as foolish; whether true or false, Chingachgook and Uncas and Hardheart are alive. The color on their cheeks is not redder than the blood in their skins. Just as West, when he first beheld the Apollo Belvidere, was made to think of a Mohawk brave, so Longfellow, at a performance of *Corneille's Cid* by the *Comédie Française*, was reminded of Cooper's Indians "by its rude power, and a certain force and roughness." The second charge, however, that they are not taken from life, calls for consideration. Parkman, for example (to be cited always with the utmost respect), held Cooper's Indians to be false to the fact as he had seen it himself. But the aborigines have been studied more sympathetically in the sixty years that have elapsed since Parkman tramped the Oregon trail; and our riper knowledge has revealed a poetry in the red man and a picturesqueness very like those with which Cooper endowed him.

It is often assumed that we are indebted to Cooper for the idealized "noble savage," whom Rousseau evolved from his inner consciousness, and who is as remote as possible from the real man at any stage of his social evolution. But this noble savage is not to be discovered anywhere in Cooper's stories. As Mr. Brownell has recently pointed out, Cooper does not at all idealize the red man; "in general, he endows the Indian with traits which would be approved even by the ranchman, the rustler, or the army officer." And his Indians are the result of early intimacy and of conscientious study. His daughter has told us how he followed the frequent Indian delegations from town to town, observing them carefully, conversing with them freely, and impressed "with the vein of poetry and of laconic eloquence marking their brief speeches."

If there is any lack of faithfulness in Cooper's presentation of the Indian character, it is due to the fact that he was

a romancer, and therefore an optimist, bent on making the best of things. He told the truth as he saw it and nothing but the truth; but he did not always tell the whole truth. The Indian was rising from savagery into barbarism, with all that this implies; and Cooper puts before us the Indian's courage and his fortitude, leaving more or less in the shadow the Indian's ferocity and his cruelty. That this was Cooper's intent is plain from a passage in the preface to the *Leatherstocking Tales*, wherein he declares that "it is the privilege of all writers of fiction, more particularly when their works aspire to the elevation of romances, to present the beau ideal of their characters to the reader. This it is which constitutes poetry, and to suppose that the red man is to be represented only in the squalid misery or in the degraded state that certainly more or less belongs to his condition, is, we apprehend, taking a very narrow view of an author's privileges." Here again Cooper was akin to Scott, who chose to dwell only on the bright side of chivalry and to picture the merry England of Richard Lionheart as a far pleasanter period to live in than it could have been in reality. Cooper's red men are probably far closer to the actual facts than Scott's black knights and white ladies. And when all is said, Chingachgook and Uncas and Hardheart, even if not absolutely truthful, justify themselves; they linger long in the memory; they stand forth boldly, for their author has breathed into them the breath of life.

VI

Parkman might find fault with the validity of Cooper's Indians, but he had been taken captive by their vitality. There was a time when the historian was "so identified with the novelist's red heroes that he dreamed of them." Just as it was the reading of Scott's romances which stirred Thierry to write the history of the Norman Conquest, so it was the reading of Cooper's romances which started Park-

man on his life-long task, the history of the protracted struggle between France and England here in America. Probably it was Cooper also, quite as much as Parkman, who moved another American historian to narrate the successive stages of the *Winning of the West*; and Mr. Roosevelt has been glad always to testify to the stern reality of Cooper's steadfast borderers.

This reveals to us that, underlying the *Leatherstocking Tales* and lending significance to them, is the fact that they set forth imaginary episodes in a real struggle, — in that long and inevitable conflict between two opposing civilizations, which looms larger than any mere war, and which has true epic grandeur in the clash of contending racial ideals. This is what lends to the *Leatherstocking Tales* their largeness; and this is what gives them their major meaning for us. They help to explain how it was that these United States came to be what they are.

Cooper has told us in the introduction to the *Spy* that, after he had published his empty imitation of a British novel, it became a matter of reproach among his friends that "he, an American in heart as in birth," should have depicted "a state of society so different from that to which he belonged." This reproach it was which moved him to undertake the *Spy*, in which "he chose patriotism for his theme." And patriotism is the theme of all his greater books.

Cooper was intensely American in his feeling, and yet broadly cosmopolitan in his outlook on the world. Not for nothing had he been an officer in the American navy and also a long sojourner in Europe. He had a noble detachment from all that was petty and temporary. In his novels he is curiously fair to all manner of foreigners, possessing apparently the subtle sympathy which gives understanding. And here he stands in striking contrast with only too many of his countrymen four score years ago, who were at one and the same time provincial in their boastfulness and colonial in their subservient

deference to the opinion of the mother-country. Cooper was stanchly patriotic; "with him," so Professor Lounsbury tells us, "love of country was not a sentiment, it was a passion." Perhaps because of his unbounded faith in the future of his native land, he was not blind to her present faults; and while he "defended his country from detractors abroad, he sought to save her from flatterers at home," — to borrow Bryant's apt phrase. Lowell was to perform a similar service half a century later; and it is a gratifying proof of our growth in independence, that Lowell aroused scarcely a tithe of the vindictive animosity which vented itself on Cooper, and which not only assailed the man, but also depreciated the author.

The elder Dana dwelt upon Cooper's "self-reliance and civil courage, which would with equal freedom speak out in the face of the people, whether they were friendly or adverse." Civic courage is a virtue none too common, even nowadays; and Cooper possessed it in a high degree. It needs to be noted also that Cooper's opinions upon public matters were not casual or freakish; they were founded on principle. He had given careful consideration to the affairs of state; and he had a political philosophy of his own, more solidly buttressed than we can discover in the equipment of any other writer of romance of our century, whether American or European. Recall the thinness of Dickens's political theories, for example, or of Hawthorne's. Even Hugo's are found on analysis to be vague and fantastic. "Cooper's politics," so Mr. Brownell has reminded us, "are rational, discriminating, and suggestive. He knew men as Lincoln knew them — which is to say very differently from Dumas and Stevenson." There is no demand on any of us that we shall accept Cooper's political theories, or reduce them to a system. It is enough that he had a body of doctrine, complete and clear, which gives a certain solidity to his fiction, lacking in that of all the others who have undertaken the tale of adventure.

It is the triple duty of the novelist and of the dramatist to make us see, to make us feel, and to make us think. Cooper succeeded in making his readers think, even though they might resent it, because he had done his own thinking in advance. And his thinking had not been done in a vacuum; he was not only shrewd and sagacious, he had also an immense variety of information, not merely upon the ocean and the forest, but upon subjects as remote as horticulture and agriculture and stock-raising. His friends were "struck with the inexhaustible vivacity of his conversation and the minuteness of his knowledge in everything which depended upon acuteness of observation and exactness of recollection."

VII

When all is said, Cooper stands forth a large man, in himself, in his work, and in the range of his influence. If we may judge an author by the variety of those he has stimulated, Cooper must take high rank. He has stirred a host of other writers, often men who pursued wholly different artistic ideals. He drew from Balzac "roars of pleasure and admiration;" and Dumas avowedly imitated him in the *Mohicans of Paris*. Mr. Kipling once remarked to me, after a rereading of Cooper, that he had come across scene after scene which he knew already in the narratives of later novelists, and that a host of later writers had been going to Cooper's works, as to a storehouse of striking situations where they could help themselves, so fertile in invention was the earlier American author. Even Thackeray did not disdain to borrow from him the hint of one of his noblest chapters; and Poe may have taken over the suggestion of the method of his marvelously acute M. Dupin from the skill with which Cooper's redskins followed a trail blind to eyes less acute than theirs. Better than any other American author, save Poe, so Professor Trent has asserted, Cooper "stands the test of cosmopolitan fame."

and his share in the swift spreading of the romantic movement throughout Europe is almost, if not quite, equal to the share of Scott and of Byron.

A poet, a teller of tales which moved many others to imitation and from which many others might borrow, he was above all else a creator of characters, which could not be taken from him. It is by the characters he brings into being that a novelist survives; and it is by this test that he must abide. And certain of the wisest critics of the nineteenth century have testified to Cooper's power of giving life to creatures that the world will not

willingly let die. Lowell made sure that Natty Bumppo

"Won't go to oblivion quicker
Than Adams the parson and Primrose the vicar."

Sainte-Beuve declared that Cooper possessed that "creative faculty which brings into the world new characters, and by virtue of which Rabelais produced Panurge, Le Sage Gil Blas, and Richardson Pamela." There can be no higher praise than this. Cooper deserved it; and by so deserving it, as Thackeray said, he has deserved well of his country.

WHEN TOWN AND COUNTRY MEET

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

MOST of the men in Millerstown left their work and started home for dinner when they were hungry, and many of them scolded if dinner were not ready. Adam Troxell did neither, but worked steadily away in field or garden till he was summoned. Often his longing eyes gazed back over the fields to the door of the farmhouse kitchen, although he knew that the sound of his mother's horn could reach him in any part of the farm.

To-day, from his hoeing in the south field, he turned his head more often than usual, sure that the hour for dinner had passed, but not daring to investigate. Finally, he made up his mind that if the shadow of the next post had reached a certain stone by the time that he returned from the other side of the field he would wait no longer.

Before he was half-way across, however, he heard the sound of the horn, and dropping his seed-bag where he stood, he started toward the fence. When he was already astride of it he hesitated.

"She won't know if I leave it once here," he said half aloud, and jumped

down on the other side. There he hesitated. "But she might ask me." Climbing back, he made for the spot where he had left the bag, carried it with him to the fence, and, concealing it carefully beneath, climbed over once more, and made his way across the meadow, around the barn, and to the house. Outside the kitchen door, he paused to plunge his face and hands into a basin of water which stood ready for him on the pump floor, then slipped out of his heavy, mud-coated shoes.

"Adam," called a mellifuous voice from within.

"Yes, Mom."

"Take off your shoes."

"Yes, Mom."

Adam smoothed his hair before the little mirror fastened to the side of the house beside the door. It gave back a reflection of his slender, stooping shoulders, narrow face, and pale eyes.

Having finished, he went into the kitchen, carefully opening and closing the screen door. The kitchen was kept almost dark so that flies might not be

tempted to linger therein, although it was not yet the season for flies. Adam's eyes, dimmed by the sudden change from the light without, did not at first distinguish the figure of his mother, as she stood before the stove; then the sound of her voice helped him in his sense of direction. Mrs. Troxell was not so small that she was hard to discover. The outline of her figure, though vague, was enormous, and straight from shoulder to skirt hem.

"Just sit down once," she said.

Adam took his place at one end of a table which stood with its side against the wall. It was covered with a red cloth, and there were two plates turned upside-down, with a knife and fork crossed on each one. When his mother had heaped his plate high, she filled her own, and sat down, sighing heavily.

"What is the matter?" asked her son. "Have you got it somewheres?"

She did not answer at once, and he went on eating, not because he was not anxious to hear her reply, but because he was accustomed to have her take her time.

"Adam, I have been for some time thinking of something," she began presently. "It is that I must have help. It is so much all the time to do, and I cannot always do the things so quickly like sometimes. Till I get the cows milked in the morning, I am tired. I must get me somebody."

"You better get you a girl," answered Adam uneasily.

"But the girls, they cost so much. It won't anybody work in Millerstown for less than a dollar and a quarter."

"It is so," he acknowledged.

"And they eat so much. They eat more than they work."

"Well, I could do the milking. Then you would not have it so hard."

"But you would then have to hire a man, and it would come out the same. It is another way I am thinking from."

"What is that?"

Mrs. Troxell rose heavily, and went to the cellar for the pie. She did not an-

swer until she was in her place opposite him.

"You might get married."

A wave of color flooded Adam's face.

"You are plenty old enough," she went on. 'You are now fifteen years older than your pop and I when we were married. Then it would n't be no wages to pay, and it would be some one what would take interest. These hired girls, they don't care. And we could then keep more chickens, and put the eggs in the store, and she could help sometimes in the field, and in the garden. I am getting so stiff, I cannot work any more in the garden —"

"But, Mom —"

He might as well have tried to dam the smoothly-flowing little Lehigh with a shingle. A listener might have wondered at his seeking, the tone was so round, so smooth, like the soft bubble of the stream, intensified a hundred times.

"— like I used to. And it is plenty girls, but not so many what are good for something. I have been thinking from the girls, Adam. Not Mary Kuhns, she is too much of a *schussle* [careless person], and not Elmina Fatzinger, while she is always too much for spending money, and not Mantana Kemerer. But Linnie Kurtz, Adam. She is a good worker, and she is not so proud. I think it would be good to get Linnie."

"But, Mom, when shall this marrying be?"

"Ay, soon. It must be somebody here for the harvest, and she must be by that time used to the things. Linnie cannot have so many eggs to bake with as at home. I will learn her to be saving."

"But, Mom —"

Mrs. Troxell gathered herself together as if to rise.

"If you get done early with the planting, you can go to-night to see Linnie, Adam."

Adam rose, and went out into the sunshine, his pale eyes blinking. He sat down on the doorstep and put on his heavy shoes, then he went slowly back to

his work. He could not believe that his mother was growing old, she who, in spite of her vast size, had accomplished such herculean labors. He shared her distress at the idea of paying wages. Most of the girls were not willing to do as their mistresses wanted them to do; they liked to gad about, to go to the county seat on the trolley, to have beaux, and they ate more than they were worth. He had thought vaguely of getting married before, but he had put the thought aside, because he did not suppose his mother would approve.

But Linnie Kurtz! The flush came back to his cheek. He did not want Linnie Kurtz, she was too smart. There was always a laugh in her eyes when they met his.

No, there was some one else whom he would marry. As he thought of her, a little seed of romance, tiny and neglected in the bottom of his heart, put forth a pale green tendril. He would marry the girl whom he liked.

He finished his hoeing, then went back to the house and dressed quickly. His mother gave him his supper, then started to the barn to milk. She said nothing more about his marrying; she was accustomed to have him follow her suggestions.

It was seven o'clock, and the spring twilight had begun to fall. Adam walked swiftly into the village. When he reached the main street, the trolley car from the county seat had just come in, and he watched them change the fender, then climbed aboard.

He felt himself strangely excited, although he had scarcely thought of the girl for weeks. Her name was Florence Kramer; he had met her through his cousin, who worked with her in the silk mill, where she earned seven dollars a week. He knew that his mother would refuse to believe that, but it was true. And she was pretty and smart, and probably had money in the bank. Certainly she could not, even if she wished, spend seven dollars a week!

He had seen her only a few times, but

he did not have any fear that she would refuse him. What girl would not be glad for such a home as he could offer her? Only he and his mother knew the amount of their deposits in the Millerstown bank and a bank in the county seat, kept thus divided so that prying Millerstown might not know how much they had.

His mother received his story that night with a long silence. He did not see, in the darkness of the porch, that twice she tried vainly to speak.

"C—Can she work?" she asked, at last.

"She is a fearful worker," answered Adam proudly. "She earns seven dollars a week."

"Have you asked her, already?"

"Yes, but she is not sure if she will."

Mrs. Troxell's head sank upon her breast. She made strange noises in her throat. For the first time in his life, Adam had acted without her counsel. Was this the effect the strange girl was to have upon him? Then her cold hands seized the arms of her chair.

"You bring her out here before you get married," she said, stammering a little. "I must talk to her before you get married to her. Tell her to come Sundays."

"Yes, Mom," answered Adam. "I was going Saturdays in, but I will write to her to come out."

The letter bore evidence of careful, even painful, composition. The girl, receiving it, laughed, then flushed scarlet.

"Dear Miss," it began. "I guess you are disappointed while I do not come in. My Mom says you shall come to-morrow evening out for supper."

She sat a long time after she had finished reading it, with it crushed in her hand. She had never paid any attention to this "Dutchman" until he had startled her by proposing that she marry him. The half-spoken refusal had been smothered by the consciousness of an ugly pain in her side at the end of her day's work, and of the fact that her last week's wages was all she had in the world. Marriage

would mean peace and comfort for her body at least, even though Adam Troxell was as far from the man she would have chosen as any one could be. She would go out and see where he lived, and then she might accept.

Mrs. Troxell, sitting behind the vines on the porch on the Sunday afternoon, watched the girl disapprovingly as she came with Adam up the long lane which led in from the road. There were drooping feathers in her hat, and she wore gloves. She looked about her eagerly, and her face sparkled at sight of the farmhouse with its broad porch. It would be pleasant there on summer evenings. The girls from the mill could come out to see her, and she could go often to town. She felt already the importance which being well married would bestow.

She could not help a sudden start when Adam's mother rose to meet her. There was something portentous in a first view of Mrs. Troxell. Her size took away one's breath.

"How do you do?" she said slowly, and her voice made the girl shiver, it was so unlike any other voice she had ever heard. "It is a nice day."

"You have a nice place here," Florence answered nervously.

"Yes," said Mrs. Troxell.

"But I should think it would be awful lonely."

Mrs. Troxell smoothed down her white apron.

"It is too much to do in the country to get lonely," she said. "It is all the time something to do."

The girl's face brightened.

"What do you do? Everything looks so quiet. I should n't think there would be anything to do."

For a moment Mrs. Troxell did not answer. Then she apologized for not having asked the girl to take off her hat.

"Adam shall take it in the house," she said.

When he had gone, she turned her head again toward Florence.

"What do you mean by something to do?" she asked.

"Why, there ain't no theatre here, and no people, and no places to go."

"We have no time to go places," said Mrs. Troxell, her great voice trembling. "There is too much work." Her little eyes watched the girl. "We have gardening and soap-boiling and white-washing and butchering and milking and harvesting and cleaning, and —"

"Oh!" Florence's eyes widened and she gasped a little.

"— and baking and canning and —"

At sound of Adam's footstep, Mrs. Troxell stopped abruptly. She lifted herself heavily from the chair.

"You can take her round to look at the things, Adam," she said. "I will make supper."

"All right," said Adam in his high voice, leading the way down the steps. His mother's tone seemed to breathe satisfaction. "We will go first to the barn, and then you can go along to fetch the cows."

"But ain't you going to stay with me when I come out here?" Florence demanded. It was not that she wanted him, but that she was afraid of his mother.

"Yes, when the cows are milked. I milk Sundays. Mom has it so bad in her back."

"But don't you have a girl or a hired man?"

"Ach, no, it is too expensive to hire. But we would have to hire if I did not get married."

"Oh, are you going to get married?" she said sharply.

Adam smiled at her. He could never quite understand her metropolitan wit.

"Come now this way and see the barn."

The girl followed him slowly, lifting high her trailing skirts. She made no response as he pointed out the various improvements he had made.

"But Mom, she thought of all these things," he explained proudly. "Now,

I am going for the cows. Will you go along?"

"No, I'll go back to the house." She could not imagine a more terrifying experience than close contact with cows. She hurried back across the yard, and turned the knob of the front door. It would not open. She tried it again, and shook it, her face scarlet. Had the woman locked her out? She stood hesitating for an instant, then she heard a heavy footstep. There was a great sliding of bolts and keys, and Mrs. Troxell, a gingham apron over her white one, stood before her.

"I guess I did n't hear you first off," she said. "We use always the back door."

The girl stepped inside.

"He said I should find you."

"That was right. You come along in the kitchen."

Florence looked about her curiously. The hall was narrow and dark, and the doors leading into the rooms on either side were closed. There was an odor of recently applied whitewash. Mrs. Troxell opened a door which led into a room as dark as the hall. There were faint outlines of a table with a chenille cover, and chairs set in a neat row against the wall. Suddenly she paused. Florence, in the dark, walked against her, and stepped quickly back. It seemed hardly human, the vast mass which she had touched.

"I thought I heard one," Mrs. Troxell said mysteriously, making her way to the other side of the room. She lifted the curtain, where, buzzing against the window, there was a fly. She killed it with a stroke of her hand.

"It must a' sneaked in when we came in," she said. "Or else it is from last year."

Then she opened the door into a brighter room, furnished with a rag carpet, a row of chairs set against the wall, and a table set for supper.

"You can sit here," she said. "We always eat out in the kitchen except when it is company here."

"Do you eat in the kitchen in summer when it is so hot?"

"Of course. Shall I have flies in my house?" The expression of satisfaction had not left Mrs. Troxell's face.

The girl sat down, and watched, fascinated, Mrs. Troxell's careful exit. In a few moments the faint delicious odor of cooking stole in upon her. After a long time, she heard Adam's voice and a splashing of water at the pump. Presently he came into the kitchen and sat down beside her, whereupon she shivered and turned involuntarily away.

"Well, did you get lonely?" he asked cheerfully. "When you do yourself the milking you won't get lonely."

Florence did not answer. She was watching Mrs. Troxell's struggles with the door, her driving away of invisible flies, then her hurried entrance which left her almost breathless. This time there was a large tray in her hands.

In a few moments they sat down at the table. The meal was delicious; Florence was sure that she had never tasted anything so good. Nevertheless, she could eat but little. Mrs. Troxell's long grace, and her son's silent feeding, and Mrs. Troxell herself, frightened her. She wished herself back at the boarding-house table, with its poor coffee, and worse bread, and the good company.

Mrs. Troxell urged her to eat.

"You can't work when you don't eat," she said cheerfully, and her melodious voice seemed to fill the room. "In the country you must eat a lot so you can do country work."

Florence shook her head. She wondered whether this choke in her throat signified homesickness. And for what? What was it that made this place so terrible? Was it the silence? Was it the vast old woman?"

"What time does the next car go?" she asked, when Adam finally laid down his knife.

"Must you go already back?" asked Adam, in dismay. "I thought you should stay and go long in the church."

"Yes, you can just so well stay," seconded his mother.

"No, I must — I have a sick aunt. I promised to stay with her." The excuse was the sudden reckless invention of the moment.

"But I can't go long so early. I take always the collection in the church."

"Oh, but I can go alone." Her eyes brightened. "You need not even go to the car with me."

"Ach, yes, that he will do," insisted his mother. "Of course he will go with you to the car."

"Of course I will," said Adam. His eyes sought his mother's, and met her gaze, alert, anxious, perhaps a little pitying. He interpreted it to mean that she was as eager that the bargain should be struck at once as he.

They had scarcely left the house before he spoke.

"Well, how would you like to live here?"

"I don't like the country. It is too lonely."

"But you would n't be lonely. Mom is always here, and it is not lonely when you have work to do."

"But I don't like to work."

"You don't like to work!" He stopped in the lane and stared at her. "But you get seven dollars a week, working."

"But I only work for the money. I don't like to work."

"But you will have here a good home. It is no one in the family but I and Mom, and it is a good farm, and we have money in the bank."

She turned on him suddenly.

"Will you let me have some of the money? Will you let me hire a girl?"

"A girl," he repeated heavily. "A girl yet, with you and Mom to do the work. What would a girl do?"

Florence broke suddenly into an hysterical laugh, then she started to run.

"Don't you see the car is coming?" she cried.

When Adam got back to the house, his mother was sitting on the porch.

"She would n't marry me!" he said.

"She would n't marry you!" Mrs. Troxell's voice was non-committal.

"She wanted me to take money from the bank, and hire a girl. Take the money from the bank!"

"What!" Now Mrs. Troxell did not need to assume surprise.

"Yes." Then his voice softened. "I guess we might 'a' made it easy for her. We might 'a' hired a girl to help. We —" he sat heavily down on the step. "I wanted her." After a long time he said again, "I wanted her."

Mrs. Troxell watched his bent head. Fear came into her eyes at this son who wanted anything she had not suggested. Then her eyes narrowed cunningly.

"The Lord does not let us have always what we want, Adam. It is some good reason why you shall not have her."

"I guess so," he answered piously, and with that, romance died. "But now we will have to hire, Mom."

"No, not yet awhile," his mother answered. "I feel good to-night. I will get a while along alone."

She sat on the porch for a long time after he had gone to bed. Occasionally she smiled and once she muttered softly,

"I settled it. I scared her. To take —" Mrs. Troxell gasped heavily — "to take the money from the bank to hire a girl!"

SHELLEY

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I

"I HAVE the vanity to write only for poetical minds," Shelley said to Trelawny, "and must be satisfied with few readers." "I am, and I desire to be, nothing," he wrote to Leigh Hunt, while urging him to "assume a station in modern literature which the universal voice of my contemporaries forbids me either to stoop or to aspire to." Yet he said also, "Nothing is more difficult and unwelcome than to write without a confidence of finding readers;" and, "It is impossible to compose except under the strong excitement of an assurance of finding sympathy in what you write." Of the books which he published during his lifetime, some were published without his name, some were suppressed at the very moment of publication. Only *The Cenci* went into a second edition. Without readers, he was without due recognition from the poets of his time. Byron was jealous, if we may believe Trelawny, but neither Keats nor Wordsworth nor Leigh Hunt nor Southey nor Landor seems ever to have considered him seriously as a rival. We must go to the enthusiastic unimportant Wilson, to find an adequate word of praise; for to Wilson "Mr. Shelley was a poet, almost in the very highest sense of that mysterious word." The general public hated him without reading him, and even his death did not raise him from oblivion. But Time has been on his side, and to-day the general reader, if you mention the word poet to him, thinks of Shelley.

It is only by reading contemporary writings and opinions in published letters of the time, — such as Southey's when he writes to Shelley, that the manner in which his powers for poetry "have been

employed is such as to prevent me from feeling any desire to see more of productions so monstrous in their kind, and pernicious in their tendency," — that we can, with a great effort, realize the aspect under which Shelley appeared to the people of his time. What seems to us abnormal in its innocence was to them abnormal in guilt; they imagined a revolution behind every invocation to liberty, and saw Godwin charioted in the clouds of *Prometheus Unbound*. They saw nothing else there, and Shelley himself had moments when he thought that his mission was a prophet's rather than a poet's. All this, which would mean so little to-day, kept Shelley at that time from ever having an audience as a poet. England still feared thought, and still looked upon poetry as worth fearing.

No poet has defined his intentions in poetry more carefully than Shelley. "It is the business of the poet," he said, in the preface to *The Revolt of Islam*, "to communicate to others the pleasure and the enthusiasm arising out of those images and feelings in the vivid presence of which, within his own mind, consists at once his inspiration and his reward." But, he says further, "I would only awaken the feelings, so that the reader should see the beauty of true virtue, and be incited to those enquiries which have led to my moral and political creed, and that of some of the subtlest intellects in the world." In the preface to *Prometheus Unbound* he says, "Didactic poetry is my abhorrence; nothing can be equally well expressed in prose that is not tedious and supererogatory in vein. My purpose has hitherto been simply to familiarize the highly refined imagination of the more select classes of poetical readers with beautiful idealisms of moral excel-

lence." Writing to Godwin, he says, acutely, "My power consists in sympathy, and that part of the imagination which relates to sentiment and contemplation. . . . I am formed . . . to apprehend minute and remote distinctions of feeling, whether relative to external nature or the living beings which surround us, and to communicate the conceptions which result from considering either the moral or the material universe as a whole." And we are told by Mrs. Shelley that "he said that he deliberated at one time whether he should dedicate himself to poetry or metaphysics."

Shelley was born to be a poet, and his "passion for reforming the world," as well as what he fancied to be his turn for metaphysics, were both part of a temperament and intelligence perhaps more perfectly fitted for the actual production of poetry than those of any other poet. All his life Shelley was a dreamer; never a visionary. We imagine him, like his Asia on the pinnacle, saying,

"my brain

Grows dizzy: see'st thou shapes within the mist?"

The mist, to Shelley, was part of what he saw; he never saw anything, in life or art, except through a mist. Blake lived in a continual state of vision, Shelley in a continual state of hallucination. What Blake saw was what Shelley wanted to see; Blake never dreamed, but Shelley never wakened out of that shadow of a dream which was his life.

His poetry is indeed made out of his life; but what was his life to Shelley? The least visible part of his dreams. As the Fourth Spirit sings in *Prometheus Unbound*,—

"Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,

But feeds on the ærial kisses

Of shapes that haunt thought's wilderness."

He lived with ardor among ideas, aspirations, and passions in which there was something at once irresponsible and abstract. He followed every impulse, without choice or restraint, with the abandonment of a leaf in the wind. "O lift me as

a wave, a leaf, a cloud!" was his prayer to the west wind and to every influence. Circumstances meant so little to him that he was unconscious of the cruelty of change to sentiment, and thus of the extent of his cruelty to women. He aimed at moral perfection, but was really of a perfect æsthetic selfishness. He was full of pity and generosity, and desired the liberation and uplifting of humanity; but humanity was less real to him than his own witch of Atlas. He only touched human action and passion closely in a single one of his works; and he said of *The Cenci*, "I don't think much of it. My object was to see how I could succeed in describing passions I have never felt."

To Shelley the word love meant sympathy, and that word, in that sense, contains his whole life and creed. Is this not why he could say, —

"True love in this differs from gold and clay,

That to divide is not to take away"?

It is a love which is almost sexless, the love of an enthusiastic youth, or of his own hermaphrodite. He was so much of a sentimentalist that he could conceive of incest without repugnance, and be so innocently attracted by so many things which, to one more normally sexual, would have indicated perversity. Shelley is not perverse, but he is fascinated by every problem of evil, which draws him to contemplate it with a child's inquiring wonder of horror. No poet ever handled foulness and horror with such clean hands or so continually. The early novels are filled with tortures, the early poems profess to be the ravings of a hanged madwoman; *Alastor* dwells lingeringly on death, *Queen Mab* and *The Revolt of Islam* on blood and martyrdom; madness is the centre of *Julian and Maddalo*, and a dungeon of *Rosalind and Helen*; the first act of *Prometheus* celebrates an unearthly agony, and *The Cenci* is a mart and slaughter-house of souls and bodies; while a comic satire is made up wholly out of the imagery of the swine-trough. Shelley could touch pitch and be

undefiled; he writes nobly of every horror; but what is curious is that he should so persistently seek his beauty in such blackness. That a law or tradition existed was enough for him to question it. He does so in the name of abstract liberty, but curiosity was part of his impulse. A new Adam in Eden, the serpent would have tempted him before Eve. He wanted to "root out the infamy" of every prohibition, and would have tasted the forbidden fruit without hunger.

And Shelley was the same from the beginning. In the notes to *Queen Mab* he lays down with immense seriousness the rules on which his life was really to be founded. "Constancy has nothing virtuous in itself," he tells us, "independently of the pleasure it confers, and partakes of the temporizing spirit of vice in proportion as it endures tamely moral defects of magnitude in the object of its indiscreet choice." Again: "the connection of the sexes is so long sacred as it contributes to the comfort of both parties, and is naturally dissolved when its evils are greater than its benefits." This doctrine of "the comfort of both parties" was what Shelley always intended to carry out, and he probably supposed that it was always the fault of the "other party" when he failed to do so. Grave charges have been brought against him for his cruelty to women, and in particular to Harriet; and it is impossible to forgive him, as a reasonable man, for his abandonment of Harriet. But he was never at any time a reasonable man, and there was never a time when he was not under one form or another of hallucination. It was not that he was carried away irresistibly by a gross passion, it was that he had abandoned himself like a medium to a spiritual influence. A certain selfishness is the inevitable result of every absorption; and Shelley, in every new rapture, was dizzy with it, whether he listened to the skylark in the sky or to the voice of Mary calling to him from the next room. In life, as in poetry, he was the slave of every impulse, but a slave

so faultlessly obedient that he mastered every impulse in achieving it, so that his life, which seems casual, was really what he chose to make it, and followed the logic of his being.

Shelley had intuition rather than instinct, and was moved by a sympathy of the affections rather than by passion. His way of falling into and out of love is a sign that his emotions were rapid and on the surface, not that they were deep or permanent. The scent or music of love came to him like a flower's or bird's speech; it went to his head, it did not seize on the heart in his body. It must have filled him with astonishment when Harriet drowned herself, and he could never have really understood that it was his fault. He lived the life of one of those unattached plants which float in water; he had no roots in the earth, and he did not see why anyone should take root there. His love for women seems never to have been sensuous, or at least to have been mostly a matter of sympathies and affinities; if other things followed, it seemed to him natural that they should, and he encouraged them with a kind of unconsciousness. Emilia Viviani, for whom he wrote the sacred love-song of the *Epipsychidion*, would have embarrassed him, I doubt not, if she had answered his invocation practically. He would have done his best for her, and, at the same time, for Mary.

Epipsychidion celebrates love with an icy ecstasy which is the very life-blood of Shelley's soul; there are moments, at the beginning and end, when its sympathy with love passes into the actual possession. But for the most part it is a declaration, not an affirmation; its love is sisterly, and can be divided; it says for once, exultingly and luxuriously and purely, the deepest thing that Shelley had to say, lets out the secret of his feminine or twy-fold soul, and is the epitaph of that Antigone with whom "some of us have in a prior existence been in love." Its only passion is for that intellectual beauty to which it is his greater hymn, and, with

Emilia Viviani, he confessed to have been the Ixion of a cloud. "I think," he said in a letter, "one is always in love with something or other; the error, and I confess it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it, consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is, perhaps, eternal." In the poem he has done more than he meant to do, for it is the eternal beauty that it images for us, and no mortal lineaments. Just because it is without personal passion, because it is the worship of a shadow for a shadow, it has come to be this thing fearfully and wonderfully made, into which the mystical passion of Crashaw and the passionate casuistry of Donne seem to have passed as into a crucible: —

Thou art the wine whose drunkenness is all
We can desire, O Love!

and the draught is an elixir for all lovers.

That part of himself which Shelley did not put into *Epipsychidion* he put into *Adonais*. In that pageantry of sorrow, in which all temporal things mourn for the poet, and accept the consolation of eternity, there is more of personal confession, more of personal foreboding, than of grief for Keats, who is no less a cloud to him than Emilia Viviani, and whom indeed we know he did not in any sense properly appreciate, at his actual value. The subtlest beauty comes into it when he speaks of himself, "a pardlike spirit beautiful and swift," with that curious self-sympathy which remains not less abstract than his splendid and consoling Pantheism, which shows by figures a real faith in the truth and permanence of beauty. Shelley says of it and justly, "it is a highly wrought piece of art, and perhaps better, in point of composition, than anything I have written." The art is conscious, and recreates *Lycidas* with entire originality; but the vessel of ancient form carries a freshly lighted flame.

Shelley, when he died, left unfinished a splendid fragment, *The Triumph of Life*, which, inspired by Petrarch, as *Adonais* was inspired by Milton, shows the deeper influence of Dante. It ends with an in-

terrogation, that interrogation which he had always asked of life and was about to ask of death. He had wanted to die, that he might "solve the great mystery." His last poem comes to us with no solution, but breaks off as if he died before he could finish telling the secret which he was in the act of apprehending.

II

There are two kinds of imagination, that which embodies and that which disembodies. Shelley's is that which disembodies, filling mortal things with unearthly essences or veiling them with unearthly raiment. Wordsworth's imagination embodies, concentrating spirit into man, and nature into a wild flower. Shelley is never more himself than in the fantasy of *The Witch of Atlas*, which he wrote in three days, and which is a song in seventy-eight stanzas. It is a glittering cobweb, hung on the horns of the moon's crescent, and left to swing in the wind there. What Fletcher would have shown and withdrawn in a single glimpse of magic, Shelley calls up in a vast wizard landscape which he sets steadily before us. He is the enchanter, but he never mistakes the images which he calls up for realities. They are images to him, and there is always between him and them the thin circle of the ring. In *Prometheus Unbound*, where he has made a mythology of his own by working on the stable foundation of a great myth of antiquity, his drama is a cloudy procession of phantoms, seen in a divine hallucination by a poet whose mind hovered always in that world

where do inhabit

The shadows of all forms that think and live
Till death unite them, and they part no more;
Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
And all that faith creates or love desires,
Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous
shapes.

The shapes hover, pause, and pass on unflagging wings. They are not symbols, they are not embodiments of powers and passions; they are shining or shadowy

images of life and death, time and eternity; they are much more immaterial than judgment or mercy, than love or liberty; they are phantoms, "wrapped in sweet sounds as in bright veils," who pass, murmuring "intelligible words and music wild;" but their music comes from somewhere across the moon or under the sea, and their words are without human passion. The liberty which comes to Prometheus is a liberty to dream forever with Asia in a cave; the love which sets free the earth is, like the music, extralunar; this new paradise is a heaven made only for one who is, like Shelley.

the Spirit of wind

With lightning eyes, and eager breath, and feet

Disturbing not the drifted snow.

The imagination which built this splendid palace out of clouds, of sunset and sunrise, out of air, water, and fire, has unbodied the human likeness in every element, and made the spirit of the earth itself only a melodious voice, "the delicate spirit" of an eternal cloud, "guiding the earth through heaven." When the "universal sound like wings" is heard, and Demogorgon affirms the final triumph of good, it is to an earth dying like a drop of dew and to a moon shaken like a leaf. And we are left "dizzy as with delight," to rise, like Panthea,

as from a bath of sparkling water,

A bath of azure light, among dark rocks,
Out of the stream of sound.

It was among these forms of imagination, —

Desires and adorations,

Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations

Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies, — as he sees them in *Adonais*, that Shelley most loved to walk; but when we come to what Browning calls "the unrivalled 'Cenci,'" we are in another atmosphere, and in this atmosphere, not his own, he walks with equal certainty. In the preface to *The Cenci* Shelley defines in a perfect image the quality of

dramatic imagination. "Imagination," he says, "is as the immortal God which should assume flesh for the redemption of mortal passion." And, in the dedication, he distinguishes it from his earlier works, "visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and the just." *The Cenci* is the greatest play written in English since *The Duchess of Malfy*, but, in the work of Shelley, it is an episode, an aside, or, as he puts it in his curious phrase, "a work of art." *Julian and Maddalo* is not less a work of art, and, for Shelley, an exception. In *Julian and Maddalo* and in the *Letter to Maria Gisborne* he has solved the problem of the poem which shall be conventional speech and yet pure poetry. It is astonishing to think that *Julian and Maddalo* was written within a year of *Rosalind and Helen*. The one is Byron and water, but the other is Byron and fire. It has set the pattern of the modern poem, and it was probably more difficult for him to do than to write *Prometheus Unbound*. He went straight on from the one to the other, and was probably unconscious quite how much he had done. Was it that a subject, within his personal interests and yet of deep significance, came to him from his visit to Byron at Venice, his study of Byron's mind there, which, as we know, possessed, seemed to overweigh, him? Shelley required no impetus, but he required weight. Just as the subject of *Prometheus Unbound*, an existing myth into which he could read the symbol of his own faith, gave him that definite unshifting substance which he required, and could not invent, so, no doubt, this actual substance in *Julian and Maddalo* and the haunting historic substance of *The Cenci* possessed him, drawing him down out of the air, and imprisoning him among human fortunes. There is no doctrine and no fantasy in either, but imagination speaking human speech.

And yet, as Browning has pointed out, though *Prometheus*, *Epipsychidion*, and the lyrics are "the less organized

matter," the "radiant elemental foam and solution" of Shelley's genius, it is precisely in these, and not in any of the more human works, that we must look for the real Shelley. In them it is he himself who is speaking, in that "voice which is contagion to the world." The others he made, supremely well; but these he was.

What he made he made so well because he was so complete a man of letters, in a sense in which no other of his contemporaries was. Wordsworth, when he turned aside from his path, wandered helplessly astray. Byron was so helplessly himself that when he wrote plays he wrote them precisely in the manner which Shelley rightly protested that he himself had not: "under a thin veil converting names and actions into cold impersonations of his own mind." But Shelley could make no such mistake in form. It may be doubted whether the drama of real life would ever have become his natural medium; but, having set himself to write such a drama, he accepted the laws or limitations of the form to the extent of saying, "I have avoided with great care, in writing this play, the introduction of what is commonly called mere poetry." In so doing he produced a masterpiece, but knew himself too well to repeat it.

And he does not less adequately whatever he touches. Shelley had no genius for fun or caricature, but in *Swellfoot the Tyrant*, in *Peter Bell the Third*, he develops a satirical joke with exquisite literary skill. Their main value is to show how well he could do the things for which he had no aptitude. *The Mask of Anarchy* is scarcely more important as a whole, though more poignant in detail. It was done for an occasion, and remains, not as an utterance, but for its temper of poetic eloquence. Even *Hellas*, which he called "a mere improvise," and which was written out of a sudden political enthusiasm, is remembered, not for its "figures of indistinct and visionary delineation," but for its "flowery and starry"

choruses. Yet not one of the four was written for the sake of writing a piece of literature; each contains a condemnation, a dogma, or a doctrine.

To Shelley doctrine was a part of poetry; but then, to him doctrine was itself the voice of ecstasy. He was in love not only with love, but with wisdom; and as he wished everyone to be good and happy, he was full of magics and panaceas, Demogorgons or Godwins, which would rejuvenate or redeem the world. There was always something either spiritual or moral in his idea of beauty; he never conceived of æsthetics as a thing apart from ethics; and even in his descriptions he is so anxious to give us the feeling before the details, that the details are as likely as not to go out in a rosy mist.

There are pictures in Shelley which remind us of Turner's. Pure light breaks into all its colors and floods the world, which may be earth or sea or sky, but is, above all, rapture of color. He has few twilights but many dawns; and he loves autumn for its wild breath and broken colors. Fire he plays with, but air and water are his elements; thoughts of drowning are in all his work, always with a sense of strange luxury. He has, more than any poet, Turner's atmosphere; yet seems rarely, like Turner, to paint for atmosphere. It is part of his habitual hallucination; it comes to him with his vision or message, clothing it.

He loved liberty and justice with an impersonal passion, and would have been a martyr for many ideals which were no more to him than the substance itself of enthusiasm. He went about the world, desiring universal sympathy, to suffer delicious and poignant thrills of the soul, and to be at once sad and happy. In his feeling for nature he has the same vague affection and indistinguishing embrace as in his feeling for humanity; the daisy, which was the eye of day to Chaucer, is not visible as a speck in Shelley's wide landscapes; and though in one of his subtlest poems he has noticed "the slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,"

he is not minutely observant of whatever is not in some way strange or unusual. Even his significant phrase about "the worm beneath the sod" is only meant as a figure of the brain. His chief nature poem, *The Skylark*, loses the bird in the air, and only realizes a voice, an "unbodied joy;" and *The Sensitive Plant* is a fairy, and the radiant illustration of "a modest creed."

III

In a minute study of the details of Shelley's philosophy, Mr. Yeats has reminded us, "in ancient times, it seems to me that Blake, who for all his protest was glad to be alive, and ever spoke of his gladness, would have worshipped in some chapel of the Sun, and that Keats, who accepted life gladly, though 'with a delicious, diligent indolence,' would have worshipped in some chapel of the Moon, but that Shelley, who hated life because he sought 'more in life than any understood,' would have wandered, lost in a ceaseless reverie, in some chapel of the Star of infinite desire." Is not Shelley's whole philosophy contained in that one line, "the desire of the moth for the star"? He desired impossible things, and his whole theory of a reorganization of the world, in which anarchy was to be a spiritual deliverer, was a dream of that golden age which all mythologies put in the past. It was not the Christian's dream of heaven, nor the Buddhist's of Nirvana, but a poetical conception of a perfected world, in which innocence was lawless, and liberty selfless and love boundless, and in which all was order and beauty, as in a lovely song or stanza, or the musical answering of line and line in drama. He wrote himself down an atheist, and Browning thinks that in heart he was always really a Christian, so unlimited were his ideals, so imaginary his paradises. When Shelley thought he was planning the reform of the world, he was making literature, and this is shown partly by the fact that no theory or outcry or enthusiasm is ever strong enough

to breathe through the form which carries it like a light in a crystal.

The spirit of Shelley will indeed always be a light to every seeker after the things that are outside the world. He found nothing, he did not even name a new star. There is little actual wisdom in his pages, and his beauty is not always a very vital kind of truth. He is a bird on the sea, a sea-bird, a winged diver, swift and exquisite in flight, an inhabitant of land, water, and sky; and to watch him is to be filled with joy, to forget all mean and trivial things, to share a rapture. Shelley teaches us nothing, leads us nowhere, but cries and flies round us like a sea-bird.

Shelley is the only poet who is really vague, and he gets some of his music out of that quality of the air. Poetry, to him, was an instinctive utterance of delight, and it recorded his lightest or deepest mood with equal sensitiveness. He is an unconscious creator of joy, and the mood most frequent with him is the joy of sadness. His poetry, more than that of any poet, is the poetry of the soul, and nothing in his poetry reminds us that he had a body at all, except as a nerve sensitive to light, color, music, and perfume. His happiness is

To nurse the image of unfelt caresses
Till dim imagination just possesses
The half-created shadow,

and to come no nearer to reality. Poetry was his atmosphere, he drew his breath in it as in his native element. Because he is the one perfect illustration of the poetic nature, as that nature is generally conceived, he has sometimes been wrongly taken to be the greatest of poets. His greatness may be questioned, not his authenticity.

Shelley could not write unpoetically. Wordsworth, who is not more possessed than Shelley with ideas of instruction, moral reformation, and the like, drops constantly out of poetry into prose; Shelley never does. Not only verse but poetry came to him so naturally that he could not keep it out, and the least frag-

ment he wrote has poetry in it. Compare him, not only with Wordsworth, but with Keats, Coleridge, Byron, Landor, with every poet of his period, and you will find that while others may excel him in almost every separate poetical quality, none comes near him in this constant level of general poetical excellence.

Is it an excellence or an acquirement? No doubt it was partly technique, the technique of the born executant. It is too often forgotten that technique, like talent, must be born, not made, if it is to do great work. Shelley could not help writing well, whatever he wrote; he was born to write. He was the one perfectly equipped man of letters of his circle, and he added that accomplishment to his genius as a poet. There was nothing he could not do with verse as a form, and his translations from Greek, from Spanish, or from German, are not less sensitive to the forms which he adapted. He had a sound and wide literary culture, and, with curious lack of knowledge, a generalized appreciation of art. He wrote a *Defence of Poetry* which goes far beyond Sidney's and is the most just and noble eulogy of poetry that exists. His letters have grace and facility, and when Matthew Arnold made his foolish joke about his prose being better than his verse (which is as untrue as to say that Milton's prose was better than his verse), he was no doubt rightly conscious that Shelley might have expressed in prose much of the actual contents of his poetry. What would have been lost is the rarest part of it, in its creation of imaginative beauty. It is that rare part, that atmosphere which belongs to a region beyond technique, which, more certainly than even his technique, was what never left him, what made it impossible for him to write unpoetically.

No poetry is more sincere than Shelley's, because his style is a radiant drapery clinging closely to the body which it covers. What he has to express may have little value or coherence, but it is the very breath of his being, or, it may be, the

smoke of that breath. He says rightly, in one of his earliest prefaces, that he has imitated no one, "designing that even if what I have produced be worthless, it should still be properly my own." There is no poet, ancient or modern, whom he did not study; but, after the first boyish bewitchment by what was odd in Southey's *Thalaba*, and a casual influence here and there, soon shaken off, whatever came to him was transformed by his inner energy, and became his own. Every poem, whatever else it is, is a personal expression of feeling. There is no egoism of the passionate sort, Catullus's or Villon's; his own passions are almost impersonal to him. They turn to a poem in the mere act of giving voice to themselves. It is his sincerity that so often makes him superficial. Shelley is youth. Great ideas or deep emotions did not come to him, but warm ideas and eager emotions, and he put them straight into verse. You cannot imagine him elaborating a mood, carving it, as Keats does, on the marble flanks of his Grecian urn.

Shelley is the most spontaneous of poets, and one of the most careless among those who, unlike Byron, are artists. He sings naturally, without hesitation, liquidly, not always flawlessly. There is something in him above and below literature, something aside from it, a divine personal accident. His technique, in lyrics, is not to be compared with Coleridge's, but where Keats speaks he sings.

The blank verse of Shelley, at its best in *Prometheus Unbound*, has none of the sweetly broken music of Shakespeare or of the organ harmonies of Milton. It is a music of aerial eloquence, as if sound-

The small, clear, silver lute of the young spirit

That sits i' the morning star.

There is in it a thrilling music, rarer in liquid sound than that of any other poet, and chastened by all the severity that can clothe a spirit of fire and air, an Ariel loosed from Prospero. Can syllables turn

to more delicate sound and perfume than in such lines as these:—

When swift from the white Scythian wilderness

A wind swept forth wrinkling the Earth with frost:

I looked and all the blossoms were blown down.

If words can breathe, can they breathe a purer breath than in these strange and simple lines in which every consonant and every vowel have obeyed some learned spell unconscious of its witchcraft? Horror puts on all the daintiness of beauty, losing none of its own essence, as when we read how

foodless toads

Within voluptuous chambers panting crawled.

And out of this "music of lyres and flutes" there rises a symphony of many instruments, a choral symphony, after which no other music sounds for a time musical. Nor is it only for its music—

Clear, silver, icy, keen, awakening tones

Which pierce the sense and live within the soul—

that this blank verse has its power over us. It has an illumined gravity, a shining crystal clearness, a luminous motion, with, in its ample tide, an "ocean-like enchantment of strong sound," and a measure and order as of the paces of the boundless and cadenced sea.

But it is, after all, for his lyrics that Shelley is best remembered, and it is perhaps in them that he is at his best. He wrote no good lyrical verse, except a few stanzas, before the age of twenty-three, when he wrote the song beginning, "The cold earth slept below," in which we find, but for a certain concentration, all the poetic and artistic qualities of "A widow bird sat mourning on a bough," which belongs to the last year of his life. In the summer of the year 1816, he wrote the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, and had nothing more to learn. In a letter to Keats he said, "in poetry I have sought to avoid system and mannerism," and in the lyrical work written during the six remaining years of his life there will be

found a greater variety, a more easily and continually inventive genius, than in the lyrical work of any other English poet. This faculty which came to him without warning, like an awakening, never flags, and it is only for personal, not for artistic reasons, that it ever exercises itself without a continual enchantment. There are, among these supreme lyrics, which no one but Shelley could have either conceived or written, others, here and there, in which the sentimentalist which was in Shelley the man improvises in verse as Thomas Moore would have improvised if he could. He could not; but to compare with his best lyrics a lyric of Shelley's such as, "The keen stars were twinkling," is to realize how narrow, as well as how impassable, is the gulf between what is not, and what just is, poetry. In the clamorous splendor of the odes there is sometimes rhetoric as well as poetry, but is it more than the tumult and overflow of that poetry? For spiritual energy the "Ode to the West Wind," for untamable choric rapture the "Hymn to Pan," for soft brilliance of color and radiant light the "Lines written among the Euganean Hills," are not less incomparable than the rarest of the songs (such songs as "To-Night," or "The golden gates of sleep unbar," or "When the lamp is shattered," or "Swiftly walk over the western wave"), in which the spirit of Fletcher seems returned to earth with a new magic from beyond the moon. And all this work, achieved by a craftsman as if for its own sake, will be found, if read chronologically, with its many fragments, to be in reality a sort of occasional diary. If ever a poet expressed himself fully in his verse, it was Shelley. There is nothing in his life which you will not find written somewhere in it, if only as "the ghost of a forgotten form of sleep." In this diary of lyrics he has noted down whatever most moved him, in a vivid record of the trace of every thrill or excitement, on nerves, or sense, or soul. From the stanzas, "To Constantia singing," to the stanzas,

"With a guitar, to Jane," every woman who moved him will have her place in it; and everything that has moved him when, as he said in the preface to *The Revolt of Islam*, "I have sailed down mighty rivers, and seen the sun rise and set, and the stars come forth whilst I have sailed night and day down a rapid stream among mountains." This, no doubt, is his way of referring to the first and second travels abroad with Mary, and to the summer when he sailed up the Thames to its source,—the time of his awakening. And in all this, made day by day

out of the very substance of its hours, there will not be a single poem in which the occasion will disturb or overpower the poetical impulse, in which the lyrical cry will be personal at the expense of the music. Or, if there is one such poem, it is that most intimate one which begins: "The serpent is shut out of Paradise." Is there, in this faultless capacity, this inevitable transposition of feeling into form, something lacking, some absent savor? Is there, in this evocation of the ghost of every thrill, the essence of life itself?

THE HELPMATE¹

BY MAY SINCLAIR

XXXVII

It was nine o'clock on Sunday evening. Majendie was in Scarby, in the hotel on the little gray parade, where he and Anne had stayed on their honeymoon.

Lady Cayley was with him. She was with him in the sitting-room which had been his and Anne's. They were by themselves. The Ransomes were dining with friends in another quarter of the town. He had accepted Sarah's invitation to dine with her alone.

The Ransomes had tried to drag him away, and he had refused to go with them. He had very nearly quarreled with the Ransomes. They had been irritating him all day, till he had been atrociously rude to them. He had told Ransome to go to a place, where, as Ransome had remarked, he could hardly have taken Mrs. Ransome. Then he had explained gently that he had had enough knocking about for one day, that his head ached abominably, and he wished they would leave him alone. It was all he wanted. Then they had left him alone with Sarah. He was glad to be with her. She was the

only person who seemed to understand that all he wanted was to be let alone.

She had been with him all day. She had sat beside him on the deck of the yacht as they cruised up and down the coast till sunset. Afterwards, when the Ransomes' friends had trooped in, one after another, and filled the sitting-room with insufferable sounds, she had taken him into a quiet corner and kept him there. He had felt grateful to her for that.

She had been angelic to him during dinner. She had let him eat as little and drink as much as he pleased. And she had hardly spoken to him. She had wrapped him in a heavenly silence. Only from time to time, out of the divine silence, her woman's voice had dropped between them, soothing and pleasantly indistinct. He had been drinking hard all day. He had been excited, intolerably excited; and she soothed him. He was aware of her chiefly as a large, benignant presence, maternal and protecting.

His brain felt brittle, but extraordinarily clear, luminous, transparent, the delicate centre of monstrous and destructive

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energies. It burned behind his eyeballs like a fire. His eyes were hot with it, the pupils strained, distended, gorged with light.

This monstrous brain of his originated nothing, but ideas presented to it became monstrous too. And their immensity roused no sense of the incredible.

The table had been cleared of everything but coffee-cups, glasses, and wine. They still sat facing each other. Sarah had her arms on the table, propping her chin up with her clenched hands. Her head was tilted back slightly, in a way that was familiar to him; so that she looked at him from under the worn and wrinkled white lids of her eyes. And as she looked at him she smiled slightly; and the smile was familiar, too.

And he sat opposite to her, with his chin sunk on his breast. His bright, dark, distended eyes seemed to strain upwards toward her, under the weight of his flushed forehead.

"Well, Wallie," she said, "I didn't get married, you see, after all."

"Married — married? Why didn't you?"

"I never meant to. I only wanted you to think it."

"Why? Why did you want me to think it?"

He was no longer disinclined to talk. Though his brain lacked spontaneity, it responded appropriately to suggestion.

"I didn't want you to think something else."

"What? What should I think?"

His voice was thick and rapid, his eyes burned.

"That you'd made a mess of my life, my dear."

"When did I make a mess of your life?"

"Never mind when. I *might* have married, only I didn't. That's the difference between me and you."

"And that's how I made a mess of your life, is it? I haven't made a furious success of my own, have I?"

"I would n't have brought it up against

you, if you had. The awful thing was to stand by, and see you make a sinful muddle of it."

"A sinful muddle?"

"Yes. That's what it's been. A sinful muddle."

"Which is worse, d'you think, a sinful muddle or a muddling sin?"

"Oh, don't ask me, my dear; I can't see any difference."

"My God — nor I!"

"There's no good talking. You're so obstinate, Wallie, that I believe, if you could live your life over again, you'd do just the same."

"I would, probably. Just the same."

"There's nothing you'd alter?"

"Nothing. Except one thing."

"What thing?"

"Never mind what."

"I don't mind, if the one thing was n't *me*. Was it?"

He did not answer.

"Was it?" she insisted, turning the full blue blaze of her eyes on him.

He started. "Of course it was n't. You don't suppose I'd have said so if it had been, do you?"

"A-ah! So, if you could live your life over again, you wouldn't turn me out of it? I didn't take up much room, did I? Only two years."

"Two years?"

"That was all. And you'd let me stay in for my two poor little years. Well, that's something. It's a great deal. It's more than some women get."

"Yes. More than some women get."

"Poor Wallie. I'm afraid you wouldn't live your life again."

"No. I wouldn't."

"I would. I'd live mine, horrors and all. Just for those two little years. I say, if we'd keep each other in for those two years, we need n't turn each other out now, need we?"

"Oh, no; oh, no."

His brain followed her lead, originating nothing.

"See here," she said, "if I come in —"

"Yes, yes," he said vaguely.

He was bending forward now, with his hands clasped on the table. She stretched out her beautiful white arms and covered his hands with hers, and held them. Her eyes were full-orbed, luminous, and tender. They held him, too.

"I come in on my own terms, this time, not yours."

"Oh, of course."

"I mean, I can't come in on the same terms as before. All that was over nine years ago, when you married. You and I are older. We have had experience. We've suffered horribly. We know."

"What do we know?"

She let go his hands.

"At least we know the limits — the lines we must draw. Fifteen years ago we didn't know anything, either of us. We were innocents. You were an innocent when you left me, when you married."

"When I married?"

"Yes, when you married. You were a blessed innocent, or you couldn't have done it. You married a good woman."

"I know."

"So do I. Well, I've given one or two men a pretty bad time, but you may write it on my tombstone that I never hurt another woman."

"Of course you haven't!"

"And I'm not going to hurt your wife, remember."

"I'm stupid. I don't think I understand."

"Can't you understand that I'm not going to make trouble between you and her?"

"Me? And her?"

"You and her. You've come back to me as my friend. We'll be better friends if you understand that, whatever I let you do, dear, I'm not going to let you make love to me."

She drew herself back and faced him with her resolution.

She knew the man with whom she had to deal. His soul must be off its guard before she could have any power over his

body. In presenting herself as unattainable, she would make herself desired. She would bring him back.

She knew what fires he had passed through on his way to her. She saw that she could not bring him back by playing poor, tender Maggie's part. She could not move him by appearing as the woman she once was, by falling at his feet as she had once fallen. This time, it was he who must fall at hers.

Anne Majendie had held her empire, and had made herself forever desirable, by six years' systematic torturings and deceptions and denials, by all the infidelities of the saint in love with her own sanctity. The woman who was to bring him back now would have to borrow for the moment a little of Anne Majendie's spiritual splendor. She saw by his flaming face that she had suggested the thing she had forbidden.

"You think," said she, "there is n't any danger? I don't say there is. But if there was, you'd never see it. You'd never think of it. You'd be up to your neck in it before you knew where you were."

He moved impatiently. "At any rate I know where I am now."

"And I," said she, in response to his movement, "mean that you shall stay there." She paused. "I know what you're thinking. You'd like to know what right I have to say these things to you?"

"Well — I'm awfully stupid —"

"I earned the right fifteen years ago. When a woman gives a man all she has to give, and gets nothing, there are very few things she has n't a right to say to him."

"I've no doubt you earned your right."

"I'm not reproaching you, dear. I'm simply justifying the plainness of my speech."

He stared at her, but he did not answer.

"Don't think me hard," said she. "I'm saying these things because I care for you. Because" — she rose, and flung her arms out with a passionate gesture

towards him. "Oh, my dear — my heart aches for you so that I can't bear it."

She came over to where he sat staring at her, staring half stupefied, and half inflamed. She stood beside him, and passed her hand lightly over his hair.

"I only want to help you."

"You can't help me."

"I know I can't. I can only say hard things to you."

She stooped, and her lips swept his hair. For a moment love gave her back her beauty and the enchantment of her youth; it illuminated the house of flesh it dwelt in and inspired.

And yet she could not reach him. His soul was on its guard.

"You've come back," she whispered. "You've come back. But you never came till you were driven. That's how I thought you'd come. When you were driven. When there was nobody but me."

He heard her speaking, but her words had no significance that pierced his thick and swift sensations.

"What have you done that you should have to pay so?"

"What have I done?"

"Or I?" she said.

He did not hear her. There was another sound in his ears.

Her voice ceased. Her eyes only called to him. He pushed back his chair and laid his arms on the table, and bowed his head upon them, hiding his face from her. She knelt down beside him. Her voice was like a warm wind in his ears. He groaned. She drew a short, sharp breath, and pressed her shoulder to his shoulder, and her face to his hidden face.

At her touch he rose to his feet, violently sobered, loathing himself and her. He felt his blood leap like a hot fountain to his brain. When she clung he raged, and pushed her from him, not knowing what he did, thrusting his hands out, cruelly, against her breasts, so that he wrung from her a cry of pain and anger.

But when he would have gone from her

his feet were loaded; they were heavy weights binding him to the floor. He had a sensation of intolerable sickness; then a pain beat like a hammer on one side of his head. He staggered, and fell, headlong, at her feet.

XXXVIII.

Anne, left alone at her writing-table, had worked on far into Friday night. The trouble in her was appeased by the answering of letters, the sorting of papers, the bringing of order into confusion. She had always had great practical ability; she had proved herself a good organizer, expert in the business of societies and committees.

In her preoccupation she had not noticed that her husband had left the house, and that he did not return to it.

In the morning, as she left her room, the old nurse came to her with a grave face, and took her into Majendie's room. Nanna pointed out to her that his bed had not been slept in. Anne's heart sank. Later on, the telegram he sent explained his absence. She supposed that he had slept at the Ransomes' or the Hannays', and she thought no more of it. The business of the day again absorbed her.

In the afternoon Canon Wharton called on her. It was the recognized visit of condolence, delayed till her return. In his manner with Mrs. Majendie there was no sign of the adroit little man of the world who had drunk whiskey with Mrs. Majendie's husband the night before. His manner was reticent, reverential, not obtrusively tender. He abstained from all the commonplaces of consolation. He did not speak of the dead child; but reminded her of the greater maternal work that God had called upon her to do, and told her that the children of many mothers would rise up and call her blessed. He bade her believe that her life, which seemed to her ended, had in reality only just begun. He said that, if great natures were reserved for great sorrows, great afflictions, they were also dedicated to

great uses. Uses to which their sorrows were the unique and perfect training.

He left her strengthened, uplifted, and consoled.

On Sunday morning she attended the service at All Souls. In the afternoon she walked to the great flat cemetery of Scale, where Edith's and Peggy's graves lay side by side. In the evening she went again to All Souls.

The church services were now the only link left between her soul and God. She clung desperately to them, trying to recapture through those consecrated public methods the peace that should have been her most private personal possession.

For, all the time, now, she was depressed by a sense of separation from the Unseen. She struggled for communion; she prostrated herself in surrender, and was flung back upon herself, an outcast from the spiritual world. She was alone in that alien place of earth where everything had been taken from her. She almost rebelled against the cruelty of the heavenly hand that, having smitten her, withheld its healing. She had still faith, but she had no joy nor comfort in her faith. Therefore she occupied herself incessantly with works; appeasing, putting off the hours that waited for her as their prey.

It was at night that desolation found her helpless. For then she thought of her dead child and of the husband whom she regarded as worse than dead.

She had one terrible consolation. She had once doubted the justice of her attitude to him. Now she was sure. Her justification was complete.

She was sitting at work again early on Monday morning, in the drawing-room that overlooked the street.

About ten o'clock she heard a cab drive up to the door.

She thought it was Majendie come back again, and she was surprised when Kate came to her, and told her that it was Mr. Hannay, and that he wished to speak to her at once.

Hannay was downstairs, in the study, standing with his back to the fireplace. He did not come forward to meet her. His rosy, sensual face was curiously set. As she approached him, his loose lips moved and closed again in a firm fold.

He pressed her hand without speaking. His heaviness and immobility alarmed her.

"What is it?" she asked.

Her heart was like a wild whirlpool that sucked back her voice and suffocated it.

"I've come with very bad news, Mrs. Majendie."

"Tell me," she whispered.

"Walter is ill — very dangerously."

"He is dead."

The words seemed to come from her without grief, without any feeling. She felt nothing but a dull, dragging pain under her left breast, as if the doors of her heart were closed and its chambers full to bursting.

"No. He is not dead."

Her heart beat again.

"He's dying, then."

"They don't know."

"Where is he?"

"At Scarby."

"Scarby. How much time have I?"

"There's a train at ten-twenty. Can you be ready in five — seven minutes?"

"Yes."

She rang the bell.

"Tell Kate where to send my things," she said as she left the room. Her mind took possession of her, so that she did not waste a word of her lips, or a single motion of her feet. She came back in five minutes, ready to start.

"What is it?" she said as they drove to the station.

"Hemorrhage of the brain."

"The brain?"

"Apoplexy."

"Is he unconscious?"

"Yes."

She closed her eyes.

"He will not know me," she said.

Hannay was silent. She lay back and kept her eyes closed.

A van blocked the narrow street that led to the East Station. The driver reined in his horse. She opened her eyes in terror.

"We shall miss the train — if we stop."

"No, no, we 've plenty of time."

They waited.

"Oh, tell him to drive round the other way."

"We shall miss the train if we do *that*."

"Well, make that man in front move on. Make him turn — up there."

The van turned into a side street, and they drove on.

The Scarby train was drawn up along the platform. They had five minutes before it started; but she hurried into the nearest compartment. They had it to themselves.

The train moved on. It was a two hours' journey to Scarby.

A strong wind blew through the open window and she shivered. She had brought no warm wrap with her. Hannay laid his overcoat over her knees and about her body. His large hands moved gently, wrapping it close. She thanked him and tried to smile. And when he saw her smile Hannay was sorry for the things he had thought and said of her. His voice when he spoke to her vibrated tenderly. She resigned herself to his hands. Grief made her passive now.

Hannay sank back in the far corner and left her to her grief. He covered his eyes with his hands that he might not see her. Poor Hannay hoped that, if he removed his painful presence, she would allow herself the relief of tears.

But no tears fell from under her closed eyelids. Her soul was withdrawn behind them into the darkness where the body's pang ceased, and there was help.

She started when the train stopped at Scarby station.

As they stopped at the hotel there came upon her that reminiscence which is foreknowledge and the sense of destiny.

A woman was coming down the staircase as they entered. She did not see her at first. She would not have seen her at all if Hannay had not taken her arm and drawn her aside into the shelter of a doorway. Then, as the woman passed, she saw that it was Lady Cayley.

She looked helplessly at Hannay. Her eyes said, "Where is he?" She wondered where, in what room, she should find her husband.

She found him upstairs in the room that had been their bridal chamber. He lay on their bridal bed, motionless and senseless. There was a deep flush on one side of his face, one corner of his mouth was slightly drawn, and one eyelid drooped. He was paralyzed down his left side.

His lips moved mechanically as he breathed, and his breath came with a deep grating sound. His left arm was stretched outside, upon the blanket. A nurse stood at the head of the bed. She moved as Anne entered and gave place to her. Anne put out her hand and touched his arm, caressing it.

The nurse said, "There has been no change." She lifted his arm by the wrist and laid it in his wife's hand that she might see that he was paralyzed.

And Anne sat still by the bedside, staring at her husband's face, and holding his heavy arm in her hand, as if she could thus help him to bear the weight of it.

Hannay gave one look at her as she sat there. He said something to the nurse and went out of the room. The woman followed him.

After they went Anne bowed her head and laid it on the pillow beside her husband's, with her cheek against his cheek. She stayed so for a moment. Then she lifted her head and looked about her. Her eyes took note of trifles. She saw that the blankets were drawn straight over his body, as if over the body of a dead man. The pillow cases and the end of the sheet which was turned down over the blankets were clean and creaseless.

He could not move. He was paralyzed. They had not told her that.

She saw that he wore a clean white nightshirt of coarse cotton. It must have been lent by one of the people of the hotel. His illness must have come upon him last night, when he was still up and dressed. They must have carried him in here, and laid him in the clean bed. Everything about him was very white and clean. She was glad.

She sat there till the nurse came back again. She had to move away from him then. It hurt her to see the woman bending over his bed, looking at him; to see her hands touching him.

A bell rang somewhere in the hotel. Hannay came in and told her that there was luncheon in the sitting-room. She shook her head. He put his hand on her shoulder and spoke to her as if she had been a child. She must eat, he said; she would be no good if she did not eat. She got up and followed him. She ate and drank whatever he gave her. Then she went back to her husband, and watched beside him while the nurse went to her meal. The terrible thing was that she could do nothing for him. She could only wait and watch. The nurse came back in half an hour, and they sat there together, all the afternoon, one on each side of the bed, waiting and watching.

Towards evening the doctor, who had come at midnight and in the morning, came again. He looked at Anne keenly and kindly, and his manner seemed to her to say that there was no hope. He made experiments. He brought a lighted candle and held it to the patient's eyes, and said that the pupils were still contracted. The nurse said nothing. She looked at Anne and she looked at the doctor, and, when he went away, she made a sign to Anne to keep back while she followed him. Anne heard them talking together in low voices outside the door, and her heart ached with fear of what he would say to her presently.

He sent for her, and she came to him in the sitting-room. He said, "There is no

change." Her brain reeled and righted itself. She had thought he was going to say, "There is no hope."

"Will he get better?" she said.

"I cannot tell you."

The doctor seated himself and prepared to deal long and leisurely with the case.

"It's impossible to say. He *may* get better. He may even get well. But I should do wrong if I let you hope too much for that."

"You can give me *no* hope," she said, thinking that she uttered his real thought.

"I don't say that. I only say that the chances are not — exclusively — in favor of recovery."

"The chances?"

The doctor looked at her, considering whether she were a woman who could bear truth. Her eyes assured him that she could.

"Yes. The chances. I don't say he won't recover. It's this way," said he.

"There's a clot somewhere on the brain. If it absorbs completely he may get well — perfectly well."

"And if it does not absorb?"

"He may remain as he is, paralyzed down the left side. The paralysis may be only partial. He may recover the use of one limb and not the other. But he will be paralyzed, partially or completely."

She pictured it.

"Ah — but," she said, laying hold on hope again, "he will not die?"

"Well — there may be further lesions — in which case —"

"He will die."

"He may die. He may die at any moment."

She accepted it, abandoning hope.

"Will there be any return of consciousness? Will he know me?"

"I'm afraid not. If consciousness returns we may begin to hope. As it is, I don't want you to make up your mind to the worst. There are two things in his favor. He has evidently a sound constitution. And he has lived — up to now —

Mr. Hannay tells me, a rather unusually temperate life. That is so?"

"Yes. He was most abstemious. Always — always. Why?"

The doctor recalled his eyes from their examination of Mrs. Majendie's face. It was evident that there were some truths which she could not bear.

"My dear Mrs. Majendie, there is no *why*, of course. That is in his favor. There seems to have been nothing in his previous history which would predispose to the attack."

"Would a shock — predispose him?"

"A shock?"

"Any very strong emotion —"

"It might. Certainly. If it was recent. Mr. Hannay told me that he — that you — had had a sudden bereavement. How long ago was that?"

"A month — nearly five weeks."

"Ah — so long ago as that? No, I think it would hardly be likely. If there had been any recent violent emotion —"

"It would account for it?"

"Yes, yes, it might account for it."

"Thank you."

He was touched by her look of agony. "If there is anything else I can —"

"No. Thank you very much. That is all I wanted to know."

She went back into the sickroom. She stayed there all the evening, and they brought her food to her there. She stayed, watching for the sign of consciousness that would give hope. But there was no sign.

The nurse went to bed at nine o'clock. Anne had insisted on sitting up that night. Hannay slept in the next room, on a sofa, within call.

When they had left her alone with her husband, she knelt down by his bedside and prayed. And as she knelt, with her bowed head near to that body sleeping its strange and terrible sleep, she remembered nothing but that she had once loved him; she was certain of nothing but that she loved him still. His body was once more dear and sacred to her as in her bridal hour. She did not ask herself

whether it were paying the penalty of its sin; her compassion had purged him of his sin. She had no memory for the past. It seemed to her that all her life and all her sufferings were crowded into this one hour, while she prayed that his soul might come back and speak to her, and that his body might not die. The hour trampled under it that other hour when she had knelt by the loathed bridal bed, wrestling for her own spiritual life. She had no life of her own to pray for now. She prayed only that he might live.

And though she knew not whether her prayer was answered, she knew that it was heard.

XXXIX

It was the evening of the third day. There was no change in Majendie.

Dr. Gardner had been sent for. He had come and gone. He had confirmed the Scarby doctor's opinion, with a private leaning to the side of hope. Hannay, who had waited to hear his verdict, was going back to Scale early the next morning. Mrs. Majendie had been in her husband's room all day, and he had seen little of her.

He was sitting alone by the fire after dinner, trying to read a paper, when she came in. Her approach was so gentle that he was unaware of it till she stood beside him. He started to his feet, mumbling an apology for his bewilderment. He pulled up an armchair to the fire for her, wandered uneasily about the room for a minute or two, and would have left it had she not called him back to her.

"Don't go, Mr. Hannay. I want to speak to you."

He turned, with an air of frustrated evasion, and remained, a supremely uncomfortable presence.

"Have you time?" she asked.

"Plenty. All my time is at your disposal."

"You have been very kind —"

"My dear Mrs. Majendie —"

"I want you to be kinder still. I want you to tell me the truth."

"The truth —" Hannay tried to tighten his loose face into an expression of judicial reserve.

"Yes, the truth. There's no kindness in keeping things from me."

"My dear Mrs. Majendie, I'm keeping nothing from you, I assure you. The doctors have told me no more than they have told you."

"I know. It's not that."

"What is it that's troubling you?"

"Did you see Walter before he came here?"

"Yes."

"Did you see him on Friday night?"

"Yes."

"Was he perfectly well then?"

"Er — yes — he was well. Quite well."

Anne turned her sorrowful eyes upon him.

"No. There was something wrong. What was it?"

"If there was he did n't tell me."

"No. He would n't. Why did you hesitate just now?"

"Did I hesitate?"

"When I asked you if he was well."

"I thought you meant did I notice any signs of his illness coming on. I did n't. But of course, as you know, he was very much shaken by — by your little girl's death."

"You noticed that while I was away?"

"Yes. But I certainly noticed it more on the night you were speaking of."

"You would have said then that he must have received a severe shock?"

"Certainly — certainly I would."

Hannay responded quite cheerfully, to his immense relief.

It was what they were all trying for, to make poor Mrs. Majendie believe that her husband's illness was to be attributed solely to the shock of the child's death.

"Do you think that shock could have had anything to do with his illness?"

"Of course I do. At least, I should say it was indirectly responsible for it."

She put her hand up to hide her face. He saw that in some way incomprehen-

sible to him, so far from shielding her, he had struck a blow.

"Dr. Gardner told you that much," said he. He felt easier somehow, in halving the responsibility with Gardner.

"Yes. He told me that. But he had not seen him since October. You saw him on Friday, the day I came home."

Hannay was confirmed in his suspicion that on Friday there had been a scene. He now saw that Mrs. Majendie was tortured by the remembrance of her part in it.

"Oh, well," he said consolingly. "He had n't been himself for a long time before that."

"I know. I know. That only makes it worse."

She wept slowly, silently, then stopped suddenly and held herself in a restraint that was ten times more pitiful to see. Hannay was unspeakably distressed.

"Perhaps," said he, "if you could tell me what's on your mind, I might be able to relieve you."

She shook her head.

"Come," he said kindly, "what is it, really? What do you imagine makes it worse?"

"I said something to him that I did n't mean."

"Of course you did," said Hannay, smiling cheerfully. "We all say things to each other that we don't mean. That would n't hurt him."

"But it did. I told him he was responsible for Peggy's death. I did n't know what I was saying. I let him think he killed her."

"He would n't think it."

"He did. There was nothing else he could think. If he dies I shall have killed him."

"You will have done nothing of the sort. He would n't think twice about what a woman said in her anger or her grief. He would n't believe it. He's got too much sense. You can put that idea out of your head forever."

"I cannot put it out. I had to tell you — lest you should think —"

"Lest I should think — what?"

"That it was something else that caused his illness."

"But, my dear lady — it *was* something else. I have n't a doubt about it."

"I know what you mean," she said quickly. "He had been drinking — poor dear."

"How do you know that?"

"The doctor asked me. He asked me if he had been in the habit of taking too much."

Hannay heaved a deep sigh of discomfort and disappointment.

"It's no good," said she, "trying to keep things from me. And there's another thing that I must know."

"You're distressing yourself most needlessly. There is nothing more to know."

"I know that woman was here. I do not know whether he came here to meet her."

"Ah, well — that I can assure you he did not."

"Still — he must have met her. She was here."

"How do you know that she was here?"

"You saw her yourself, coming out of the hotel. You were horrified, and you pulled me back so that I should n't see her."

"There's nothing in that, nothing whatever."

"If you'd seen your own face, Mr. Hannay, you would have said there was everything in it."

"My face, dear Mrs. Majendie, does not prove that they met. Or that there was any reason why they should n't meet. It only proves my fear lest Lady Cayley should stop and speak to you. A thing she would n't be very likely to do if they *had* met — as you suppose."

"There is nothing that woman would n't do."

"She would n't do that. She would n't do that."

"I don't know."

"No. You don't know. So you're

bound to give her the benefit of the doubt. I advise you to do it, for your own peace of mind's sake. And for your husband's sake."

"It was for his sake that I asked you for the truth. Because —"

"You wanted me to clear him?"

"Yes. Or to tell me if there is anything I should forgive."

"I can assure you he did n't come here to see Sarah Cayley. As to forgiveness — you have n't got to forgive him that; and if you only understood, you'd find that there was precious little you ever had to forgive."

"If I only understood. You think I don't understand, even yet?"

"I'm sure you don't. You never did."

"I would give everything if I could understand now."

"Yes, if you could. But can you?"

"I've tried very hard. I've prayed to God to make me understand."

Poor Hannay was embarrassed at the name of God. He fell to contemplating his waistcoat buttons in profound abstraction for a while. Then he spoke.

"Look here, Mrs. Majendie. Poor Walter always said you were much too good for him. If you'll pardon my saying so, I never believed that until now. Now, upon my soul, I do believe it. And I believe that's where the trouble's been all along. There are things about a man that a woman like you cannot understand. She does n't try to understand them. She does n't want to. She'd rather die than know. So — well — the whole thing's wrapped up in mystery, and she thinks it's something awful and iniquitous, something incomprehensible."

"Yes. If she thinks about it at all."

"My dear lady, very often she thinks about it a vast deal more than is good for her. And she thinks wrong. She's bound to, being what she is. Now, when an ordinary man marries that sort of woman there's certain to be trouble."

He paused, pondering. "My wife's a dear, good little woman," he said presently; "she's the best little woman in

the world for me; but I daresay to out-siders she 's a very ordinary little woman. Well, you know, I don't call myself a remarkably good man, even now, and I was n't a good man at all before she married me. D'you mind my talking about myself like this?"

"No." She tried to keep herself sincere. "No. I don't think I do."

"You do, I'm afraid. I don't much like it myself. But, you see, I'm trying to help you. You said you wanted to understand, did n't you?"

"Yes. I want to understand."

"Well then, I'm not a good man, and your husband is. And yet, I'd no more think of leaving my dear little wife for another woman than I would of committing a murder. But, if she'd been 'too good' for me, there 's no knowing what I might n't have done. D'you see?"

"I see. You're trying to tell me that it was my fault that my husband left me."

"Your fault? No. It was hardly your fault, Mrs. Majendie."

He meditated. "There 's another thing. You good women are apt to run away with the idea that — that this sort of thing is so tremendously important to us. It is n't. It is n't."

"Then why behave as if it were?"

"We don't. That 's your mistake; ten to one, when a man 's once married and happy he does n't think about it at all. Of course, if he is n't happy — but, even then, he does n't go thinking about it all day long. The ordinary man does n't. He 's got other things to attend to — his business, his profession, his religion, anything you like. Those are *the* important things, the things he thinks about, the things that take up his time."

"I see. I see. The woman does n't count."

"Of course she counts. But she counts in another way. Bless you, the woman may *be* his religion, his superstition. In your husband's case it certainly was so."

Her face quivered.

"Of course," he said, "what beats you is — how a man can love his wife with

his whole heart and soul, and yet be unfaithful to her."

"Yes. If I could understand that, I should understand everything. Once, long ago, Walter said the same thing to me, and I could n't understand."

"Well — well, it depends on what one calls unfaithfulness. Some men are brutes, but we're not talking about them. We're talking about Walter."

"Yes. We're talking about Walter."

"And Walter is my dearest friend, so dear that I hardly know how to talk to you about him."

"Try," she said.

"Well, I suppose I know more about him than anybody else. And I never knew a man freer from any weakness for women. He was always so awfully sorry for them, don't you know. Sarah Cayley could never have fastened herself on him if he had n't been sorry for her. No more could that girl — Maggie Forrest."

"How did he come to know her?"

"Oh, some fellow he knew had behaved pretty badly to her, and Walter had been paying for her keep, years before there was anything between them. She got dependent on him, and he on her. We are pathetically dependent creatures, Mrs. Majendie."

"What was she like?"

"She? Oh, a soft, simple, clinging little thing. And instead of shaking her off, he let her cling. That 's how it all began. Then, of course, the rest followed. I'm not excusing him, mind you. Only —" Poor Hannay became shy and unhappy. He hid his face in his hands and lifted it from them, red, as if with shame. "The fact is," he said, "I'm a clumsy fellow, Mrs. Majendie. I want to help you, but I'm afraid of hurting you."

"Nothing can hurt me," she said, "now."

"Well —" He pondered again. "If you want to get down to the root of it, it 's as simple as hunger and thirst."

"Hunger and thirst," she murmured.

"It 's what I've been trying to tell you.

When you 're not thirsty you don't think about drinking. When you are thirsty, you do. When you 're driven mad with thirst, you think of nothing else. And sometimes — not always — when you can't get clean water, you 'll drink water that's — not so clean. Though you may be very particular. Walter was — morally — the most particular man I ever knew."

"I know, I know."

"Mind you, the more particular a man is, the thirstier he 'll be. And, supposing he can never get a drop of water at home, and, every time he goes out, some kind person offers him a drink, — can you blame him very much if, some day, he takes it?"

"No," she said. She said it very low, and turned her face from him.

"Look here, Mrs. Majendie," he said, "you know why I'm saying all this?"

"To help me," she said humbly.

"And to help him too. Neither you nor I know whether he 's going to live or die. And I've told you all this so that, if he does die, you may n't have to judge him harshly, and if he does n't die, you may feel that he 's — he 's given back to you. D' you see?"

"Yes, I see," she said softly.

She saw that there were depths in this man that she had not suspected. She had despised Lawson Hannay. She had detested him. She had thought him coarse in grain, gross, insufferably unspiritual. She had denied him any existence in the world of desirable persons. She had refused to see any good in him. She had wondered how Edith could tolerate him for an instant. Now she knew.

She remembered that Edith was a proud woman, and that she had said that her pride had had to go down in the dust before Lawson Hannay. And now she, too, was humbled before him. He had beaten down all her pride. He had been kind; but he had not spared her. He had not spared her; but the gentlest woman could not have been more kind.

She rose and looked at him with

a strange reverence and admiration. "Whether he lives or dies," she said, "you will have given him back to me."

She took up her third night's watch.

The nurse rose as she entered, gave her some directions, and went to her own punctual sleep. There was no change in the motionless body, in the drawn face, and in the sightless eyes.

Anne sat by her husband's side and kept her hand upon his arm to feel the life in it. She was consoled by contact, even while she told herself that she had no right to touch him.

She knew what she had done to him. She had ruined him as surely as if she had been a bad woman. He had loved her, and she had cast him from her, and sent him to his sin. There was no humiliation and no pain that she had spared him. Even the bad women sometimes spare. They have their pity for the men they ruin; they have their poor disastrous love. She had been merciless where she owed most mercy.

Three people had tried to make her see it. Edith, who was a saint, and that woman, who was a sinner, and Lawson Hannay. They had all taken the same view of her. They had all told her the same thing.

She was a good woman, and her goodness had been her husband's ruin.

Of the three, Edith alone understood the true nature of the wrong she had done him. The others had only seen one side of it, the material, tangible side that weighed with them. Through her very goodness, she saw that that was the least part of it; she knew that it had been the least part of it with him.

Where she had wronged him most had been in the pitiless refusals of her soul. And even there she had wronged him less by the things she had refused to give than by the things that she had refused to take. There were sanctities and charities, unspeakable tendernesses, holy and half spiritual things in him, that she had shut her eyes to. She had shut her eyes that she might justify herself.

Her fault was there, in that perpetual justification and salvation of herself, in her indestructible, implacable spiritual pride.

And she had shut her ears as she had shut her eyes. She had not listened to her sister's voice, nor to her husband's voice, nor to her little child's voice, nor to the voice of God in her own heart. Then, that she might be humbled, she had had to take God's message from the persons whom she had most detested and despised.

She had not loved well. And she saw now that men and women only counted by their power of loving. She had despised and detested poor little Mrs. Hannay; yet it might be that Mrs. Hannay was nearer to God than she had been, by her share of that one godlike thing.

She, through her horror of one sin, had come to look upon flesh and blood, upon the dear human heart, and the sacred, mysterious human body, as things repellent to her spirituality, fine only in their sacrifice to the hungry, solitary flame. She had known nothing of their larger and diviner uses, of their secret and profound subservience to the flame. She had come near to knowing through her motherhood, and yet she had not known.

And as she looked with anguish on the helpless body, shamed, and humiliated, and destroyed by her, she realized that now she knew.

Edith's words came back to her: "Love is a provision for the soul's redemption of the body. Or, maybe, for the body's redemption of the soul." She understood them now. She saw that Edith had spoken to her of the miracle of miracles. She saw that the path of all spirits going upward is by acceptance of that miracle. She, who had sinned the spiritual sin, could find salvation only by that way.

It was there that she had been led, all the while, if she had but known it. But she had turned aside, and had been sent back, over and over again, to find the

way. Now she had found it; and there could be no more turning back.

She saw it all. She saw a purity greater than her own, a strong and tender virtue, walking in the ways of earth and cleansing them. She saw love as a divine spirit, going down into the courses of the blood and into the chambers of the heart, moving mortal things to immortality. She saw that there is no spirituality worthy of the name that has not been proved in the house of flesh.

She had failed in spirituality. She had fixed the spiritual life away from earth, beyond the ramparts. She saw that the spiritual life is here.

And more than this, she saw that in her husband's nature, hidden deep down under the perversities that bewildered and estranged her, there was a sense of these things, of the sanctity of their life. She saw what they might have made of it together, what she had actually made of it, and of herself and him. She thought of his patience, his chivalry and forbearance, and of his deep and tender love for her and for their child.

God had given him to her to love; and she had not loved him. God had given her to him for his help and his protection; and she had not helped, she had not protected him.

God had dealt justly with her. She had loved God; but God had rejected a love that was owing to her husband. Looking back, she saw that she had been nearest to God in the days when she had been nearest to her husband. The days of her separation had been the days of her separation from God. And she had not seen it.

All the love that was in her she had given to her child. Her child had been born that she might see that the love which was given to her was holy; and she had not seen it. So God had taken her child from her that she might see.

And seeing that, she saw herself aright. That passion of motherhood was not all the love that was in her. The love that was in her had sprung up, full-grown, in

a single night. It had grown to the stature of the diviner love she saw. And as she felt that great springing-up of love, with all its strong endurances and charities, she saw herself redeemed by her husband's sin.

There she paused, trembling. It was a great and terrible mystery, that the sin of his body should be the saving of her soul. And as she thought of the price paid for her, she humbled herself once more in her shame.

She was no longer afraid that he would die. Something told her that he would live, that he would be given back to her. She dared not think how. He might be given back paralyzed, helpless, and with a ruined mind. Her punishment might be the continual reproach of his presence, her only consolation the tending of the body she had tortured, humiliated, and destroyed.

She prayed God to be merciful and spare her that.

And on the morning of the fifth day Majendie woke from his terrible sleep. He could see light. Towards evening his breathing softened and grew soundless. And on the dawn of the sixth day he called her name, "Nancy."

Then she knew that for a little time he would be given back to her. And, as she nursed him, love in her moved with a new ardor and a new surrender. For more than seven years her pulses had been proof against his passion and his strength. Now, at the touch of his helpless body, they stirred with a strange, adoring tenderness.

But as yet she went humbly, in her fear of the punishment that might be measured to her. She told herself it was enough that he was aware of her, of her touch, of her voice, of her face as it bent over him. She hushed the new-born hope in her heart, lest its cry should wake the angel of the divine retribution.

Then, week by week, slowly, a little joy came to her, as she saw the gradual return of power to the paralyzed body and clearness to the flooded brain. She

wondered when he would begin to remember, whether her face would recall to him their last interview, her cruelty, her repudiation.

At last she knew that he remembered. She dared not ask herself, "How much?" It was borne in on her that it was this way that her punishment would come.

For, as he gradually recovered, his manner to her became more constrained, notwithstanding his helpless dependence on her. He was shy and humble; grateful for the things she did for him; grateful with a heartrending, pitiful surprise. It was as if he had looked to come back to the heartless woman he had known, and was puzzled at finding another woman in her place.

As the weeks wore on, and her hands had less to do for him, she felt that his awakened spirit guarded itself from her, fenced itself more and more with that inviolable constraint. And she bowed her head to the punishment.

When he was well enough to be moved, she took him to the south coast. There he recovered power rapidly. By the end of February he showed no trace of his terrible illness.

They were to return to Scale in the beginning of March.

Then, at their home-coming, she would know whether he remembered. There would be things that they would have to say to each other.

Sometimes she thought that she could never say them; that her life was secure only within some pure, charmed circle of inviolate silence; that her wisdom lay in simply trusting him to understand her. She *could* trust him. After all, she had been most marvelously "let off;" she had been allowed, oh, divinely allowed, to prove her love for him. He could not doubt it now; it possessed her, body and soul; it was manifest to him in her eyes, and in her voice, and in the service of her hands.

And if he said nothing, surely it would mean that he, too, trusted her to understand?

XL

They had come back. They had spent their first evening together in the house in Prior Street. Anne had dreaded the return; for the house remembered its sad secrets. She had dreaded it more on her husband's account than on her own.

She had passed before him through the doorway of the study; and her heart had ached as she thought that it was in that room that she had struck at him and put him from her. As he entered, she had turned, and closed the door behind them, and lifted her face to his and kissed him. He had looked at her with his kind, sad smile, but he had said nothing. All that evening they had sat by their hearth, silent as watchers by the dead.

From time to time she had been aware of his eyes resting on her in their profound and tragic scrutiny. She had been reminded then of the things that yet remained unsaid.

At night he had risen at her signal; and she had waited while he put the light out; and he had followed her upstairs. At her door she had stopped, and kissed him, and said good-night, and she had turned her head to look after him as he went. Surely, she had thought, he will come back and speak to me.

And now she was still waiting after her undressing. She said to herself, "We have come home. But he will not come to me. He has nothing to say to me. There is nothing that can be said. If I could only speak to him!"

She longed to go to him, to kneel at his feet and beg him to forgive her and take her back again, as if it had been she who had sinned. But she could not.

She stood for a moment before the couch at the foot of the bed, ready to slip off her long white dressing-gown. She paused. Her eyes rested on the silver crucifix, the beloved symbol of redemption. She remembered how he had given it to her. She had not understood him even then; but she understood him now.

She longed to tell him that she understood. But she could not.

She turned suddenly as she heard his low knock at her door. She had been afraid to hear it once; now it made her heart beat hard with longing and another fear. He came in. He stood by the closed door, gazing at her with the dumb look that she knew.

She went to meet him, with her hands outstretched to him, her face glowing.

"Oh my dear," she said, "you've come back to me. You've come back."

He looked down on her with miserable eyes. She put her arms about him. His face darkened and was stern to her. He held her by her arms and put her from him, and she trembled in all her body, humiliated and rebuked.

"No. Not that," he said. "Not now. I can't ask you to take me back now."

"Need you ask me — now?"

"You don't understand," he said. "You don't know. Darling, you don't know."

At the word of love she turned to him, beseeching him with her tender eyes.

"Sit down," he said. "I want to talk to you."

She sat down on the couch, and made room for him beside her.

"I don't want," she said, "to know more than I do."

"I'm afraid you must know. When you do know you won't talk about taking me back."

"I have taken you back."

"Not yet. I'd no business to come back at all, without telling you."

"Tell me, then," she said.

"I can't. I don't know how."

She put her hand on his.

"Don't," he said, "don't. I'd rather you did n't touch me."

She looked at him and smiled, and her smile cut him to the heart.

"Walter," she said, "are you afraid of me?"

"Yes."

"You need n't be."

"I am. I'm afraid of your goodness."

She smiled again.

"Do you think I'm good?"

"I know you are."

"You don't know how you're hurting me."

"I've always hurt you. And I'm going to hurt you more."

"You only hurt me when you talk about my goodness. I'm not good. I never was. And I never can be, dear, if you're afraid of me. What is it that I must know?"

His voice sank.

"I've been unfaithful to you. Again."

"With whom?" she whispered.

"I can't tell you — only — it was n't Maggie."

"When was it?"

"I think it was that Sunday — at Scarby."

"Why do you say you think?" she said gently. "Don't you know?"

"No. I don't know much about it. I didn't know what I was doing."

"You can't remember?"

"No. I can't remember."

"Then — are you sure you were —?"

"Yes. I think so. I don't know. That's the horrible part of it. I don't know. I can't remember anything about it. I must have been drinking."

She took his hand in hers again. "Walter, dear, don't think about it. Don't think it was possible. Just put it all out of your head and forget about it."

"How can I when I don't know?" He rose. "See here — I ought n't to look at you — I ought n't to touch you — I ought n't to live with you, as long as I don't know. You don't know either."

"No," she said quietly. "I don't know. Does that matter so very much when I understand?"

"Ah, if you could understand — But you never could."

"I do. Supposing I had known, do you think I should not have forgiven you?"

"I'm certain you would n't. You could n't. Not that."

"But," she said, "I did know."

His mouth twitched. His eyelids dropped before her gaze.

"At least," she said, "I thought —"

"You thought that?"

"Yes."

"What made you think it?"

"I saw her there."

"You saw her? You thought that, and yet — you would have let me come back to you?"

"Yes. I thought that."

As he stood before her, shamed, and uncertain, and unhappy, the new soul that had been born in her pleaded for him and assured her of his innocence.

"But," she said again, "I do not think it now."

"You — you don't believe it?"

"No. I believe in you."

"You believe in me? After everything?"

"After everything."

"And you would have forgiven me that?"

"I did forgive you. I forgave you all the time I thought it. There's nothing that I would n't forgive you now. You know it."

"I thought you might forgive me. But I never thought you'd let me come back — after that."

"You have n't. You have n't. You never left me. It's I who have come back to you."

"Nancy," he whispered.

"It's I who need forgiveness. Forgive me. Forgive me."

"Forgive you? You?"

"Yes, me."

Her voice died and rose again, throbbing, to her confession.

"I was unfaithful to you."

"You don't know what you're saying, dear. You could n't have been unfaithful to me."

"If I had been, would you have forgiven me?"

He looked at her a long time.

"Yes," he said simply.

"You could have forgiven me that?"

"I could have forgiven you anything."

She knew it. There was no limit to his chivalry, his charity.

"Well," she said. "You have worse things to forgive me."

"What have I to forgive?"

"Everything. If I had forgiven you in the beginning, you would not have had to ask for forgiveness now."

"Perhaps not, Nancy. But that was n't your fault."

"It was my fault. It was all my fault, from the beginning to the end."

"No, no."

"Yes, yes. Mr. Hannay knew that. He told me so."

"When?"

"At Scarby."

Majendie scowled as he cursed Hannay in his heart.

"He was a brute," he said, "to tell you that."

"He was n't. He was kind. He knew."

"What did he know?"

"That I would rather think that I was bad than that you were."

"And would you?"

"Yes I would — now. Mr. Hannay spared me all he could. He did n't tell me that if you had died at Scarby it would have been my fault. But it would have been."

He groaned.

"Darling — you could n't say that if you knew anything about it."

"I know all about it."

He shook his head.

"Listen, Walter. You've been unfaithful to me — once, years after I gave you cause. I've been unfaithful to you ever since I married you. And your unfaithfulness was nothing to mine. A woman once told me that. She said

you'd only broken one of your marriage vows, and I had broken all of them, except one. It was true."

"Who said that to you?"

"Never mind who. It needed saying. It was true. I sinned against the light. I knew what you were. You were good and you loved me. You were unhappy through loving me, and I shut my eyes to it. I've done more harm to you than that poor girl — Maggie. You would never have gone to her if I had n't driven you. You loved me."

"Yes. I loved you."

She turned to him again; and her eyes searched his for absolution. "I did n't know what I was doing. I did n't understand."

"No. A woman does n't, dear. Not when she's as good as you."

At that a sob shook her. In the passion of her abasement she had cast off all her beautiful spiritual apparel. Now she would have laid down her crown, her purity, at his feet.

"I thought I was so good. And I sinned against my husband more than he ever sinned against me!"

He took her hands and tried to draw her to him, but she broke away, and slid to the floor and knelt there, bowing her head upon his knee. Her hair fell, loosened, upon her shoulders, veiling her.

He stooped and raised her. His hand smoothed back the hair that hid her face. Her eyes were closed.

Her drenched eyelids felt his lips upon them. They opened; and in her eyes he saw love risen to immortality through mortal tears. She looked at him, and knew him as she knew her own soul.

(The End.)

MARY ARMISTEAD

APRIL, 1865

A VETERAN CAVALRYMAN'S TALE

BY E. W. THOMSON

I

Low in the fertile vale by Tunstall's Run
A rainy rifle skirmish closed the day.

Beyond the April-swollen, narrow stream,
Lee's stubborn rearguard veteran raggedies
Lay prone amid last year's tobacco stalks,
Shooting hot Enfields straight from red-mud pools,
While from their rear four angry howitzers,
High set on Armistead's Plantation Hill,
Flamed shrieking shell o'erhead across the bridge
That Custer raged to seize before black night
Should close his daylong toil in mud and rain.

Thrice did we gallop vainly at the planks,
Then vainly strove on foot the pass to win,
Till through the drizzling dark but flashes showed
The points where sullen rifles opposite rang,
And back we straggled, stumbling up the slope
Where Union buglers shrilled the bivouac.

Ninety unanswering voices told our loss,
While silence ruled so deep we heard the rain's
Small rataplan on ponchos and on hats,
Until the crackling rail-fence Company fires
Lighted the piney length of Custer's Ridge.

That night John Woolston served as orderly,
The John who strokes to-day his white old beard
And sees himself, scarce downy of the lips,
Eying young long-haired Custer through the smoke
Across a flaming pyre, that steaming slaves
Of Tunstall fed afresh with Tunstall rails.

Down in the shrouded vale about the Run
Three score of boys John Woolston knew in life

Lay scattered round an old-hoed, red-mud field,
 Peaceful with scores of veteran boys in gray,
 Whose bodily particles were resurrect
 As corn for bread, and leaf for smokers' pipes,
 Before the Americans of now were born
 To share, through common-soldier sacrifice,
 The comrade Union of the States to-day.

A rail-heap seated Custer with his aide,
 Their drowsing bugler opposite leaned on John,
 While overhead the swaying boughs of pine
 Creaked in an upward-rushing draught of warmth,
 And from our solitary surgeons' tent
 Came smothered ecstasies of mortal pain,
 And in the outer darkness horses stamped
 And bit and squealed and enviously eyed
 The huddling regiments about the fires,
 Pipes lit, hats slouched to fend the rain and glare.

As Woolston watched lean Custer's martial face,
 It seemed the hero heard not flame nor bough,
 Nor marked the groans, nor knew at what he stared,
 So deep intent his mind ranged o'er the Run
 And up the opposite-sloping Arm'stead hill,
 As questioning if the murderous howitzers
 Would hold the bridge at dawn, or march by night,
 And so, perchance, next eve, afar repeat
 The dusky fight, and cost him ninety more
 He fain would range about the field of fields
 Where lion Lee, enringed, must stand at bay,
 Choosing to greatly die, or greatlier yield.

At last he shook his aide. — "Get up! Go bring
 A prisoner here." — And when the head-hurt man
 In butternut stood boldly to his eyes,
 He asked one word alone: "Your general's name?"

"My general's name!" stared Butternut, then proud,
 As 't were a cubit added to his height,
 He spoke, — "My general's name is R. E. Lee!"

"I mean who fights Lee's rearguard?" Custer said,
 "Who held the bridge to-night? His name alone."

And then the bitter man in butternut
 Smiled ghastly grim, and smacked as tasting blood;

"It's General Henry Tunstall, his own self,
And if you find our 'Fighting Tunce' alive
When daylight comes, there'll be red hell to pay
For every plank that spans that trifling bridge."

"Good man!" said Custer. "Spoke right soldierly!
Here — take this cloak — to save your wound from rain:"
And gave the brave the poncho that he wore.

Then up flamed Butternut: "Say, General,
You're Yank, and yet, by God, you're white clean through.
And so I kind of feel to tell you why
Them planks will cost you so almighty dear. —
You're camped to-night on 'Fighting Tunce's' land;
Cross yonder, on the hill his guns defend,
Is where his lady lives, his promised wife, —
God bless her heart! — Miss Mary Armistead.
She's there herself to-night — *she'd* never run.
Her widowed father fell at Fredericksburg,
Three brothers died in arms, one limps with Lee.
Herself has worked their darkeys right along
Four years, to raise our army pork and pone,
And she herself not twenty-four to-day!
Will Tunstall fight for her? Say, General,
Your heart can guess what hell you'll face at day."

"You're right, my man," said Custer. "That will do."
And off they marched the ponchoed prisoner.

"By Heaven!" spoke Custer then, and faced his aide,
"I know why Tunstall's gunners spared the bridge.
It's ten to one he means to swarm across,
After his hungry Johnnies get some rest,
To strike us here and hard before the dawn.
His heart was forged in fire and enterprise!
His bully-boys will back his wildest dare!
Lieutenant — pick me out two first-rate men —
Morton for one, if 'Praying Mort's' alive —
Tell them I go myself to post vedettes.
Now — mind — I want a pair of wideawakes. —
You, Orderly, go saddle up my bay."

"I want to go with Morton," blurted John.

"You! Call yourself a wideawake, my lad?"

"Yes, *sir*," said Woolston. —

"But you're just a boy."

"Well, General, Uncle Sam enlisted me
For man, all right." — Then Custer smiled, and mused.
"Farm boy?" he asked. —

"Exactly what I am."

"All right," he said. "If once I see he's keen,
A likely farm-boy's just the man for me."

When back his aide returned the General spoke:
"It's barely possible we march to-night.
You'll see that every man about the fires
Splits torch stuff plenty from the pitchy rails." —
And with the words he reined toward Armistead's hill.

II

Down hill, beyond the flares, beyond the pines,
Beyond his foothill pickets, through the rain,
He led as if his eyes beheld the way;
Yet they, who followed close his bay's fast walk
By sound alone, saw not their horses' heads,
Saw not the hand held up to blotch the gloom.
No breath of wind. The ear heard only hoofs
Splashing and squattering in the puddled field,
Or heard the saddle-leathers scarcely creak,
Or little clanks of curbing bit and chain.

Scattered about whatever way they trod
Must be the clay that marched but yesterday,
And nervously John listened, lest some soul
Faint lingering in the dark immensity
Might call its longing not to die alone.

Sudden a crash, a plunge, a kicking horse,
Then "Praying Morton" whispering cautiously:
"A post-hole, General! My horse is done.
His off fore-leg is broke, as sure as faith!
Oh, what a dispensation of the Lord —"

"Hish-sh. Save the rest!" said Custer. "Broke is broke!
Get back to camp whatever way you can."

"Me, General! What use to post the boy?
You, Woolston, you get back. — I'll take your horse."

"Not much, you won't," said Woolston angrily.
And Custer chuckled crisply in the dark.

"Enough," he ordered. "Morton, get you back!
Be cautious when you near my picket post,
Or else they'll whang to hit your pious voice,
And I may lose a first-rate soldier man."

Then Morton, prayful, mild, and mollified :
"The merciful man would end a beast in pain —
One shot."

"No, too much noise. You get right back!
Horses, like men, must bear the luck of war."

III

Again the plashing hoofs through endless drip,
Until the solid footing of their beasts
Bespoke them trampling in a turnpike road,
And Custer reined with: "Hish-sh, my man — come here.
Now listen." Then John's ears became aware
Of small articulations in the dark,
Queer laughs, as of countless impish glee,
And one pervasive, low, incessant hum,
All strange till Custer spoke: "You hear the Run?
All right! Now, mind exactly what I say.
But no. First hold my horse. I'll feel the bridge.
Maybe I'll draw their fire; but stay right here."

On foot he went, and came, so stealthily
John could not hear the steps ten feet away.
"All right!" He mounted. "Not one plank removed."
Then, communing rather with himself than John:
"No picket there! It's strange! But surely Tunce
Would smash the bridge unless he meant to cross
And rip right back at me in dark or dawn.
Now, private — mind exactly what I say;
You'll listen here for tramps on the bridge,
And if you hear them reach the mud this side,
With others following on the planks behind,
You'll get right back — stick to the turnpike, mind —
And tell my challenging road-guard picket post
They're coming strong. That's all you've got to do
Unless — " he paused — "unless some negro comes
Bringing the news they're falling back on Lee;
Then — if he's sure — you'll fire four carbine shots
Right quick — and stay until you see me come.
You understand?"

"I do. I'm not to shoot

In case they're coming on. But if they're off,
I'll fire four shots as fast as I can pull."

"That's right. Be sure you keep your wits awake.
Listen for prowlers — both your ears well skinned."

John heard the spattering bay's fast-walking hoofs
Fainter and fainter through the steady pour,
And then no sound, except the beating rain's
Small pit-a-pat on poncho, and the Run
Drifting its babbling through the blinding mirk.

IV

How long he sat, no guessing in the slow
Monotony of night, that never changed
Save when the burdened horse re-placed his hoofs,
Or seemed to raise or droop his weary head,
Or when some shiver shook the weary boy,
Though sheltered dry from aching neck to spurs:

A shiver at the dream of dead men nigh,
Beaten with rain, and merging with the mud,
And staring up with open, sightless eyes
That served as little cups for tiny pools
That trickled in and out incessantly;

A shiver at the thought of home and bed,
And mother tucking in her boy at night,
And how she'd shiver could she see him there —
Longing more sore than John to wrap him warm;

A shiver from the tense expectancy
Of warning sounds, while yet no sound he heard
Save springtime water lapping on the pier,
Or tumbling often from the clayey banks
Lumps that splashed lifelike in the turbid flood.

His aching ears were strained for other sounds,
And still toward Arm'stead's Hill they ached and strained,
While, in the evening fight of memory,
Again he saw the broad Plantation House
Whene'er a brassy howitzer spouted flame,
Suddenly lighting up its firing men,
Who vanished dim again in streaking rain;
And then, once more, the Enfields in the vale

Thrust cores of fire, until some lightning piece
Again lit all the Arm'stead buildings clear.

From visioning swift that wide Plantation House
John's mind went peering through its fancied rooms.
And who were there? And did they sleep, or wake?
Until he found Miss Mary Armistead
And General Henry Tunstall in the dream.

It seemed those lovers could not, could not part,
But murmured low of parting in the dawn,
Since he must march and fight, and she must stay
To hold the home, whatever war might send —
And they might never, never meet again.

So good she looked, described by Butternut's
"God bless her heart," and he so soldier bold
In "fire and enterprise," by Custer's words, —
So true and sorrowful they talked in dream,
Of Love and Life that walk the ways of Death, —
The dreamer's under lip went quivering.

Until the startled horse put up his head
And stood, John knew, stark stiff with listening
To that *kalatta-klank* beyond the Run,
As if some cowbell clattered far away
Once, twice, and thrice, to cease as suddenly.

Then John, once more keen Yankee soldier boy,
Gathered his rein, half threw his carbine breech,
Made sure again of cartridge ready there,
Felt for the flap of holster at his thigh,
Listened alert for that most dubious bell, —
Thinking of bushwhackers in campfire tales
Impressively related to recruits;

How, in deep night, some lone vedette might hear
An innocent-seeming *klatta-klatta-klank*,
And never dream but that some roaming cow
Ranged through the covering woodland nigh his post, —
Till — suddenly — a bullet laid him low!

Or, perhaps, guerillas crept before the bell,
Their footsteps deadened by its *klatta-klank*,
Till, rushing in, they clubbed the youngster down,
So "gobbling" him unheard, a prisoner,

Then, sneaking through the gap, on sleeping posts,
They killed, and killed, and *killed* — so horribly
That green recruits' hairs would stand on end.

John, shrewdly discounting the veteran yarns,
Yet knew full well that *klatta-klatta-klank*,
Which came again, might mean the enemy
Intent on stratagem to search the dark,
Tempting some shot or challenge to reveal
If any Union picket held the bridge.
Or else the steady-coming, clanging knell
Might signify some party far advanced,
Creeping all noiselessly, and listening keen
For any sound of Custer, horse or man.

Even it might be that the ridgy road
Ten yards, or five, or three from where he sat,
Concealed some foemen hungry for a move
That might betray precisely where their rush
Should be, to seize his tightened bridle-rein,
Or grasp the poncho's skirt to pull him down.

John half inclined to lift the neck-yoke off
And lay the armless cloak on saddle-bow,
Lest it encumber him in sudden fight,
Or give the foremost foe a strangling hold.
Yet sat he motionless, since such a sound
As slicking glaze might guide an enemy.
And still the *klatta-klatta-klank* came on.

It surely neared the bridge! Yet John sat still,
With Custer's orders clearly in his brain,
Waiting to learn the meaning of the thing.
It trod the planks. It moved with solid hoofs,
Hoofs that declared to farm-bred Woolston's ear
Most unmistakably an actual cow!
But then! Oh, mystery! For rolling wheels
Rumbled upon the planking of the Run!

As up went Woolston's horse's head asort,
Upon the bridge the other beast stood still.
The clanking ceased. Again no mortal sound
Blent with the tittering tumult of the stream.
Until a clear young voice of lady tone
Inquired in startled accents, — "Who goes there?"
Yet John, in utter wonder, spoke no word.

"If there's a Yankee cavalry picket there,"
The voice proclaimed, "I wish to pass the line."
And still the Yankee knew not what to say,
Since Custer's orders covered not the case,
And since, alas, the wondrous lady voice
Might possibly denote some stratagem.
And yet — suppose 't was only just a girl!
John sickened with a sense of foolishness.

"Go on," she cried, and seemed to slap her beast,
Which moved some doubtful steps, and stopped again.
Then calmly scornful came the lady tones:—
"Oh, Mister Yankee picket, have no fear
To speak right up. No dangerous *man* am I.
Only a woman. And she's got no gun,
No pistol, bayonet, knife, or anything.
And all she asks is just to pass your line,
A prisoner if you like." But there she broke,
Or choked, and wailed, "O God, it's life or death!
Oh, soldier, soldier, let me pass the line."

So John, half desperate, called, "Young lady, come.
I don't care what the orders are. Come on."

"Get up," she slapped again. But then she called:—
"My cow won't move! She sees you, I suppose,
All armed and threatening in the middle road.
Please go away. Or ride a bit aside;
Perhaps then she'll come. Yes, now she moves along.
You'll pass me through?—But are there surgeons there
Where, hours ago, I saw your campfires glow?
If not, I may as well turn back again."

"No need," said John. "We've got a surgeon there.
But what's the trouble, Miss? Yourself been hurt?"

"The trouble is I've got a soldier here
With desperate wounds—if still alive he be.
Oh, help me save him." And she broke again.

"Why, Miss," said Woolston, melting at the heart,
"Was there no surgeon on the Armistead Hill
To help your wounded live?"

"No, none," she said,
"No man remained. At eve the negroes fled,
Or followed close behind the wagon train

He urged, with every soldier, back toward Lee.
We two were left alone. I thought you'd come.
For hours and hours I waited, all in vain.
His life was flowing fast. One chance remained.
We women placed him in our best barouche,
The only vehicle our rearguard spared.
Alone I hitched this cow, the only beast
I kept from rations for our starving men.
I led her here. Oh, soldier, help me soon
To pass your lines, and reach a surgeon's care."

Then Custer's orders flashed again to John; —
"Hold hard one moment, Miss, I've got to shoot."
The carbine rang. "Thank God, that's done," said John.
"We'll wait right here. A surgeon's sure to come
With Custer's march, for march I guess he will.
He'll turn you round, I think, and see you home.
I s'pose your name's Miss Mary Armistead?
I hope that's not your General wounded there."
She could but choke, or weep, and spoke no word.

It seemed long hours they waited silently,
Save once John heard the hidden carriage creak,
And guessed she rose beside the dying man
Beneath the drumlike pattering, sheltering hood.

At last, the bugles blared on Custer's Ridge.
Then, far away, a lengthening stream of flare
Came round the distant, curtaining screen of pines,
And down the hill the torches, borne on high
By fifteen hundred horsemen, formed a slope
Of flame that moved behind the bugles' call,
Till on the level road a fiery front
Tossing, yet solid-seeming, walked along.
And in the van rode Custer, beardless, tall,
His long hair dabbled in the streaming rain.

John rode to meet him. There he called the halt,
And came, with twenty torches, round the chaise.

Then first they saw Miss Mary Armistead,
Her honorable, fearless, lifted eyes
Gazing on Custer's bare and bended head,
While General Henry Tunstall's countenance,
Supported close within her sheltering arm,
Leaned unto hers in pallid soldier death.

"Madam," said Custer, "would that I had known
The bravest of the brave lay needing aid.
Lady, the great heroic name he won
Held me from marching onward to your hill,
Held me expecting from him night-attack,
Till now in vain we bring a surgeon's help, —
And words are useless. Yet again I say —
Because a soldier's heart compels the due —
He lived the bravest of the bravest brave
That ever faced the odds of mighty war.
May God sustain yourself for years and years
The living shrine of Tunstall's memory."

She bowed her noble head, but answered naught.

Then past the chariot streamed our wondering men
Behind tall Custer in the foremost front,
Trampling as thunder on the bridging planks,
Their torches gleaming on the swirling Run;
A tossing, swaying column o'er the flat,
A fiery slope of fours abreast the hill,
And on, unresting on, through night and rain,
Remorseless, urgent, yet most merciful,
Because the Nation's life demanded war,
Relentless, hurrying swift to force an end,
And banish night, and bring a peaceful dawn.

But Old John Woolston sees across the years,
Beneath the black, cavernous carriage hood,
Flaring in torchlight, Tunstall's face of death
Beside a lovely, living, haloed face,
Heroic, calm, ineffably composed
With pride unconquerable in valiant deeds,
With trust in God our Lord unspeakable —
The sainted Woman of the Perished Cause,
The chastened soul of that Confederacy
Which marches on, no less than John Brown's soul,
Inspiring, calling on the Nation's heart,
Urging it dauntlessly to front stark death
For what ideals the Nation's heart holds true.

Straight rain streaks downward through the torches' flare,
And solemn through the ancient darkness sound
The small, bewildered, lingering, million tones
Of atoms streaming to the eternal sea.

RESPICE FINEM

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

"GOOD-MORNIN', Mrs. Rhys," said Megan Griffiths, as she stooped to save her high beaver.

"'T is kind of ye to come," answered Nance.

"How is Mr. Rhys?"

"Och, he's no —" Nance began, but she was hindered by a merry voice singing in the next room.

"Dear, dear, I can't hear ye. Did ye say he is the same?"

"Aye, he's no better."

"Is that him singin'?"

"Aye," admitted Nance.

"He's no got any cause to sing, I'm thinkin'. 'T is a pity," she continued significantly, "ye could n't attend Hari James's funeral. 'T was grand. They had beautiful black candles with scripture words written on them."

Chuckles and a protesting bark followed this observation. Megan stiffened.

"Such a funeral, Mrs. Rhys," she snapped, "is an *honor* to Rhyd Ddu! An' such loaves as she handed over the bier to that hungry Betsan! An' the biggest cheese in the parish, with a whole guinea stuck in it! At every crossin' they rung the bell an' we knelt down to pray in all that drenchin' wet."

"'T is seldom Rhyd Ddu sees black candles with scripture words on them," assented Nance.

"Pw, the candles, *they* was nothin' to the cards Mrs. James had had printed for him — nothin'. Here's mine. They have his last words."

Nance looked eagerly towards the card.

"Scripture words, too," added Megan. "'T is sanctifyin' how many people in Rhyd Ddu die repeatin' such words."

"What was they, Mrs. Griffiths?" asked Nance, her eagerness turning into trembling.

Megan opened the large card with its wide border of black and inner borders of silver and black, and read the words. The verses were long, and during their reading no sound came from the adjoining room. Then, aloud, Megan counted off on her fingers neighbors who had left life in this approved fashion, while the excitement in Nance's eyes was deepening and her cheeks were quivering.

"Show it me," she said.

"Indeed, 't is a safe way to —" Megan commenced speaking, but commands and a sudden breaking forth of song interrupted her.

"'T is the dog takin' him his slippers," Nance apologized.

"Na, a safe way to die," concluded Megan testily.

In the midst of a blithe refrain of "Smile again, lovely Jane" she rose to go, muttering as she repocketed the card.

In Rhyd Ddu the rush of the modern world had not cut up the time of the folk into a fringe of unsatisfying days. With these Welsh mountain people from sunrise to sunset was a good solid day, full of solid joys and comforts or equally solid woes and sorrows. In Rhyd Ddu a man might know the complete tragic or joyous meaning of twenty-four hours, with solemn passages from starlight to dawn and manifold song from sunrise to dusk. There was no illusion in such a day, so that when he came to the Edge of the Great Confine, sharper than the ridge of his own thatched roof, that, too, seemed merely a part of the general illusion. Rather, he knew that step from the green and gold room of his outdoor world with its inclosed hearth of daily pleasures was a step into another room not known to him at all. But he said to himself, especially when he had spent his days among

the hills and amid mountain winds and valleys, that he could not get beyond the love in the room he knew well, so, trusting what he could not see, he stepped forward quietly. And the deep waters of an infinite space closed over his head. One soul after another came to the Great Edge. There were no outcries, no lamentations over lost days, no shattering questions, no wail to trouble the ears of those who made grave signs of farewell. But there was a pang, part of the pang of birth and of love, and taken as the workman takes the ache in his crushed finger — silently. So simple were they that the coming and going of the mown grass was as an allegory of their own days, and the circumstance of death was as natural to them as the reaping of their abundant valley fruit, or the dropping of a leaf from a tree.

In Rhyd Ddu, however, the acceptance of death differed from life in one respect, for the simple pride of life was as nothing compared with the pride centring about some incident of death. They honored dying with the frank, unshushed voice with which they praised a beautiful song or the narration of some stirring tale. They discussed it freely at a knitting-night or a merry-making; even at the "bidding" of a bride the subject was accepted of discourse. The ways of their living taught them no evasion of this last moment. To Nance the little old man in the next room, with his arched eyebrows, delicate features, and whimsical, sprightly look, had been more than life itself, and, more completely than she had words to express, her hero. The one object through the years of living that seemed worth remembering at all — those with Silvan — had been to Nance the glorification of this husband about whom the Rhyd Ddu folk were by no manner of means in concord, for pranks of speech and hand are disconcerting to the slow-moving wits of the average human being. Now in the end Nance foresaw wrested away from Silvan the last of the distinctions she had hoped to win for him.

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When she entered the room revolving these ambitions, beautiful only because love was their source, Silvan was shaking his finger at Pedr and taking advantage of his good-humor.

"Och, mam, this poor dog has had nothin' to eat. Ye're pinchin' him, whatever."

"Pinchin' him!" exclaimed Nance. "Twt, he'll no be gettin' in an' out'n the door much longer, an' I see the neighbors a-laughin' now when they look at him. He'll die with overfeedin', he will."

"He will," mocked Silvan, "die of overfeedin', he will."

"Lad, Mrs. Griffiths's been here."

"Na, dearie, do ye think I did n't know Megan Griffiths was here? She'd crack the gates of heaven with that voice. Was she tellin' ye everythin' that did n't happen, now was she?"

"Tad, what will ye say such things about Megan for? She was tellin' of Hari James's funeral."

"Nance, she's a bell for every tooth, an' they jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle."

Nance's eyes filled.

"Och, mam, I'm just teasin' ye; an' ye were thinkin' of me the while, now were n't ye?"

"Aye, father. 'T was a grand funeral, an' he died with them wonderful verses on his lips."

"Did he so!" exclaimed Silvan. "Well, the man had need to, drinkin' as he did."

"But, lad, there's been others, too."

"Aye, dearie, I heard Megan shoutin' them for my entertainment. I'm no deaf. But, mam," he continued, the merriment leaving his eyes, "ye're ambitious for me? Aye?"

"Aye, lad, I am," she whispered, looking away from Silvan. "I am, lad, for ye have been so long the cleverest man in Rhyd Ddu an' the handsomest an' the kindest, an' nothin' 's too fine for ye. There's no woman ever had a better man nor I have, lad."

"Na, Pedr, these girls —"

Nance put up her hand.

"Lad, lad, I cannot stand it, I cannot."

"Och, dearie, I'm just teasin' ye; come here."

She went over to him and sat beside him, her head turned away from the bright eyes.

"Father, have ye thought of what's comin', have ye?"

"Nance, I'm thinkin' of it all the while, but I'm no afraid, only for ye. Dearie, ye're no to believe everythin' ye hear; Megan has a good memory an' it takes a good memory to tell lies. 'Tis n't everybody dies repeatin' Bible verses."

"Aye, but father, Hari James *did* say those words on the card, an' all the time he never was a good man, swearin' an' drinkin' so, an' ye've been *so* good, tad, for all your teasin' an' fun."

"Twt, mam, ye're just wantin' to spoil me, a-makin' out I'm the best man in Rhyd Ddu. An' ye're wantin' me to have more honor among the neighbors nor any one else when I'm gone, now is n't that it?"

"Aye," she whispered.

"An' ye're wishin' me to promise to say some text? Would it comfort ye, mam?"

"Aye," she answered.

"What text?"

Nance thought, and repeated some verses.

"No, I can't," he said, shaking his head. "I can't. They're sad an' I've always been merry-like."

In the silence that followed these words Silvan turned to Nance.

"I might, if 't would please ye, say *these* words." Silvan repeated a verse. "But I cannot promise even these."

As she listened Nance's face fell.

"Aye, wel, tad darlin'," she said as bravely as she could, "they're good words indeed; over-cheerful I'm thinkin', but Holy Writ, aye, Holy Writ."

Whatever happened in the luxuriant green of the Rhyd Ddu valley, which the bees still preferred to Paradise, and the flowers to the Garden of Eden itself, whatever happened in this valley — some phenomenal spring season, the flood that

swept away their plots of midsummer marigolds, the little life that suddenly began to make its needs felt, or the life with its last need answered — was adjudged with the most primitive wisdom and philosophy.

Megan Griffiths lost no time in distributing the gleanings from her visit with Nance, information that was often redistributed and to which new interest accrued daily as the end of Silvan Rhys's life drew near.

"Twt," said Megan, "she's that ambitious for him, it fairly eats her up. 'T was always so from the day of their biddin', an' here 't is comin' his funeral, an' he'll never end with a word of Holy Writ on *his* lips, that he won't."

"Na, na," Doli Owen objected compassionately, her motherly face full of rebuke.

"Aye, he won't, *that* he won't," affirmed Morto Roberts, wagging his head, and sniffing the pleasant odors from the browning light-cakes.

Doli made no reply, but turned a cake with a dexterous flip, and pulled forward the teapot to fill it with hot water. The quiet glow from the fire mirrored itself equally in her kind eyes and in the shining brass pots and kettles of the flanking shelves, and was multiplied in a thousand twinkles on the glistening salt of the fitches hanging above her head. The table was already spread with a gayly patterned cloth and set with china bright as the potted fuschias and primroses blooming in the sunshine of her windows. There was nothing garish about this humble dwelling of Doli's, yet everywhere it seemed as if sunshine had been caught and were in process. Warmth, odor, gleam, color, and the soft heavy wind traveling by outside, made this the work-room of a golden alchemy. Doli smiled with benevolence as she piled up the light-cakes.

"The fat's snappish to-day; it sputtered more nor usual," she said to Megan, who was seated in the shadow of the high settle.

"Aye," responded Megan in an irritable voice. "When I went by the house this mornin'," she persisted, "I heard him singin' some gay thing, a catch, singin' in bed, indeed, an' dyin'."

"Singin' in bed," puffed Morto, "singin' in bed whatever an' dyin'. Up to the last a-caperin' an' a-dancin' like a fox in the moonlight."

"Na, na," Doli objected, again, filling Morto's plate with cakes; "he's been a kind man, a very kind man. There was Twm bach he put to school an' clothed would follow him about like a puppy, an' so would Nance, an' so would his own dog."

"Pw! what's that?" asked Megan. "Mrs. Rhys has had the managin' of most everythin', I'm thinkin', an' his houses he's been praised for keepin' in such fine repair, an' the old pastor's stipend — aye, well, ask Nance," ended Megan, with a shrug of her shoulder, and a gulp of hot tea.

"Aye, well, ask Mrs. Rhys," echoed Morto, "an' ye mind it was the same pastor's coat-tails he hung the dog tongs to when he was some thirty years younger an' by twenty too old for any such capers. He's an infiddle, he is, a-doin' such things."

"An' 't was he, was n't it," Megan added, "who put that slimy newt in Sian Howell's hat?"

"Aye, so 't was, an' she had a way of clappin' her beaver on quick, an' down came that newt on her white cap."

"An' he tied the two Janes's capstrings together, the one who always prayed sittin' straight up, an' the other in the pew behind leanin' forward, did n't he?" demanded Megan. "They went quite nasty with him for that."

"Well," said Doli, cutting a generous slice of pound cake for Megan, "I'm thinkin' it's no just, talkin' so; the lad was full of life. He could no more keep his feet on earth than the cricket in the field. 'T is come he's old an' dyin' an' I can see no harm in his havin' had a little fun, an' singin' now an' then."

"Twt, now an' then!" exclaimed Megan. "'T is over foolish he is, now is n't he?"

"Aye," agreed Morto, "he's light."

"He'd have gone quite on the downfall years ago, had n't it been for Nance."

"Quite on the downfall," echoed Morto.

"Aye, an' there'll be no word of Scripture crossin' his lips," concluded Megan.

Morto had his private reasons for losing no love upon Silvan, and Megan hers of a similar nature. Even the kindest villagers had taken to considering the words Silvan would or would not speak at the last. Rumor, peering into corners with antiquarian diligence and nodding his white head in prophecy, sat down by every fireside as much at home as the cottage cat or the fat bundle of babyhood that rolled upon the hearth. Wherever Rumor seated himself "he will" and "he won't" was tossed about excitedly under thatched roofs. The very shepherd on the hills cast a speculative glance upon Nance's cottage, and Mr. Shoni the coach added another question to his daily questionnaire. There was no begging the fact that precedent had begun to weigh heavily on the last moments of speech of the Rhyd Ddu inhabitants. A man of years thought anxiously, like one skating on thin ice, how far out he dare venture without some talismanic and now established words. There were neighbors in Rhyd Ddu, however, probably no more accomplished with their tongues than motherly Doli Owen, who speculated but little and whose hearts went out to Nance and Silvan. Although they had never seen the Silvan Nance saw, nevertheless they considered him a good neighbor, and the path to Nance's cottage was much traveled by kindly thoughts and by helpful feet.

While the news, old Rumor panting in the rear, was running swiftly from door to door, Nance was watching Silvan with passionate devotion, no expression of the

face that had lain close to her own for so many years escaping her. Rhyd Ddu must know at the last, must have some solemn sign of the eminent goodness he had meant to her. She could not let him go with one of his jests on his lips — every day was fit enough for that, but not these minutes. Her thoughts clung even to the words of the over-cheerful verse she believed he would say. And yet there was a tantalizing merriness in his eyes.

"Father," she said, "do ye mind?"

"Aye, dearie, I'm to be sayin' that ye — have the faith an' I — I have the works?"

"Och, lad!"

"There, mam, I'm just teasin' ye — just teasin' ye."

"But, lad, it'll be soon."

"Mam," he whispered, "closer."

Nance bent her head.

"Mam — ye — are a darlin', an' — I'll — no — forget."

Every word came more faintly.

"Lad, lad," pleaded Nance, "quick, now!"

Silvan cast one imploring look at Nance and his lips struggled for speech; then his gaze slipped away like a light withdrawing into deep woods.

Coming down the lane sounded the tread of many feet. Nance heard the steps approaching, she rose, shook the tears from her eyes, and closed the bedroom door behind her. Already the latch had been lifted and her neighbors were filing in, the men taking off their caps and making way for the women. Nance, confronting them, leaned against the door frame.

"Och, dear," said Doli, compassionately, "he's gone already."

There was no reply.

"Were his last words —" asked Megan.

"Aye," answered Nance, her voice courageous, proud, "aye, these words: 'In the shadow of thy wings I will rejoice.'"

ELIZABETHAN PSYCHOLOGY

BY EDWARD DOWDEN

A CRUDE and popular psychology of the Middle Ages, itself derived in part from elder sources, from Aristotle and Plato, from Hippocrates and Galen, descended to the time of Shakespeare and Bacon, and much that is found in the literature of the Elizabethan period becomes intelligible only through a reference to the philosophy of an earlier period; much also becomes, through such a reference, illuminated with a fuller or more exact meaning.

The elder psychology is set forth in a summary by Bartholomew de Glanville, or, as it is safer to call him, Bartholomew Anglicus, who was living and writing, it is believed, in the century which imme-

diately preceded that of Chaucer. His Book *De Proprietatibus Rerum* was translated into English by Trevisa, and in the later form, known as *Batman upon Bartholomew* (1582), it became a popular natural history for readers of the days of Shakespeare. But as, in our own time, if we open such a volume as Professor William James's *Text Book of Psychology* we shall find a considerable portion of it occupied with physiological inquiry and exposition, so in the Middle Ages it was felt that the study of the mind could not be separated from the study of the body, nor again could this be separated from a study of the four elements, out of which the whole of our globe, with all that lives

and moves upon it, was formed by the Creator.

Nor was this all. The study of mind, thus involving the study of earth and its constituents, must needs be extended to a research into the influences of the heavens, of the astrological influences which affect the body and the soul of man, the powers of the stars that govern our conditions, and the play of each sign of the Zodiac upon the part of our frame specially related to it, — Aries, for instance, governing the head, Leo the heart, and Pisces the feet. With the macrocosm of the universe the microcosm of man had a correspondence. Thus the science of man became an inseparable portion of a vaster science, which included a knowledge of terrestrial and celestial phenomena. And, finally, over and above all these stood the science of sciences, — theology, — for man was not only a microcosm corresponding to the macrocosm; he proceeded, in his noblest part, immediately from God, and was made in His image.

If we should now ask an intelligent Sunday-school child, "Of how many parts did God make man?" the answer would probably be, "Of two, body and soul." But the child might have been instructed in the tripartite division, and answer, "Of three, body, soul, and spirit." Such certainly might have been the answer of a well-taught Elizabethan boy or girl, though instead of "spirit" the answerer might have used the plural "spirits," and he would have understood by "spirit" or "spirits" something that is perhaps different from the vague significance attached to the word "spirit" as distinguished from "soul" by the child of the present day. If we were to proceed with our questioning and ask, "Which of these parts is immortal?" a prompt reply would come from the Elizabethan child: "The soul."

"And why it alone?"

"Because the body and the spirits are material and are therefore perishable."

As to the origin of the immortal sub-

stance which we name "the soul," there was less certainty. It might, like the body, have been propagated by parents, by the parent's soul if not his body; to use the technical term, it might have had its origin by "traduction." "If," writes Dryden, in the poem *To Mrs. Anne Killegrew*, —

"If by traduction came thy mind,

Our wonder is the less to find

A soul so charming from a stock so good;

Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood."

But the more orthodox answer would have been, "By divine infusion." Sir John Davies, in his poem "On the Immortality of the Soul," considers an objection to the theory of infusion, namely, that if the soul came thus direct from God, it could not partake of the sin of Adam. Of course he has his answers drawn from nature, and those drawn from divinity, and gives no uncertain sound in favor of the transfusion theory.

While each human soul is thus of immediately divine origin, some of its powers during our mortal life are dependent on its companion the body; certain of these powers are common to men and beasts; other functions are proper to the soul itself — apart from the body — and distinguish us as human beings from the inferior creatures. With the aid of the body the soul has the power of feeling; it has the power of knowing sensible things when they are present, and this was sometimes named "wit;" and, again, when sensible things are absent, the soul can behold the likeness of them by its faculty of imagination. Feeling, wit, and imagination are not peculiar to humanity; they are possessed by brutes. But to man alone belongs "Ratio," reason, by which we discern good and evil, truth and falsehood; and secondly — if a distinction should be made — *Intellectus*, understanding, by which we apprehend things immaterial, but yet intelligible. Reason may have for its object things that are of this lower earth and of our common daily life; but it has a perception in such things of qualities which are not recognized by

creatures inferior to man. Intellect deals with things which are wholly beyond the apprehension of the lower animals, things spiritual and invisible.

Bacon in the *De Augmentis* follows the older psychology in distinguishing between Reason and Intellect, but he does not make his own distinction clear. It may be that he uses the word Intellect as the name of a faculty to which Reason, Imagination, and Memory make their reports, and which compares and pronounces upon those reports; at times he uses the word as a generic name including the three faculties which constitute the basis for his great division of human knowledge. He adopted from the Italian philosopher Telesio the doctrine that in man there are two souls — one rational and divine, the other irrational and common to us and the brutes; one inspired by the breath of God, the other springing from the womb of the elements; one an emanation of Deity, the other sensible and produced; one wholly immaterial, the other corporeal but so attenuated by heat as to be invisible; one immortal, the other subject to death. The lower, material soul is a breath compounded of air and fire, receiving impressions readily by virtue of its aerial quality, and propagating its energy by its fiery vigor — “clothed with the body, and in perfect animals residing chiefly in the head, running along the nerves, and refreshed and repaired by the spirituous blood in the arteries.” The study of the nature, faculties, and operations of the higher soul Bacon would leave in the main to religion; the doctrine concerning the lower, corporeal soul, he held, was a fit subject — even as regards the substance of that soul — for philosophy.

To return from Bacon to the more generally accepted doctrine of the tripartite division into body, soul, and spirit, the operation, life, or activity of the soul in man was held to be threefold — vegetable, sensible, and rational. These three modes of activity are, indeed, often spoken of as if they were three separate

kinds of soul; but it seems more correct to speak of them in man as three forms of one life or energy. The vegetable soul is found apart from the other two in plants; they live and increase in size, and multiply themselves by virtue of this soul. The vegetable and sensible souls are found co-operating in animals; they not only live and grow and multiply, they also feel. In man alone are the three souls — vegetable, sensible, and rational — found working together.

When, in Jonson's *Poetaster* (Act v, Scene 3), Tucca scorns to turn shark upon his friends, and scorns it with his “three souls,” he is a sound psychologist. The theory appears and reappears in Elizabethan prose and poetry. Davies in his *Nosce Teipsum* deals, in successive sections, with the vegetative, the sensible, and the intellectual powers of the soul. Donne, of course, could not abstain from versifying the theory, as for example where, in his letter to the Countess of Bedford, he tries to explain the harmonious relation of zeal and discretion and religion, which must coöperate even as

Our souls of growth, and souls of sense
Have birthright of our reason's soul, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor seek precedence.

And in one of his sermons three relations of man to temporal wealth and worldly goods — the possession and increase in riches, the sense of that advantage and its true uses for life, and last, the discerning the mercy and the purpose of God in the blessing of wealth — are compared to the three souls.

“First,” he begins, “in a natural man we conceive there is a soul of vegetation and of growth; and secondly, a soul of motion and of sense; and then thirdly, a soul of reason and understanding, an immortal soul. And the two first souls, of vegetation and of sense, we conceive to arise out of the temperament and good disposition of the substance of which that man is made; they arise out of man himself; but the last soul, the perfect and immortal soul, that is immediately in-

fused by God." In like manner we may, without God's immediate intervention, both possess riches and use riches discreetly; "but the immortal soul, that is, the discerning God's image on every piece, and the seal of God's love in every temporal blessing, this is infused by God alone, and arises neither from parents, nor the wisdom of this world, how worldly wise soever we be, in the governing of our estates."

Before proceeding to say something of the sensible and something of the rational soul, it will be worth while to call attention to a passage of Shakespeare and a passage of Spenser, each of which has perplexed and even baffled the commentators, yet which in truth present no difficulty to one acquainted with the popular psychology of the time, and the fanciful ingenuities based upon that psychology. In the first scene of *King Lear*, Regan, making declaration of her love for her father, says, —

"I profess

Myself an enemy to all other joys

Which the most precious square of sense possesses,

And find I am alone felicitate

In your dear highness' love."

How shall we explain "the most precious square of sense?" Emendations have been proposed and have been adopted by editors; "spacious sphere of sense" is the reading of Singer; Mr. Craig interprets the text as meaning "Sense absolute, sense in its perfection."

Let us for a moment leave it unexplained, and pass on to a passage of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. In the ninth canto of the second Book the House of Temperance in which Alma dwells is described. Alma is the soul; her house or castle is the body. The twenty-second stanza presents the singular architecture of this castle: —

The frame thereof seemed partly circulare,

And part triangulare; O worke divine!

Those two the first and last proportions are;

The one imperfect, mortall, feminine;

Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine;

And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportioned equally by seven and nine;
Nine was the circle sett in heaven's place;
All which compacted made a goodly diapase.¹

We may for a moment leave on one side the allusions of an arithmetical kind, seven and nine, for these have perhaps been sufficiently explained by the commentators. But what of the architecture triangular, quadrate, and circular? In 1644 Sir Kenelm Digby published a pamphlet of *Observations* on this stanza, which he had written at the request of a friend. It was reprinted by Todd in his edition of Spenser, at the end of the canto in which the stanza occurs. Were nothing extant of Spenser's writing but this stanza, the enthusiastic Sir Kenelm assures us, "these few words would make me esteem him no whit inferior to the most famous men that ever have been in any age."

In truth it needs no long commentary to explain the architecture of the Castle of Alma; it needs no more than reference to a passage of Bartholomew Anglicus, a passage which at the same time gives, we can hardly doubt, the true explanation of Shakespeare's "precious square of sense." Following elder authority, Bartholomew declares that the vegetable soul, with its three virtues of self-sustainment, growth, and reproduction, is "like to a triangle in Geometrie." The sensible soul is "like to a quadrangle, square and four cornered. For in a quadrangle is a lyne drawn from one corner to another corner, afore it maketh two tryangles; and the soul sensible maketh two tryangles of vertues. For wherever the soule sensible is, there is also the soule vegetabilis." Finally, the rational soul is likened to a circle, because a circle is the most perfect of figures, having a greater power of containing than any other. The triangle of the Castle of Alma is the vegetative soul; the quadrate — identical with Shakespeare's "square of sense" — is

¹ So Dryden ("A Song for St. Cecilia's Day") — "The diapason closing full in man."

the sensible soul; the circle is the rational soul.

As to Spenser's numbers, seven and nine, possibly the explanation given in the Clarendon Press edition of *The Faerie Queene*, Book II, may be right; the seven is there taken to refer to the seven planets, "whose influences on man's life and nature are mysteriously great;" the nine, says the editor, "is obviously the ninth orb of the heavenly sphere, enfolding all things." But Spenser is speaking of the Castle of Alma, not of the planets or the spheres. The triangle of the vegetative soul and the quadrate of the sensible soul give us the number seven, which sums up the corporeal part of man; but the rational soul is also necessary for man's life, and this, with its two faculties of understanding and will, raises the total number from seven to nine.¹

The functions of the vegetative soul are, as we have seen, self-maintenance, growth, and reproduction. The processes by which these functions are accomplished are four — appetite or "attraction" as Burton calls it, digestion, the retention of what is needed for nutrition, and the expulsion of what is useless or superfluous. Such is Bartholomew's enumeration, and what is substantially identical appears in the verse of Sir John Davies: —

Here she attracts, and there she doth retain;
There she decocts and doth the food prepare;
There she distributes it to every vein;
There she expels what she may fitly spare.

And in Alma's Castle we are led into a hall where the marshal is Appetite, and to the kitchen where the clerk is named Digestion, whose retainers bear away the prepared food where it is needed, while all that is "nought and noxious" is carried off by its proper conduit to the Port Esquiline.

From the vegetable we pass to the sensible soul. Its seat is the brain; on its

¹ The powers are (1) life, in the sense of self-maintenance, (2) growth, (3) reproduction; (4) the common sense, (5) imagination, (6) reason, (7) memory; (8) understanding, (9) will.

operation depend sensation on the one hand, and motion on the other. When Hamlet pleads with his mother in the closet scene, he cries, —

"Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion; but, sure,
that sense
Is apoplex'd."

Commentators, (and among them the writer of this paper) have interpreted "motion" in this passage as "impulse of desire," a sense which the word certainly bears elsewhere in Shakespeare. Warburton, with his characteristic dogmatism in ignorance, would read "notion," and Capel explains "sense" as meaning precisely what it does not — "reason." A little knowledge of the mediæval theory would have saved much needless conjecture. Hamlet argues that bodily motion or, it may be, desire, — which is another form of motion, — implies the activity of the sensible soul, and therefore sense (that is, sensation) cannot be wholly destroyed. But it may be "apoplex'd," and here again he uses his words with strict accuracy. "Apoplexia," notes Trevisa in his translation of Bartholomew, "is an evil that maketh a man lose all manner feeling."

Before going farther it is necessary to explain the nature and the function of "the spirits." The whole of animate and inanimate nature is pervaded by a highly attenuated and lively form of matter to which this name was applied. Bacon also uses the word "pneumatics" in this sense, but he did no more than accept a common theory, and add some conjectures of his own. On the spirits chiefly depend all the active operations within material substances, and the operation of body upon body. They are, says Bacon, "unquiet to get forth and congregate with the air, and to enjoy the sunbeams," and hence arise the phenomena of putrefaction. According to La Chambre the constituents of matter are of three kinds, — the gross, the subtle (that is, the spirit) and, connecting these two, the humid. Through the sap plants are nourished by

the spirits in the earth. Through food every animal adds to its supply of spirits. They are found in each part of the human body, but the special centre for their development is the liver. The veins, which originate in the liver, are the channels that convey blood through the body, and with this blood is conveyed the spirits, derived from a smoke that rises from the liver. These are however only the "natural" spirits, as yet partaking of a certain material grossness. They pass to the heart, and are played upon by the refining influence of the air inhaled by the lungs. Here the natural are transformed into the "vital" spirits. From the heart spring the arteries which transmit, not blood in the strict sense of the word, but a fine aerial substance, or a spirituous blood differing greatly from that which flows in the veins. Of this the vital spirits form a chief — or as some maintained, the sole — element.

"An artery," writes Phineas Fletcher in a note to *The Purple Island* (Canto II), "is a vessel long, round, hollow, formed for conveyance of that more spritely blood, which is elaborate in the heart. This blood is frothy, yellowish, full of spirits."

The motion of these spirits is the cause of the pulse. From the heart the vital spirits pass to the brain, and being once more attenuated and refined, become the "animal" spirits.¹ Now the chief functions of the animal spirits are two, — first, spreading through the nerves which originate in the brain, they convey sensations to the sensible soul and are its agent in producing motion; secondly, they act as the intermediary between man's spiritual and immortal part, the rational soul, and its poor mortal companion, the body. And here, it is well to remember that the words "nerve" and "sinew" have in part exchanged their meanings since Eliza-

bethan and earlier times, or rather the application of each word has been narrowed to a single and definite use. Davies uses the word "sinew" for "nerve," but he also uses the word "nerve" in the sense familiar to us. "Nerves or sinews," writes Burton, "are membranes without and full of marrow within; they proceed from the brain, and carry the animal spirits for sense and motion." Here "sinew" means what we now call a "nerve." On the other hand, when Prospero declares to Ferdinand that his "nerves" are in their infancy again, and have no vigor in them, the word "nerves" means what we understand by sinews or tendons. Hence, from its double meaning, while "a nervous person" for us means one who is subject to the weakness of nervous excitement or agitation, a "nervous arm" in our elder poetry means what we should call a strong and sinewy arm, and the meaning is not even yet obsolete.

In the function of sense or apprehension which is proper to the sensible soul, two groups of faculties — one outward, the other inward — coöperate. The "outer wit" as it is named in Trevisa's Bartholomew, consists of the five senses. Along the nerves to each sense hasten the animal spirits, which are now named, with reference to their special employment, the spirits of feeling, or "spirits of sense." Thus Davies writes of

those nerves, that spirits of sense do bear,
And to those outward organs spreading go.

Troilus, in Shakespeare's play, thinking of the soft seizure of Cressida's hand, declares that compared with it

"The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of
sense

Hard as the palm of ploughman;"

that is to say, the subtlest and most tenuous of bodies — the spirit, passing from the brain along the nerves of sensation, — seems as hard as the gross and indurated skin of the ploughman's hand. In another passage of the same play, the eye itself is named the spirit of sense, but here the meaning is no more than

¹ The affable archangel, explaining to Adam (*Paradise Lost*, bk. v, 482-485) the processes of nutrition, uses the words "vital," "animal," and "intellectual" spirits, in place of natural, vital, and animal.

that the eye, as Bartholomew has it, is the subtlest of the outer wits.

The senses make their reports concerning the external objects which have impressed them to the brain. Perhaps those reports do not agree with one another; a marble, which the eye recognizes as only one, may be felt by the fingers, if crossed, as two. There is need of some judge to compare and decide between the reports of the several senses. This judge is the inner wit, or inner sense, which Trevisa, translating Bartholomew, names also the common sense. As Bartholomew uses this term "common sense" it has a generic meaning, including under it the inner senses of imagination, reasoning, and memory. But different writers employ the term in different ways. With Davies it means the imagination; with Burton it is the kind of reason or judgment which is concerned only with things sensible, as distinguished from the higher faculties of "understanding;" he describes it as the moderator of the other senses — "all their objects are his, and all their offices are his." In the allegorical poem of Phineas Fletcher the meaning is identical with that of Burton. His Common Sense is a Counsellor of middle years and seemly personage, — "Father of laws, the rule of right and wrong," who tries the causes submitted to him by the five outward senses. However the term "common sense" may be applied, it was generally agreed that the inner senses of the sensible soul are three — reason, imagination or phantasy, and memory. The brain consists of three cells, or ventricles, or wombs, — each of these names was in common use, — and in each of these one of the three faculties had its residence; each can, however, pass on ideas to its neighbor faculty. Spenser, agreeing in this with Bartholomew and with Phineas Fletcher, places his Phantastes in the foremost cell, that is in the cell of the brain which is nearest to the forehead. He is a young man, swarthy, of crabbed hue,

"That him full of melâncoly did shew."

His chamber is "disappointed with sundry colours" in which were writ "infinite shapes of things dispersed thin." But Burton placed phantasy in the middle cell of the brain. The hindmost cell is assigned with little difference of opinion to memory. Certain writers add a fourth cell devoted to the special work of elaborating the animal spirits.

Bacon's division of human studies into history, poesy, and philosophy, is founded upon the three faculties of the "rational soul," as he calls it, but he would have been more accurate if he had said "the sensible soul." History is connected with memory, poesy with imagination, philosophy with the reason. In a poem by Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, *A Treatise of Human Learning*, the date of the composition of which it is not easy to ascertain, an account almost identical is given of the centres of human knowledge. Nothing could be more natural, — reason and imagination and memory were recognized as the inner wits of the sensible soul, each in possession of a special ventricle of the brain. Of the ventricle appropriated to memory Shakespeare speaks in *Love's Labour's Lost*, — ideas "begot in the ventricle of memory," — and in a speech of Lady Macbeth he refers to the second ventricle of reason. She promises that she will so subdue with wine and wassail the two chamberlains of Duncan, —

"That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbec only."

The idea that fumes arose from meat and drink, stupefying the brain, is of frequent recurrence; memory, occupying the part of the brain connected with the spinal marrow, is "the warder or sentinel to warn the reason against attack." Such is the explanation of Dr. W. Aldis Wright; but perhaps the following passage from Purchas's *Microcosmus* suggests the true meaning: "The Memorie is a sure *Prison* for such as Reason hath committed to ward . . . or hath not yet leisure to hear." It may be noticed in

passing that where Shakespeare in the same speech of *Love's Labour's Lost* mentions the *pia mater*, a membrane which covers the brain, — "nourished in the womb of *pia mater*" are the words, — he does not give the term its proper meaning; it signifies with him the brain itself or some portion of the brain, and in each of the other two passages where *pia mater* occurs, it is used by Shakespeare with the same inaccuracy.

Those fumes or vapors of which Lady Macbeth speaks are the cause of sleep. Such vapors, as Burton explains, arising out of the stomach, fill the nerves by which the spirits are conveyed. The common sense cannot communicate through the nerves with the external senses, and therefore the external senses cease to operate. The fantasy or imagination, however, remains free, and hence come dreams. "My spirits," exclaims Ferdinand to Prospero, "as in a dream are all bound up;" and in the same play, Antonio, taking up Sebastian's word that he is "indisposed to sleep," goes on, "my spirits are nimble," that is, the spirits can dart along the nerves without encountering the obstruction of vapors.

From the sensible soul proceeds, as we have seen, not sensation only but also motion. If we move from place to place, it is to obtain some object which we desire or to avoid some object which causes us displeasure. The efficient cause of motion is therefore either reason, or the subordinate of reason, as Burton names it, fantasy, which apprehends good or bad objects. The spirits, commissioned by reason or fantasy, contract or relax the nerves and muscles, which draw after them the joints, and thus we walk, we run, we leap, we dance, we sit.

But the word "motion" comprehends more than this. It includes the motions of the internal parts of the body, such as the passage of blood through the veins; and these are perhaps rather of a vegetable or vital origin than dependent upon the animal spirits. It includes the power

of appetite, and appetite is either sensitive, which is common to man and brutes, or intellective, which is possessed by man alone, and which in a well-regulated nature controls and directs the sensitive appetite. Behind this intellective appetite — if it does not, as some hold, belong rather to our immortal part — lies the reason or the common sense; its proper functions are to seek good and to avoid evil in sensible things. In its function of seeking what is desirable, it is named the "concupiscible" appetite; in its function of repelling or evading evil it is named the "irascible" appetite. Hence arise all the affections and passions, or, as they are commonly named, "perturbations" of man. With Shakespeare the word "motion" is used in the two senses, — motion with reference to change of place, and motion, an impulse of desire, as in the line of *Measure for Measure*, — "the wanton stings and motions of the sense." In more than one passage he seems to make a distinction between "affection" and "passion," and perhaps a line in the *Merchant of Venice* points to what the distinction is: —

"for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes."

"Affection" here means a man's liking for or disinclination to some object, caused by an external impression on the senses, while "passion" — which results from the affection — signifies the inward perturbation. In Jonson's *Love's Welcome*, written when King Charles I was entertained at Welbeck in 1633, the Passions — Doubt and Love — enter with the Affections — Joy, Delight, and others. The distinction here is not very evident; but perhaps Love and Doubt are more inward — perturbations of the mind — and Joy and Delight more outward and of the senses.

The division of the Passions into two groups — the irascible and the concupiscible — determined the plan of the second Book of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, that which tells the legend of Sir Guyon,

Knight of Temperance. The theme of the Book is discipline in self-control; through the first six cantos the dangers and errors to which the soul of man is exposed through the irascible passions are exhibited in the allegory; in the last six the temptations are those offered by the concupiscible passions, chief among which are the lust for money, the lust for false glory and gross ambition, and the lust for sensual pleasure. The cave of Mammon, the throne of Queen Philotime, the Bower of Bliss, with Acrasia in all her deceiving loveliness, are successively exhibited.

There is, however, another classification of the passions — that founded on their origin and composition. Some are primary and simple; others are mixed or composite. Differences of opinion appear among various writers as to the number and names of the primary passions, but a commonly accepted doctrine sets them down as four: Pleasure and Pain, — the good or evil object being present; and Hope and Fear — the good or evil object being absent, but conceived by the imagination. From these four it was held that all the other passions were evolved by successive minglings and compositions, which grew more complex as the series proceeded in its developments. In that curious piece of dramatic literature, *Pathomachia*, by an unknown author, no fewer than fifteen Affections play their parts. Much speculation existed as to the seat of the passions in the human body. Have they one common centre, or does each passion reside in a special organ of its own? A general, but by no means a universally accepted, answer was that they reside in the heart. Four female figures, Pleasure and Pain, Hope and Fear, are presented on the pretty title-page of Grimeston's translation of Cof-feteau's *A Table of Humane Passions* (1621), while the title itself appears inclosed within a heart in outline. The mode in which the passions are awakened and excited is described with precision by Davies: —

From the kind heat, which in the heart doth
reigne,
The spirits of life [the vital spirits] doe their
beginning take;
These spirits of life ascending to the braine,
When they come there the spirits of sense do
make.

These spirits of sense, in Fantasie's High
Court,
Judge of the formes of objects, ill or well;
And as they send a good or ill report
Down to the heart, where all affections
dwell,

If the report be good, it causeth love,
And longing hope, and well-assured joy;
If it be ill then doth it hatred move,
And trembling fear and vexing grief's an-
noy.

Thomas Wright, in his *Treatise on the Passions of the Mind* in general, agrees with Davies in regarding the heart as the dwelling-place of the passions, and so too Timothy Bright, in his *Treatise of Melancholy*. Nevertheless there was a special connection between certain passions and other organs, which aided in a special way the operations of each. Thus the liver was supposed to be in a peculiar degree connected with amorous passion: the gall secreted by the liver was at least an aider and abettor of the passion of anger; what Shakespeare calls "the passion of loud laughter" was connected with the spleen, or the midriff; and the spleen, if distempered, — but indeed, of almost every organ this might be said, — was the cause of melancholy. The references to these beliefs, and to others of a like kind, are numerous in Shakespeare. The Friar in *Much Ado about Nothing* advises that a report be circulated of Hero's death, and then shall Claudio mourn,

"If ever love had interest in his liver."

When Hamlet reproaches himself for his deficiency of wrath against his father's murderer, he exclaims, —

"for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter."

"Pigeon-livered," for the mildness of doves and pigeons was the result of these

creatures possessing no secretion of gall. Maria, in *Twelfth Night*, when she entreats Sir Toby to come and observe the ridiculous follies of Malvolio, cries, "If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me."

The amorous Duke of Illyria imagines Love enthroned in the whole nature of Olivia; the moment of this consummation will be one

"when liver, brain and heart,

These sovereign thrones, are all supplied,
and fill'd

Her sweet perfections with one selfe King."

And in truth he has named the chief organs that govern the life of man and woman — "*those Triumviri*" as Purchas calls them in *Microcosmus*, "the liver, heart and Braine, as a sensible Trinity in this Unity, having under their leading and command three great bands of a Subtill, Swift, Aerie Generation," — the natural, vital, and animal spirits, — "all of them the bond to unite the Soule and Body, the Chariots of the Faculties, and prime instruments of all bodily actions."

In connection with all the operations of the corporeal part of man — the body, the vegetable and sensible souls, the spirits, — and especially in connection with the play of the passions, it should be remembered that, setting aside the rational and immortal soul, men are creatures made of the four elements, and according to the different proportion which the qualities of these elements bear in our composition, we exhibit differences of complexion, and probably of conduct. "Does not our life consist of the four elements?" asks Sir Toby Belch. The elements are, of course, earth, air, fire, and water. Their qualities are heat, coldness, dryness, moisture. Fire is hot and dry; air is hot and moist; water is cold and moist; earth is cold and dry. Now as each of the four qualities preponderates in our bodies, and especially in the blood, and as it is combined with other qualities, our temperament is determined. It may be a simple temperament, — hot, or cold, or moist, or dry; it may on the other hand

be a compound temperament, — hot and moist, or hot and dry; cold and moist, or cold and dry. We can hardly hope that any of us should possess the perfect temperament, where each quality bears its due proportion, that temperament named "Eucrasy." It is this perfect Eucrasy which, at the close of *Julius Cæsar*, Mark Antony ascribes to the dead Brutus: —

"His life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'"

Now the food which we eat, itself consisting of the four elements, and having their several qualities, is converted by the internal processes of the body into four humors, which have a certain correspondence with the elements, from which they are derived. These primary, nutritive humors are blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy. In what we popularly call "blood" each of these humors is found, and as it courses through the veins each humor supplies nutriment in a peculiar degree to that organ of the body which it is specially adapted to nourish. Thus phlegm, which is cold and moist, in a peculiar degree supplies the brain — itself a cold and moist substance — with the food it needs; choler, which is hot and dry, feeds especially the lungs; and so with the rest. A "cool" head, and a "warm" heart, describe only the healthy condition of these organs. As each of the humors preponderates in a man's veins, his complexion — which is often identified with the temperament — is determined; he is of a sanguine complexion, or it is melancholy, or phlegmatic, or choleric. And, the bodily organs being the instruments of the sensible soul, the thoughts and passions of a man are obviously in a great degree influenced by his complexion.

The doctrine that man is made of the four elements is frequently referred to by Shakespeare. It forms the theme of two connected sonnets, the forty-fourth and forty-fifth, written in absence from the friend to whom his Sonnets are addressed. The dull elements of earth and water

cannot leap across the distance which separates him from his friend — that is the theme of the forty-fourth sonnet; the other two elements, air and fire, are gone on embassy to his friend, leaving him mere earth and water —

My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy,

Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee.

Thus the doctrine is applied to his purposes in the forty-fifth sonnet. "I am fire and air," cries Cleopatra, when about to apply the asp to her breast,

"My other elements
I give to baser life."

The Dauphin's horse in *Henry V* — for all animals are made of the four elements — "is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him." The word "temperament" is never employed by Shakespeare; "temper" fills its place. The small page, Moth, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, loves a little fooling with his solemn and self-conceited master, Don Adriano. The Don would learn from Moth what was the complexion of Samson's love, Delilah. "Of all the four," answers the impertinent boy, "or the three, or the two, or one of the four?" — which is indeed, about all that we can conjecture concerning Delilah's complexion, the question giving no less opening to conjecture than those of Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn-Burial*, — what song the Sirens sang, and what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women. The word "humour" is gloriously abused by Pistol in *Henry IV* and by Nym in the *Merry Wives*. Ben Jonson comments upon the careless use of the word for some fantastic oddity, and, through his Asper, in the opening of *Every Man out of his Humour*, he gives the correct definition. By a metaphorical transfer Jonson himself, as is explained by Asper, extends the significance of the word from physiology to psychology, and makes this idea a

basis for his dramatic representation of character: —

It may, by metaphor apply itself
Unto the general disposition;
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers
In their confluxions all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humour.

Allusions to the hot, the cold, the moist, the dry temperaments are, of course, of most frequent occurrence in Elizabethan literature. The elements, with their children, known as the complexions, and the five senses appear upon the stage, each appropriately habited, in the moral masque, *Microcosmus*, by Thomas Nabbes. The subject of the masque is not unlike that of the old moralities — the struggle for Physander, who represents (as his name signifies) the natural man, between the powers of good and evil. At the close Physander is accused in the court of Conscience of infidelity to his lawful spouse, Bellanima, the soul. Fire and Air, the active elements, are presented as men in the vigor of youth; Water and Earth, the passive elements, as women. Choler is a fencer with rent garments, Blood, a dancer, Phlegm, an old physician, and Melancholy, a musician, swarthy of hue, attired in black, a lute in his hand. "He is likewise," adds the description of the *dramatis personæ*, "an amorist." Melancholy and love are both connected in a special degree with the liver and hence with one another; it will be remembered how large a proportion of Burton's *Anatomy* is devoted to the melancholy of lovers.

It remains to say a few words of that part of man which is wholly immaterial, — his immortal part, the rational soul. But they may well be few, for as Burton, quoting from Velcurio, puts it, this is "a pleasant but a doubtful subject, and with the like brevity to be discussed." The two chief faculties of the reasonable soul are first, wit, or understanding, or intellect (for each of these terms is used), and secondly, will; an understanding occupied not only with particular and ma-

terial things but capable of comprehending truths that are general, universal, and divine; a will, not merely set in motion by desires of the lower nature, but, when duly informed and illuminated by the understanding, capable of seeking the highest good, which is God Himself. From each of these faculties a habit of life may proceed, — from the will, the active life; from the understanding, the life contemplative. Instead of understanding and will, we may, if we please, use the word "intellect" as comprehending both functions, with a distinction between "the intellect speculative" and "the intellect practical." Under these heads subordinate powers may be ranged; thus, the understanding includes a memory, which is not, like the memory of the sensible soul, a perishable thing, but which survives the great change of death, when the reasonable soul enters on its disembodied state.

In *Humour's Heaven on Earth* by John Davies of Hereford, the ornaments of Psyche (the soul) are Wit, Will, and Memory:—

Her Understanding's power that Power did line,
Which Heaven and Earth religiously adore;
And in her will she wore grace most divine;
But in her memory she Artes did store;

Affects and Fantasies her servants were.

The outward Senses her Purveyors were,
To whom the Common Sense was Treasurer.

The Conscience, again, may be regarded as one of the powers of the higher understanding. The images of things sent up by the sensible to the reasonable soul are tested, judged, purified, and when found in accordance with truth are offered by the understanding to the will. But the will of the reasonable soul is something far different from appetite. "The object of appetite," writes Hooker in the first Book of *Ecclesiastical Polity*, "is whatsoever sensible good may be wished for; the object of will is that good which reason doth lead us to seek." The will, illuminated by the understanding, in its own right of freedom chooses good. It

cannot directly control the appetites, which move instinctively and involuntarily when the objects of their desire are presented to them; but the will can refuse the gratifications demanded by the appetites. Over the irascible and concupiscible passions the power of the reasonable soul is, or rather may and ought to be, supreme. All these and kindred matters are discoursed of in much detail by Primeaudaye in the Second Tome of the *French Académie*. The doctrine of the reasonable soul was sung by Phineas Fletcher in the *Purple Island*, and by Sir John Davies in *Nosce Teipsum*. Thus Davies puts it:—

Will is the Prince, and Wit the Counsellor,
Which doth for common good in Counsell sit,
And when Wit is resolved, Will lends her power

To execute what is devised by Wit.

Wit is the mind's chief judge, which doth controule

Of Fancies Court the Judgments false and vaine,
Will holds the royal scepter in the soule,
And on the passions of the heart doth raigne.

Some writers, and among them Samuel Purchas, argue that all the operations of the sensible, and even those of the vegetative, soul are ultimately dependent on the reasonable soul; "Not the liver, but the Soule, in and by the Liver, sanguifies; as the Heart and Braine are but Shoppes and Toolles for Life and Sense; the Workman is the Soule in these."

But we need pursue these discussions, and the diversity of opinions, no farther. The whole of the little world of man, the Microcosm, has now been mapped out, as it was known to Elizabethan explorers. Explorers they were to some small extent, but in a considerable degree they did no more than repeat what had come down to them with authority from their predecessors.¹

¹ An excellent resumé of the whole subject will be found in the preface to *A Table of Humane Passions*, by N. Coffeteau, translated by E. Grimeston, 1621; much may also be learned from *The Examination of Men's Wits*, by Huarte, translated by R. C.

TO THE WIND

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

I

WIND, breathe thine art
Upon my heart;
Blow the wild sweet in!
Let my song begin.

Bring measures grave;
The hill pines wave;
Blow with thee along
All the valley song.

Hymn of the night,
Hymn of the light,
Rhythm of land and sea,
Breathe to the heart of me.

Swift wind of God,
Quickening the clod,
Give of the heavens strong
My heart a song!

II

Wind in the late September bough,
Rocking the empty nest,
Never before so sweet as now
Your melody of rest.

Is it because so close they be,
The loss, the bitter smart, —
The sighing in the naked tree,
The crying in the heart?

THE IMMIGRANT WOMAN

I

BY FRANCES A. KELLOR

WHAT becomes of the ever-increasing number of immigrant women who come to this country? Do they enter the ranks of laborers or of drifters? Do they rise in the scale of human life and friendship, or deteriorate? The labor and vote of immigrant men are so valuable to the business interests of this country, that there is much available information as to what becomes of them, but no corresponding data for immigrant women. The Inter-Municipal Research Committee, in co-operation with others, has set out to gather this information, particularly for the young and unmarried women during their first three years of residence. This is the critical period, and their life and work during that time constitute a great social, economic, and moral factor in the progress and development of this country and its people. As these studies are in process, and the space limited, these questions cannot be answered exhaustively nor finally.

Immigrant women, quite as much as immigrant men, belong to the exploited and disinherited group, and though we flatter ourselves that women are better protected than men, immigrant women upon their arrival have no advantage in laws or trade over men, and are at a disadvantage politically. The problem of immigrant women is not entirely that of immigrant men, for two main reasons. First, the labor, housing, and wages of women are more complicated by questions of sex and morality; and second, the field of domestic service, which takes great numbers of them, has an influence unlike that of any other occupation. It is a mistake to attempt to understand or solve the social, industrial, and moral

questions arising from immigration without considering the women. Yet this is the most common of mistakes, as is illustrated by the recent three-day conference, held under the auspices of the National Civic Federation. There "the whole question was discussed," but there was no mention made of immigrant women.

For the year ending June 30, 1905, 301,585 women, nearly one-half of the number of men, came to this country. The great majority of these came here for work. 19 out of every 100 native American women are engaged in gainful occupations; but 32 out of every 100 foreign-born women are so engaged, and the percentage is increasing. In my investigation of several thousand unmarried immigrant women, and married immigrant women without children, who had arrived within three years, fully 90 per cent were found at work or looking for work. Furthermore, among such nationalities as the Poles, Lithuanians, Hungarians, and others, young women are banding together and coming over in small gangs, without connections of any kind on this side, for the purpose of working.

The chief value of women immigrants to this country at the present time is industrial. They are a greater industrial factor than is generally recognized. They bear as important a relation to households, factories, and shops, as contract laborers do to the business, commerce, and transportation interests of the country. The demand fully equals that for men. The nature of their employment, their means of obtaining work, conditions of work, and effect upon industry, are therefore of the first importance. By

far the greatest number are found in domestic service. The household industry is literally dependent upon the immigrant, and a famine of labor would result should this supply be cut off. This is in a scarcely less degree true of the factories.

For the year ending June 30, 1905, 84 per cent of all women entering the port of New York gave domestic service as their occupation; of Philadelphia, 65 per cent; and of Boston, 82 per cent. The last available statistics for Massachusetts show that 16,694 women were engaged in domestic service in Boston, and of this number 80 per cent were foreign-born. In Chicago there are many agencies entirely for foreign women. In New York city there are 169 agencies run for the purpose of distributing immigrant houseworkers, chiefly women. Many others also supply immigrants. This dependence upon immigrants is proportionally true in most of the cities where the negro is not the main source of supply. The small town also has increasing numbers of foreign-born houseworkers.

Notwithstanding the constant increase in immigration, under the present conditions of prosperity, the demand far exceeds the supply. The first problem which faces the immigrant is the need of work which she can do. The American housewife is depending upon the immigrant to solve her domestic problem, while the great number of immigrants come to America to be free, and especially from all badges of servitude. To them America is something beautiful, and represents a great opportunity. Ordinarily they are unskilled and may be willing to be household workers while learning English and American ways and acquiring training; but housewives who are looking to the immigrant as a means of establishing a trained servant class in this country, will be disappointed, for opportunities are open to them to enter any trade, profession, or home for which they fit themselves.

The immigrant then is a transient, not

a permanent, domestic worker. The privilege of the American housewife is to train the green immigrant, not for her permanent or even long service, but to give her knowledge, efficiency, culture, and a democratic spirit. When she has acquired these, the power of choice becomes hers, and she leaves for a trade or public house where the conditions are better, hours regular, duties definite, and social isolation and discrimination not so pronounced. Because of her greater knowledge and efficiency, and recently acquired higher standard of living, these have become essential to her happiness. The number who enter housework and desert it within a year or two is alarming from the point of view of the industry. Many marry young, but many others desert to the trades. Of 300 Jewish girls who were placed at household work on their arrival, when visited at the end of the first year fully two-thirds of those not married had gone into factories, stores, millinery, or other sewing trades. In Philadelphia, out of 500 girls traced, less than 10 per cent were in household industry. In Chicago many desert to the stock-yards, and in Massachusetts to the mills.

While the number of all nationalities is increasing, there were in 1905, 78,136 women immigrants from Austria-Hungary, — three times as many as came from Ireland, Germany, or England, and nearly seven times as many as from Sweden or Norway. From Russia there were 51,883 women, or more than from Sweden, Germany, and England put together. From Italy 38,761 women, or more than from Germany and Sweden. To meet the increasing demand for household workers, the increase has not been among the Germans, Swedes, English, Irish, and other hitherto considered most desirable aliens, but among races more or less untried and more difficult to assimilate. The following table of persons who gave domestic service as their occupation on entering America shows where the increase has come: —

	1900.	1905.
Bohemian	8 %	17 %
Bulgarian	—1	1
Slavonians	2	6.1
Dutch and Flemish	30	5
English	7	8
Finns	18	17
French	8	13
German	4	15
Hebrews	1.5	6
Irish	4.3	4.2
Italians	4	6.8
South Italians	4	4.6
Japanese	1.7	1.8
Lithuanians	1	13
Magyar	1.3	11
Polish	2.8	16
Ruthenian, Russian	—1	17
Scandinavian	27	25

There are increases in the French and German, but the employers of general houseworkers will find small consolation, for the increasing demand for ladies' maids, companions, nurses for children, and personal attendants, is necessarily met chiefly by these and kindred nationalities.

The bulk of immigrant women represent races having wide language variations, and not only a different standard of living, but variations from the American social standard — all serious matters where a worker becomes a part of the home. Two civilizations meet in intimate daily contact under one roof. The one often represents experiences, traditions, superstitions, and suspicions of a middle-age progress and opportunity, together with a different language and religion. The other often represents an advanced civilization which has little sympathy with or understanding of the other. The transition of the peasant from Russia or Austria or Hungary to the American home is, at its very best, difficult and perplexing. Even where the worker goes, as many thousands do, into the home of one of her own nationality, who has been here one or more generations, the transition is not an easy one.

The question of difficult adjustment is also complicated by that of limited supply. Few Italian women are found in

household work. In New York, where the greatest majority enter, there is but one agency which furnishes Italian girls and that one "only once in a while." The Italian girls are, however, attracted by the light and music and color of the cafés and restaurants, and are entering them to such an extent as to present a grave moral situation. The Italian man is opposed to menial work for women, and the Italian feeling of the "impropriety of their going about unaccompanied" prevents to any degree their isolation as household workers, which would remove the guardianship now maintained. The home ties of the Jews are proverbially strong, and there also exists a prejudice against personal service. The difference in food and in its preparation is an obstacle to their working in Christian families or for unorthodox Jews. The Jewish girl prefers to return to her home at night, and to marry young, and she is consequently found in the restaurant, hotel, and boarding-house, or in factories and shops. There are more than 75 agencies in New York city run by Jews for the purpose of placing Jewish girls in households, hotels, restaurants, and similar places. They are well patronized, but not so much by girls who have been here several years. Domestic training-schools started for Jewish immigrant girls have failed utterly. Germans, French, Scandinavians, English, Irish, and Canadians are found in large numbers in domestic work, and are much in demand. The difficulties are that they come in small numbers, and many prefer mills and factories and are quite as much in demand by business men. Housewives can well complain to their husbands that their competition has depleted the homes of its domestic workers. The tendency of the Scandinavians to colonize withdraws many from the cities. The rapid assimilation of American standards and customs and freedom by Germans and Irish makes them train their children for occupations other than housework.

Roughly speaking, there are three

classes of immigrants who are coming to America. (1) Those who come because the way is made easy and who do not intend to work. They hope to live off their friends and relations, or marry. They are the drifters, and contribute to the immorality among foreign-speaking peoples. (2) Those who come on promises of high wages and easy work. They mean to work, but at something they like, and they mean to be free. They are independent and demand good wages in domestic work from the start. They frequently leave for the shop. (3) Those who have been poor beasts of burden, and are driven to this haven by persecution, taxation, wretchedness, starvation, oppression, and the great desire to better their condition. They are willing to learn, will do anything that comes to hand, and in their generation, barring marriage, rarely leave domestic work or get beyond the factory or sweat-shop door.

These last two classes, who constitute our present and future domestic workers, include ever-increasing numbers of Jews, Hungarians, Poles, Bohemians, Lithuanians, and Portuguese. In their racial, industrial, historical, social, and political life, they are not closely allied with the Anglo-Saxon race. Their language is another bar. Assimilation of races from Northern and Western Europe, that at one time constituted the greater part of immigration, is an easier matter than of these races. The standard of living is also radically different. Many are peasants unused to any other than field work. They frequently have lived in one or two room huts and have crude ideas of food and its preparation, housing, sanitation and cleanliness, and have no idea whatever of the methods, appliances, or utensils in use in American homes.

Influences are also at work that are changing the moral fibre of the immigrants. Formerly they came for some strong political, religious, or economic reason. They meant to win their way by hard work. They had to suffer many priv-

ations in order to come, and they came to stay — to make this their home, and not to earn as much money as possible and then go back and live in ease. Strong characters equal to these privations came, and they made equally good citizens. Now the desire to emigrate is artificially stimulated, and this is more successful in countries from which undesirable workers come. In Ireland and Sweden there are anti-emigration societies which prevent many young girls from coming to America, and these countries, including Germany, have a knowledge of the lack of protection given young women in our cities, and prevent many from coming.

Steamship ticket agents offer cheap rates and present alluring and misleading pictures of ease. Friends and relatives send them the money. Employment agents lure them on and are their only friends and advisers when they arrive. Two ignorant immigrant girls came over here because they had been told gold could be found in the streets. They were found in an agency, without food, refusing work, because they daily expected to find gold. This is the immigrant girl who becomes the prey of idlers and procurers in cities, for they promise "easy work and high wages." Other promises equally preposterous are the cause of their leaving home. When they come under such inducements they are easily discontented and fall into the casual labor class, working a short time here and there and not content anywhere. Domestic service is well at the head of the list of casual labor industries.

There are other explanations of the prevailing inefficiency. Not only have American standards advanced, but formerly the employer went to Castle Garden or to the immigrant home for her employee. Now she resorts to the employment agency. The employment agencies in the cities are the first, chief, and only training-schools for thousands of immigrant women yearly, and the whole country is affected by their training, for the women go from them to all parts of

the country. The agency is a necessary means of distribution, but the employer makes a great mistake in tolerating it as a training-school and as the sole interpreter to immigrant women of the standards, requirements, and wages in American homes. Legislation is powerless to change this condition. Household employers will do well to bear in mind that they provide no better training-schools. Several agencies, started in the employer's interest, by intelligent persons, have failed because the employers have not supported them.

The agent is frequently foreign-born, knows little or nothing of the American household standards, or if so, ignores them, works for a fee, and his sympathies are with the immigrant. If the immigrant is too old for the position, the agent starts her American career by teaching her to lie, a step made necessary, in his judgment, by the false standard of age instead of efficiency, on which the employer insists. Next she is told that she can get high wages for what she can do, and so he teaches her a few replies to questions which will make her appear efficient. She thus starts with an erroneous idea of her own worth, and when discharged for incompetency the agent immediately gets her another place and labels her "experienced." What is she to think of our wonderful country, where she is offered two dollars more a month when she has just been discharged as "incapable"? She must be "neat, clean, and industrious," and the agent tells her what this means in America, and it is difficult to make her understand afterward that he has misrepresented. She asks for a "steady job." The agent prefers to place her for a month and then call for her for another patron, thereby making another fee. She does not know this is his object, but in a short time she likes changing about, and her idea of a steady place becomes half a dozen in a year.

These are only instances of the kind of training given by the agent, for he really continues her education. She visits him

frequently, goes to him for advice or when out of work, and sees much of American life as he represents it.

But his influence does not end there. The household worker, unlike any other worker, when she loses her position loses her "home," and it may be at an hour's notice. The immigrant homes will take such a worker in, but these are unknown to the great majority, and the houseworker, if known as such, is barred from most working-girls' clubs, homes, and hotels. So the agent and his boarding-house friend take her in. The boarding-house keepers, anxious for the lodging fee, frequently refuse to let the immigrant girls work anywhere but in hotels and restaurants, and they become the active competitors of household employers. The surroundings of these agency lodging-houses and boarding-houses are such that the employer would hesitate to employ a woman coming from them; and the woman used to the sociability, intemperance, associations, glare, and crowd, becomes ill adapted for isolation in a private family. These associations, which usually include seeing the sights, create impressions from which it is difficult to break away. Even after living with relatives in a tenement, the loneliness of the private family is appalling to her. When asking the question why immigrant women do not choose housework, it is well for the housewife to remember that they come to America for a home, and that a thing which can be taken away from them at an hour's notice cannot mean that, for it is only a place. To be homeless in a great city on short notice has perils which even the ignorant peasant quickly realizes.

I have tried to make clear that immigrant women constitute the main source of supply of domestic workers in cities; that they are transient workers; and that their inadaptability and inefficiency require more patience, training, and adjustability on the part of housewives in order that they may become good workers. Nevertheless, with all of these disadvant-

ages, they make it possible for the housewife to care for her home properly and to have leisure and time to participate in other occupations. But for these conditions she gives much more than do most other employers.

If the immigrant worker is not able at first to meet the complex demands of the American home, one of two things results. The first is — and it is the great reason why immigrants should be encouraged to go into domestic work — that in no way can the immigrant learn so quickly and so well the American customs and standards. There is no greater help to assimilation than work in the American home. All of the culture and advantages of the home are placed at her disposal. She learns to do things for her own home, and stores up many things for a wise training of her children, which she could not learn in many years if she went directly into the factory. This is her opportunity. The races whose women go into household work are more Americanized than those who do not. Not only does the worker profit, but she carries to her friends and relatives the knowledge and habits and customs and new things that she has learned. But it is the employer's *responsibility* to see that she learns good standards and customs and real culture. The life which some American homes place before their employees, and which to these employees is typical of America, is more misleading and pernicious than the training in employment agencies. These employers do not realize that they are poor patriots in holding out such standards to the eager immigrant. Every housewife who takes a green immigrant woman into her home is largely responsible for her impressions of American life and belief in American ideals. In the alternative of receiving such good standards lies the real danger. Where the standard of the American home is not superior to that of the immigrant worker, the employee gradually lowers the standard of the employer. Where supervision is lax, intelligence low, and the housekeeping neglect-

ed, the employee gradually adopts the standards of sanitation, hygiene, and conversation which she was taught in the crowded tenement. The housewife now tolerates it where she at first rebelled against it. The care of the children is entrusted to the servant, and they are taught things and do things that are ignored in order to "keep the maid." Thus the whole tone is lowered and the home ceases to be a means of culture or advantage to the worker.

The housewife almost invariably has the selfish point of view: she objects to training green immigrant girls because they leave her for some one else, and says her "effort is wasted." It may be wasted in so far as her own home is concerned, but not only is some other home benefited, but the immigrant is a great gainer, and household employers become direct contributors to the public welfare. One main justification for the existence of domestic service, which is not a productive trade but economically parasitic, is that culture may be diffused, and that the homes of immigrant women who marry may be patterned after those of their former employers, and their children be reared according to American standards.

From this brief discussion of immigrant women in domestic work, it may be said that domestic service is preferable for them when they first arrive, especially for races which do not readily assimilate. Since the demand exceeds the supply, and the industry is dependent upon foreign-born workers, and their children, this supply should be increased in the following ways:—

1. Greater supervision of work, and training by housewives, and a higher home standard, so that the immigrant will realize more quickly its advantages in making her a better citizen.
2. Establishment of training-schools or transition schools for newly arrived immigrants, instead of leaving all of this training to employment agents. These schools cannot be entirely for training in domestic work, for the girls will not attend them.

They need to offer courses in English, American standards of living, personal hygiene, sanitation, information about rights, wages, conditions of work, etc. Folk dances, games, amusements of their nationalities, to lessen the isolation in a new country, will attract them.

3. Friendly visiting of young immigrant workers in their own homes when they first arrive and are looking for work, so that they may become interested in the right kind of work and be directed to fair employers to whom they will make fair representations.

4. A coöperative movement on the part of employers, with agents abroad, to bring in desirable workers. This is being done by various states and employers for other kinds of labor.

5. Effective competition with other industries by placing housework on a business basis and making the conditions compare favorably with those in shop and factory.

6. Patronage of agencies which maintain good standards. Most employers never inquire about agency conditions or the relation of the agent to the girl, so long as they are treated satisfactorily.

7. Treatment of the green immigrant

worker as a human being. Many leave housework because of impositions made by employers. This question of domestic service is not one of what immigrants shall do to get work in houses, but what employers must do to obtain enough immigrant workers for their homes.

8. Protection of young immigrant women who come here, so that they may find honest work. Business men are interested in obtaining laws to prevent the exploitation of their employees and in movements to make them efficient. But in many cases housewives permit, without apparent interest, the exploitation and demoralization of young women who would have become honest workers had they been protected upon arrival. The café, disorderly house, amusement den, massage parlor, and other places which have a bad or doubtful influence, have little difficulty in obtaining a corps of workers, and the household employers' superficial treatment of the causes of the insufficiency of workers aids them.

9. Some provisions for lodging household workers when out of employment. Household employers will find a great field for work in improving lodging conditions for domestic workers.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN SCHOOL OF POLITE UNLEARNING

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

IN the exuberant hospitality of America if a person wants anything he has only to ask for it. Whether he gets it, is another matter; he will at least get something with the same name.

In London if one in his secret heart longs for something, he has only to leave the main thoroughfares and get lost. He finds himself in a maze of narrow streets where shopkeepers make a living by selling unheard-of things to people who have wandered in by accident. These shopkeepers never advertise. Their disposition is secretive, and they trust to the method of ambush. A person is walking along with only a vague impulse to find his way out without demeaning himself by asking advice of a policeman. He finds himself in front of a shop devoted to traffic in snails from Astrakhan. It is the sole emporium for these articles. If the wayfarer be of an inquiring mind the unexpected supply wakens a demand, at least the demand for further knowledge. Who is there in all London who would be likely to support such a shop, or even know that it is here? The dingy sign appeals not to his conscious aims but to a dim sub-conscious longing for he knows not what. It seems like a strange coincidence that he of all persons in the world should have come upon the only place in London where these articles are for sale. The chances are that if he be an American he will pluck up courage and venture in and ask the proprietor, "How's the snail-trade to-day?" The shopkeeper receives him without surprise. He knows that, according to the doctrine of probabilities, somebody is bound to turn up in his shop, sometime.

To my mind this is the very romance of trade. Had I a moderate but assured

income, as I trust all these London shopkeepers have, I should follow their example. I have no ambition to be a great "captain of industry," and have the magazine writers tell the truth about me. I should prefer to be one of these merchant adventurers in a small way. Hiding my shop from the unsympathetic public "as if the wren taught me concealment," I should bide my time. Let the huge department stores cater to the obvious wants of the crowd. Some day my customer will drift in. He will find that my shop satisfies an inner, and hitherto unfelt, want. He will inadvertently buy something. Then he will drift off to the Antipodes, and ever after boast of his bargain. When he compares notes with other travelers he will take down his treasure and ask, "When you were in London did you happen upon a queer little shop, the only place where they sell this sort of thing?" And when they, in shamefaced fashion, confess their failure to have discovered me they will fall in his esteem.

I claim no merit for having one day wandered from the plain path of High Holborn into an obscure street where I accidentally stumbled upon what was to me the most interesting place in London. I am aware that, if I had not stumbled accidentally upon it, it would not have seemed so interesting to me. It was not, as it happened this time, a shop, but an educational institution. The sign above the door must have been recently painted, but the London smoke had already given it an air of grimy respectability. I read with pleasure the legend, "The Anglo-American School of Polite Unlearning."

I was gratified over my discovery. In-

sstitutions of learning we have at home — and some very good ones too; but I realized that in the nature of things somewhere in London there must be an institution for the benefit of persons who are desirous, not so much of learning, but of being assisted to unlearn a number of things that are not good for them. And here it was. Like so many things in London, the moment I saw it, I felt that I had always seen it.

A few moments later I was in familiar converse with the Principal of the school, who gave me the history of the institution from its inception. He was a quiet, unassuming man, thoroughly devoted to his idea. In this age of educational fads it was a pleasure to find some one who adhered to very simple methods. "We do not believe," he said, "in what is called enriching the curriculum. When there have accumulated such vast stores of misinformation, we do not think it wise to burden our pupils' minds by trying to get them to unlearn everything. Such smattering has little educational value. We limit ourselves to seeing that a few things which make the people of one country obnoxious to the people of another shall be thoroughly unlearned. When we consider what soil and climate have done in developing our own splendid type of manhood, it is natural that we should think highly of our own national environment, but it is unfortunate that we should usually think so poorly of those whose environment has been different. Each nation 'holds a thought' of its neighbors, and these thoughts are seldom altogether flattering. This is evidently a case for the application of mind cure.

"Even with nations so akin to each other as the British and the American, the thoughts that are held are not always pleasing, especially when they sometimes forget their company manners. The adjective American is not usually found in conjunction with those heavenly twins, 'Sweetness and Light.' Indeed, the suggestion is quite the opposite. Only when used in connection with dentists does it

imply undoubted excellence. In the United States the word British is not used as a term of endearment.

"A good while ago Emerson declared that the English had good will toward America, but in their ordinary conversation they forgot their philosophy and remembered their disparaging anecdotes. Of course the difficulty lies partly in the nature of an anecdote. Those we tell about our best friends usually convey to a stranger the impression that they are half-witted. It would be possible to collect a vast number of anecdotes illustrative of the fact that most people will, under ordinary circumstances, act in a rational manner. The trouble with such anecdotes is that they are so hard to remember.

"One is led to inquire as to the best means to promote international goodwill. One of the most obvious methods is through the encouragement of travel. Railways and steamships by annihilating distance may, it is said, annihilate the enmities between nations. The more opportunities people have of seeing one another, the better friends they will be. This theory is such a credit to human nature that at first I accepted it without a question.

"I looked at the growing passenger lists of the transatlantic steamers and thought of the peaceful invasion of our American cousins. Here are missionaries of good will. No collections! Every man his own Missionary Board, paying his bills and diffusing the gospel of kindness. Think of these fresh, enthusiastic missionaries who are continually seeing and being seen, appreciating and being appreciated. And think of the cordial feeling diffused through America by every English traveler who goes about viewing American institutions and candidly telling the people what he thinks of them. I had thought of suggesting that the Palace of Peace at the Hague should be surmounted by an heroic statue of the travel-compelling Cook.

"My enthusiasm for travel as a suffi-

cient corrective of international misunderstandings was chilled by observations on its results.

"A friend who for many years had spent his summers in Switzerland remarked that the Germans are less popular than they were before their present era of prosperity. I asked the reason, and he answered, 'We see more of them now.' I have known Germans who insisted that a visit to England did not cure Anglo-phobia, any more than the application of water would cure Hydrophobia. It might even aggravate the symptoms. That going to see people may have different effects is shown in our use of the words 'visit' and 'visitation.' Whether a visit shall seem like a visitation depends a good deal on the visitor.

"I greeted a Lancashire manufacturer on his return from the United States. 'How did you like it over there?' I asked. 'I did n't expect to like it,' he answered, 'and I did n't like it as well as I expected. It was brag! brag! all the time, and when I found that I was beginning to brag too, I thought it was time for me to come home.'

"He seemed grateful for his preservation as one who had providentially escaped the plague. A few months later, being in New York, I happened to mention his name to a gentleman to whom he had brought letters of introduction. It appeared that this gentleman had not recognized the admirable qualities which had made my Lancashire friend an ornament to his native city. He had however borne him no personal malice but had set down all his less pleasing characteristics to his nationality. After narrating several incidents illustrative of the general quality of pig-headedness, he added charitably, 'But what could you expect of a Britisher?'

"Travel can hardly be relied upon as a sufficient salve for international irritations. There is sure to be a fly in this ointment. The fly, I take it, is apt to be imported. The trouble comes, not from something the traveler sees which

he dislikes, but from some prepossession which makes him dislike what he sees. He sets out with certain preconceived ideas which he uses alternately as a club with which to belabor the foreigners on their native heath, and as blinders to prevent himself from seeing anything new. As a consequence, his little journey in the world does not add to the sum total of the amenities.

"An Englishman goes to New York with the settled conviction that it ought to be just like London. When he discovers that it is n't, trouble begins. He accumulates inconvertible evidences of divergencies. It is too hot in summer and too cold in winter and too noisy all the time. The buildings are too high, and the lifts drop suddenly from under him, giving him a 'gone' feeling that he does n't like. Above all there is a distressing dearth of afternoon tea.

"With the best intentions in the world he points out these defects of a crude civilization. He waxes didactic. These things, my brethren, ought not so to be.

"And his American brethren do not like it. It is not because they really care a fig about their sky-scrapers, with their necessary attendant evils. It is because they had wished to show him some things they were really proud of and which he in his misery refuses to see.

"The American in the old country makes himself obnoxious in the same way. He starts out with the assumption that London is and of right ought to be a bigger Seattle. It has had plenty of time, and if it is not up-to-date it argues a mental defect on the part of its citizens. He is disappointed in what he sees. The belated people still go about on omnibuses and seem to like it. The telephone service is beneath contempt, and the ordinary business man does only one thing at a time. This is all wrong, and with the zeal of a missionary he urges the native islanders to 'get busy.' He explains to them the defects in their education. On the slightest provocation he indulges in statistics

of American bank clearances and grain shipments, and the increase in population since the last census. He is annoyed because they refuse to be astonished at these things and reserve their surprise for his incidental revelations of the methods of municipal politics. He is thoroughly kind. He is careful to make them understand that he does not wish to offend against any of their inherited prejudices.

"That attitude which Lowell described as 'a certain condescension in foreigners' is not confined to any one nation. It seems to be the most natural thing in the world for the foreigner as foreigner. When a person leaves his home and becomes, for the time being, a foreigner, he is likely, unless he has had the benefit of a school like ours, to retain his home standards of judgment. He passes rather severe verdicts on what he sees, and imagines that he renders them agreeable by expressing them in the most conciliatory tones. Perhaps he even tries to keep his opinions to himself. He does n't say anything, but he does a lot of thinking. He would n't for the world have the people among whom he is moving know how inferior, in certain respects, he thinks them. Usually they are clever enough to find out for themselves.

"You see the same thing among dogs. You take your little dog for a walk in a strange part of the town. Before starting on your travels you have admonished him, and he is on his good behavior. He trots along in the middle of the road, 'saying nothing to nobody.' To the obtuse human observation he is a model of propriety; but to the more acute canine sensibility there is something in the glint of his eye or the crook of his tail that is most offensive. The sudden altercations that seem to come like bolts out of the clear sky must have some reason. I am sure that the curs that leave the sweet security of their own dooryards to do battle do so because they have detected a certain condescension in this foreigner. Something in his bearing has emphasized

the fact that he is not of their kind; and that he is mighty glad of it."

"Your remarks," I said, interrupting the Principal, "about the way people carry their home-bred opinions about with them reminds me of a dear old lady I once knew in the Mississippi Valley. She went to London to attend the Queen's Jubilee. On her return we asked her to describe the pageant. It seemed that the Queen and all the imperial pomp made very little impression on her mind, she had been so interested in herself. She told how, at considerable expense, she had secured a good seat. 'Then I looked down and saw a ragged little boy. I called him to come up with me, and I wrapped him in an American flag which I always take with me. And there I sat all day, "The Genius of America protecting the British Poor."' It was a beautiful symbolic act, but I fear it may have been misinterpreted."

"I see you get the point," said the Principal. "Now we may come back to the School of Polite Unlearning. Its aim is to rid the foreigner in as short a time as possible of the preconceived notions of his own superiority. These notions if left unchecked would have prevented his getting any good of his travels, as well as making him more or less of a nuisance to the people among whom he happened to be. We intend to enlarge our institution gradually until we have branches in all the great capitals. We will teach Frenchmen that their ideas of Germany are all wrong, and eventually we may solve the Eastern question by convincing the Russians, Bulgarians, Macedonians, Servians, Turks, and others, that they do not really know so much to each other's discredit as they have for centuries been led to suppose.

"At the present we are confining our attention to improving the relations between the British and the Americans. That two nations with a common language and literature should heartily like each other seems eminently desirable.

Do we not belong to the same reading club? But what avail these literary communings so long as thousands of persons are annually let loose in the territories of each nation disseminating misunderstandings of the most irritating character?

"The customs regulations might do something. The United States has already adopted the policy of forbidding the importation on regular lines of steamships of certain ideas. On entering an American port the passenger is asked whether he has in his possession any anarchistic opinions. If he makes the declaration in due form, he is immediately deported. This has had an excellent effect in keeping out anarchists whose veracity is above the normal; though for those of the baser sort there is a great opportunity for smuggling.

"In like manner we might have the customs officers anticipate the newspaper reporters, and ask each foreigner before landing what he thinks of the country. If he reveals a set of opinions that are not likely to be modified by further experience he might be sent back at the expense of the steamship company. All this however is of purely academic interest. For the present, we must trust to voluntary action. If the visitor is wise he will welcome any aid in getting rid of the opinions which stand in the way of his pleasure and profit. Our school attempts to minister to this need. Here for example is a middle-aged Englishman who is contemplating a visit to America. He has a number of ideas in regard to what he calls 'the States,' and he is much attached to those ideas. He has not had occasion clearly to differentiate 'the States' from 'the colonies;' they are all alike a long way off. He thinks of the States as British colonies that got themselves detached a long time ago from the apron-strings of the mother country. Since then they have been going to the dogs more or less without knowing it. They have fallen into the hands of trusts and dissenters. They have taken to over-educating the lower

classes and under-educating the upper classes, till you can't tell which is which. In their use of the English language liberty has degenerated into license, as it always does where you have no leisure class that has time to speak correctly. Their pronunciation is utterly barbarous, and now they are endeavoring to conceal their offenses by getting us to spell the language as they pronounce it. They are always talking about the dollar, which is a very different thing from our silent respect for shillings and pence. Their children are intolerable, owing to their precocious imitation of the manners of their elders. While boastful of their liberty they are curiously submissive to tyranny, and if their newspapers are to be believed, they universally cower in the presence of a janitor. In their public conveyances they hang to straps and gasp for air in a manner pitiable to behold. All these tortures they endure with stoical fortitude, which they have learned through their long intercourse with the Red Indians.

"He is aware that in the States he will hear a deal of 'tall talk;' this he is prepared to discount. A very safe rule to observe is not to believe anything that sounds large.

"The American business men, he understands, have no interests whatever except in money-getting. They are prodigiously active, but their activity is providentially limited by dyspepsia and nervous prostration. He is inclined to attribute the physical break-down of the race to the universal consumption of Chicago tinned meats.

"On the whole, however, he has a friendly feeling toward the people of the States. They are doing as well as could be expected of such people, under the circumstances. They have already, in their immature civilization, produced some men whose names are household words — there was Artemus Ward and Fenimore Cooper and Mark Twain and Buffalo Bill. This proves that after all blood is thicker than water.

"He starts on his travels very much as

the elder brother in the parable might have done had he thought to pay a visit to the prodigal in the far country. After all, the lad came of good stock, even though he did show poor judgment in going so far off. He had heard a good deal about his adventures, though he did n't believe half of it. It might be interesting to run over and see for himself whether the reports about those husks had not been exaggerated.

"Now is it safe to allow such a person to go about in a friendly country, unattended? 'One sinner destroyeth much good,' and one such traveler destroyeth much international good feeling. After three months he will have returned having every one of his opinions confirmed by a dozen instances. And he will have left behind him a score or more Americans confirmed in their opinion as to what a typical Britisher is like.

"How much better for him to enter our school before engaging his passage westward. Here, surrounded by all the comforts of home, he could begin the painful but necessary process of unlearning. Each day we would examine him and find out his fixed opinion and flatly contradict it. He would lose his temper, and become grumpy and sarcastic, and threaten to write to the newspaper. But this would hurt nobody's feelings, for all the teachers and attendants in the institution are immune. Our object is a simple one: to rid him of the opinion that there is one right way of doing things, and that all other ways are wrong. We want to teach him to be content to say simply that the other ways are different. When he has learned rather to like the differences, and to be interested in finding out why they are as they are, we give him a diploma.

"A great deal of our time is spent over the bare rudiments. You may have noticed as you came in, in the little classroom to the left, a gentleman unwillingly engaged in studying a large wall map of Oklahorna. He is an Oxford man who makes his living writing for the reviews. He lately expressed the intention of visit-

ing America. His friends felt that he was not in a fit state, and advised him to take a short course in our school simply as a precautionary measure. You have no idea how hard it is for him to unlearn, he had learned everything so thoroughly. We have had to put him in a class by himself in elementary geography. We found that he had a most inadequate idea of the extent of the American Union, and had always looked upon the States as corresponding to the English counties. This of itself would have been no detriment to him if his geographical ideas had been held only as a part of the equipment of a modest ignorance. It would have endeared him to his American friends, who would have been only too happy to set him right. But unfortunately he is not the kind of a man who can be set right with impunity. When any one would tell him the distance from New York to San Francisco it would not make the slightest impression on his mind. He would set it down as a piece of American brag. We have found that the best way is to give him set tasks. We have dissected maps of Europe and America drawn to the same scale, and we make him put the map of Great Britain into the map of Texas and calculate the marginal area. Then we have memory work, having him from time to time repeat the length of the Missouri-Mississippi, and the number of vessels passing every year through the Detroit River. We set before him the latest railway map of the United States and ask him to tell at sight which railways belong to Hill and which to Harriman, and since when? When he asks what difference it makes, we rebuke his impertinence, and keep him after school.

"We give him daily themes to write. For example we present this text from Sam Slick: 'They are strange folks, them English. On particulars they know more than any people; but on generals they are as ignorant as owls. The way they don't know some things is beautiful.'

"What national characteristics did Mr. Samuel Slick of Slickville, Connecticut,

have in mind when he made these animadversions? Is the dislike for general ideas really necessary to the stability of the British Constitution? Is Mr. Slick's criticism sufficiently answered by pointing out the fact that it is couched in language that seriously conflicts with the accepted rules of English grammar?

"On another occasion I gave him these lines from one of our own poets:—

" 'The House of Peers throughout the war
Did nothing in particular,
And did it very well.'"

Compare this admirable record of the finished work of our upper house with the proceedings of a session of the Missouri Legislature, which did a lot of highly important and necessary work, and did it all very badly. Give your opinion as to the comparative value of the two legislative bodies. Indicate on the margin whether you consider a person who holds the opposite opinion to be beneath your contempt, or just worthy of it?

"Yesterday I gave him an item from the sporting columns of a San Francisco newspaper. After describing the strenuous physical exercises of a distinguished pugilist, the writer adds: 'O'Brien is diligently using his leisure time in study. It is his intention when retiring from the ring to devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits. To this end he has engaged a tutor and under his direction is reading Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Dante, and Homer.'"

"Use this paragraph as a text for a sarcastic article on the absurdities of popular education and the chaotic condition of a society in which anybody feels competent to study anything he has a mind to. After having done this to your own satisfaction look at the subject from another point of view. Granted that you with your excellent classical education are more capable of appreciating Homer, ask which one would Homer be more likely to appreciate, you or O'Brien?

"We are now making use of the phonograph, which repeats for him choice extracts from American newspapers and

magazines devoted to making the world familiar with the growth of the country. This familiarizes him, through the ear, with certain uncongenial habits of thought."

The Principal led me for a moment into the entry, and looking through the door we saw the Oxford man in a dejected attitude listening to the phonograph, which was monotonously informing him of the glories of Chicago and the exact floor-space of Marshall Field's store.

"He will have to hear these things sometime," said the principal, on returning to his own room, "and he might as well do so now. I fear, however, I may have been too severe in the training, and that he may be going stale. He told me this morning that perhaps he might give up his American trip and take a little run up to Bibury instead.

"The real difficulties are always those that lie in the background of the mind and therefore are hard to get at. The traveler insists on putting everything into the same categories he uses at home, and sometimes they won't fit. Englishmen, for example, have got used to dividing themselves into three distinct classes, and when they come to a community where these divisions are not obvious they regard it with suspicion, as they would an egg in which the distinction between the white and the yellow is not as clearly marked as in the days of its first innocence.

"I have been reading the book of a clever writer who discourses on 'The Future in America.' He found in America no recognized upper class and no plainly marked lower class, and so he drew the conclusion that all Americans belong to the middle class. Then he attributed to them all the characteristics which middle-class Englishmen of a literary turn of mind are always attributing to their own class. But this is fallacious. In my youth we used to amuse ourselves by beheading words. We would ruthlessly behead a word and then curtail it. But

when the middle letters were relieved of their terminal incumbrances and set up as an independent word, that word had a meaning of its own. My own opinion is that we middle-class Englishmen are pretty fine fellows, and that we are in most respects superior to our betters; but if we had n't one class to look up to and another to look down on, I doubt whether we should feel middle-class at all. We should feel, as do our American brethren, that we are the whole show."

"A most difficult matter is to bring my pupils to a sympathetic appreciation of American optimism. It goes against all their preconceived notions of the fitness of things. The airy way in which an American will mention the most distressing present moral conditions and assure you that everything is as bad as it can be, and is coming out all right, irritates them. It seems to argue a state of ethical inconsequence. 'You can't pin these fellows down to hard facts,' a pupil complained to me, 'the pin won't hold.'

"That's just it," I answered, the facts these people are dealing with are not hard, they are fluid. In the old world social facts are hard, they have been solidified by the pressure of population exerted for generations. In the vast spaces of America this pressure has as yet been little felt. If you don't like the facts that are presented to you you need not take the disappointment seriously, for you are promised a new set of facts while you wait. And the remarkable thing is that about half the time the promise is fulfilled. The facts are flowing. You can't nail them; the best thing you can do is to float on them. The American is not a worshiper of things as they are, his curiosity is aroused by the things that are going to be."

"We try to make our students, through a variety of illustrations of rapid change, and that mostly in the right direction, see that there is some justification for the American expectation that when things

are pretty bad they are about to be better. It is not altogether to his discredit that even his moral indignation at obvious abuses takes a characteristically cheerful and even self-congratulatory tone. 'Things are looking up morally,' he says, 'when I can get so righteously indignant as all this.'

"I endeavor to get my pupils to unlearn their natural repugnance to the American quality of self-assertiveness. Sometimes I try the kindergarten method. Most of them are interested in pop-corn, which they have heard is the chief diversion of rural America. To shake a corn-popper over a glowing bed of coals is a new experience. When the miniature bombardment is at its height I begin to moralize.

"That is what you will see over in America, and I hope you will like it. Think of the states in the Mississippi valley as a huge corn-popper. Into the popper are poured millions of grains of ordinary humanity. They don't take very much room, for they have grown close together. They are not much to look at. They are shaken till they are pretty evenly distributed and each one feels the genial warmth of a general prosperity. Then they begin to expand, not in a quiet fashion but in a series of small explosions, each individual popping out of his shell and surprised that he takes up so much room in the world. He very naturally thinks he's the biggest thing out."

"If you are a cross-grained foreigner you may look at the process with critical disfavor. You may say that there is n't any more substance in it than there was before and that they ought to have remained in the original envelope which Providence had provided for them. You may look upon it as highly dangerous, and say that if they keep on popping like that they will burst the popper. Or you may end the conversation by remarking that, for your own part, you don't like pop-corn, anyway. But if you are open to conviction we hope to bring you to a better frame of mind."

"That is all very interesting," I said, "to get your pupils to unlearn their distaste for American self-assertiveness. I hope you will go farther and get them to unlearn the notion that all Americans are self-assertive. I am sure that many of my country men possess the pearl humility."

"Yes," said the principal, "I have no doubt of it. By the way, there is a singular thing about pearls, which I believe has never been explained. It is said that the best way to preserve their lustre is to wear them occasionally."

I learned that the American students had not begun to drift in, though my arrival had strengthened the hope that such accidents might happen. Of course the tourist who had only a few days to spend in the country could hardly be expected to give up part of his holidays for the sake of getting rid of a few long-cherished notions which had no value except to their owner. But the needs of those who were anticipating a more prolonged stay could be provided for.

"I anticipate great pleasure," said the Principal, "from my American pupils, when once they find their way here, for I am told that they unlearn easily. They will also have the great advantage of being removed from their customary environment, so that their erroneous opinions may be more readily eradicated."

"A matter to which we shall give some attention is the American's notion that the stay-at-home Englishman's ignorance of things American arises from superciliousness. When his host, in order to put him at his ease, makes a few vague remarks about the Great Republic and then lets the subject drop, it seems to indicate an affectation of haughty indifference. We shall endeavor to correct this impression and to show that the ignorance is not affected but is quite real. When the pupil feels that he has a grievance because he has been asked whether Philadelphia is on the right or left bank of the Mississippi River, we shall apply a counter-irritant."

"Brazil," we shall say, "is a great and glorious country. Indicate in a pleasant conversational way what you know about it, avoiding the appearance of having looked it up, for the occasion, in the Encyclopædia. After you have made a few remarks about Rio, connected in your mind with coffee and yellow fever, lead the conversation in a sprightly fashion to some of the other great cities. In alluding to some of the states of Brazil, show that you greatly admire them, and tactfully conceal the fact that you are not very clear in your mind as to where they are. In mentioning the Amazon indicate that you have some ideas about it besides those derived in your childhood from Mayne Reid's *Afloat in the Forest*. When the conversation turns upon the great statesmen and men of letters of Brazil, take your part with sympathetic intelligence. When, providentially, the subject is changed, do not appear to be too much relieved."

"After a few such exercises the pupil will be introduced to an Englishman who knows as much about the United States as he does about South America. A fellow feeling will make them wondrous kind."

"I shall prepare a short course of lectures on English Reserve for the benefit of pupils from the great West who complain because we do not open our hearts to strangers before we have learned their names. It seems to them undemocratic that cordiality of manner should be dependent on the mere accident of being acquainted. I suppose that they are right, and that if we were more large-minded we should consider nothing human as foreign to us. But we are not so happily constituted. Something more than mere humanity is needed to start the genial currents of our nature. Our pump must be 'primed' with something in the way of an introduction."

"In the Far West, I understand, you have a system of agriculture known as 'dry farming.' The plan is to keep the surface pulverized so that the moisture

stored beneath may be preserved for the feeding roots. We English have for generations cultivated our friendships by a similar method. The non-conducting surface of our manner keeps the deeper feelings from evaporating. There is, we think, a good deal to be said in behalf of this system of dry farming.'

"A much more delicate subject for unlearning is the American's curious notion about the Englishman's attitude toward humor. Ever since Artemus Ward amused the citizens of London by giving notice that he would call upon them at their residences in order to explain his jokes, his countrymen have assumed a patronizing air. When an American ventures on a pleasantry, he tells the story simply, as to a little child; he has heard that an Englishman finds difficulties in such matters. He somewhat officiously offers 'first aid.' All this is strange when one considers how much our transatlantic brethren have been indebted to the glorious company of English humorists, from Chaucer down. One is reminded of George Eliot's *Legend of Jubal*. Jubal, 'the father of all such as handle the organ and pipe' and other instruments of music, returned from a long journey to find the people whom he had blessed enjoying a musical festival. He was not recognized by the new generation, and when he attempted to join in the jubilation the musicians turned upon him and 'beat him with their flutes.'"

"I think we appreciate our literary indebtedness," I interrupted, "though our gratitude does not always take the form of a lively anticipation of favors to come. It seems to be the old story of forgetting our philosophy and remembering only our anecdotes. Now, I can tell you an anecdote which will illustrate what we mean."

"It is not necessary," said the Principal; "we have made a large collection of them, and they are all essentially the same. The American tells a story which is received by his respectable British

friend with solemn attention worthy of a better cause. Then, when the legal time for laughter has expired according to the statute of limitation, he acknowledges his liability and pays his debt of merriment, with deferred interest. The American argues that his mental processes, though sure, are somewhat slow.

"But if we had Courts of Humor as in the days of chivalry they had Courts of Love, I should like to present these cases for adjudication. I should argue that the anecdotes do not prove a deficiency in humor so much as a higher standard of rectitude. The Englishman is not less quick than the American to see a point, but when he does not see it he is less likely to conceal the fact. If he suspects that there is a poor little joke concealed somewhere, he does not find it in his heart to allow it to perish of neglect, but returns to it as a friendly visitor, to see what he can do for it."

"I shall endeavor," said the Principal, "to get them, if not to unlearn, at least to moderate the 'Old Home' idea. Every American, no matter where his family originated, likes to think of England as the Old Home. It satisfies his historic sense and gives him the feeling that he is revisiting the green graves of his sires.

"Once arrived at the Old Home he goes about in search of the quaint and venerable. His head is chock-full of more or less vague historical and literary allusions which he is anxious to attach to their proper localities. He is on the lookout for the people he has read about. He would not be surprised to meet Falstaff or Mr. Pickwick when he turns the corner. I was myself taken for Mr. Pickwick once, and I did n't like it.

"In the mean time the Twentieth Century England, with its rapidly growing cities, its shifting population, its radical democracy, its socialistic experiments, its model tenements, its new universities, its ferment of fresh thought, escapes his notice.

"'Fine country this,' he says, 'to rest

in. Beautiful ruins, well-kept lawns, good old customs unchanged for a thousand years. Everything is kept up just as it used to be. I like to see the conservative ways; makes you realize how your forefathers felt. I tell you it touches a soft spot in your heart to come back to the Old Home.'

"To the alert, public-spirited, intensely modern Englishman who is eager to show him the latest thing in municipal housekeeping this is disconcerting."

"Yes," I said, "I think I understand. If I were a prosperous planter away down on the Suwanee River, and were anxious to show my visitor the brand-new mansion I had built with the proceeds of my last year's cotton crop, I should object to his striking a sentimental attitude and warbling the ditty about the 'old folks at home.' I should especially object if he mistook me for one of the old folks."

"That is the trouble," said the Principal, "with living in a place that has become a household word. The traveling public seems like a many-headed monster with only one idea. When the idea is a trivial one and keeps popping up continually, it becomes tiresome. There for instance is Banbury, a thriving market town. The present inhabitants are eminently progressive, and the town bears all the evidences of prosperity. But when the train draws up in the summer, one may hear girlish American voices exclaiming, 'How fascinating! Is n't it too cunning for anything! Ride a cock horse.' And they look out upon the Banbury people as if they belonged to an immemorial nursery."

"The Americans ignore the political divisions of the country, and acknowledge only the divisions into the Scott country, the Burns country, the Wordsworth country, the Shakespeare country, the Dickens country, and the Lorna Doone country. We sometimes wonder where they think we come in."

"Still," I said, "we must remember that though it may be tiresome to the in-

habitants to have a few associations recurring continually, a great part of the pleasure of travel consists in comparing our previous impressions with what we see. There was that most delightful of English wayfarers, George Borrow; he was doing that all the time.

"On arriving at Chester," he says, 'at which place we intended to spend two or three days, we put up at an old-fashioned inn in Northgate Street to which we had been recommended. My wife and daughter ordered tea and its accompaniments; and I ordered ale and that which should always accompany it, cheese. "The ale I shall find bad," said I; "Chester ale had a bad reputation since the time of old Sion Tudor, who made a first-rate Englyn about it, but I shall have a treat in the cheese; Cheshire cheese has always been reckoned excellent."'

"To his great delight he found the ale as bad as it was in the days of Sion Tudor, and therefore he hilariously threw it out of the window. Then tasting the cheese, he found the cheese bad also, and promptly threw that after the ale. 'Well,' he said, 'if I have been deceived in the cheese, at any rate I have not been deceived in the ale, which I expected to find execrable. Patience! I shall not fall into a passion, more especially as there are things I can fall back upon. Wife! I will trouble you for a cup of tea. Henrietta, have the kindness to cut me a slice of bread and butter.'

"Now it is evident that Borrow had two distinct pleasures in his visit to Chester. The ale was as bad as from his previous reading of the Welsh bards he had been led to suppose, and the cheese was worse. The pleasure in each case came from the fact that his experience had reacted upon his previous ideas. After all, this is a harmless sort of pleasure."

"Yes," said the Principal, "in a bluff, whole-souled Briton like Borrow, there could be no harm in throwing the ale and cheese around, just for the sake of auld lang syne; but it is different with a vulgar rich Am—— Pardon me, I am

falling into the bad habits of my pupils."

"I take no offense," I said; "you know I am not rich."

"We shall," he said, "deal tenderly with the literary and historical treasures which our pupils bring with them, but we shall endeavor to teach them to use their excellent gifts in such a way that the Past may not altogether obscure the Present."

"Another idea," said the Principal, "is that of 'the tight little island.' It is a term that the British themselves delight in; but it should be remembered that diminutives, while very endearing when used in the family circle, are less pleasing when taken up by strangers. The American expects to find the British quite insular, and so they are, — 'of or pertaining to an island, surrounded by water, opposed to continental.' The real question is, what effect has being surrounded by water upon the mind? Is water, especially when it is salt, a conductor or non-conductor of cosmopolitan sympathies? The dictionary takes the latter view and goes on to the slurring secondary defini-

tion, 'characteristic of the inhabitants of islands, hence, narrow, contracted.'

"Why 'hence, narrow, contracted'?" It would seem as if the dictionary man had been consorting with land-lubbers and had taken their point of view. One would suppose from his reasoning that the sea cut one off from communication with the rest of the world, while prairies and mountains were the true highways of nations. This is not the doctrine of the Blue-water school. It is based on the recognition of the broadening effect of an insular position. There is no place so easy to get at or to get away from as an island. It makes us next-door neighbors to the ends of the earth, especially when we've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too. It is your dweller in a section of a continent who is shut in, 'hence, narrow, contracted.' Your islander knows no such narrow bounds as he sings his victorious *Song of the Seven Seas*. If this be insularity make the most of it!"

At this moment the door-bell rang and a shy individual appeared whom I took to be the first American student.

PERSONALITY IN JOURNALISM

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

A TIME-HONORED distinction is drawn between two of the most conspicuous daily papers in New York — that the one renders vice attractive in the morning, and the other virtue unattractive at night. With each of these papers, in the form known to the present generation of readers, the name and the work of an eminent journalist have been associated. So strongly did these two men impress themselves upon their respective journals that, though it is now ten years since Mr. Dana's death and five since Mr. Godkin's, their personalities may still be felt

in every issue of the *Sun* and *Evening Post*. It is a happy coincidence that their biographies¹ appear almost simultaneously. The books have a value far beyond their illumination of the rival charms and repulsions of vice and virtue. They enable one to consider with some serious-

¹ *The Life of Charles A. Dana*. By JAMES HARRISON WILSON, LL. D., Late Major-General, U. S. V. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1907.

Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin. Edited by Rollo Ogden. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907.

ness the uses and the scope of personality in journalism.

Mr. Dana's biographer quotes an utterance of his in reply to those who were lamenting thirty-five years ago that "the day for personal journalism is gone by, and that impersonal journalism will take its place."

"Whenever, in the newspaper profession," said the *Sun*, "a man rises up who is original, strong, and bold enough to make his opinions a matter of consequence to the public, there will be personal journalism; and whenever newspapers are conducted only by commonplace individuals whose views are of no consequence to anybody, there will be nothing but impersonal journalism."

"And this is the essence of the whole question."

From the beginning to the end of his life, Dana could never have been classed with the "commonplace individuals." The career which his biography presents is that of an idealist developing into an opportunist. The book does not, probably because it cannot, explain all the steps in such a development. The studious country boy, whose eyes would not carry the burden of discursive reading which he imposed upon them while a student at Harvard, drifted naturally into the Brook Farm experiment. It was another natural step from this association to an intimate relation with Greeley and the *Tribune*, to which he rendered valuable editorial service. Through this work his abilities won the recognition which made him, during the Civil War, "the eyes of the government," — a special field correspondent of the War Department, — and Assistant Secretary of War. Nothing could have given him a more thorough training as an observer and reporter upon men and momentous actions than this experience. He carried into it an optimism, a philosophic temper, an independent judgment, which he brought out augmented. Because General Wilson's relations with Dana were those of a fellow-servant of the Union during the war, he has been

led to lay upon the war period an emphasis which to many readers will seem out of proportion with the scantier measure of detail devoted to his work in the *Sun*. Yet the very fullness of the record gives definiteness to the personality which Mr. Dana brought to his final editorial task, and withal exhibits the man at his best.

The journalist whose work expresses his personality must, of all men, come out into the open, and bear the brunt of his independence. This is a quality which deserves all the praise it gets, yet the moment a man of independent spirit does something radically different from what is expected of his kind, his motives fall under suspicion. After all, he may merely be carrying his independence to conclusions which to him are logical. The independent journalist is just as sure to displease some of his readers as to please others. Certainly there were many whom Mr. Dana displeased, many who regarded his variations of party and personal allegiance as the sign of all that was unworthy.

The "cleverness" of the *Sun* under his guidance was a commonplace of public estimation; so too was its "wickedness." The proof was found in such perversities as its preference for Butler to Cleveland as a presidential candidate, its hostility to Cleveland as president, its other animosities which time has shown to be mistaken, its alignment in critical periods in the local politics of New York with the forces which have abundantly justified their reputation as those of evil. The charity of a later day should at least plead for the opportunist of positive views that his independence is bound to land him on many sides, some of which must be wrong.

The personality of an editor may express itself almost as fully in the news as in the editorial columns of his paper. As manager and editor, Mr. Dana signed the prospectus of the new *Sun* when he took charge of it in 1868. Two sentences from this statement of the paper's policy

set a standard which he well maintained and fixed:—

"It will study clearness, condensation, point, and will endeavor to present its daily photograph of the whole world's doings in the most luminous and lively manner.

"It will not take as long to read the *Sun* as to read the *London Times* or *Webster's Dictionary*, but when you have read it, you will know about all that has happened in both hemispheres."

The fulfillment of these prophecies has made the *Sun* the special delight of the male sex, and the model, often imperfectly copied, for the presentation of news in many other journals. This in itself has been no mean achievement. Add to it the vigorous and clarifying manner of the editorial page, which has always made people read and regard it even when the substance has been foreign to their sympathies, and the *Sun* stands forth as the journalistic embodiment of just such a man as the biography of Dana presents: penetrating, humorous, intense, a warm friend and a spirited foe, one who kept to the end some hold upon the idealistic standards of his youth, yet found that many existing conditions had better be supported than overthrown. When the idealist turns opportunist, he may well become a little cynical, and lend himself to cynicism in others. But he has probably made up his mind with his eyes open that in this world of ours the man who is content to choose between two evils that which appears to him the lesser may contribute more to human progress than he who rejects them both. Such at least is his justification in his own eyes, and his presumable honesty with himself must be weighed in any true accounting for his character.

It was personality of another sort which Mr. Godkin expressed through the *Nation* and *Evening Post*. Compromise bore no part in it. The standards of youth grew even sterner with age. The "really critical spirit" which the *Nation* promised at its foundation in 1865 to bring to its

discussions, was conspicuously the spirit of Mr. Godkin. His work as the field correspondent of a London paper during the Crimean War and the war between our own states gave his pen as invaluable a bit of training as Dana's was receiving from his more specialized experience. The careful student of affairs in war-time, when all the powers of government are in undisguised use, often qualifies himself for the best criticism of government in peace. Certainly the newspaper letters reproduced by Mr. Ogden are notable for their clear vision and forcible expression. Through this work Mr. Godkin acquired early a habit of relating effects to causes, embodied in men, and of withholding no censure which seemed to him deserved. It was this very rigor of thought and utterance which enabled Lowell at a later day to define the *Nation* as "a most valuable breakwater against the tepid wish-wash of incompetence which pours through the American press."

Mr. Godkin did not win without a hard struggle the place which he and his paper came to hold. Before embarking in his undertaking he wrote in a letter to his friend, F. L. Olmsted, "I have not got the *literary temperament*, and, in fact, in so far as I have ever done any work well, it has been due rather to bodily activity than anything else. . . . I am not popular in my manners and could never become so." He continues even further the catalogue of his disabilities. When his work began, there were not wanting those to whom his Irish birth and English training seemed utterly to disqualify him as an American journalist. Neither he nor these objectors could realize that the value of such a service as the *Nation* has rendered lies in the very fact that such a personality as Mr. Godkin's was vigorously behind it.

It is not the millions, but at most the few thousands, to whom the "really critical spirit" makes its appeal. It has been reserved for our own day to show what can be achieved by personality in journalism,

when conspicuous ability is devoted to ends antipodal to those which the *Nation* proposed for itself. By these new methods the successful journalist becomes a "captain of industry," acquires that *summum bonum*, circulation, and with it a vast uncritical following of hungry sheep who somehow imagine themselves fed by the rank mists they draw. Over against such rewards must be set those which Mr. Godkin's career won for him — the inward testimony of a good conscience, with no reproach of compromise when occasion came for a choice between what seemed to the chooser clearly right and merely expedient; the outward recognition and approval of those who are hardest to satisfy and therefore best worth satisfying. Perhaps the highest token of this approval was the urgent offer to Mr. Godkin, only five years after the establishment of the *Nation*, to occupy a chair of history in Harvard College. His friends, according to their natural bent, looked upon it as a greater and a smaller opportunity for service than that which his continuance with the *Nation* would afford. It is significant of his own point of view that, after a careful weighing of the matter, he decided to remain where he was. To the less tangible rewards were added, in due time, those of the successful business enterprise which the *Nation* seems to have become even before its merging with the *Evening Post* in 1881.

There is one reward which is denied to the possessor of the "really critical spirit," developed as highly as Mr. Godkin's was. That is the satisfaction of seeing — or thinking one sees — some of the improvements for which one has been working in the world. The temper of Mr. Godkin's view of the American situation in his later years is so well illustrated by a passage from one of his letters at the time of Cleveland's Venezuela message that its quotation is justified: "The situation seems to me this: an immense democracy, mostly ignorant, and completely secluded from foreign influences and

without any knowledge of other states of society, with great contempt for history and experience, finds itself in possession of enormous power and is eager to use it in brutal fashion against any one who comes along, *without knowing how to do it*, and is therefore constantly on the brink of some frightful catastrophe like that which overtook France in 1870. The spectacle of our financial condition and legislation during the last twenty years, the general silliness and credulity begotten by the newspapers, the ferocious optimism exacted of all teachers and preachers, and the general belief that we are a peculiar or chosen people to whom the experience of other people is of no use, make a pretty dismal picture, and, I confess, rather reconcile me to the fact that my career is drawing to a close. I know how many things may be pointed out as signs of genuine progress, but they are not in the field of government."

The observer with any endowment whatever of the critical spirit must admit that there is truth enough and to spare in this arraignment — which, by the way, does not confine itself to "the field of government." Yet will not the most candid critic protest that such a deliverance — and the state of mind from which it springs — lacks the illumination of the whole truth, and that the dangers of a "ferocious optimism" may often be pretty evenly balanced by those of a ferocious pessimism?

Of course he will; and just as surely a consideration of the whole truth will lead him to remember that the clock of affairs is kept going by a pendulum which swings just as far in one direction as in the other. All the more because the ferocious optimists exist, are the men like Godkin and the journals like the *Nation* needed. An implicit following of their leadership, a constant adoption of the critical attitude, may not be the shortest cut to progressive action. But it is an immensely valuable corrective. The fear of the *Post* is the beginning of a certain sort of wisdom. It breeds in public serv-

ants and writers a wholesome dread of insincerity, if for no other reason than that this particular weakness is pretty sure to be exposed. It acts at the same time as a positive stimulus to honest thought and action. This is what the personality of Mr. Godkin especially contributed to the journalism of his time.

The side of Mr. Godkin's personality which had no public expression is delightfully revealed in the letters which Mr. Ogden has brought together. The critical faculty doubtless had its exercise in the first establishment of personal relations. But when his affections were once engaged, their warmth and tenacity had a Celtic quality which gives the picture of them a peculiar charm. The tenderness of his domestic relations shines with a special clearness through the records of his sore bereavements. His friendships with women of notable understanding and sympathy might have supplied a delightful chapter by themselves, if the editor's arrangement of his admirable material had not — from the topical as from the chronological point of view — so nearly approached the chaotic. From a letter to one of these feminine friends a characteristic passage must be taken: "As far as I can see, the great interests of civilization in this country are being left pretty much to the women. The men have thrown themselves pretty much into money-making. You have no idea how they shirk everything which interferes with this, how cowardly they have grown about everything which threatens pecuniary loss. It is the women who are caring for the things which most distinguish civilized men from savages. . . . I do not know what the future of our modern civilization is to be. But I stumble where I firmly trod. I do not think things are going well with us in spite of our railroads and bridges. Among the male sex something is wanting, something tremendous."

Yet there were friendships with men which bore importantly upon Mr. Godkin's life, both private and public. The

two which most conspicuously combined these bearings were those with Professor Charles Eliot Norton and with Mr. Wendell Phillips Garrison. In so far as Mr. Godkin's life is the history of the *Nation*, these names are inseparable from it. In the story of the beginnings of the paper, it is well to have on permanent record the fact that of the hundred thousand dollars raised for the undertaking fifty thousand came from Boston — and that "Norton rallied the Boston friends." It is well to find Mr. Godkin writing to Mr. Norton at the end of the first year of his editorship, "If the paper succeeds I shall always ascribe it to you, as without your support and encouragement I do not think I should have been able to endure to the end." Fifteen years later, in 1881, when Mr. Godkin was considering the offer of the *Post* to purchase the *Nation*, he wrote again to Mr. Norton, "You had so much to do with starting the *Nation*, and, I may say, its existence is so largely due to the support and encouragement which you gave me in its early days, that I shall be exceedingly sorry if its latter end should in any way be disappointing to you." These are but two from many testimonies to a close and generously reciprocal relation.

Toward Mr. Garrison, for his support in the conduct of the *Nation*, as for Mr. Norton's in its origin, there was the same hearty spirit of recognition. Again and again Mr. Godkin expressed it, perhaps most forcibly at the time of the centenary of the *Post*, when he wrote to Mr. Garrison about the reported speeches, "The dearest thing I recall in it all, is my thirty years' association with you. You have been to me, in it all, the kindest and most devoted friend." No one would have been quicker than Mr. Godkin to feel that the true history of the *Nation* should include as full a recognition of Mr. Garrison's service, in the capacity of literary editor, as of his own. When Mr. Garrison died, only a few months ago, an extraordinary chorus of appreciation rose from the host of contributors, in

all parts of the country, with whom it was his function to deal. Between them and Mr. Garrison, as the *Nation* itself has said, "there existed a peculiar, almost a family, feeling. He watched over them with an interest and pride well-nigh of kinship. The relation was, to him, less editorial than paternal." Of his relation with Mr. Godkin we read, "With unbounded admiration and loyalty for his chief, Mr. Garrison brought to his assistance a nice scholarship, a patient scrutiny, a calm judgment, and a noble sympathy."

The unobtrusive, unfaltering work of such a man as Mr. Garrison, known to his fraternity much more than to the public, must be, wherever and whenever it is done, one of the most reassuring expressions of personality in journalism.

That it can be joined, to the satisfaction of the two fellow-workers and to the general advantage, with the labors of such a man as Mr. Godkin, yields fresh hope for the power of strong personal forces in the journalistic profession. "The day for personal journalism," in the sense of the term as it might have been applied to Horace Greeley or Thurlow Weed, may be going — or gone. But while such an example of happy coöperation as that of Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison is fresh in memory, we need not despair of its repetition. There is, however, one condition precedent to it — and that is the adoption of the journalistic career by men of the highest type in native character and cultivated ability. When all such men choose other pursuits, a barren time in journalism will indeed be imminent.

JOY FROM SORROW

BY R. VALANTINE HECKSCHER

I BORROW Joy from Sorrow —
A Rainbow from the Rain!
If Life were not in Shadow,
My Star would shine in vain!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A SICK-ROOM ANTHOLOGY

I CAN hear the old doctor's voice to-day, cheery and strong, — but not too cheery and not too strong, — just as it sounded years ago, when he stood up and drew on his gloves ready to leave my sick-room. His voice will be one of the first I shall listen for in that world where there are no sick-rooms, and where we are led to believe there is no need for doctors. "Don't read anything but *Mother Goose*," he would say, "and don't think."

I was reminded of these words when I saw, not long ago, in the Contributors' Club, the pathetic story of the poor woman with the sick nerves, who was soothed and comforted by having the recipes from a cook-book read to her hour after hour; and I was also reminded of a long-cherished wish of my own, the compiling of a sick-room anthology.

Since seeing the article in the *Atlantic* I have heard of another case of the soothing effects of cook-book literature in illness. In this instance the patient was a man, and he insisted upon hearing the entire volume read and re-read, finding it all equally comforting and restful, from the preparing of soup-stock to the compounding of the most intricate dessert. It seemed an odd choice for the man, whose literary taste when well is fastidious in the extreme. But this is only another instance of nature assuming the defensive, as she would more often do if we left ourselves to her. The weary brain knew that it must not think, and instinctively withdrew as far as possible from its own world of ideas.

As to my old doctor's compound prescription, "Read *Mother Goose* and don't think," I often smiled over it in secret, for to my mind those immortal melodies have always seemed stimulating

to thought. They might well serve as models for that sort of impressionistic literature exemplified by the best short stories of modern French authors. In the old rhymes, as in these stories, the scenes are depicted with a few strong strokes, every unnecessary detail omitted, the dénouement merely suggested, and all the rest left to the imagination of the reader.

Take for example that wonderful bit of verse, —

"Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town.
Some in rags and some in shags
And some in velvet gowns."

This was usually the first to come to my mind (perhaps because I am a lover of dogs) after the good doctor had left me. I would close my eyes, the better to see the picture.

It is always a stormy twilight scene. The rain has ceased, but the sky is gray and swept by clouds. In the west a band of strange yellow light shows just at the horizon. Lights are beginning to appear in distant farmhouses, and here and there in the streets of the town. The town itself is of the mediæval sort, with massive walls, and gates that will soon be closed for the night.

Suddenly a dog begins to bark, — "Hark! hark!" I find myself whispering, — then another and another. What can have stirred them all at once at this quiet hour? Now and then a door is heard to open, a face inquiring appears at a window. The sense of mystery deepens, the barking grows louder and louder, until all the beloved dog voices I have ever known join in the chorus.

Then a muffled sound, as of the distant trampling of many feet, and down the road they appear, in the strange, stormy light, the beggars coming to town. I can see them now as they looked to my sick fancy; so many of them, of all ages and

all sizes, men, women, and little children; some lame and decrepit, clothed in rags and shags quite as conventional beggars should be. But now more mystery, — in the very midst of the raggedest and dirtiest are a few shining ones, dressed in velvet gowns. And here the author shows her genius. Not another word, all the rest is left to the imagination.

Why they were all arriving in this particular town, at this particular hour; how these special ones came by their beautiful gowns, — whether they had been stolen (in which case would some dreadful nemesis overtake the happy-go-lucky wearers?), or whether they had been presented by some philanthropic society for the promotion of the sense of the beautiful in beggars, — all these things we are never told. But what ground for infinite conjecture!

And then, the *finale*: — did they reach the town, this motley crowd, before the gates were closed? What did the dogs say then? what did the people do? I usually spent a wakeful night inventing different endings for the story.

No, I should never recommend *Mother Goose* for the invalid with an overwrought brain. And yet there are other ills of the flesh besides nervous exhaustion, — bronchitis, rheumatism, indigestion, — cases where the fancy craves stimulus; and the Anthology must be broad enough to cover these also. We shall have to include the best rhymes of *Mother Goose* in our volume, together with the best recipes.

When one enters that strange world of the sick-room, hushed and remote, one realizes that it is a place quite apart from the well-world, with an atmosphere of its own. But we must have gone there sometime as an inhabitant, rather than as a casual visitor, to understand fully the needs and ideals of the place. To be the ruling monarch of this kingdom of quiet and order, where the ordinary and possible are set aside for the time being for the extraordinary and impossible, and all on our account, — this is among the compen-

sations of an invalid's life. One easily becomes an autocrat where one's slightest wish is humored, and one's whims and fancies for once in the world are taken seriously. And in compiling our Anthology all this must be borne in mind.

I have read for hours, day after day, in a low, monotonous voice, Browning's *Translation of the Agamemnon*, to an invalid, with wonderful results. When everything else failed, the tired eyes would droop and close after a few pages of this poem. Then how one's heart beat faster and one's voice trembled with anxiety — would they stay closed? Not if the reading ceased, I found; but if one went on and on without variation of tone the spell continued to work.

So the *Agamemnon* shall not be left out of my Anthology. Then the *Alice in Wonderland* rhymes must have a place, and some of Edward Lear's; and for children, the *Canterbury Tales*, in the old English, for they like their Chaucer best when they cannot understand all the words, but are soothed and quieted by the swing and rhythm of the verse.

When the Anthology appears we venture to hope that it will come as a great relief to those who make a study of the needs of the sick. Imagine having in one precious volume all, or many, of the well-tried bits of remedial literature.

The success of the book, however, will depend largely upon the skill and tact with which it is used. The question as to what selection from the sick-room Anthology shall be prescribed in a critical case will surely rank in importance with the prescriptions for medicine and diet. Shall it be left for the doctor to decide, or the nurse?

Perhaps a good suggestion would be to choose — in that world where all the rules of the game are reversed — just the one thing the patient would not care for when well. For your professional man the soothing monotony of long-tried recipes — which would drive a housekeeper mad; for your middle-aged people, not suffering from nervous exhaustion, the

stimulating charm of the *Mother Goose* stories, or the rhymes from *Alice in Wonderland*; for your little child the sonorous verse of the old classics; and each and every one read in just the right way, by just the one voice in the world the sick person most cares to hear.

WIT AND HUMOR

WIT and humor are such elemental, fundamental things, that it has always been found difficult to analyze them. Upon some points, however, those who have essayed this puzzling task agree, for they all hold that wit is an intellectual, humor an emotional, quality; that wit is a perception of resemblance, and humor a perception of contrast, of discrepancy, of incongruity. The incongruity is that which arises between the ideal and the fact, between theory and practice, between promise and performance; and perhaps it might be added that it is always, or almost always, a moral incongruity. In the case both of wit and humor there is also a pleasurable surprise, a gentle shock, which accompanies our perception of the hitherto unsuspected resemblance or incongruity. A New England farmer was once describing in the presence of a very humane person the great age and debility of a horse that he formerly owned and used. "You ought to have killed him!" interrupted the humane person indignantly. "Well," drawled the farmer, "we did — almost."

A humorous remark or situation is, moreover, always a pleasure. We can go back to it and laugh at it again and again. One does not tire of the *Pickwick Papers*, or of Jacobs's stories, any more than the child tires of the nursery tale which he knows by heart. Humor is a feeling, and feelings can always be revived. But wit, being an intellectual and not an emotional impression, suffers by repetition. A witticism is really an item of knowledge. Wit, again, is distinctly a gregarious quality: whereas humor may abide in the breast of a hermit. Those

who live much by themselves almost always have a dry humor. Wit is a city, humor a country, product. Wit is the accomplishment of persons who are busy with ideas: it is the fruit of intellectual cultivation, and abounds in coffee-houses, in salons, and in literary clubs. But humor is the gift of those who are concerned with persons rather than ideas, and it flourishes chiefly in the middle and lower classes.

Wit and humor both require a certain amount of idleness, time enough for deliberation, — that kind of leisure, in short, which has been well described as a state of receiving impressions without effort. Thus we find wit in the drawing-room, humor in the country-store, and neither in the Merchants' Exchange.

Humor is inherent in the nature of things, and even the dumb animals have some sense of it. When your dog welcomes you home, wagging his tail and contracting his lips so as half to disclose his teeth, he is really smiling with pleasure; and if, as more often happens, he does the same thing in a moment of embarrassment, as when he rather suspects that you are about to scold him, then his smile is essentially a humorous smile. There is a joke on him, and he knows it.

Rightly considered, the whole universe is a joke on mankind. "Humor is the perception of those contrasts and incongruities which are a part of the very texture of human life." If, as we believe or hope, man is an immortal being, is it not a joke that his earthly existence should chiefly be taken up in maintaining and repairing that frail shell in which the immortal spirit is contained? "Humor," as Hamilton Mabie finely said, "has its source in this fundamental contrast between the human soul, with its far-reaching relations and its immortality, and the conditions of its mortal life. . . . If the mistake which the boy makes in his Latin grammar involves permanent ignorance, there is an element of sadness in it; but if it is to be succeeded ultimately by mas-

tery of the subject, it is humorous, and we smile at it." And so of man's life viewed as a fragment of eternity. Humor and faith go hand in hand.

But humor is not only the sudden encounter with some moral incongruity. There is in addition the sense of superiority. The victim, for there must always be a victim, either of his own folly or of some accident, is placed in a position of inferiority, which constitutes the joke. But is this all? Why do we laugh? The mere misfortune of the man is not enough to make us laugh. We do not laugh when he loses a dollar bill. Nor is the mere unexpectedness of the incongruity sufficient to make us laugh. We seldom laugh at wit, which is equally unexpected. The something further is the sympathetic element. Humor is not simply the sudden perception of a moral incongruity; it is the *sympathetic* perception of it. Thackeray described humor as a mixture of love and wit. He really meant sympathy and wit. Humor, it has been said, is laughing *with* the other man, wit is laughing *at* him. The incongruity that amuses us, that makes us laugh, is the incongruity which exists between the victim's state of mind and his conduct or situation, and that incongruity we cannot appreciate unless, by the exercise of imagination, we are able to put ourselves in the place of the victim. Unless we attain this sympathetic point of view, his conduct may appear to us right or wrong, logical or illogical, wise or foolish, fortunate or unfortunate, — anything except funny. If an ordinary man under ordinary circumstances should step in a hole and tumble down, the incident would not be a humorous one. But if the same accident should occur to a pompous person who was at the very moment engaged in making a theatrical gesture, the incident would be humorous; the incongruity between the victim's state of mind, sympathetically apprehended by the observer, and his situation, would be felt as laughable.

One who has the sense of humor well

developed can even laugh at himself, taking an external but sympathetic view of his own character, conduct, or circumstances. Without this sense, a man is liable to be deficient in self-knowledge. Who is not familiar with that non-humorous, solemn person who commits the most selfish or cruel acts from what he conceives to be the holiest motives? "A man without a sense of humor," declares an anonymous writer, "is occasionally to be respected, often to be feared, and nearly always to be avoided."

MY UNCLE NAT

DEATH came to the old man only a few years ago. Too long he had lingered, and the summons was as though a loving mother said chidingly, "Why do you stay out in the cold so long? Come right in!" And he went in.

His life had come to be a sort of chronic protest against modern conditions. I cannot say he was childish. Unworthy expression! It shall not be used of my Uncle Nat, who had simply *let go*.

Often, after a profound reverie or a brown study, or whatever it would be best to call it, he would shake his head solemnly and mutter, "No, no, no, no indeed! no indeed!" And though not sour or ill-tempered, my Uncle Nat lived towards the last in constant disapproval of a decadent Present. It was away up in Culpeper County, Virginia, that he lived, and there, revisiting my native county at intervals, I saw him. He was very old. I will not say how old, lest I jar the feelings of some of the least young readers of this Club. He lived and died on the farm owned by his ancestors from everlasting to everlasting. His bedroom was literally on the "ground floor," but it never seemed damp, and he had a blaze in the fireplace even in summer, if a little morning rawness or evening dampness justified it. Living as I have done in Washington City for years, where sanitation-crazy citizens must always sleep upstairs, I have held up Uncle Nat, as

well as other aged Virginians, as strong refutation of their theory. Why, my uncle, though you may not believe it, had not, when he died, been up the old stairway for twenty-eight years. The rest of the family and frequent squads of "company" slept aloft, but not he.

He would sit for a long time in his splint-bottomed chair, with his feet on the large stones of the hearth, gazing down into the fire. I have seen Uncle Nat in one of these reveries smile a sweet, happy smile, and I knew he was living over again some scene, more than half a century back, in which he was chief actor, happy of heart and lithe of limb. But then apparently would come the thought of a pestiferous Present and times "out of joint," and he would mutter his "No, no indeed." Poor, old, lonely, wifeless man! It was this happy faculty of reverie — of plunging into trance — that gave him surcease of sorrow.

At night, not very long "after candle lighting" as he marked the time, he went to bed, in winter covering the fire coals carefully the last thing. True, there was no need of that, for matches were abundant; he loved to tell of the time when they first "came about," and how he surprised some fellow teamsters in a camp one night when he lighted a lucifer match. But he saved the fire coals, and next morning raked the ashes off and piled on wood and chips and corn-cobs and thrust a "lightwood" knot under it.

Having done this, he would go out into the "back porch," take down the "noggin" (ask your archæological friend what a noggin is), and perform his toilet. He clung tenaciously to this primitive form of ablution, and followed it with the violent use of a coarse towel. Then he combed his scant locks, and took a drink, — a drink of pure water in a gourd with a long curved handle. You may have quaffed something very near the elixir of the gods out of a crystal goblet, but you have known no real drink if you have not put to your lips the old gourd (cracked per-

haps and the split sewed up) and drunk, long and deeply, water from a spring where a microbe never existed.

Once Uncle Nat had been a politician, but it was "fo' the waw," and although a Democrat in the new alignment of 1860, he hated the word, and most often called himself, as of yore, an Old Line Whig. He had not been a Secessionist, but neither had he been a Union man in a definite sense, and he could not get over now the prejudices of 1861. Serious property loss had been his, with the Blue and the Gray armies sweeping alternately over his farm in that unfortunate middle ground unwillingly afforded by old Virginia. The death of a brother — a conscript soldier, who had lingered behind the volunteers partly because the whole neighborhood, denuded of strong men, found him indispensable, the one ever ready to help in sickness and all other trouble — gave him a retrospect of bitterness he could never live down.

He revered the name of Robert E. Lee to the point of worship, and the last time I saw him I was rejoiced that there was one thing I told him about the present time which positively pleased him. It was that Lee was now honored and admired even by those who had most earnestly helped to defeat him. "It is as it should be, sir; as it should be," he said. I had not before found anything considered by him in this iconoclastic age to be as it should be.

Then I made one more effort to induce him to visit me in Washington. I resolved to steer him over the city with special reference to avoiding the statues of war heroes. He was obdurate. Living two and a half hours' journey from the national capital, he had not visited it for over forty-five years. He said: "No sir, I thank you for your invite, but I can't go. Don't want to. It seems a right smart while not to see your country's capital, — nearly half a century, — but I reckon I can get along just as well without going thar. It's a Babylon, sir; it's an abominably wicked city! It's where it all come

from in the war. Mr. Lincoln, sir, was a kind-hearted man, but he had wicked advisers and the wickedness come from them. I was to see Jim Buchanan take his seat, though I did n't vote for him, but I ain't a ben sence, and I just ain't a goin' thar. Spesh'y I feel so when I remember 'bout John M." (He always spoke of his brother by his double name, an old Virginia custom.) "Why, sir, that man John M. he voted 'ginst secession and only went when the conscript officer came and he was 'bleeged to go. And then to think, at Petersburg, they, they, —"

He stopped abruptly, poked the fire with the tongs, and went into one of his reveries. I slipped quietly out, but ere I passed through the door, I heard him muttering, "No, no, no, *no* indeed!"

THE BOSWELL NATION

ONE of my chief troubles in life is my inability to rejoice with them that do rejoice, at just the psychological moment. A week or two after they have got all through with their happiness and have stopped talking about it, I appear on the scene, thrilled with out-of-date enthusiasm. The question then comes to be, whether one's chief duty is to synchronize his happiness with that of others or to take it when he can. At the risk of being utterly unavailable by speaking on a subject to which nobody seems to be paying any particular attention just now, let me out with it while the feeling is at its height and hope that here and there some old-fashioned soul experiences my own delight in British biography.

Of course, just as I was about to put my delight into words it was fated that I should run across Miss Repplier's discouraging remarks on the subject, in which she tries to dampen one's ardor by saying that "the English memoirs have little that is joyous or beautiful or inspiring." With the reflection that one's literary faith ought to expect to meet with manifold temptations, like any other operation of that faculty, I console myself by

answering that perhaps Miss Repplier did not sufficiently take into account the fact that it rained almost the whole time the English memoirs were being written. This will sufficiently account for any superficial lack of gayety in them.

Now what I like about English biography is what I would call the *muchness* of it. It is the only region I know of in which I appreciate the feeling of the old woman whose first impression of the ocean was that for the first time in her life she was seeing enough of anything. A critical friend of mine has a favorite theory that one ought not to linger long either with men or books, but just sip or taste and then pass along. His practice is quite consistent with his theory; hence it goes without saying that he is not one with whom are possible the pleasures of sitting up late. Of a thorough-going three-volume Life and Letters he would be constitutionally incapable, for this is no proper field for the sipper and taster.

What these biographies invite and encourage is that we saturate ourselves with them until our mental scenery is quite transfigured. A week or so afterward we find ourselves almost thinking that we are ourselves the people we have been reading about, just as Charles Lamb after a day or two at Oxford would find himself proceeding Master of Arts. For days at a time I have innocuously strutted Dean of Westminster in my neighborhood, without anybody knowing anything about it. And this is something which I think no French memoir will ever make it possible for one to do.

If at any house I find upon the table a long and venerable row of the best English biographies I feel at once that this is a place where they are prepared to have you stop a while, and take your ease. These are volumes which nobody will ever possess because he thinks he ought to possess them. They betoken affinity. Fashion might dictate a shelf of French memoirs, and one might have them for any one of a dozen reasons, but nobody will ever collect these English favorites for any other

reason than that they are really wanted.

In this country we have hardly a great biography to our credit. We have a timid, practical way of writing it, as if half in doubt as to whether any man is worth so much notice. In a big, believing sort of a way the Englishman goes ahead with his hero and makes him worth it. That portly three-volume way of going out to meet oblivion, and simply falling upon it and smashing it, is the only way for him. And after that there is usually a volume of letters a year or so later as a relay to the reputation. The English appetite for these things is frank and enormous. The national mind is a sort of Westminster Abbey, and Boswell is its irremovable dean. Other people can think in a vacuum; but the Briton must have ideas precipitated into persons before he can get hold of them with any sort of grip.

If a man be of the outstanding sort, they never think of such a thing as not using him twice. It is a part of the mental thrift of the nation. The actual deeds of Thomas Arnold which he did in the flesh were probably never of half the use to England that he has been since his countrymen began to use him through one of the best biographies of the last century. Then, too, with all their love of dignitaries it is not half so essential over there as it is here that a name should be a great one in order to be thus celebrated. To call the attention of the whole country to some obscure country parson is a perfectly regular proceeding. People expect it. That Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstone, will have his biography is as much a matter of course as that Stanley will. We are much too sane for such a memoir.

The Englishman furthermore has not fallen a victim to that unhappy chemical experiment of reducing all our sustenance to tablet form. He does not try to give you the concentrated extract of a personality, but prefers rather to give you the whole person and let you make your own extract. He brings his hero along, with all his belongings, — unwieldily, elbowing, incongruous the result may be, but he is

sure to be all there. And doing things thus, he never descends to naming one of his histories *The Real Oliver Cromwell*, because to his mind this would seem tautology. When he is through with anybody one has perhaps as complete a sense of possession of another personality as it is possible for us to obtain.

Of all people in the world the Englishman is the last one for us to try to compact into a phrase or two. The sipper or taster will just as likely as not get the wrong taste and make a false report. You may be with him six months and he will not do the typical thing; only a Boswell with plenty of time and memory, forever hanging around, will be in at the right moment, when he does something that sums himself up and lets out his whole great heart. By endless visitings and much sitting up late, by taking plenty of time for letter-writing and thinking it well spent, and considering a journey across the country for a little conversation's sake entirely legitimate, the Englishman seems to be in habitual readiness for the writing of biography. We are apt to get ready when it is too late, but they seem to meet and visit together as if they might possibly want to write each other's biographies some day, or at least contribute toward them.

ON CERTAIN VAGARIES OF THE POETS

WE are used to the Whitmanites: we do not mind them any more, though sometimes we may wish they would not divide their rather complicated sentences into lines quite so arbitrarily. Even a simple prose sentence takes on difficulty as well as dignity when it is printed as a five-line stanza, thus:—

I got
Up and found
The kitchen
Fire had gone
Out.

Still this is intelligible, if the reader will only put his mind to it.

But another school of poets of a different mettle has appeared. Instead of loafing and inviting their souls, these gentlemen fly to the uttermost parts of the earth in search of verbal monstrosities, and return with hordes of barbaric captives. Not satisfied with this, they seize and torture beyond recognition respectable native citizens of the language. Borrowing a word from one of their own number, we may call them the "strepitous" school. Adapting a well-known epigram, we might briefly define them and their work as the Unintelligent in full pursuit of the Unintelligible.

The other day I picked up a magazine and glanced over the verse it contained. In four short and harmless-looking, albeit apparently serious compositions, I discovered the following words: "dunching," "planished," "skelloch," "heveril," "strepitous," "riffing," besides the more familiar "wastrel," "guidon," and, of course, "rede" and "sib." These poems, as I said, were all serious in intention; three of them were deathly serious, — at least they had something to do with death, just what, I could not tell. Yet poor Lewis Carroll, if he were alive, would hide his diminished head; clearly, he is out-Carrolled. If the Baker had only thought of dunching the Boojum, he might have returned home in safety.

The strepitous school have not confined themselves to verse that "dunches" and "riffles." If they had, we might thank them for adding to the gayety of nations. But they have laid violent hands on respectable English words, and tried to force the poetry out of them, as our ancestors used to force confessions out of malefactors, on the rack. This, as Jeffrey used to say, will never do. We cannot look at it with equanimity. To take a mild instance, — an extreme one

would be too painful, — in another magazine I find: "Phaeton headlong ruining down the sky." Presumably the author means that Phaeton is going to ruin; but "ruin" as a verb is transitive, and by using it intransitively the author does not make it poetical, but only ungrammatical and ambiguous. Perhaps he meant that Phaeton was destroying the welkin; if so, why does he add "down"? He does not need it to fill out the metre. After this calamity to Phaeton or the heavens, it is refreshing to be told (in the next poem) that "all this earth's misrule is glamourised into grace." Perhaps there is some hope even for Phaeton; at least he had a fair chance to be "glamourised;" let us hope it was "into grace."

Joubert once said that great poets are of two kinds: the kings of words, and the tyrants of words. Virgil and Milton are kings; Browning is a tyrant. Shakespeare is a king who grew a little tyrannical in his later years. To make a Phaeton-like descent, the "strepitous" poets are the bullies of words. Dante is reported to have remarked that though he had often compelled words to say what they did not mean, they had never compelled him to say what he did not mean. When the "strepitous" poet applies compulsion to words, the upshot generally is that a noise is made, but nothing at all is said. He may make them shriek, but he cannot make them sing. The odd thing is that he generally prefers to bully the big and strange words, — perhaps because he thinks that words are poetical in proportion to their size and strangeness. But words, like horses and men, know their masters; the smallest and commonest will turn to perfect poetry at the touch of a Keats: —

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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1907

ROSE MACLEOD¹

BY ALICE BROWN

I

MADAM FULTON and her grand-daughter Electra were sitting at the breakfast table. It was a warm yet inspiriting day in early spring, and, if the feel and look of it were not enough, the garden under the dining-room windows told the season's hour like a floral clock. The earliest blossoms had been pushed onward by the mounting spirit of the year, and now the firstlings of May were budding. The great Georgian house, set in the heart of this processional bloom, showed the mellow tints of time. It had an abundant acreage, diversified, at first hand, not only by this terraced garden in the rear, but by another gone to wild abandon on the west, and an orchard stretching away into level fields, and, beyond them, groves of pine.

These dining-room windows, three of them, side by side, and now unshaded, gave large outlook on a beautiful and busy world where the terrace mounted in green, to be painted later with red peony balls, and where the eye, still traveling, rested in satisfaction on the fringe of locusts at the top.

Inside the house the sense of beauty could be fully fed. Here was a sweet consistency, the sacred past in untouched being, that time when furniture was made in England, and china was the product of long voyages and solemn boarding in corner cabinets with diamond panes. Life here was reflected dimly from polished surfaces and serenely accentuated by quaint carvings and spindle legs. Here was "atmosphere"

— the theatre of simple and austere content.

Madam Fulton outwardly fitted her background as a shepherdess fits a fan. She was a sprite of an old lady, slender and round, and finished in every movement, with the precision of those who have "learned the steps" in dancing of another period. It was her joy that she had kept her figure, her commonplace that, having it, she knew what to do with it. She had a piquant profile, dark eyes, and curls whiter than white, sifted over with the lustre of a living silver. According to her custom, she wore light gray, and there was lace about her wrists and throat.

"Coffee, Electra?" she suddenly proposed, in a contralto voice that still had warmth in it. She put the question impatiently, as if her hidden self and that of the girl opposite had been too long communing, in spite of them, and she had to break the tacit bondage of that intercourse by one more obvious. The girl looked up from the letter in her hand.

"No, thank you, grandmother," she said. Her voice, even in its lowest notes, had a clear, full resonance. Then she laid the letter down. "I beg your pardon," she added. "I thought you were opening your mail."

"No! no!" Madam Fulton cried, in a new impatience. "Go on. Read your letter. Don't mind me."

But the girl was pushing it aside. She looked across the table with her direct glance, and Madam Fulton thought unwillingly how handsome she was. Electra was young, and she lacked but

one thing: a girl's uncertain grace. She had all the freshness of youth with the poise of ripest womanhood. She sat straight and well, and seemed to manage her position at table as if it were a horse. Her profile was slightly aquiline and her complexion faultless in its fairness and its testimony to wholesome living. Her lips were rather thin, but the line of white teeth behind them showed exquisitely. She had a great deal of fine brown hair wound about her head in braids, in an imperial fashion. Perhaps the only fault in her face was that her eyes were of a light and not sympathetic blue.

"Shall I open your mail, grandmother?" she asked, with extreme deference.

Madam Fulton's hand was lying on a disordered pile of letters, twenty deep, beside her plate. She pressed the hand a little closer.

"No, thank you," she said. "I will attend to them myself."

Electra laid down her napkin, and pushed her plate to one side, to give space for her own papers. She lifted one sheet, and holding it in her fine hands, began rather elegantly, —

"Grandmother, I have here a most interesting letter from Mrs. Furnivall Williams. She speaks of your book in the highest praise."

"Oh!" said the old lady, with a shade of satire, "does she? That's very good-natured of Fanny Williams."

"Let me read you what she says." Electra bent a frowning brow upon the page. "Ah, this is it. 'It was to be expected that your grandmother would write what we all wanted to read. But her "Recollections" are more than welcome. They are satisfying. They are illuminative.'"

"Fanny Williams is a fool!"

Electra, not glancing up, yet managed to look deeply pained.

"She goes on to say, 'What a power your dear grandmother has been! I never realized it until now.'"

"That's a nasty thing for Fanny Williams to write. You tell her so."

"Then she asks whether you would be willing to meet the Delta Club for an afternoon of it."

"Of what?"

"Your book, grandmother, — your 'Recollections.'"

"Electra, you drive me to drink. I have written the book. I've printed it. I've done with it. What does Fanny Williams want me to do now? Prance?"

Electra was looking at her grandmother at last and in a patient hopefulness, like one awaiting a better mood.

"Grandmother dear," she protested, "it almost seems as if you owe it to the world, having said so much, to say a little more."

"What, for instance, Electra? What?"

Electra considered, one hand smoothing out the page.

"People want to know things about it. The newspapers do. How can you think for a moment of the discussion there has been, and not expect questions?"

The old lady smiled to herself.

"Well," she said, "they won't find out."

"But why, grandmother, why?"

"I can't tell you why, Electra; but they won't, and there's an end of it." She rose from her chair, and Electra, gathering her mail, followed punctiliously. As they were leaving the room, her grandmother turned upon her. "Did you hear from Peter?" she asked.

"Yes. From New York. He will be here to-morrow." Electra's clear, well-considered look was very unlike that of a girl whose lover had come home, after a five years' absence, for the avowed purpose of marriage.

Madam Fulton regarded her for a moment with a softened glance. It seemed wistfully to include other dreams, other hopes than the girl's own, a little dancing circle of shadowy memories outside the actual, as might well happen when one has lived many years and seen the growth and passing of such ties.

"Well, Electra," she said then, "I suppose you'll marry him. You'll be famous by brevet. That's what you'll like."

Electra laughed a little, in a tolerant way.

"You are always thinking I want to become a celebrity, grandmother," she said. "That's very funny of you."

"Think!" emphasized the old lady. "I know it. I know your kind. They're thick as spatter now. Everybody wants to do something, or say he's done it. You want to 'express' yourselves. That's what you say — 'express' yourselves. I never saw such a race."

She went grumbling into the library to answer her letters, or at least look them through, and paused there for a moment, her hand on the table. She knew approximately what was in the letters. They were all undoubtedly about her book, the "Recollections" of her life, some of them questioning her view of the public events therein narrated, but others palpitating with an eager interest. She had written that history as a woman of letters in a small way, and a woman who had known the local celebrities, and she had done it so vividly, with such incredible originality, that the book was not only having a rapid sale, but it piqued the curiosity of gossip-lovers and even local historians. No names were mentioned; but when she wrote, "A poet said to me in Cambridge one day," everybody knew what poet was meant. When she obscurely alluded to the letters preceding some smooth running of the underground railway, historians of the war itched to see the letters, and invited her to produce them. The book was three months old now, and the wonder no less. The letters had been coming, and the old lady had not been answering them. At first she read them with glee, as a later chapter of her life story; but now they tired her a little, because she anticipated their appeal.

A bird was singing outside. She cocked her head a little and listened, not

wholly in pleasure, but with a critical curiosity as well. She was always watching for the diminution of sound, the veiling of sight because she was old, and now she wondered whether the round golden notes were what they had been fifty years ago. She stood a moment thoughtfully, her hand now on the letters, — those tedious intruders upon her leisure. Then, with an air of guilty escape, though there was no one to see and judge, she left them lying there and stole softly out on the veranda, where she sank into her friendly wicker chair, and looking upon the world, smilingly felt it to be good. The sky was very bright, yet not too bright for pleasure; clouds not meant for rain were blotting it in feathery spaces. There was a sweet air stirring, and the birds, though they were busy, said something about it from time to time in a satisfactory way. Madam Fulton felt the rhythm and surge of it all, and acquiesced in her own inactive part in it. Sometimes of late she hardly knew how much of life was memory and how much the present brilliant call of things. It was life, the thing she did not understand. Presently she closed her eyes and sank, she thought, into a deeper reverie. These excursions of hers were less like sleep, she always told herself, than a kind of musing dream. At last she was learning what other old people had meant when they explained, with a shamefaced air of knowing youth could never understand, "I just lost myself." To lose one's battered and yet still insistent self was now to be at peace.

When the forenoon was an hour or more along, she opened her eyes, aware of some one looking at her. There he was, an old gentleman of a pleasant aspect, heavy, with a thickness of curling white hair, blue eyes, and that rosiness which is as the bloom upon the flower of good living. His clothes were of the right cut, and he wore them with the ease of a man who has always had the best to eat, to wear, to look at; for whom life

has been a well-organized scheme to turn out comfort. The old lady stared at him with unwinking eyes, and the old gentleman smiled at her.

"Billy!" she cried at last, and gave him both her hands. "Billy Stark!"

They shook hands warmly and still looked each other in the eye. They had not met for years, and neither liked to think what was in the other's mind. But Madam Fulton, after they had sat down, challenged it.

"I'm an old woman, Billy." She wrinkled up her eyes in a delightful way she had. "Don't you think that's funny?"

Billy with difficulty crossed one leg over the other, helping it with a plump hand.

"You're precisely what you always were."

His round, comfortable voice at once put her where she liked to be, in the field of an unconsidered intercourse with man. Electra, she knew, was too much with her, but she had forgotten how invigorating these brisk yet kindly breezes were, from the other planets. "That's what I came over to see about," Billy was saying, with a rakish eye. "I need n't have taken the trouble. You're as little changed as that syringa bush."

Her brilliant face softened into something wistful.

"The bush will come into bloom in a few weeks, Billy," she reminded him. "I shan't ever bloom again."

"Boo to a goose!" said Billy. "You're in bloom now."

The wistfulness was gone. She adjusted her glasses on her nose and eyed him sharply.

"I think too much about old age," she said. "I regard mine as a kind of mildew, and every day and forty times a day I peer at myself to see if the mildew's growing thicker. But you don't seem to have any mildew, Billy. You're just a different kind of person from what you were fifty years ago. You have n't gone bad at all."

Billy set his correct feet together on the floor, rose, and, with his hand on his heart, made her a bow.

"I don't care for it much myself," he said.

"Growing old? It's the devil, Billy. Don't talk about it. Why are n't you in England?"

"I'm junior partner now."

"I know it."

"I'm a great publisher, Florrie."

She nodded.

"Your men run over to arrange with us in London. There was no occasion for my coming here. But I simply wanted to. I got a little curious — homesick, maybe. So I came. Got in last night. I read your book before I sailed."

She looked at him quizzically and almost, it might be said, with a droll uneasiness.

"You brought it out in England," she offered, in rather a small voice. "Naturally you'd read it."

"Not because we brought it out. Because it was yours," he corrected her. "My word, Florrie, what a life you've had of it."

The pink crept into her cheeks. Her eyes menaced him.

"Are you trying to pump me, Billy Stark?" she inquired.

"Not for a moment. But you're guilty, Florrie. What is it?"

She considered, her gaze bent on her lap.

"Well, the fact is, Billy," she temporized, "I've got in pretty deep with that book. I wrote it as a sort of a — well, I wrote it, you know, and I thought I might get a few hundred dollars out of it, same as I have out of those novels I used to write to keep lace on my petticoats. Well! the public has made a fool of itself over the book. Every day I get piles of letters asking what I meant by this and that, and won't I give my documentary evidence for saying this or that great gun did so and so at such a time."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Give my evidence? Why, I can't!"

She was half whimpering, with a laugh on her old face. "I have n't got it."

"You mean you have n't the actual letters now. Those extraordinary ones of the abolitionist group for example, — can't you produce them?"

"Why no, Billy, of course I can't. I" — she held his glance with a mixture of deprecation and a gay delight — "I made them up."

William Stark, the publisher, looked at her with round blue eyes growing rounder and a deeper red surging into his sea-tanned face. He seemed on the point of bursting into an explosion, whether of horror or mirth. Madam Fulton could not tell. She continued to gaze at him in the same mingling of deprecating and amused inquiry. In spite of her years she looked like a little animal which, having done wrong, seeks out means of propitiation, and as yet knows nothing better than the lifted eyebrow of inquiry.

"Well," she said again defiantly, "I made them up."

"In God's name, Florrie, what for?"

"I wanted to."

"To pad out your book?"

"To make a nice book, the kind of one I wanted. I'll tell you what, Billy," — she bowled caution into the farthest distance, — "I'm going to make a clean breast of it. Now you won't peach?"

He shook his head.

"Go on," he bade her.

She lifted her head, sat straighter in her chair, and spoke with firmness: —

"Now, Billy, if I'm going to talk to you at all, you must know precisely where I stand. Maybe you do, but I don't believe it. You see, all these years I've been writing what I called novels, and they've paid me a little, and I've got up a sort of local fame. I'm as poor — well, I can't tell you how poor. Only I live here in the summer with Electra in her house —"

"It's the old Fulton house."

"Yes, but it came to her through her father. Remember, I was a second wife.

I had no children. My husband gave me the Cambridge place and left this to his son."

"What became of the Cambridge house?"

"Sold, years ago. Eaten up. Seems as if I'd done nothing, all these years, but eat. It makes me sick to think of it. Well, here was I, credit low, my little knack at writing all but gone — why, Billy, styles have changed since my day. Folks would hoot at my novels now. They don't read them. They just remember I wrote them when they want a celebrity at a tea. I'm a back number. Don't you know it?"

He nodded, gravely pondering. The one thing about him never to be affected by his whimsical humor was the integrity of a business verdict. Madam Fulton now was warming to the value of her own position. She began to see how picturesque it was.

"Well, then up rises one of your precious publishers and says to me, 'Mrs. Fulton, you have known all the celebrated people. Why not write your recollections?' 'Why not?' says I. Well, I went home and sat down and wrote. And when I looked back at my life, I found it dull. So I gave myself a free hand. I described the miserable thing as it ought to have been, not as it was."

William Stark was leaning forward, looking her in the face, his hands on his knees, as if to steady him through an amazing crisis.

"Florrie," he began, "do you mean to say you made up most of the letters in that book?"

"Most of them? Every one! I had n't any letters from celebrities. Days when I might have had, I did n't care a button about the eggs they were cackling over, and I did n't know they were going to be celebrities, then, did I?"

"Do you mean the recollections of Brook Farm, taken down from the lips of the old poet as he had it from a member of the fraternity there —"

"Faked, dear boy, faked, every one of

them." She was gathering cheerfulness by the way.

"The story of Hawthorne and the first edition —"

"Hypothetical. Grouse in the gun-room."

"Do you mean that the story of the old slave who came to your mother's door in Waltham, and the three abolitionists on their way to the meeting —"

"Now what's the use, Billy Stark?" cried the old lady. "I told you it was a fake from beginning to end. So it is. So is every page of it. If I'd written my recollections as they were, the book would have been a pamphlet of twenty odd pages. It would have said I married a learned professor because I thought if I got into Cambridge society I should see life, and life was what I wanted. It would have gone on to say I found it death and nothing else, and when my husband died I spent all the money I could get trying to see life and I never saw it then. Who'd have printed that? Pretty recollections, I should say!"

Mr. Stark was still musing, his eyes interrogating her.

"It's really incredible, Florrie," he said at last. "Poor dear! you needed the money."

"That was n't it."

"Then what was?"

"I don't know." But immediately her face folded up into its smiling creases and she said, "I wanted some fun."

William Stark fell back in his chair and began to laugh, round upon wheezy round. When his glasses had fallen off and his cheeks were wet and his face flamed painfully, Madam Fulton spoke, without a gleam.

"You're a nice man, Billy Stark."

"You wanted your little joke!" he repeated, subsiding and trumpeting into his handkerchief. "Well, you've had it, Florrie, you've had it."

"I don't know that I have," she returned. "I had to enjoy it alone, and that kind of palled on me. When the first notices came, I used to lie awake from

three o'clock on, to laugh. I used to go to the window when Electra was in the room, and make up faces, to let off steam and keep her from knowing. Then the letters kept coming, and clubs and things kept hounding me, and Electra was always at me. There she is now, with my grog. See me take it and pour it into the syringa."

II

Electra was crossing the veranda with her springing step, bearing a glass of beaten egg and milk on a little tray. Madam Fulton signed to her to place the tray on a table, evidently ready for such ministrations, and then presented her friend. Electra greeted him with a smile of bright acceptance. She knew his standing, and his air of worldly ease quite satisfied her.

"May I bring you —?" she began, with a pretty grace.

"I should like a glass of water," said Billy, "if you will be so good."

When she had gone, Madam Fulton spoke in impressive haste: —

"How long can you stay, Billy? All day? All night?"

"I've got to run back to New York for a bit, but I shall be in America all summer, one place or another. I'll stay to luncheon, if you'll let me."

"We must avoid Electra! If she comes back and settles on us, I shall simply take you to walk. We can go over to Bessie Grant's. You remember her. She married the doctor."

"I remember."

Electra had returned with a glass and pitcher, and ice clinking pleasantly. She took occasion to explain to Madam Fulton, with some civil hesitation, —

"I have a committee meeting, grandmother. I had planned to go in town."

The old lady responded briskly.

"Go, my dear, go. Mr. Stark will stay to luncheon. We'll look out for each other."

When Electra had rustled away, after the pleasantest of farewell recognitions

between her and the guest, Madam Fulton heaved a sigh.

"Billy," said she, "that's a dreadful girl."

"She's a very handsome girl. What's the matter with her?"

"She's so equipped. First, she's well-born. Her grandmother was a Grace and her mother was a Vanderdecken. See her teeth. See her hair, and her profile. Dreadful!"

"They're very beautiful, in a correct way. She's as well made as a grand piano."

"That's it, Billy. And she has done nothing but polish herself, and now you can see your face in her. Fancy, Billy, what these modern creatures do. They go to gymnasium. They can take a five-barred gate, I believe, in their knickerbockers and what they call sneakers. They understand all about foods and what's good for them and what's good for the aged, and if you're over seventy they buy condensed foods in cans and make you take it twice a day."

"You have n't tasted your grog."

"I shan't. Want it?"

He accepted the glass, and sniffed at it critically.

"That's good," he commented.

"That's very good. There's a familiar creature in that." He tasted, and then drank with gusto.

"Well," said the old lady disparagingly, "you would n't have said so if it had been one of the foods. I have them before I go to bed."

He spoke persuasively: "Florrie, let's talk a little more about the book."

"There's nothing more to say. I've told you the whole story, and I know you won't tell anybody else."

"Don't you think you'd better make a clean breast of it to Gilbert and Wall?"

"What for?"

"Well, I don't know exactly: only it seems to me publishers and authors are in a more or less confidential relation. Being a publisher myself, I naturally feel rather strongly about it."

"I don't see it in the least," said the old lady decisively. "All this talk about the paternal relation is mere poppycock. They print me a book. If it takes a start, they back it. They're as glad as I am. But as to telling them my glorious little joke, why, I can't and I won't."

"But, dear woman, they're printing away with full confidence in having got a valuable book out of you."

"So they have. It's selling, is n't it?"

"Madly. Specialists want it for honest data. The general reader has got an idea from the reviews that there's personal gossip in it, more or less racy. So it goes."

"Well, let it go," said the old lady recklessly. "I shan't stop it."

"No, but I can't help thinking Gilbert and Wall ought to be in the secret."

"Do you imagine they'd stop printing?"

"I don't imagine anything. I believe to speak temperately, they'd drop dead. I only say it's a fearful and wonderful situation, and they ought to know it. You see, dear woman, you've not only played a joke on the public, you've played a joke on them."

"Well, for goodness' sake, why not? What's a publisher, anyway? Has he got to be treated like a Hindu god? Billy Stark, I wish you'd stayed in London where you belong."

Again Billy felt himself wheezing, and gave up to it as before. She watched him unwinkingly, and by and by she chuckled a little and then joined him, in an ecstasy.

"Florrie," said he, "you're simply a glorious portent, and you've no more moral sense than the cat."

"No, Billy, no!" She was answering in a happy acquiescence. "I never had any. I've always wanted some fun, and I want it to this day." Her old face changed surprisingly under a shade of gravity. "And see where it's led me." It was natural to conclude that her verdict embraced wider evidence than that of the erring book. Billy, quite serious in

his turn, looked at her in candid invitation. She answered him earnestly and humbly: "Billy, I always took the wrong road. I took it in the beginning and I never got out of it."

"There's a frightful number of wrong turnings," Billy offered, in rather inadequate sympathy, "and a great deficiency of guideposts."

"You see, Billy, the first thing I did was to give up Charlie Grant and marry Mark Fulton. I was only a country girl. Charlie was a country boy. I thought Mark must be a remarkable person, because he was a professor in Cambridge. I thought Charlie was going to be a poor little country doctor, because he was studying medicine with another country doctor, and he could n't go to college to save his skin. There were eight children, you know, younger than he. He had to work on the farm. Well, Billy, I made a mistake."

Stark marveled at the crude simplicity of all this. He forgot, for the moment, that she was an old woman, and that for a long time she had been conning over the past like a secret record, full of blemishes, perhaps, but not now to be remedied.

"You did like Charlie," he ventured. "I knew that."

"I liked him very much. And I've never quite escaped from his line of life, if that's what they call it. Since Electra was alone and I came here to stay with her, I've been thrown with his widow. Bessie's an old woman, too, you know, like me. But she's a different kind."

"She was a pretty girl. Rather sedate, I remember, for a girl."

"Billy, she's a miracle. She lives alone, all but old Mary to do the work. She's stiffened from rheumatism so that she sits in her chair nearly all day, and stumps round a little, in agony, with two canes. But she's had her life."

"How has she had it, Florrie? In having Grant?"

"Because all her choices were good choices. She took him when he was poor,

and she helped him work. They had one son. He married a singer, a woman — well, like me. Maybe it was in the blood to want a woman like me. Then this boy and the singer had two sons — one of them clever. Peter Grant, you know. I suppose he's a genius, if there are such. The other has — a deformity."

"I know," he nodded. "You wrote me."

"I did n't write you all. He was n't born with it. He was a splendid boy, but when he had the accident the mother turned against him. She could n't help it. I see how it was, Billy. The pride of life, that's what it is — the pride of life."

"Is he dwarfed?"

"Heavens! he was meant for a giant, rather. He has great strength. Somehow he impresses you. But it's the grandmother that built him up, body and brain. Now he's a man grown, and she's made him. Don't you see, Billy? she's struck home every time."

"Is she religious?"

"Yes, she is. She prays." Her voice fell, with the word. She looked at him searchingly, as if he might understand better than she did the potency of that communion.

"She's a Churchwoman, I suppose."

"No, no. She only believes things — and prays. She told me one day Osmond — he's the deformed one — he could n't have lived if she had n't prayed."

"That he would be better?"

"No, she was quite explicit about that. Only that they would be taught how to deal with it — his trouble. To do it, she said, as God wished they should. Billy, it's marvelous."

"Well, dear child," said Billy, "you can pray, too."

Her old face grew pinched in its denial.

"No," she answered sadly, "no. It would n't rise above the ceiling. What I mean is, Billy, that all our lives we're opening gates into different roads. Bessie Grant opened the right gate. She's got into a level field and she's at home there. But I should n't be. I only go

and climb up and look over the bars. And I go stumbling along, hit or miss, and I never get anywhere."

He was perplexed. He frowned a little.

"Where do you want to get, Florrie?" he asked, at length.

She smiled into his face engagingly.

"I don't know, Billy. Only where things don't bore me; where they are worth while."

"But they always get to bore us —" he paused and she took him up.

"You mean I'm bored because I am an old woman. I should say so, too, but then I look at that other woman and I know it is n't so. No, Billy, I took the wrong road."

Billy looked at her a long time, searchingly.

"Well," he said, at last, "what can we do about it? I mean, besides writing fake memoirs and then going ag'in our best friends when they beg us to own up?"

She put the question by, as if it could not possibly be considered, and yet as if it made another merry chapter to her jest. Billy had gathered his consolatory forces for another leap.

"Florrie," said he, "come back to London with me."

"My dear child!"

"You marry me, Florrie. I asked you fifty odd years ago. I could give you a good sober sort of establishment, a salon of a sort. I know everybody in arts and letters. Come on, Florrie."

Fire was in the old lady's eye. She rose and made him a pretty courtesy.

"Billy," said she, "you're splendid. I won't hold you to it, but it will please me to my dying day to think I've had another offer. No, Billy, no. You would n't like it. But you're splendid."

Billy, too, had risen. They took hands and stood like boy and girl looking into each other's eyes. There was a little suffusion, a tear perhaps, the memory of other times when coin did not have to be counted so carefully, when they could open the windows without inevit-

able dread of the night, its dark and chill. The old lady broke the moment.

"Come over and see Bessie Grant. What do you say?"

"Delighted. Get your hat."

But she appeared with a gay parasol, one of Electra's, appropriated from the stand with the guilty consideration that the owner would hardly be back before three o'clock. The old lady liked warm colors. She loved the bright earth in all its phases, and of these a parasol was one. They went down the broad walk and out into the road shaded by summer green, that quivering roofwork of drooping branches and many leaves.

"Billy," said she, "I'm glad you've come."

"So am I, Florrie, so am I."

It was not far to the old Grant house, rich in the amplitude of its size, and of the grounds, where all conceivable trees that make for profit and delight were colonized according to a wise judgment. The house was large, of a light yellow with white trimmings and green blinds, and the green of the shrubbery relieved it and endowed it with an austere dignity. There was a curving driveway to the door, and following it, they came to the wide veranda, where an old lady sat by herself, dozing and reflecting as Madam Fulton had done that morning. The two canes by her chair told the story of a sad inaction. She was of heroic stature and breadth. Her small, beautifully poised head had thick white hair rolled back and wound about in a soft coil. Her face, pink with a persistent bloom, soft with a contour never to break or grow old, was simply a mother's face. It had the mother look, — the sweet serious eyes, the low brow, for beauty not for thought, the tranquil mouth. She was dressed in a fine cambric simply made, with little white ruffles about her neck and above her motherly hands. Madam Fulton saw her debating as they came, frowning a little, wondering evidently about the stranger. She called to her.

"Who is this, Bessie Grant?"

The other woman laid a hand upon her canes, and then, as if this were an instinctive movement, yet not to be undertaken hurriedly, smiled and sat still, awaiting them. When they were at the steps, she spoke, in an exceedingly pleasant voice. It deepened the effect of her great gentleness.

"I'm sure I don't know. Come right up and tell me."

They mounted the steps together, and Stark put out his hand. Mrs. Grant studied him for a moment. Light broke over her sweet old face.

"It's Billy Stark," she said.

"Of course it is," triumphed the other old lady. "Billy Stark come back from foreign parts as good as new. Now let's sit down and talk it over."

They drew their chairs together, and, smiles and glances mingling, went back over the course of the years, first with a leap to the keen, bright time when they were in school together. The type of those pages was clear-cut and vivid. There were years they skipped then, and finally they came to the present, and Billy said, —

"You have two grandsons?"

"Yes. One lives with me. The other is coming home to-morrow. He's the painter."

"Engaged to Electra," added Madam Fulton. "Did you know that? They are to be married this summer. Then I suppose he'll go back to Paris and she'll go with him."

Mrs. Grant was looking at her with a grave attention.

"We hope not," she said, "Osmond and I. Osmond hopes Peter will settle here and do some work. He thinks it will be best for him."

"There's no difficulty about his getting it," said Billy. "I saw his portrait of Mrs. Rhys. That was amazing."

The grandmother nodded, in a quiet pleasure.

"They said so," she returned.

"It will do everything for him."

"It has done everything. Osmond says he has only to sit down now and paint. But he thinks it will be best for him to do it here — at least for a time."

"How in the world can Osmond tell before he sees him?" objected Madam Fulton. "You have n't set eyes on Peter for five years. He may be Parisian to the backbone. You would n't want to tie him by the leg over here."

"So Osmond says. But he hopes he won't want to go back."

"I can tell him one thing," said the other old lady; "he'd better make up his mind to some big centre, Paris or New York, or he won't get Electra. Electra knows what she wants, and it is n't seclusion. She is going to be the wife of a celebrated painter, and she'll insist on the perquisites. I know Electra."

Mrs. Grant smiled in deprecation; but Stark had a habit of intuitive leaps, and he judged that she also knew Electra. His mind wandered a little, as his eyes ran over the nearer features of the place. It hardly suggested wealth: only comfort and beauty, the grace that comes of long devotion, the loving eye, the practiced hand. Somebody's heart had been put into it. This was the labor that was not hired. He had a strong curiosity to see Osmond, and yet he could not ask for him because Madam Fulton had once written him some queer tale of the man's sleeping in the woods, in a house of his own building, and living the wild life his body needed. One thing he learned now: Osmond's name was never out of his grandmother's mouth. She quoted his decisions as if they stood for ultimate wisdom. His ways were good and lovely to her.

The forenoon hour went by, and finally Madam Fulton remembered.

"Bless me!" she said. "It's luncheon time. Come, Billy."

The road was brighter now under the mounting sun. Madam Fulton was a little tired, and they walked silently. Presently, at her own gate, she suggested.

not grudgingly, but as if the charm of goodness was, unhappily, assured, —

"I suppose she's lovely!"

"Great! She's one of those creatures that have good mother-stuff in them. It does n't matter much what they mother. It's there. It's a kind of force. It helps — I don't know exactly how."

"Now can't you see what I mean? That woman has had big things. She had one of the great loves. She built it up, piece by piece, with Charlie. He kept a devotion for her that was n't to be compared with the tempest he felt about me. I'm sure of that."

Stark looked at her as they walked, his eyes perplexedly denying the evidence of his ears.

"Do you know, Florrie," he said, "it's incredible to hear you talk so."

"Why?"

"You have a zest for life, a curiosity about it. Why, it's simply tremendous."

"No, Billy, no. It's not tremendous. It's only that I am quite convinced I have n't got my money's worth. Late as it is, I want it yet. I'll have it — if it's only playing jokes on publishers!"

They ate together in the shaded room, and Madam Fulton, looking out through the windows at the terrace, realized, with an almost humble gratitude, that the world itself and the simple joys of it were quite different tasted in comradeship. She forgot Electra and the irritated sense that her well-equipped grand-daughter was leading her to the ideals of a higher life.

"Billy," she said again, "I'm uncommon glad you came."

Billy's heart warmed with responsive satisfaction. He had expected a more or less colorless meeting with his old love, a philosophic reference here and there to vanished youth, a twilight atmosphere of waning days; but here she was, living as hard as ever. And he had brightened her; he had given her pleasure. The complacency of it reacted upon him, and he sought about in his clever mind for another drop to fill the beaker. By the time

they had finished their coffee, he knew.

"Florrie," said he, "what if you should put on your hat and take the train with me?"

"My stars, Billy! Run away?"

"Come up to town. We'd scare up some kind of a theatre this evening, and in the morning you could see Gilbert and Wall."

"And 'fess? Not by a great sight! But I'd like to go, Billy. Leave out Gilbert and Wall, make it you and me, and I'm your man."

"Come along."

"Worry Electra to death!" she proffered brightly. "I'll do it, Billy. Here's the key of my little flat, right here on the writing-desk. I never stayed there alone, but there's no reason why I should n't. You can come round in the morning, to see if I've had a fit, and if I have n't we'll go to breakfast. But we must take the three o'clock. She'll be back by four."

She got her bonnet and her handbag, and when Electra did come back at four, her grandmother had flown, leaving a note behind.

III

The next morning Electra, dressed in white and rather pale at the lips, walked about the garden with a pretense of trimming a shrub here and there and steadying a flower. But she was waiting for her lover. She had expected him before. The ten o'clock would bring him, and he would come straight to her without stopping to see his grandmother and Osmond. But time went by, and she was nervously alert to the fact that he might not have come. Even Electra, who talked of poise and strove for it almost in her sleep, felt a little shaken at the deferred prospect of seeing him. It was after those five years, and his letters, voluminous as they were, had not told all. Especially had they omitted to say of late whether he meant to return to France when he should be able to take her with him. To see a lover after such a lapse was an

experience not unconnected with a possibility of surprise in herself as well as in him. She had hardly, even at the first, explicitly stated that she loved him. She had only recognized his privilege of loving her. But now she had put on a white dress, to meet him, and the garden was, in a sense, a protection to her. The diversity of its flowery paths seemed like a shade out of the glare of a defined relation. At last there was a step and he was coming. She forced herself to look at him and judge him as he came. He had scarcely changed, except, perhaps from his hurrying gait and forward bend, that he was more eager. There was the tall figure, the loose tie floating back, the low collar and straight black hair — the face with its aquiline curve and the wide sweet mouth, the eager dark eyes — he looked exactly like the man who had painted the great portrait of the year. Then he was close to her, and both her hands were in his. He lifted them quickly to his lips, one and then the other.

"Electra!" he said. It was the same voice, the slight eager hesitancy in it like the beginning of a stammer.

Electra, to her surprise, said an inconsequent thing. It betrayed how she was moved.

"Grandmother is away. She has gone to town."

"We will go into the summer-house," said the eager voice. "That is where I always think of you. You remember, don't you?"

He had kept her hand, and, like two children, they went along the broad walk and into the summer-house, where there was a green flicker of light from the vines. There was one chair, a rustic one, and Peter drew it forward for her. When she had seated herself, he sat down on the bench of the arbor close by, and, lifting her hand, kissed it again.

"Do you remember the knock-kneed poem I wrote you, Electra?" he asked her. "I called it 'My Imperial Lady.' I thought of it the minute I saw you standing there. My imperial lady!"

The current was too fast for her. She could not manage large, impetuous things like flaming words that hurtled at her and seemed to ask a like exchange — something strong and steady in her to meet them in mid air and keep them from too swift an impact. His praise had always been like the warrior's shields clanging over poor Tarpeia, — precious, but too crushing. They disconcerted her. If she could not manage, to escape after the first blow, she guessed how they might bruise.

"When did you come?" she asked.

Peter did not answer. He was still looking at her with those wonderful eyes that always seemed to her too compelling for happy intercourse.

"Electra," he said, and stopped. She had to answer him. There must be some heavy thing to break to her, which he felt unequal to the task of telling unless she helped him. "Electra," he said again, "I did n't come alone. Some one came with me. I wrote you about Tom."

Electra drew her hand away, and sat up straight and chilled. There had been few moments of her grown-up life, it seemed to her, unspoiled by Tom, her recreant brother. In the tumultuous steep climb of his existence he had brought her nothing but mortification. In his death, he was at least marring this first moment of her lover's advent.

"You wrote me everything," she said. The tone should have discouraged him. "You were with him at the last. He knew you. I gather he did n't send any messages to us, or you would have given them."

"He did, Electra."

"He sent a message?"

"I simply could n't write it, because I knew I should be home so soon. It was about his wife. He begged you to be kind to her."

"His wife! Tom was not married."

"He was married, Electra, to a very beautiful girl. I have brought her home with me."

Electra was upon her feet. Her face

had lost its cold sweet pallor. The scarlet of hot blood was upon it, a swift response to what seemed outrage at his hands.

"I have never —" she gasped. "It is not true."

Peter, too, had risen. He was looking at her rather wistfully. His imperial lady had, in that instant, lost her untouched calm. She was breathing ire.

"Ah, don't say that," he pleaded. "You never saw her."

"I can't help it. I feel it. She is an adventuress."

"Electra!"

"What did he say to you? What did Tom say?"

"He pointed to her as she stood by the window, her back to us — it was the day before he died — and said, 'Tell them to be good to her.'"

"You see! You don't even know whether he meant it as a message to me or some of his associates. He did n't say she was his wife?"

"No."

He answered calmly and rather gravely, but the green world outside the arbor looked unsteady to him. Electra was one of the fixed ideas of his life; her nobility, her reserve, her strength had seemed to set her far above him. Now she sounded like the devil's advocate. She was gazing at him keenly.

"Her story made a great impression on you," she threw out incidentally.

The effort was apparent, but Peter accepted it.

"Yes," he answered simply. "She makes a great impression on everybody. She will on you."

"What evidence have you brought me? Did you see them married?"

"No," said Peter, with the same unmoved courtesy.

"You see! Have you even found any record of their marriage?"

"No."

"You have the girl's word. She has come over here with you. What for?"

Peter lifted a hand to his forehead. He answered gently as a man sometimes

does, of set purpose, to avoid falling into a passion.

"It was the natural thing, Electra. She has no home, poor child! — nor money, except what Tom left in his purse. He'd been losing pretty heavily just before. I say, it seemed the natural thing to come to you. Half this place was his. His wife belongs here." The last argument sounded to him unpardonably crude, as to an imperial lady, but he ventured it. Then he looked at her. With his artist's premonition, he looked to see her brows drawn, her teeth perhaps set angrily upon a quivering lip. But Electra was again pale. Her face was marble to him, to everything.

"I shall fight it," she said inexorably, 'to the last penny.'

He gazed at her now as if she were a stranger. It was incredible that this was the woman whose hand he had kissed but the moment before. He ventured one more defense.

"Electra, you have not seen her."

"I shall not see her. Where is she, — in New York?"

"Here."

"Here!"

"At grandmother's. I left her there. I thought when we had had our little talk you would come over with me and see her, and invite her home."

"Invite her here?"

"I thought so."

"Peter," said Electra, with a quiet certainty, "you must be out of your mind."

There they stood in the arbor, their lovers' arbor, gazing at each other like strangers. Peter recovered first, not to an understanding of the situation, but to the need of breaking its tension.

"I fancied," he said, "you would be eager to know her."

"Is she a grisette?"

His mind ached under the strain of taking her in. He felt dumbly her contrast to the facile, sympathetic natures he had been thrown with in his life abroad. When he had left her, Electra was, as she would have said, unformed;

she had not crystallized into the clearness and the hardness of the integrity she worshipped. To him, when in thought he contrasted her with those other types who made for joy and not always for moral beauty, she was immeasurably exalted. In any given crisis where other women did well, he would not have questioned that Electra must have done better. Her austerity was a part of her virgin charm. But as he looked at her now, in her clear outlines, her incisive speech, the side of him that thrilled to beauty trembled with something like distaste or fear. She was like her own New England in its bleakness, without its summer warmth. He longed for atmosphere.

But she had asked her question again: "Is she a grisette?"

He found himself answering:—

"She is the daughter of Markham MacLeod."

"Not the author? Not the chief?"

"Yes," said Peter, with some quiet pride in the assurance, "chief of the Brotherhood, the great Markham MacLeod."

Electra pondered.

"If that is true," she said, "I must call on her."

"True? I tell you it is true. Electra, what are you saying?"

But Electra was looking at him with those clear eyes where dwelt neither guile nor tolerance of the guile of others.

"Did she tell you so," she inquired, "or do you know it for a fact?"

He had himself well in hand now, because it had sprung into his wise artist brain that he must not break the beauty of their interview. It was fractured, but if they turned the hurt side away from the light, possibly no one would know, and the outer crystalline sheen of the thing would be deceptively the same.

"I know Markham MacLeod," he said. "I have seen them together. She calls him father."

A wave of interest swept over her face.

"Do you mean you really know him, Peter?"

"Assuredly."

"As the leader of the Brotherhood?"

"Yes, the founder."

"He is proscribed in Russia and watched in France. Is that true?"

"All true."

"He gave up writing for this — to go about organizing and speaking? That's true, is n't it?"

"Quite true."

"How much do you know about the Brotherhood, Peter?"

"I belong to it."

He straightened as he spoke. An impulse of pride passed over him, and she read the betrayal in his kindling eyes and their widened pupils.

"Is there work for you?" she asked, "for men who don't speak and proselytize?"

"I do speak, Electra."

"You do?"

"I have spoken a little. I can't do it yet in the way he wants. What he wants is money."

"We have sent him money," she agreed. "The Delta Club gave a series of plays last winter and voted him the proceeds. The first was for labor in America. The second for free Russia."

"Yes, it pours in on him. It's his enormous magnetism."

"It's his cause."

She seemed to have reached something now that warmed her into life, and he took advantage of that kindling.

"Rose is his daughter," he reminded her. "She is very beautiful, very sad. She is worthy of such a father."

"Rose? Is that her actual name?"

"Yes. They are Americans, though since her childhood she has lived in France."

"What did she do before Tom — got acquainted with her? Live there in Paris with her father?"

"She sang. She has a moving voice. She always hoped she was going to sing better, but there never was money enough

to give her the right training. Then she began going about with her father. She spoke, too."

"In public? For the Brotherhood?"

"Yes. She has great magnetism. But she stopped doing that."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I have heard her father ask her to do it, but she refused. She is beautiful, Electra."

Electra was looking at him thoughtfully.

"Did she persuade you to join the Brotherhood?" she asked.

"No," said Peter, unmoved, "the chief himself persuaded me. I went to a great meeting one Sunday night. I heard him. That was the end of me. I knew where I belonged."

Electra, her mind hidden from him as completely as if a veil had fallen between them, was, he could see, considering him. As for her, he hardly dared dwell upon her as she ruthlessly seemed. She was again like the bright American air, too determinate, too sharp. She almost hurt the eyes. He wondered vaguely over several things he was unwilling to ask her, since he could not bear to bring their difference to a finished issue: why she cherished a boundless belief in the father and only reprobation for the daughter, when she had seen neither the one nor the other; why she had this vivid enthusiasm for the charity that embraces the world and none for a friendless child at her door. Their interview seemed to have dropped flat in inconceivable collapse; what was to have been the beginning of their dual life was only the encounter of a hand-to-hand discussion. He tried to summon back the vividness to his fagged emotions, and gave it up. Then he ventured to think of his imperial lady, and found a satirical note beating into his mind. He took refuge in the practical.

"I have not seen Osmond yet."

"Was n't he there to meet you?"

"No. Grannie said I should have to go down to the plantation, to find him.

Does he keep up his old ways, Electra?"

"Yes. Sleeping practically out of doors summer and winter, or in the shack, as he calls it, — that log hut he put up years ago. Have n't you known about him? Has n't he written?"

"Oh, he writes, but not about himself. Osmond would n't do that. Somehow grandmother never wrote any details about him either. I fancied he did n't want her to. So I never asked. She only said he was 'well.' You know Osmond always says that himself."

"I believe he is well," said Electra absently. She was thinking of the alien presence at the other house. "He looks it — strong, tanned. Osmond is very impressive somehow. It's fortunate he was n't a little man."

Peter made one of the quick gestures he had learned since he had been away from her. They told the tale of give and take with a more mobile people. He could not ask her to ignore Osmond's deformity, yet he could not bear to hear her speak of it. Osmond was, he thought, a colossal figure, to be accepted, whatever his state, like the roughened rock that builds the wall. He rose, terminating, without his conscious will, an interview that was to have lasted, if she had gone to the other house with him and he had returned again with her, the day long.

"I must see Osmond," he hesitated.

Electra, too, had risen.

"Yes," she said conformably, though the table, she knew, would be laid for them both in what had promised to be their lovers' seclusion.

"I will come back. This afternoon, Electra?"

That morning the afternoon had been his and hers only. She had expected to listen to the recital of his triumphs in Paris, and to scan eagerly the map of his prospects which was to show her way also. And she too opened her lips and spoke without preconsidered intent.

"This afternoon I shall be busy. I have to go in town."

"You won't —" he hesitated again. "Electra, you won't call at the house on the way, and see her, at least?"

"Your Rose?" She smiled at him brilliantly. "Not to-day, Peter."

Then, bruised, bewildered, he went back over the path he had come, leaving

his imperial lady to go in and order the luncheon table prepared for one.

"Madam Fulton will not be home," she said to the maid, with a proud unconsciousness; and for the moment it sounded as if Madam Fulton had been the expected guest.

(*To be continued.*)

THE IDEAL MINISTER

BY CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL

DOUBTLESS there are some who feel that a layman is the only person competent to write a paper on *The Ideal Minister*. There is much to be said in support of that feeling. Clerical opinion is apt to run in grooves and to be satisfied with traditional proprieties. The inertia of clericalism may rob one of power to understand the spiritual needs and cravings of men. Were the Ideal Minister to appear, the people rather than the ecclesiastics might be the first to recognize and to hear him. In a striking passage in *The Apostles*, Renan says, "Jesus saw with wonderful clearness that in the popular heart is the great treasury of devotion and resignation for the saving of the world." To this one might add: In the popular heart is the instinct that knows and welcomes the leader of men when he comes. So it is well that the hand of a layman shall set forth the qualities that make a minister whom men will hear, and trust, and follow, as an ambassador of Christ. Every theological school would be the better if it could keep before its students and its teachers a portrait of the Ideal Minister, drawn by the strong, steady hand of a master-layman of the modern world.

There is something to be said on the other side. It is not impossible that he who studies the ministry from the inside, weighing all things in the balance of his

own life experience, may judge most adequately of the ideal. For he, after all, is the man of practical knowledge. The layman, in this case, is the theorist. His theorizing is invaluable, yet may be one-sided. His experience has been on other lines. The thing that he knows most thoroughly is not the ministry. In any case, a layman rarely trusts a minister's judgment in matters of business; he calls it academic, having reached his own conclusions in the school of experience. So, sometimes, lay judgments of what the ministry should do and be seem inadequate to one who has explored the profession with his life, who has felt its limitations and its opportunities; who has rejoiced in its privileges, wrestled with its besetting sins, peered through some venerable fallacies inclosing it, measured his own small attainment against its splendid possibilities.

My own opinion is that a minister may be the worst possible interpreter or the best possible interpreter of the ministerial ideal. There is perhaps no human calling which more severely exposes its members to the peril of unreality. They live and move and have their being in an atmosphere charged with potential self-deceptions: social, intellectual, moral. The effect of bad perspective in the ministry is social self-deception. A narrowing parochialism is one of the causes of bad

perspective. Parochial leadership is a most honorable employment, yet there are two ways of doing it. There is such a thing as a narrowing parochialism; a surrender of great interests to neighborhood contentment and petty forms of jurisdiction, whereby social proportions are confused and large human areas of need and helplessness are obliterated by foreground proprieties of caste or sect. Still further may this social self-deception be promoted by egoistic churchmanship. The power of straightforward outlook on life's broad facts, and of sympathy with the world's needs, may be vitiated by too constant use of the ecclesiastical lens. Ecclesiasticism may become a habit of mind, a regrettable shortsightedness. Secure within the citadel of tradition, and from its battlement looking down on a non-conforming world, a man may have a ministerial ideal which, like the spectre of the Brocken, is only an enlarged and shadowy reproduction of himself. Perhaps St. Paul, who counted himself to be "less than the least of all saints," had this in mind when he wrote: "I say to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think."

The effect of mental seclusion in the ministry is intellectual self-deception. Living too much apart from men, an anchorite of the study, haunted by watchwords of a "school of thought," strained by mental over-production, a minister may establish a purely subjective, and quite morbid, ideal. Obedient to this ideal, his mode of thinking may grow away from that of his brother men, and his life, wounded by the indifference of others, may shrink into itself, to tread henceforth, with melancholy persistence, the lonely path of an intellectual Ishmaelite.

The effect of erroneous personal standards in the ministry is ethical self-deception. One must look into history to find the source of these erroneous standards. In their present form they are survivals of an age when priesthood, wrapped in

garments of reputed sanctity, and absolved from the common toils and cares of men, was a necessary institution, without which the religious organization of society might not have been possible. Then, the layman paid homage to the priest, as such; and the priest, from the standpoint of a privileged class, looked down upon the layman. Time has brought great changes. I do not say that the old order has been invalidated, but that other credentials for ministry than membership in a priestly caste are foremost in the mind of the modern laity. He who, clinging to the tradition of an earlier age, shields himself or seeks to shield himself from the plain, hard code of righteousness that binds other men, by claiming ministerial privilege, is a self-deceived man; dangerously self-deceived, because his fallacy is ethical. For such a man, drastic dealing with himself is necessary, if he would save his soul alive. From the good-natured tolerance of a half-contemptuous laity; from the soft, beguiling flattery of tongues; from the tightening fetters of self-indulgent habit, let him deliver himself, by violence, if need be, that he may reach the firm ground of untitled, unprivileged manliness, and be counted worthy to suffer, as other men do, for righteousness' sake.

That a great profession should be surrounded, at certain epochs in its history, by an atmosphere of unreality is no ground for surprise; still less does it justify any word spoken against that profession. It is merely one more evidence of man's perpetual need of readjustment toward his most invaluable possessions. The world moves ever onward. Into the social order new elements of knowledge and experience enter, producing new states of mind and changed attitudes of opinion. It is idle to resist or bemoan. The duty of strong men is to grapple with problems of reconstruction, as successively they occur, and, by enlightened selection and use of altered forms and modes, to conserve the unalterable substance of precious inheritances. A fair illustration of this is found in connection with the most pre-

cious of all our inheritances, the Holy Scriptures. The nineteenth century brought to Christendom intellectual conditions that forced a reconsideration of historical and literary questions. Biblical literature could not, without grave peril to faith, be treated as an exception. For a time there was confusion and unreality in many minds touching the authority of the Bible; there was also much alarm and sorrow. But strong and earnest men guided the work of readjustment, and to-day the divine message of Holy Scripture, like a freshly sharpened knife, pierces with new keenness to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart.

The Christian ministry is perhaps the next in order of our precious inheritances to pass through the process of readjustment. The coming in of an age of democracy has brought new strain to bear on every social institution. Kings, peers, and priests no longer are sheltered by ancestral privilege from public criticism. Liberal pressure in England for reconstruction of the House of Lords, with elimination of bishops; violent repudiation of clericalism by French democracy; academic reform that threatens the grave tranquillity of Oxford, — are signs (for better or for worse, God knows!) of forces, no longer negligible, compelling readjustment of sacred inheritances. It is impossible for the Christian ministry to escape arraignment and cross-examination at the bar of social democracy. It ought not to escape. Those who love it best will pray that, at all cost of sentiment and tradition, the ministerial ideal may so change with changing generations that it shall keep close to contemporary human experience; being not an antiquarian survival, but an immediate and indispensable force in the life of men.

Meanwhile, the process of readjustment is going on in our day, accompanied by phenomena which confuse and alarm many, who do not realize that the time has come for restatement of the ministerial ideal, in terms of modern life.

As I analyze this process of readjustment, in search of some psychological principle which can account for it, I find myself face to face with a matter, the discussion of which I would gladly escape. It is the matter of priesthood as connected with the Christian ministry. No other idea can equal this, for formative power and official authority, in the history of the Christian church. None has contributed more impressively to the growth of reverence in the lay mind of the past. None has lent itself more nobly to the highest forms of religious æstheticism, contempt for which was the cardinal weakness (amidst mighty strength!) of the Puritan reaction. None seems more surely destined to pass away.

I do not here inquire into the source and ground of Christian sacerdotalism; its kinship with imperial and aristocratic theories of society; its alleged excesses; its remoteness from the practice and teaching of Christ. Whatever may be shown by the historian in these particulars, the fact remains that the intrinsic power of priesthood as the ministerial ideal was, and in certain quarters is, impressive. Its appeal to the imagination, its suzerainty over the lay conscience, its power to bind and loose, its opulent reserve of grace to meet deficiencies in the average man, its privileged insight into mysteries, its secure hold on the covenanted mercies of God — these and other attributes of priesthood place it among the primary forces that have shaped the religious history of fifteen centuries.

The psychology of priesthood rewards the closest study and explains its compelling power in ages of faith. Man has two deep-seated social instincts — the instinct of control and the instinct of submission. It is in his nature to lay hold of inferior lives and project upon them the authority of his own. It is equally in his nature to be governed by that which transcends his own experience. These social instincts appear in the life of primitive peoples. The instinct of control is written large over the ancient East.

Every village has its head-man; every bazar its tribute-taking overlord; every valley its hill rajah. In the beaten track of immemorial submission the people plod on, accepting the situation with a salaam or a sigh, as the case may be. It is instinct. Out of this instinct emerges organized society. The powers that be are ordained of God. Submission to authority is the first condition of social order as well as the first instinct of average humanity.

Looking back over Christian history, one can see how these instincts of control and submission reflected themselves in the evolution of the church. At first, and to long as the simplicity of Christ's example prevailed over men's memories, they who were set to rule in the church exercised their authority as in no whit above their brethren. One of the greatest of the leaders accounted himself to be "less than the least of all saints." The end of earthly leadership and authority was simply that all things might be done decently and in order. In the same spirit the laity submitted themselves to every ordinance for the Lord's sake; esteeming very highly in love them that were over them in the Lord. But, as the church, no longer a little persecuted flock, moved into the sunlight of imperial favor, the ministerial ideal took on new attributes. From precedents set in Judaism and in non-Christian faiths, it assimilated the essence and donned the insignia of priesthood. It esteemed itself to hold the keys of the kingdom of heaven, to be the arbiter of conscience, the mediator of destiny, the dispenser of holy mysteries, the vessel of hidden grace.

It is not difficult to understand the absorbing fascination of these ideas, alike for minds sincerely believing themselves to be invested with these powers, and for those sincerely yielding lay homage thereunto. The segregation of a class, for special intimacy with God and authority over man, is an idea in line with instincts of control and submission that flourish in an age of imperialism and public ignor-

ance. If we feel this fascination waning in the present day, it is not so much because men put it from them voluntarily as because the spell of the idea tends to wear off in the atmosphere of democracy and popular education. Its temporary survival in such an atmosphere is due in part to the persistent inertia of custom and in part to emotional self-persuasion and devout refusal to weigh pious theory against fact.

It is erroneous to suppose that the Protestant Reformation was, or was intended to be, the abolition of the priestly idea from the Christian ministry. Radical non-sacerdotalists speak sometimes as if priesthood were a parasitic growth that had climbed upon and twined itself about the tree of the ministry; and as if the Reformation were the axe that cut off that parasite, root and branch. Such a notion is unhistorical. The Reformation did indeed seek to hew off certain excesses and abuses that had developed in the notion of priesthood. But the essence of the idea, which is the enduement of men with power of special intimacy with God and spiritual authority over their brother men, passed with modifications into the reformed churches. Theoretically, it was abandoned by the dissenting sects. Practically, it clung to the ministerial ideal, even in the imagination of many thoroughgoing non-conformists. Presbytery may disavow that the laying on of hands conveys grace in ordination, yet to this day that stately act of symbolism stirs the imagination of many a layman and many a minister with solemn survivals from a vanished past.

For those who are in the priestly office, busied with its routine, buoyed by its agreeable assumptions of power, every motive of self-interest and self-persuasion, to say nothing of the momentum of established custom and hereditary opinion, keeps one committed to the *status quo*, and veils from one's eyes the actual state of extra-ecclesiastical thinking, that has passed beyond skepticism into indifference on the subject of human priests.

As a matter of fact, the decay of faith in the priestly conception of the ministry has been going on for fifty years. It may take fifty years more to consummate it; but the ultimate issue of the process is foreordained under the laws of the human mind. Less and less can men bow down to their brother men believing them to be other than themselves or in any sense special custodians of the mysteries and grace of God. This is not iconoclasm. It is not irreverence. It is in part the postponed reversion of nature to spiritual reality; and, in part, the useful outcome of scientific study in the field of personality.

We make a great mistake, I think, in attributing to irreligion the breaking away from church life of large numbers of intelligent and pure-minded persons. Whatever proportion of this is due to lax morality or to the love of pleasure, there is also much that arises from a vague sense of unreality in the position and claims of the ministry. People have studied the psychology of religious experience; they have looked out more broadly upon the world; they have pondered the phenomena of spiritual life appearing outside of Christian boundaries; they have sought and found communion with God unmediated by sacerdotal permissions and authorities; and their lives have, in consequence, grown away from a ministry hedged about with unnecessary survivals of unverified theory. There is nothing new in this. It is as old as mysticism. It is merely more general to-day than ever before. True mysticism, which rests on belief in immediacy of access to God, has found a powerful ally in true psychology. Moving into a larger freedom of the Spirit, the enlightened religious consciousness slips, with less compunction, ties of ecclesiastical custom that seem no longer essential to reality.

The modern application of scientific scholarship to the Bible and to theology assists the disintegration of priestly conceptions of the ministry. It coöperates with the spirit of social democracy to

weaken the formidable attempt of an infallible church to interpret Scripture and impose dogma. It recovers the original liberty of Protestants and exalts the immediacy of the Holy Spirit's action on the intellect and conscience. It is not intimidated by sacerdotal thunders, nor deterred by ecclesiastical penalty. Rejoicing in the truth, it endures all things for the truth's sake. Its motto is: *Noblesse oblige*.

At the same time, it has brought grave unrest to many minds and turned many aside from the way of the ministry. For the time being, it is not the simple thing that once it was, to be a Christian minister. So long as one received without question the modified view of ministerial authority that came over into the reformed churches, and that was in essence priesthood without the name; so long as one rested without inquiry on the ordered system of doctrine approved by one's ecclesiastical superiors, strong men could go, and did go, into the ministry, upheld by the sense of reality. But both of these grounds of reality are obscured. The rise of democracy has thrown a mist over the claims of priesthood, even in the highly modified forms found in various branches of orthodox Protestantism. The growth of scholarship has drawn into the category of open questions matters long supposed to have been settled. The ministerial ideal, once sharply defined as a mountain peak against the blue, is now, for many persons, hazy and evasive as the same peak seen through wreaths of flying scud. Before this vocation many strong men have stood, pondered, and turned aside, declining to enter a calling that presented aspects of an historic survival rather than a contemporary force making for righteousness. Within this vocation some strong men who entered under the old conditions have been confused by the stir of transitional influences, and, losing faith in a calling that it was too late to abandon, have asked themselves, with sinking heart, "Why am I here?" And the world outside, never slow to barter old institutions for new, detecting the

atmosphere of unreality that seemed for the time to cling about this great profession, and seeing the eagerness of average men to read Sunday newspapers and play Sunday golf, has announced the decay of the ministry as a primary ethical influence, superseded by the public press and the new enthusiasm for nature.

The situation thus created challenges the interest of all who are accustomed to look beneath the surface of things in estimating the values of life. In the face of modern science and philosophy he would be accepting a difficult brief who undertook to maintain to-day that priesthood is the ultimate basis of the ministerial idea. Whatever priesthood has done for the world (and I am among those who speak reverently of its power for good), it is to-day a diminishing factor in the world's affairs. The tremendous force of institutionalism keeps it alive, and may keep it alive for some time to come; but the world grows away from it, as a pious relic of the past. Men of the world treat it with respect so long as it is not aggressive. When it becomes so, they decline to take it seriously. But nothing could be more fallacious than to assume that disintegration of priesthood is decline of the ministry. It is rather the falling away of a provisional and temporary interpretation of the ministry, serviceable in the past, but unsuited to the present. The thing that remains when priesthood passes is the thing that many have noticed as a phenomenon of this age which persistently contradicts the assumption that the ministry is in decadence. Wherever a man arises of such simple excellence that the people dare to trust him, and preaches, without ecclesiastical accent, a Gospel of the Living God that appeals to life, and an interpretation of life that leads men to the Living God — that man never lacks an audience, an influence, and an answer from human souls. The common people hear him gladly. The preoccupied ear of culture is arrested by his words. The blood of high-minded youth leaps beneath his message. The

storm-swept heart of sorrow listens and finds peace. What is the meaning of this phenomenon — this hungry response that men give to whosoever, coming in the name of Christ, combines with a just and manly life the power of interpreting God to man and man to himself? It means that, as artificial and provisional conceptions of the ministry dissolve before the searching realism of an age of democracy and an age of science, the ministry itself is justified by the unstudied verdict of human experience. Humanity outgrows its priests but not its prophets. Sacerdotalism is a thing that we can live without, but the seed of God within us creates kinship with the Infinite that answers wherever the voice of a man rings true to the things of God. It is our involuntary sense of relation to life and to the divine source of life that speaks like a harpstring beneath the touch of one having the gift to interpret God and the soul. The true minister is he that has that gift. He is an interpreter — one among a thousand! He may or may not call himself a priest. It matters not. He is a minister, not because he is a priest but because he is a prophet: a man who speaks for God and for his brother man.

The ministerial ideal is, then, the prophetic ideal. As such it has its basis not in an act of ecclesiastical authorization but in a vocation and endowment of the Spirit. This is the call: the prophetic sense of obligation to speak in the name of God, to man, and in the name of man, to God. Order and decency of procedure justify ecclesiastical authorization, but ministers, like poets, are born, not made. They arise, as parts of the essential structure, as modes of the progressive action, of human society; and howsoever many there be of spurious and perverted occupants of the profession, — unblessed of God and rejected of men, — where one arises having the true vocation, the hearts of men answer to his influence, as the viol to the bow.

After much obscurity, brought by disquieting theological and ecclesiastical

conditions of late years, thought seems to be moving toward a clearer view of what the ministry is. It is coming to be seen in its relation to humanity rather than in its relation to the church. Hitherto the minister has been too much regarded as the official and creature of the church. And young men with splendid gifts and glorious aspirations have often halted at that thought, and, suspicious of priesthood, have preferred to cast in their lot with untrammelled humanity. But when the ministry is seen as, first of all, a part of the essential life of humanity, an answer to a yearning need in the soul of the world, a prophet's voice uttering for men what they have not uttered for themselves, and showing men a glory in God that they have not seen for themselves — then the choice flower of our youth, having the sense of this vocation born within them, shall no longer hesitate; and the prophets of the Highest shall be multiplied.

Deceived by popular indifference to churches and priests, some noble-spirited young men have withheld themselves from the ministry, honestly doubting whether religion is not a waning fire in the modern world, whether the altar of man's communion with God is not in the way of being thrown aside by ethical reform and social service. The apostles of secularism, by whom these young men have been influenced, have much to answer for. They have confused the issue. No one could blame them for criticising ecclesiastical unrealities and the sophistries of clericalism. But when, deliberately or in unconscious error, they speak against religion and teach our younger men that the world is outgrowing it, they sin against the very Spirit of God, who, viewless as the wind, breathes into every soul that comes into the world. It is well to recall Renan's passionate protest against secularism. "Religion," he cries, "is not a popular error. It is a great truth of instinct, half-seen by the people — uttered by the people. Nothing is falsier than the dream of certain persons who think to conceive a perfect humanity in conceiving

it without religion. We should put it just the other way. A perfect being would be no longer selfish, he would be wholly religious. The effect of progress, therefore, will be the expansion of religion, not its destruction or its decay."

If I have succeeded, in what is thus far written, in extricating the notion of the ministry from some ancient and modern confusions that have fogged it, and in bringing out into the clear that vocation of the interpreter whereby the ministry becomes a necessity for human self-realization and Godward advance, then, in the rest of this paper, let me try to describe some marks of the Ideal Minister, not of a vanished age, but of to-day. I assume that he is a just and manly man in his character. Without this nothing is possible, of long duration. He may attract for an hour, but "Time, the parent of truth," shall discover him and cancel him, sooner or later. The false prophet shall reap what he has sown. He shall go to his own place: a nook of obscurity shunned by the great world-heart, that, however often it be deceived by men, still cries out for the Living God.

By what marks would the Ideal Minister be known, were he to appear among us to-day? Let me name five, that seem, without doubt, to belong to him: Simplicity — unselfishness — humanness — hopefulness — reverence.

1. *Simplicity.* The mark of the cleric, the pride of institutionalism, shall not be on him. He shall not seem to men to be clothed in a vesture of traditional claims, but quite to have forgotten himself in the joy and sorrow of his work. Those are charming words that Sir William Gairdner wrote about his old friend and colleague, Principal Caird: "No man ever crossed my path in life who impressed me more as a character of great simplicity and, I would almost say, homeliness; absolutely without affectation or parade, and, if not unconscious of his great gifts, — which of course he could not possibly be, — yet in all ordinary human intercourse behaving as if he were uncon-

scious of them — a common man among common men. . . . In everything that he did and said you came to feel that if any one else could have done it nearly as well he would at once have gladly stood aside and yielded position as to an equal or superior. . . . It was, indeed, this entire absence of self-seeking — and by this I mean not only unselfishness in the ordinary sense of the word, but also great in-born modesty and unobtrusiveness in all things for which men strive and assert themselves — that gave to his oratorical efforts their greatest charm to those who knew the man. He was conscious, as it appeared, only of the high matters with which he dealt, not of the person who was the instrument of dealing with them. In a very real sense of the words you would have said that, as a preacher, his life was 'hid with Christ in God.'"

I have thought it worth while to quote at length Sir William Gairdner's words about Caird, for they define most perfectly the quality that clothes, like an atmosphere, every true prophet of the highest things. He may be as another, Dean Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, was: an officer of state, wearing the jewel of a great order — an ecclesiastic, guiding the affairs of an august institution — a scholar, loaded with honors by his University — a courtier, admitted to the close friendship of his sovereign. But these, and all other accidents of earthly dignity, were forgotten by those who talked with him and heard him preach. For evidently these were not the major interests in his life. If he remembered them, he sought not after them to glory in them, nor counted them distinctions separating him from his brother men. "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart," in regions of the Spirit, where the great realities of experience are things that eye hath not seen nor ear heard. It was his perception of these things that disengaged him from the common vanities and self-seekings of men and left him free for simple intercourse with others. Looking back after thirty years to radiant hours of

fellowship with him in the Deanery at Westminster, I know that then I walked with one who walked with God, and I was not afraid, youth and dissenter that I was. His life was too great for pride, too high for churchmanship.

2. *Unselfishness.* So long as the impersonal tradition of a church lends to its ministry a priestly status, there remains a chance for small and selfish men to hide their littleness beneath the cloak of authority. So long as a romantic ecclesiasticism weaves its spell over devout minds, there exists a tendency to idealize the actual minister into a sacerdotal symbol, and to cease from asking what kind of spirit lives beneath beauty of vestments and dignity of titles. The broad mantle of priesthood is perhaps a merciful concession to the frailty of men undertaking a difficult task. It affords measurable defense against publicity. But the possibility of shielding a man behind his office is passing by, as the glamour of tradition fades into the light of common day. The strenuous realism of a democratic age halts not at the threshold of the House of God. The ancient laying on of hands by the clergy enveloped the minister in a robe of mystery. The modern laying on of hands by the laity tears off that robe and cuts to the heart of things with the question, "What manner of man is this?" The priest stood amid the shadows of the sanctuary. The prophet stands in the open, — a living epistle, known and read of all men. It is a wonderful suggestion of One, who, long ago, stood in the common highway of the world, with the multitude thronging Him, having come not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many. Of such temper and motive is the Ideal Minister. Unselfishness is, in him, not the name of the thing, but the thing itself. Obviously, his joy is in the spending of himself for others. Whereupon, when he speaks to men, they listen; when he summons them, they follow; for they know his voice, not the voice of his lips alone, but the voice of his life.

Henri Frédéric Amiel put it well: "The Kingdom of God belongs not to the most enlightened but to the best, and the best man is the most unselfish man. Humble, constant, voluntary self-sacrifice — this is what constitutes the true dignity of man."

8. *Humanness.* One may call the accent of personality the most subtle essence of a man's life. It is not so much what one says as the tone and disposition of the heart that speaks beneath the word and invests the being. The accent of personality in the Ideal Minister is humanness, — oneness with his brother men. He is not the defender of a system, nor the apologist of a school, nor the incumbent of an office, nor the propounder of a theory. He is near to human life; nobly magnanimous; understanding the ways of men and the forces that make them what they are. He has respect for humanity, esteeming it the offspring of God. After the manner of One of whom it was said, "He knew what was in man," the Ideal Minister seems to have tasted every chalice of joy or sorrow, to have felt the faintness of the weak, the courage of the strong, the strain of the tempted, the contrition of the sinful. Men seem to find through him the clue to their own lives. They say one to another, "Come, see a man that told me all that ever I did." He knows the ways of children, and puts into words incommunicable thoughts throbbing within their souls. This humanness comes not forth from him with the cold precision of a theorist, but through the warm channels of intuitional experience. He has lived a thousand lives in one, assimilating through love the experiences of others so that they have become his own. He is thus a prophet of human life. Such a prophet must Frederick Robertson have been. Such, surely, in the days of his glorious prime, was Stopford Brooke, Robertson's biographer. I look back to years when it seemed worth while to cross the Atlantic on the chance of hearing one sermon from Stopford Brooke. For, whatever he failed

to teach me, he seemed to have lived my life through before me, and to be putting into my hands the clue to the labyrinth.

4. *Hopefulness.* I use the word in the grand, unconquerable sense in which Emerson, in the *New England Reformers*, cries, "Nothing shall warp me from the belief that every man is a lover of truth." It is a mark of the Ideal Minister that his intuitional oneness with humanity has taught him the majesty of the soul as an emanation from God, and the latent capacity of the soul for truth. He can have compassion on the ignorant and on them that are out of the way. Though he looks on sin with Godlike abhorrence, yet, like God, he can believe in a best that lives in the heart of the sinful. He can comprehend how a soul that seems to be an enemy of the truth may, in fact, be opposing some distorted or abandoned travesty of the truth, propounded by an age of superstition or surviving from an age of ignorance. The hopefulness of the Ideal Minister is born in part of appreciation of the nobler qualities of the soul (not less noble if dwarfed and thwarted by long disadvantage), and, in part, of critical discernment of truth's perpetual need of restatement in terms of contemporary experience. Upton, in his Hibbert Lectures, says, "Herein we see the immense value of the critical understanding, which is always at war with superstitious survivals, and, by its fresher and clearer insight into the facts of nature and mind, is always dissolving old and outworn forms of doctrinal conception and enabling the vital essence of religion to embody itself in higher and more adequate forms of expression." This conviction of the critical understanding, that truth is forever reincarnating itself in forms more perfectly expressing the purpose and meaning of the Spirit of God, supplies to the Ideal Minister the ground of his invincible hopefulness. His is a love that will not let men go. If they resist the truth he does not condemn them nor cast them off. He examines his own heart with the question, "How can I so

lift the truth above their misconceptions of it that they shall see it as it is, and know their inheritance as children of the Living God?" I sometimes think that the Ideal Minister, when he comes, will be drawn by the logic of opportunity to India and the Far East. A field of fields is there, just now, for men of vision, humanness, and hopefulness. It were a task worthy of Christ himself to go to the East believing in the love of truth that lies deep in the Oriental religious consciousness, beneath much practice of error; and so to lift the Eternal Message above age-long misconceptions of it that the imprisoned glory of the Eastern soul might be emancipated and installed in its proper office as the spiritual leader of the world.

5. *Reverence.* In every great historical transition affecting our most valued inheritances there is danger of loss. The price of progress sometimes is very heavy. It is so in connection with Biblical criticism. Immense gains of knowledge have been paid for with immense losses of sentiment and feeling. Recovery of these losses one hopes for, but the result is problematical. It is so in connection with the ministry. The disintegration of priesthood under the piercing rays of science and democracy dispels an atmosphere that made its own contribution to the dignity and worth of existence. It was the atmosphere of reverence. Whether proceeding from truth or from fallacy, it made for the enriching of experience. It cast over the shrines and sacraments of religion a hush of sacredness. It checked the familiarity that breeds contempt. It redeemed large areas of life from sordid commonplaceness and hedged them about with suggestions of an invisible world. It gave awful authority to the pulpit, silencing doubt, rebuking sin, defining belief. What remains of this is a survival,—a balance of unexpended momentum from a past that cannot be reproduced. The new age has come and seated itself with nonchalance, if not with levity, in the

seats of dissent. The loss to reverence has been enormous. The worst part of the loss is that it falls most heavily on those unconscious of it. The majority of our youth know not how much nearer God seemed to the fathers than to their children; how much more august and compelling seemed the services of religion and the voice of the ministry; how urgent the needs and satisfactions of the spiritual life; how open the avenues of eternity. There has been a great change. The leveling influence of democracy has done its part, diminishing traditional veneration for the clerically ordained. The hum of institutional activity has dispelled the ancient stillness of the sanctuary. The brisk utilitarianism of social science has introduced changes in church architecture and sacramental customs that break absolutely with the historic order. An astonishing flood of original methods has poured through the non-sacerdotal churches, producing a homely informality in religious affairs for which there is no precedent in history. It is a dangerous time, for the reverence of the people is in peril.

The key to the situation is in the future, not in the past. We cannot go back and rehabilitate the tottering fabric of priesthood; "We cannot buy with gold the old associations." We can go forward toward the type of the Ideal Minister. For, to his simplicity, his unselfishness, his humanness, his hopefulness, he adds reverence, which gives to all these other qualities Divine significance and power. The reverence of the Ideal Minister is involuntary consciousness of the Unseen and the Eternal. As the touch of genius lifts the master above the mere musician, so this sense of the Unseen lifts the Ideal Minister above the mere preacher of sermons. It is the investiture of a priesthood verified not by tradition but by experience. It is immediacy of access to the eternal fountains of salvation. He lives among men as one of them, simple, unselfish, human, hopeful; yet they know that he walks with God,

"And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended."

He is a scholar, but criticism has never violated that shrine of the Spirit where the pure in heart see God. The unfading newness of everlasting truth gives to his speech the freshness of springtime. The unsearchable mystery of Infinite Holiness gives to his thought and conduct gravity and reserve, as one who has beheld things which it is not possible for a man to utter. The demands of social service have not stamped him with the professionalism of a reformer. The ardor of churchmanship has not made him an ecclesiastic. He remains a prophet of the Highest. When he speaks, men feel that he is standing on holy ground. When he prays, men perceive that he is prostrating himself before the Risen Christ.

Approximations to the standard of the Ideal Minister are multiplying in these latter days, in the sacerdotal churches and in the non-sacerdotal churches. A type is developing that gives promise of

a glorious future. It is familiar with the whole process of criticism, yet finds an apostolic gospel to preach that the spiritual sense of the modern world is waiting to hear. It is in sympathy with social service, yet permits not that, or anything else, to interfere with its first duty as an interpreter and mediator of God to man. It is in line with democratic reality, as between man and man, yet counts its high calling greater, not less, than traditional priesthood. Its supreme ambition is to be a true prophet of the Eternal Love, a faithful dispenser of the Eternal Truth, a redeeming brother, a child of light, a steward of the Kingdom of God.

As the air clears and recent confusions roll like storm-clouds from the sky, the glorious ambition of prophethood shall rise in the breast of youth. The ministry of the coming age shall include the choicest product of our universities. The manliest among men shall choose the highest among vocations.

HENRY JAMES AND HIS DOUBLE

BY W. A. GILL

PIERRE CARLET DE CHAMBLAIN DE MARIVAUX, novelist, essayist, and playwright, was born in 1687 and died in 1763. From our slight knowledge of his private life it appears that he was a traveled child; that he had the opportunities of a liberal education, and that he began his independent career with fair private means. Settling in Paris about the time he came of age, he was admitted to its most fashionable literary society. In the salons of Madame de Tencin and others he showed so much liking for the companionship of intelligent women that he was accused later on of confining himself to "female coteries." Having once begun to write, he was unremittently industri-

ous, producing essays, sketches, plays, and novels in abundance, though he was always a fastidious craftsman. He was elected to the French Academy over Voltaire, and on that occasion the Archbishop of Sens, who delivered the speech of welcome, paid a remarkable tribute to his moral worth. "Your writings," said the Archbishop, "are known to me only by hearsay. Those who have read them tell me that they have admirable qualities. But it is not so much to them as to our high esteem for your personal virtues that you owe your election." Marivaux, always sensitive about criticism of his writings, could hardly be kept from openly refusing this ecclesiastical com-

pliment on the spot. It bore testimony however to a fact recognized by all his contemporaries. He was noted for a standard of conduct which seemed to them even austere. In the scandalous period of the Regency it could be said of him that "he had no adventures or scandals."

Married before he was thirty, he lost his wife so soon that he was virtually a lifelong bachelor, — a fact which some of his critics have regretted in such terms as these: "Had he been a married man, a deeper source of knowledge would have been open to him. As it was, he knew nothing about woman in the family. Woman was his chief theme, but he was acquainted with her only in society."

During the last twenty of his eighty years he withdrew into a seclusion which he seldom broke except to attend meetings of the Academy.

He is best known to-day by his comedies, some of which are still acted in France. For their subtle and airy color, hovering over truth, these trifles about courtship have often been compared to the pictures of his contemporary, Watteau. But the more considerable part of his work, both in volume and in the influence it has had on posterity, is to be found in his novels and essays. He has been called "the father of the psychological novel," — not altogether unreasonably, for Diderot, Rousseau, Richardson, and Fielding were among his immediate pupils. "There is no *roman de mœurs*," says Brunetière broadly, "in modern French or English literature without something of Marivaux at the bottom of it."

His chief novels are *La Vie de Marianne*, and *Le Paysan Parvenu*. The first narrates the career of a pretty girl who rises from a humble position, is sorely tempted on the way, but triumphs, like Pamela; the second, the adventures in society of a handsome peasant lad, like Joseph Andrews.

The essays, which appeared in journals

edited by himself on the model of Addison's *Spectator*, contain sketches from life, psychological studies, short stories, and philosophical reflections.

Between the work of this author and that of Henry James so many close resemblances exist that a reincarnation of Marivaux in our age is not an altogether improbable supposition. If "reincarnation" be too strong a word for the case, it has at least the merit of excluding all thought of a likeness due to imitation. One might guess from the critical essays of James, who is so contemporaneous in most respects, that he has never studied very seriously any authors outside of his own century. But such surmises are unnecessary. It was a first principle of Marivaux's art to be scrupulously himself and to copy no one, and any one who should imitate Marivaux closely must for that very reason be fundamentally unlike him.

The recurrence in our times, here suggested, of Marivaux's artistic personality presupposes some recurrence of his environment.

There may seem to be some analogies, to begin with, between his private career, as sketched above, and that of James, but on both sides the personal *data* are so insufficient that a comparison in this direction must be largely guesswork.

As to the "times," or public surroundings of the two men, the first part of the eighteenth and the latter part of the nineteenth century are surely similar at least in having something of an autumnal quality — in being, comparatively speaking, periods of dissolution.

Marivaux was contemporary with the iconoclasts of the *ancien régime*. In literature he was their leader. While Voltaire was carrying up the unbroken tradition of French prose to its climax, Marivaux was sharply denouncing submission to literary tradition. Voltaire attacked him for this as a "néologue," and Marivaux retorted, from a point of view hardly recovered till our own time, that the famous pioneer was "un bel-esprit stéfié

et la perfection des idées communes." Elsewhere than in art the period surely vies with the close of the Victorian era as a quicksand of crumbling faiths and shifting centres of social gravity. The deluge impending in Marivaux's day seems to have become permanent in ours.

Some identity of environment is suggested also by the attitude of either author toward his near predecessors in literature. Would not this account of Marivaux's relation to Molière, for instance, serve as well to describe James's relation to the mid-Victorian novelists? "As men's faiths became less robust, stage-characters grew slighter and more refined. The spirit of analysis sweeping all before it in Marivaux's time was opposed to the broad, downright conceptions of a Molière." And James's ideal of the "ultimate novelist" as one "entirely purged of sarcasm," and some other differences between him and Dickens and Thackeray, may come to mind when one hears Brunetière contrasting Marivaux with Le Sage thus: "Le Sage certainly aimed at giving a faithful picture of life, but he was energetically bent also on getting his fun out of the spectacle. All through his work the comic author is apparent, whereas in Marivaux one finds the exact observer. The portraits in *Gil Blas* belong to the Molière school; their intention is satirical; they are vigorously brushed in, and appear stronger and bolder than nature. Marivaux on the other hand paints gradually, with minute, careful finish and imperceptible touches. If we recognize in Le Sage's work an excess of incident, we may admit that Marivaux gives us too much psychology."

To come now to the personal equation, the main source of the resemblances between Marivaux and James seems to be the wonderfully subtle and discriminative quality of their intelligences. "Marivaux," says Sainte-Beuve, "is a man of many subtle distinctions and endless *nuances*. He carries his discriminativeness to extremes and abounds in microscopic anatomy. He refines and divides

everything to excess. When he looks at an object he splits it in two; then subdivides it *ad infinitum*. He loses himself in the process and exhausts his readers. He will not stop at the principal traits. He does not let them stand out. His method is the opposite of that of the classical masters, who confine themselves to *la grande ligne*." Voltaire accused Marivaux of "weighing flies' eggs in cobweb scales;" all critics have insisted on the same tendency, and Marivaux insists on it himself. He acknowledges describing "shades of extreme refinement which very few people ever notice till they are pointed out to them;" and when his comedies of courtship were blamed for monotony of theme, he replied in astonishment, "The subject is sometimes a love of which neither party is aware. Sometimes it is a conscious love which they wish to hide. Sometimes, a timid love which durst not show itself. Sometimes, a wavering, undecided love, half-fledged as it were, which they suspect without being quite sure of it, and at which they peep, in its nest inside themselves, before letting it flutter forth. In all this, where is there any sameness?"

The question reveals Marivaux. "Where is there any sameness?" might stand as the motto of his whole work.

As for Henry James, he cannot be mentioned by critics without the words "subtlety" and "nuances" coming in. And in both cases, by the bye, this rare discriminative gift has been attributed to a feminine infusion. Faguet nicknames Marivaux, "la baronne de Marivaux;" and who has not heard of the "feminine fineness" and "feline observation" of his counterpart?

A devotion to shades of difference is naturally accompanied by a distaste for whatever is abstract and general. Indeed, the one tendency is the obverse of the other, and to the whole the chief characteristics of both authors seem to be due.

Both, for instance, are extremely anxious to be just precisely themselves as

artists, not merely from sheer force of instinct, but by self-conscious reasoning. And it may be mentioned here, by the way, that each has a distinct philosophical gift, which in James might be regarded as a family affair, and which was so marked in Marivaux that Sainte-Beuve calls him "a forerunner of Saint-Simon, Comte, and Littré."

In a period of artistic tradition, Marivaux boasts of being "his own son." He complains: "Few authors have left us an impression of their own particular way of seeing the world. Swayed by some convention of taste they do not move with their own step but with a borrowed gait." He lays down as the golden rule: *abandonner son esprit à son geste naturel*. He advises the young writer to "imitate no one — neither the ancients nor the moderns. The ancients had an entirely different universe from ours, and besides, copying of any sort is bad; it can only make an ape of one."

"Marivaux is extremely logical," says Sainte-Beuve, and consistent with his reasoned and fastidious individualism in production is his code of criticism. He admits no valid standard of taste but the individual's likes and dislikes. "Critics have no right to say, 'This is good; that is bad;' but only 'I like this; I dislike that.'" And in the same spirit he condemns the habit of classifying authors under abstract *étiquettes* — "this or that kind of a novel" — and of judging them according to these labels instead of individually.

In James all this is repeated — some of it in almost the same words. He defines a novel as "successful in proportion as it reveals a particular mind, different from others." His essay on "The Art of Fiction" is one long declaration of independence on behalf of the individual, and a defiance of conventions and *étiquettes*. "Traditions," he says for instance, "as to what sort of affair the good novel will be, applied *a priori*, have already had much to answer for. The idea that the novel has to translate the

things that surround us into conventional, traditional moulds condemns the art to an eternal repetition of a few familiar *clichés*." He pleads urgently for "liberty of interpretation," and, being as logical as Marivaux, James too postulates a purely individual standard of criticism. "Nothing, of course," he declares, "will ever take the place of the good old fashion of liking a work of art or disliking it. The most improved criticism will not abolish that primitive — that ultimate test."

Clearly, this self-conscious individualism is near akin to the subtle discriminativeness. In regard to their objects of study it is as true of James as of Marivaux that "his peculiar art consists in singling out the individual from the broadly human." And that outward tendency reacts inwardly on themselves. They single out their own personalities also from the broadly human. They are keenly alive to their personal differentiations from other artists, and the paths of similarity they shun. Nor has their watchfulness failed of its reward. "Marivaux is unique. Whether they are masterpieces or not, his novels stand alone. And this very fact, which gives them their historical value, explains their never having reached the crowd." So Brunetière; and so also Howells about James. "His novels are really incomparable, not so much because there is nothing in contemporary fiction to equal them as because there is nothing at all like them."

That artists so individual, being also artists of force, should be innovators, is natural. The term is invariably applied to both. Nor is it surprising that they should be characterized by "modernity." Brunetière attributes this quality to Marivaux, as if it were almost an invention of his; and parts of James's work — some of his dialogues, for instance — are so strictly contemporary that a fear has been expressed of their becoming almost unintelligible to-morrow.

Again, the distaste for the general and

abstract is enough to explain the avoidance by both authors of set plots and dénouements. Marivaux did not even finish either of his masterpieces. He issued them in parts extending over a number of years, and left the last part of each unwritten. "He enjoyed the road too much to trouble about the goal or conclusion," says Sainte-Beuve. "He does not care for plots arranged beforehand in the study, but prefers taking his subjects straight from life, as opportunity offers them." James shows the same preference, and he too insists on dropping a subject brusquely, just as life may seem to drop it. Indeed, what is a plot leading up to a prepared dénouement but an abstract frame, which requires a generalizing rearrangement of the material to be fitted into it?

It is natural too that authors with this bent should eschew the censorial attitude. Moral judgments as such are what Kant called unconditional; they declare, "This is right, that is wrong," without any regard to particular modifications or circumstances. Artists, then, whose chief aim is to record particular modifications, are not likely to devote much space to them.

On the other hand, they are likely to devote a great deal of space to psychology, for what else is psychology in a novel but the "singling out of the individual from the broadly human"? When once the question is raised, "But what kind of man, exactly, is the hero?" one passes from the "novel of adventure" to the "psychological novel." And the more fully the question is answered, the more psychological the novel must be.

For discriminators like Marivaux and James that question can never be answered fully enough. In the preface to the first part of his *Marianne*, Marivaux describes the novels the public has hitherto been accustomed to as "adventures which are only adventures," and expresses the hope that adventures which are also studies of character may now prove acceptable. "A detailed portrait is for him an endless task," quotes Sainte-

Beuve. Indeed, the novels of both are chiefly galleries of portraits; and in some important respects their methods of portrayal are similar. The central figure in both is virtually autobiographical, — a self-confessor, — but the rest are indicated as far as possible from the outside. The senses are usually the most personal avenues of knowledge. To go from sense to reasoning is often to quit the particular for the general point of view. So James is always in search of "the looks of things which convey a meaning," and it is in Marivaux that Sterne seems to have studied the art of revealing character through expression and gesture. Brunetière holds that no one has ever surpassed Marivaux in showing "the possession, as it were, which our habits take of our faces." As an achievement of this kind, his interpretative account of the plumpness of a certain prioress is classical in French literature; and he abounds in thumbnail sketches like this: "Madame de Far was a little, dark, stout, ugly woman with a large, square face, and small black eyes, which were never still. They were always hunting about to find something amusing to occupy her lively mind with." Or this: "Monsieur de Climal" — one of the hypocrites Marivaux loved to depict, and whose tactics he used to contrast rather disdainfully with the cruder methods of Molière's *Tartufo* — "had a gentle, serious face, and a penitential air which kept you from noticing how stout he really was." To show all James's triumphs in this order one would have to quote a large part of his works.

Our authors are alike too in not confining their search for "the looks which convey a meaning" to the human form. "What are circumstances but that which befalls us," asks James, "and what is incident but the determination of character?" So "character" becomes almost equivalent to "circumstance," and both in their psychological researches bear us far out on a sea of surroundings — not only immediate surroundings, such as

"the major's trousers and the particular 'smart' tension of his wife's tight stays," but furniture, houses, streets, gardens. Marivaux is famous for his "interiors," which have been described as "veritable Chardins;" but he, like James, is also blamed for over-elaboration of these pictures.

In their passion for "walking on eggs" the pair adopt similar methods of complicating the subtlety of the psychological case. Marivaux's main object, it has been said, is to show "the refraction of a character through different media." He carries his Marianne and Jacques through many environments, and their surfaces are chameleonic as they ascend through the strata of society. James, in his "international" novels, "goes one better" than this. Not content to show the individual's response to different surroundings in his own country, he conveys him abroad, and analyses the influence of a foreign atmosphere on the national particularization of the individually particularized character. He must ascertain how the New Englander, Chad, has "his features retouched, his eyes cleared, his color settled, his fine square teeth polished; a form, a surface, almost a design given to him" — by the atmosphere of the French capital.

And how could these discriminators avoid the charge of prolixity in their analyses? One blushes to think of the insults offered James on this score; and as for Marivaux, — "It is a trifle too much," exclaimed the Abbé Desfontaines, when the sixth part of *Marianne* appeared, "to devote a whole book to carrying the heroine from midday to six p.m! Heaven forbid that she should live to grow old, or our lives would not be long enough to read about hers!" Detailed portraits must indeed produce some sacrifice of movement — of movement, at least, toward a dénouement. But then, since neither Marivaux nor James provides any dénouement, is it fair to blame them for not moving toward a non-existent point?

Again, both writers are accused of omitting the "great things" of life. "Marivaux," says Voltaire, "knows all the little paths of the heart, but not the high road." "In every case," says Sainte-Beuve, "we find him preferring the *je ne sais quoi* to true beauty, cleverness to greatness, coquetry to tenderness." Indeed, neither author deals much in what James somewhere condemns as "rounded perfections," and this seems to be an inevitable result of their devotion to the particular. Before condemning them for omitting the "great things," one should squarely meet the question, which both seem to imply, whether the "great things," in the ordinary sense, really exist — exist, that is, apart from abstracting imagination? In one of his essays Marivaux denies the existence of "great men," — apart, at least, from abstracting imagination. And in that profound little study, "The Story in it," James seems to offer an allegorical disquisition on the point. Two women and a man are talking together. One of the women is secretly in love with the man; he is, or should be, in love with the other. They are discussing ideal, romantic love. The woman with the secret maintains the possibility of it, and when the others argue against her, claims to know for certain of its existence. "Where is it, then?" they ask. She lays her hand on her unspoken and unanswered heart. It exists in her dream; but does it exist anywhere else? We are left asking that question.

"All great artists impress us as having some kind of a philosophy," says James. He and Marivaux surely impress us as teaching the far-reaching doctrine of the absoluteness of "the particular, given case." "There is no such thing as an abstract adventure," says James somewhere; "there is only your adventure and mine."

Nowhere, however, is this likeness more palpably evident than in the matter of style. And here, as indeed elsewhere in this essay, reference is more especially

made to James's later manner — to the manner he evolved toward the end of the Victorian era, and which has since then accentuated itself, to the admiration of some and the despair of others.

It was a Frenchman who originated the formula, "The style is the man," and French critics of Marivaux have instinctively concentrated their attention on his style as the most indicative part.

From his own day onward Marivaux as a stylist has been censured for his mannerisms, his verbosity, his abuse of comparisons, his spun-out metaphors, his involved obscurity, his colloquialism, and, oddly mixed with that, his preciousity. "A jargon at once familiar and precious," D'Alembert called his style in his *Eloge*; and how aptly the phrase hits off one aspect of James's style!

"Marivaux's art," says Sainte-Beuve, "is to imitate *le style parlé*. He copies it as closely as he can, with all its little carelessnesses, with the small words that constantly recur, and, as it were, the very gestures. *Cela* is always cropping up, and such phrases as *cet homme-là, ces traits de bonté-là*."

And what else than *le style parlé* characterizes such sentences as this from James — "One of the other impressions was, at the end of a few minutes, that she — oh, incontestably, yes, differed less; that is, scarcely at all — well, superficially speaking, from —"?

No English writer of rank is more conversational than James, with his "don'ts" and "are n'ts" and "is n'ts" and "that sort of;" with his constant use of inverted commas for stray words outside of set dialogue; with his abundant slang — "he was at least up to that," and so on.

Yet beside this colloquialism how prominent is the "precious" element in both! Preciousity has been the main charge against Marivaux; and in James how often do we find phrases suggestive of the least colloquial, the most "æsthetic" and "architectural" of stylists — of Pater, for instance? James's Gallicisms, natural enough considering

the circumstances of his education, must come under this head. And in short, if one should compile a lexicon of his vocabulary, would it not resemble a Marivaux lexicon in being "very rich in common, trivial, popular phrases, and yet no less rich in far-fetched ones"?

What a striking parallelism again in their use of metaphor! It may truly be said of James, as of Marivaux, that it is "his constant practice to convey the nicest shades of sentiment by figures borrowed from the vulgarest usage." And they vie with each other in their audacity in elaborating metaphors. More sensitive than Anglo-Saxons about the niceties of metaphorical expression, the French are especially wroth with Marivaux for his "mania of pushing similes *au bout*." In reality, James pushes them a great deal farther than Marivaux — as witness that "tall tower of ivory in a garden," to which Maggie's state of mind is likened through three pages.

The typical sentences of both are often as rambling or plotless as their novels; and for the same reason in either case. The preservation of "the straight impression" requires unpremeditated expression. The impression must be allowed to transcribe itself freely; any verbal rearrangement might lead to remodeling of the object. An apparent verbosity also is inevitable for both. And yet of either style — naturally enough, given its subtlety — reticence and omissions are found to be characteristic. "Reticence envelopes Marivaux's thought and veils it as with twilight," says that fine critic, Paul de Saint Victor. "Swedenborg tells us he perceived spirits conversing with one another by merely winking their eyelids. In Marivaux we get something of the mystery of those palpitating dialogues in the clouds." "James conveys these things," says Elton, "by the method of reticence, by omissions, pauses, and speaking silences." "James does not say," observes Howells; "he insinuates. It is what he does not tell that counts."

One would have to quote a great deal to illustrate all these common tendencies clearly, but "for Achilles' image stand his spear!" Here is an ordinary specimen from Marivaux. At the door of a theatre he is observing the faces of those who come out. "I examined all these wearers of faces. I tried to make out what each of them felt about his lot. For instance, if there was one who bore his lot patiently, because he could do nothing else. I did not find a single one whose face did not declare, 'I stick to it!' And yet, I saw some women's faces which had small reason to be contented, and which might well have complained of their portion, without being esteemed too captious. It even seemed to me that on meeting some face more generously favored than their own they were afraid of being driven to depreciate theirs; their hearts were distressed; and, to be sure, they *were* in a warm corner! To have a face which you would not willingly exchange for any other, and yet to behold, right in front of you, some accursed visage coming to pick a quarrel with yours and upset your good opinion of it—coming boldly to challenge yours to mortal combat and throwing you for a moment into the sad confusion of doubting what the issue might be,—accusing you, in short, of indulging in an illegitimate satisfaction in deeming your face without peer and without reproach,—such moments are fraught with peril! I could read all the disturbance of the insulted face. The disturbance however was only momentary."

Sainte-Beuve blames this sportive passage for "bad taste." What would he have said, then, of scores of passages in James? Of this, for instance: "He had turned awkwardly, responsibly red, he knew, at her mention of Maria; Sarah Pocock's presence—that particular quality in it—had made this inevitable; and then he had grown still redder. . . . He felt indeed that he was showing much, as, uncomfortably and almost in pain, he offered up his redness to Waymarsh, VOL. 100—NO. 4

who, strangely enough, seemed now to be looking at him with a certain explanatory yearning. Something deep—something built on their old, old relation—passed, in this complexity, between them; he got the side-wind of a loyalty that stood behind all actual questions. Waymarsh's dry, bare humour—as it gave itself to be taken—gloomed out to justify itself. 'Well, if you talk of her, I've my chance, too,' it seemed stiffly to nod; and it granted that it was giving him away, but struggled to say that it did so only to save him. The sombre glow stared at him till it fairly sounded out. 'To save you, poor old man, to save you!'"

Or of this specimen: "We remained on the surface, with the tenacity of shipwrecked persons clinging to a plank. Our plank was our concentrated gaze at Mrs. Bridgeman's mere present. We allowed her past to exist for us only in the form of the prettiness that she had gallantly rescued from it, and to which a few scraps of its identity still adhered."

Not that one would accuse James of "marivaudage" in the most evil sense of that word,—in which, to tell the truth, it is inapplicable to Marivaux. It was, far more than himself, Marivaux's *epigoni* who brought on this term the significance of simpering affectation and false graces. Even Sainte-Beuve, who is severe enough on Marivaux's style, admits, "The word *marivaudage* has become established in our language to indicate a vice, but the man from whom the name is borrowed is superior to its current meaning."

Most of this resemblance in style seems ascribable to causes already indicated. That both authors should imitate colloquial idiom, for instance, is imposed on them by their loyalty to the "straight impression." Yet that they should also be precious and metaphorical follows from the out-of-the-way *nuances* which they are describing. And so on. As Brunetière, another sharp critic of Marivaux, recognizes, "Unexpected collocations of words, unusual turns of expres-

sion, peculiar phrases, are in fact merely the faithful reflection of odd, unusual, unexpected objects of observation. And if sometimes many words are used for a small matter, one must remember that the reader would not believe in the reality of the out-of-the-way discovery unless the explorer allowed him to retrace with him, step by step, the paths which had led him to it."

Such is indeed the defense which Marivaux himself set up of his style. Several times he replied at length to the frequent contemporary attacks on this side of his work. He asserts that his style is not "affected," — he takes "precious" in that sense, — but a simple and sincere reflection of his thought. And he denies that it can be called "obscure," unless it can be shown that his thought is obscure. If his language is unusual, he says, it is solely because his perceptions are so. People may say he has no business to see such out-of-the-way aspects of every-day affairs; but that is the way his mind is constituted. If he is to blame, it is not for his style, but for his mind, of which his style is a mere mirror.

To this apology, which coincides, one is tempted to imagine, with what James might say, Sainte-Beuve and Brunetière concede that the author's mind and not his style is in question. "He was in fact himself," says Sainte-Beuve, "and quite legitimately he expresses his unusual perceptions in language that often has a piquant singularity." But, they both assert, he goes too far. In reference, one may ask, to what standard? If his style faithfully reflects his mind, it cannot be called "affected," at least. What, then, is "the proper limit" which they accuse him of overstepping?

At bottom, these two critics clash with Marivaux over his claim to entire individual liberty. They deny his right to be utterly himself. They say he goes too far

in personality. They denounce his individualism as "libertine" — in the name of tradition and of the example of "the masters."

Anglo-Saxons may perhaps reject this French devotion to classicism, and yet feel that James and his double do err, somehow, from the way. Can it be that, instead of being too much themselves, as the French critics declare, they are not sufficiently themselves?

"It is not so much your being right — it is your horrible, sharp eye for what makes you so," complains one of James's characters of another. Substitute "individual" for "right," and are not the words applicable to our authors?

Their "horrible, sharp eye" for what differentiates them from others cuts them off like a knife, it seems, from their kind, and, in so doing, mutilates them. One cannot rebel against what Wilde calls "the humiliating fact" of the brotherhood of men without penalties of circumscription. "The childish horror of our set for the *banal*" — what an exact suggestion, by the way, James gives there of Marivaux's set at Madame de Tencin's — carries with it an avenging limitation. To be only that in which one is different from others is to be less than one's self, and it is this curtailment of their universal nature which earns for both, sometimes, the epithet of "inhuman."

And yet, both accomplish so much by their specialization! "It is so rare to be a pioneer and to discover anything new in this moral world, which has been so thoroughly explored! And Marivaux," admits Sainte-Beuve, "has added to what was known before." Most of his additions may have been assimilated by now; but it will be many a year, one may conjecture, before all the knowledge which our great Anglo-Saxon note-taker has given us passes into popular currency.

SOULS

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

AND can it be?

The heart that in the earth's far dawn knew God;

The thought that seized the circling of the stars;

The soul of fire that on that hill of Athens

Built immortal beauty; the brain enorm

That peopled for all men and for all time

A world Shakesperean; and can it be? —

The mind imperial named Beethoven,

Majestically chanting harmonies

That hold the motions of the rhythmic worlds,

And to far doomsday stir all living hearts;

And he the framer of earth's mightiest dome,

Painter sublime and poet marvelous,

Who carved the likeness of his soul in stone,

And in cold marble the hot heart of man

Imprisoned eternally; and can it be?

These, these and all the potencies of time

Which throbbed in human form; and can it be

That the intensive fire that made them men, —

Not trees, nor creeping beasts, nor stones, nor stars, —

And gave identity to every soul,

Making it individual and alone

Among the myriads; and can it be

That when the mortal framework failed, — that fire

Which flamed in separate and lonely life,

These souls, slipped out of being and were lost,

Eternally extinguished and cast out, —

Only to some obscure electric wave

Giving new force, to some stray flower new grace,

Unto some lover's vow more ardency;

Making some island sunset more intense,

Passing from fiery thought to chemic heat, —

But all the universe empty of that one high

And exquisite accomplishment and power,

Forever and forever, — Can it be?

THE MUSKRATS ARE BUILDING

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

WE have had a series of long, heavy rains, and water is standing over the swampy meadow. It is a dreary stretch, this wet, sedgy land in the cold twilight, drearier than any part of the woods or the upland pastures. They are empty, but the meadow is flat and wet, naked and all unsheltered. And a November night is falling.

The darkness deepens; a raw wind is rising. At nine o'clock the moon swings round and full to the crest of the ridge, and pours softly over. I button the heavy ulster close, and in my rubber boots go down to the river and follow it out to the middle of the meadow, where it meets the main ditch at the sharp turn toward the swamp. Here at the bend, behind a clump of black alders, I sit quietly down and wait.

I am not mad, nor melancholy; I am not after copy. Nothing is the matter with me. I have come out to the bend to watch the muskrats building, for that small mound up the ditch is not an old haycock, but a half-finished muskrat house.

The moon climbs higher. The water on the meadow shivers in the light. The wind bites through my heavy coat and sends me back; but not until I have seen one, two, three little figures scaling the walls of the house with loads of mud-and-reed mortar. I am driven back by the cold, but not until I know that here in the desolate meadow is being rounded off a lodge, thick-walled and warm, and proof against the longest, bitterest of winters.

This is near the end of November. My wood is in the cellar; I am about ready to put on the double windows and storm-doors; and the muskrats' house is all but finished. Winter is at hand; but we are

prepared; the muskrats even better prepared than I; for theirs is an adequate house, planned perfectly.

Through the summer they had no house, but only their tunnels into the sides of the ditch, their roadways out into the grass, and their beds under the tussocks or among the roots of the old stumps. All these months the water had been low in the ditch, and the beds among the tussocks had been safe and dry enough.

Now the autumnal rains have filled river and ditch, flooded the tunnels, and crept up into the beds under the tussocks. Even a muskrat will creep out of his bed when cold, wet water creeps in. What shall he do for a house? He does not want to leave his meadow. The only thing to do is to build, — move from under the tussock, out upon the top, and here in the deep, wiry grass, make a new bed, high and dry above the rising water, and close the new bed in with walls that circle and dome and defy the winter.

Such a house will require a great deal of work to build. Why not combine, make it big enough to hold half a dozen; save labor and warmth, and, withal, live sociably together? So they left, each one his bed, and joining efforts, started, about the middle of October, to build this winter house.

Slowly, night after night, the domed walls have been rising, although for several nights at a time there would be no apparent progress with the work. The builders were in no hurry, it seems; the cold was far off; but it is coming, and to-night it feels near and keen. And to-night there is no loafing about the lodge.

When this house is done, then the rains may descend, and the floods come, but it will not fall. It is built upon a

tussock; and a tussock, you will know, who have ever grubbed at one, has hold on the bottom of creation. The winter may descend, and the boys, and foxes, come, — and they will come, but not before the walls are frozen, — yet the house stands. It is boy-proof, almost; it is entirely rain-, cold-, and fox-proof. Many a time I have hacked at its walls with my axe when fishing through the ice, but I never got in. I have often seen, too, where the fox has gone round and round the house in the snow, and where, at places, he has attempted to dig into the frozen mortar; but it was a foot thick, as hard as flint, and utterly impossible for his pick and shovel.

Yet strangely enough the house sometimes fails of the very purpose for which it was erected. I said the floods may come. So they may, ordinarily; but along in March when one comes as a freshet, it rises sometimes to the dome of the house, filling the single bed-chamber and drowning the dwellers out. I remember a freshet once in the end of February that flooded Lupton's Pond and drove the muskrats of the whole pond village to their ridgepoles, to the bushes, and to whatever wreckage the waters brought along.

The best laid schemes o' muskrats too
Gang aft a-gley.

But ganging a-gley is not the interesting thing, not the point with my muskrats: it is rather that my muskrats, and the mice that Burns ploughed up, the birds and the bees, and even the very trees of the forest, have foresight. They all look ahead and provide against the coming cold. That a mouse or a muskrat, or even a bee, should occasionally prove foresight to be vain, only shows that the life of the fields is very human. Such foresight, however, oftener proves entirely adequate for the winter, dire as some of the emergencies are sure to be.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then,
Poor thing?

And what will Muskrat do? and Chipmunk? and Whitefoot? and little Chickadee? poor things! Never fear. Robin has heard the trumpets of the north wind and is retreating leisurely toward the south; wise thing! Muskrat is building a warm winter lodge; Chipmunk has already dug his but and ben, and so far down under the stone wall that a month of zeros could not break in; Whitefoot, the woodmouse, has stored the hollow poplar stub full of acorns and has turned Robin's deserted nest, near by, into a cosy house; and Chickadee, dear thing, Nature herself looks after him. There are plenty of provisions for the hunting, and a big piece of suet on my lilac bush. His clothes are warm, and he will hide his head under his wing in the elm-tree hole when the north wind doth blow, and never mind the weather.

I shall not mind it either, not so much, anyway, on account of Chickadee. He lends me a deal of support. So do Chipmunk, Whitefoot, and Muskrat.

This lodge of my muskrats in the meadow makes a difference, I am sure, of at least ten degrees in the mean temperature of my winter. How can the out-of-doors freeze entirely up with such a house as this at the middle of it? For in this house is life, warm life, — and fire. On the coldest day I can look out over the bleak white waste to where the house shows, a tiny mound in the snow, and I can see the fire glow, just as I can see and feel the glow when I watch the slender blue wraith rise into the still air from the chimney of the old farmhouse along the road below. For I share in the life of both houses; and not less in the life of the mud house of the meadow, because, instead of Swedes, they are muskrats who live there. I can share the existence of a muskrat? Easily. I like to curl up with the three or four of them in that mud house and there spend the worst days of the winter. My own big house here on the hilltop is sometimes cold. And the wind! If sometimes I could only drive the insistent winter wind from the house corners! But

down in the meadow the house has no corners; the mud walls are thick, so thick and round that the shrieking wind sweeps past unheard, and all unheeded the cold creeps over and over the thatch, then crawls back and stiffens upon the meadow.

The doors of our house in the meadow swing open the winter through. Just outside the doors stand our stacks of fresh calamus roots, and iris, and arum. The roof of the universe has settled close and hard upon us, — a sheet of ice extending from the ridge of the house far out to the shores of the meadow. The winter is all above the roof — outside. It blows and snows and freezes out there. In here, beneath the ice-roof, the roots of the sedges are pink and tender; our roads are all open and they run every way, over all the rich, rooty meadow.

The muskrats are building. Winter is coming. The muskrats are making preparations; but not they alone. The preparation for hard weather is to be seen everywhere, and it has been going on ever since the first flocking of the swallows back in July. Up to that time the season still seemed young; no one thought of harvest, of winter; when there upon the telegraph wires one day were the swallows, and work against the winter had commenced.

The great migratory movements of the birds, mysterious in some of their courses as the currents of the sea, were in the beginning, and are still, for the most part, mere shifts to escape the cold. Why in the spring these same birds should leave the southern lands of plenty and travel back to the hungrier north to nest, is not easily explained. Perhaps it is the home instinct that draws them back; for home to birds (and men) is the land of the nest. However, it is very certain that among the autumn migrants there would be at once a great falling off should there come a series of warm open winters with abundance of food.

Bad as the weather is, there are a few of the seed-eating birds, like the quail,

and some of the insect-eaters, like the chickadee, who are so well provided for that they can stay and survive the winter. But the great majority of the birds, because they have no storehouse nor barn, must take wing and fly away from the lean and hungry cold.

And I am glad to see them go. The thrilling honk of the flying wild geese out of the November sky tells me that the hollow forests and closing bays of the vast desolate north are empty now, except for the few creatures that find food and shelter in the snow. The wild geese pass, and I hear behind them the clang of the arctic gates, the boom of the bolt — then the long frozen silence. Yet it is not for long. Soon the bar will slip back, the gates will swing wide, and the wild geese will come honking over, swift to the greening marshes of the arctic bays once more.

Here in my own small woods and marshes there is much getting ready, much comforting assurance that Nature is quite equal to herself, that winter is not approaching unawares. There will be great lack, no doubt, before there is plenty again; there will be suffering and death. But what with the migrating, the strange deep sleeping, the building and harvesting, there will be also much comfortable, much joyous and sociable living.

Long before the muskrats began to build, even before the swallows commenced to flock, my chipmunks started their winter stores. I don't know which began his work first, which kept harder at it, chipmunk or the provident ant. The ant has come by a reputation for thrift, which, though entirely deserved, is still not the exceptional virtue it is made to seem. Chipmunk is just as thrifty. So is the busy bee. It is the thought of approaching winter that keeps the bee busy far beyond her summer needs. Much of her labor is entirely for the winter. By the first of August she has filled the brood chamber with honey — forty pounds of it, enough for the hatching bees and for the whole colony until the willows tassel

again. But who knows what the winter may be? How cold and long drawn out into the coming May? So the harvesting is pushed with vigor on to the flowering of the last autumn asters—on until fifty, a hundred, or even three hundred pounds of surplus honey are sealed in the combs, and the colony is safe should the sun not shine again for a year and a day.

But here is Nature, in these extra pounds of honey, making preparation for me, incapable drone that I am. I could not make a drop of honey from a whole forest of linden bloom. Yet I must live, so I give the bees a bigger gum log than they need; I build them greater barns; and when the harvest is all in, this extra store I make my own. I too with the others am getting ready for the cold.

It is well that I am. The last of the asters have long since gone; so have the witch hazels. All is quiet about the hives. The bees have formed into their warm winter clusters upon the combs, and except "when come the calm, mild days," they will fly no more until March or April. I will contract their entrances, — put on their storm-doors. And now there is little else that I can do but put on my own.

The whole of my out-of-doors is a great hive, stored and sealed for the winter, its swarming life close-clustered, and covering in its centre, as coals in the ashes, the warm life-fires of summer.

I stand along the edge of the hillside here and look down the length of its frozen slope. The brown leaves have drifted into the entrances, as if every burrow were forsaken; sand and sticks have washed in, too, littering and choking the doorways.

There is no sign of life. A stranger would find it hard to believe that my whole drove of forty-six ground hogs (woodchucks) are gently snoring at the bottoms of these old uninteresting holes. Yet here they are, and quite out of danger, sleeping the sleep of the furry, the fat, and the forgetful.

The woodchuck's is a curious shift, a

case of Nature outdoing herself. Winter spreads far and fast, and Woodchuck, in order to keep ahead out of danger, would need wings. But he was n't given any. Must he perish then? Winter spreads far, but does not go deep — down only about four feet; and Woodchuck, if he cannot escape overland, can, perhaps, *under* land. So down he goes *through* the winter, down into a mild and even temperature, five long feet away — but as far away from the snow and cold as Bobolink among the reeds of the distant Orinoco.

Indeed, Woodchuck's is a farther journey and even more wonderful than Bobolink's, for these five feet carry him beyond the bounds of time and space into the mysterious realm of sleep, of suspended life, to the very gates of death. That he will return with Bobolink, that he will come up alive with the spring out of this dark way, is very strange.

For he went in most meagrely prepared. He took nothing with him, apparently. The muskrat built him a house, and under the spreading ice turned all the meadow into a well-stocked cellar. The beaver built a dam, cut and anchored under water a plenty of green sticks near his lodge, so that he too would be under cover when the ice formed, and have an abundance of tender bark at hand. Chipmunk spent half of his summer laying up food near his underground nest. But Woodchuck simply dug him a hole, a grave, ate until no particle more of fat could be got into his baggy hide, then crawled into his tomb, gave up the ghost, and waited the resurrection of the spring.

This is his shift! This is the length to which he goes, because he has no wings, and because he cannot cut, cure, and mow away in the depths of the stony hillside, enough clover hay to last him over the winter. The beaver cans his fresh food in cold water; the chipmunk selects long-keeping things and buries them; the woodchuck makes of himself a silo, eats all his winter hay in the summer while it is green, turns it at once into a surplus of

himself, then buries that self, feeds upon it, and sleeps — and lives!

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,

but what good reason is there for our being daunted at the prospect? Robin and all the others are well prepared. Even the wingless frog, who is also lacking in fur and feathers and fat, even he has no care at the sound of the cold winds. Nature provides for him too, in her way, which is neither the way for the robin, the muskrat, nor the woodchuck. He survives, and all he has to do about it is to dig into the mud at the bottom of the ditch. This looks at first like the journey Woodchuck takes. But it is really a longer, stranger journey than Woodchuck's, for it takes the frog far beyond the realms of mere sleep, on into the cold, black land where no one can tell the quick from the dead.

The frost may or may not reach him here in the ooze. No matter. If the cold works down and freezes him into the mud, he never knows. But he will thaw out as good as new; he will sing again for joy and love as soon as his heart warms up enough to beat.

I have seen frogs frozen into the middle of solid lumps of ice in the laboratory. Drop the lump on the floor, and the frog would break out like a fragment of the ice itself. And this has happened more than once to the same frog without causing him the least apparent suffering or inconvenience. He would come to, and croak, and look as wise as ever.

The north wind *may* blow, but the muskrats are building; and it is by no means a cheerless prospect, this wood-and-meadow world of mine in the gray November light. The frost will not fall to-night as falls the plague on men; the brightness of the summer is gone, yet this chill gloom is not the sombre shadow of a pall. Nothing is dying in the fields: the grass-blades are wilting, the old leaves are falling, still no square foot of greensward will the winter kill, nor a single tree perhaps in my wood-lot.

There will be no less of life next April because of this winter, unless, perchance, conditions altogether exceptional starve some of the winter birds. These suffer most; yet as the seasons go, life even for the winter birds is comfortable and abundant.

The fence-rows and old pastures are full of berries that will keep the fires burning in the quail and partridge during the bitterest weather. Last February, however, I came upon two partridges in the snow, dead of hunger and cold. It was after an extremely long severe spell. But this was not all. These two birds since fall had been feeding regularly in the dried fodder corn that stood shocked over the field. One day all the corn was carted away. The birds found their supply of food suddenly cut off, and, unused to foraging the fence-rows and tangles for wild seeds, they seemed to have given up the struggle at once, although within easy reach of plenty.

Hardly a minute's flight away was a great thicket of dwarf sumac covered with berries; there were bayberries, rose hips, green brier, bitter sweet, black alder, and checkerberries — hillsides of the latter — that they might have found. These were hard fare, doubtless, after an unstinted supply of sweet corn; but still they were plentiful, and would have been sufficient had the birds made use of them.

The smaller birds of the winter, like the tree-sparrow and junco, feed upon the weeds and grasses that ripen unmolested along the roadsides and waste places. A mixed flock of these small birds lived several days last winter upon the seeds of the ragweed in my mowing. The weeds came up in the early fall after the field was laid down to clover and timothy. They threatened to choke out the grass. I looked at them, rising shoulder-high and seedy over the greening field, and thought with dismay of how they would cover it by the next fall. After a time the snow came, a foot and a half of it, till only the tops of the seedy rag-

weeds showed above the level white; then the juncos, goldfinches, and tree-sparrows came, and there was a five-day shucking of ragweed-seed in the mowing, and five days of life and plenty.

Then I looked and thought again — that, perhaps, into the original divine scheme of things were put even ragweeds. But then, perhaps, there was no original divine scheme of things. I don't know. As I watch the changing seasons, however, through the changeless years, I seem to find a scheme, a plan, a purpose,

and there are weeds and winters in it; and it seems divine.

The muskrats are building; the last of the migrating geese have gone over; the wild mice have harvested their acorns; the bees have clustered; the woodchucks are asleep; and the sap in the big hickory by the side of the house has crept down out of reach of the fingers of the frost. I will put on the storm-doors and the double windows. Even now the logs are blazing cheerily on the wide, warm hearth.

GIPSY GEORGE

BY ARLO BATES

GIPSY GEORGE first bestowed upon me the honor of his acquaintance one sunny afternoon in August, in the quiet village of Lyndhurst. He came into a vacation which was filled with the wonderful beauty of the New Forest, and by the sheer force of his personality so impressed himself upon my memory that he remains the central figure in my recollections of that enchanted region.

On the outskirts of Lyndhurst is a large, rambling old inn, seedy and weather-beaten, a relic of the long-past bustle of coaching days. It still preserves some faded air of departed importance, like that of a decayed gentlewoman who has seen better fortunes; and it is the more lonely for its reminders that once it was the centre of so much life and stir. It has few patrons in these times, and the long seats which stretch away against the outer wall on either side of the main door are seldom warmed by lounging guests. Now and then it has the poor comfort of a loafer or two smoking here, but except during the Fair even this mockery of patronage is infrequent; and through most of the year the inn is little more than a forlorn relic.

A few furlongs beyond the White Swan the high road forks at right angles, and borders on two sides a wide sloping ground covered with pleasant English turf. The other sides of this common are backed by a fine thick growth of trees, largely beech. This space is the fair-ground of Lyndhurst; and here is held annually, on the ninth of August, a fair for the sale of the New Forest ponies.

All about the open spaces of the New Forest, on the lovely grassy downs, under the magnificent oaks and beeches, by the cross which marks the spot where William Rufus was killed well nigh a thousand years ago, among the furze or the ferns which grow to the breast of a man, are to be seen droves of small horses. Though they run apparently wild, they are all owned and branded, and when the time comes mares and foals are rounded up and separated. On August ninth the yearling colts are gathered on the common at Lyndhurst, and dealers from all over southern England collect to buy them.

Not only horse-dealers come together, but all the usual frequenters of an English fair appear. For days previous, come

drifting into the neighborhood the showmen, the jugglers, the peddlers, and all the mongrel riff-raff characteristic of such an occasion. The gipsies are by no means last or least in this motley assembly; and their carts are conspicuous for days before the Fair begins.

On the afternoon which enriched me with the sight of Gipsy George I was walking past the White Swan when I noticed a group of gipsies seated on the bench before the house, or standing near it. The temptation to observe them more closely led me to turn in and to take my place on the seat on the other side of the door. The men were seven in number, all comfortably dressed, all swarthy and black-haired, all keen-eyed. In their carriage they showed a fine freedom of action, the unconscious grace of unconstrained and open-air humanity. They talked in a tongue unknown to me, which I took to be Romany, and had I been George Borrow I should on the spot have invented wildly impossible analogies between chance-heard syllables and imaginary dialects of the Orient. As it was I merely admired, and rolled under my tongue the sweet cud of romantic encounter.

The tallest of these men was the handsomest human creature I ever beheld. He was an inch or two over six feet, as I discovered afterward by comparing his stature with my own; but he was so strongly built as hardly to look his height. He was superbly proportioned, with a magnificent head set on a column of a neck a Greek sculptor might have been proud of modeling. His hair, soot-black, was crised into tight knots, which ringed his forehead like the locks of an archaic statue, and pushed from under the weather-stained red cap set on the back of his crown. His eyes were big, and bright, and merry, with a vivacity which kindled a spark in their velvety brown. They brought to my mind more than once the notion that they might be the eyes of a deer with a sense of humor, yet too they had a power which might

upon occasion look a man down like a blow. His mouth was half covered by a short, crisp beard and a close mustache, but the vivid red of his lips and the whiteness of his strong, even teeth could not be hidden. He was the incarnation of health and virility, and brought into my head the line: —

“Brown exercise leaped up to hear.”

The tall gipsy was dressed in a corduroy jacket with metal buttons, knee-breeches, rough stockings, and hobnailed shoes. He was saying nothing when I came up, and yet he dominated the group. With no advantage of costume except his red cap, he easily, as theatrical folk might say, held the stage.

Hardly had I taken my seat when an unkempt barmaid came out with a frothing pitcher of ale. The gipsy nearest the door took it from her hand, and improved his opportunity to quaff sturdily. Then he proffered it to the tall man, with what from his manner I guessed to be a half jocose apology. The tall gipsy, instead of taking the pitcher, waved his hand grandly, and rolled out a sentence of angry Romany. To this the pitcher-holder retorted, the other rejoined, the bystanders struck in vehemently, and a storm of voices arose which for the moment seemed to promise me sport more exciting than I had counted on. It all ended, however, in the tall man's turning away with a superb gesture of disdain and a last scornful fling of sonorous syllables. The others called out to him in chorus, but he paid no attention. He stalked over to my side of the inn-door, and sat down close to me.

“My pretty gentleman,” he said in excellent English, “I am heart-glad to see you. I've been long wearying for you.”

I looked at him with natural surprise. He was apparently entirely serious, and I cannot even now tell why it flashed upon me that he was deliberately trying to fool me.

“That is the more kind of you,” I returned with equal seriousness, “as you never saw me before.”

He did not relax his gravity by the twinkle of an eyelash.

"Oh, my pretty gentleman," he said, "you're surely not going to deny me after the long love I've had since the day we parted at Salisbury Fair."

"When was that?"

"Two years this very month we're alive in," he answered.

The Salisbury sheep-selling does come in August, as nobody would know better than a gipsy, and for a moment I thought he might mistake me for somebody he had seen before. Then the conviction that he was playing with me reasserted itself.

"It was my spirit," I told him solemnly. "I was in America; but if you say you saw me at Salisbury, of course you did, so it must have been my spirit."

He threw back his strong shoulders and laughed, with a laugh as rich as oil from nuts.

"Oh, my pretty gentleman, you're too sharp for me. It's no use trying to fool you. This is the first time I ever set eyes on you, so of course you'll give me a drink."

"Give you a drink? I just saw you refuse one."

He drew himself up with a fine dignity, evidently as much genuine pride as acting.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded.

"I have not the honor," I responded with a mock bow.

He opened his splendid brown eyes to their fullest extent, and raised his head proudly.

"I am St. George and the Dragon," he announced.

"Indeed!" I cried, with an affectation of great enthusiasm. "I never expected to see you off of a sovereign."

The notion tickled him so much that for a second the absolute seriousness of his face relaxed, and his eyes sparkled.

"Then I suppose, my pretty gentleman, you are going to give me a sovereign as a token."

"You should ask for one thing at a

time," I returned. "You have n't told me why you did n't take a drink when it was offered to you."

"Take a drink? Did n't you see him drink out of the pitcher before he offered it to me?"

The indignation with which he said this was probably partly genuine, for Gipsy George stood always on his dignity with his men. He was, as I learned afterward, the head of a numerous and prosperous clan, and he did not easily bear any failure to observe toward him a proper deference.

"I don't see," I told him, "that because you are too lofty to drink after another, I am called upon to pay for your beer."

"But I told you who I am."

"St. George and the Dragon, I think you said."

"Oh, my pretty gentleman, you're so sharp you could use your wits for a razor; but I'm George and —"

The closing word was evidently Roman, and I did not catch it.

"And what?"

"Chief, you'd call it. Nobody has a right to drink before me."

Inquiries which I made later confirmed this statement. I found that Gipsy George, as he was commonly called, was a man of no little importance and of good substance. He had fifty ponies for sale at the Fair a few days later, and was besides proprietor of the numerous "cocoanut-shies" which encumbered the ground on that occasion and entrapped the pennies of the rustic youths. This opulence did not prevent him from begging every time I met him. From asking for a drink on this first occasion, he passed to a request for five pounds; and as denial met him he lessened his demands until he came down to a touching plea that at least the pretty gentleman would give him a farthing, so that he might make a hole through it and wear it around his neck until he died. The refusal of even this modest request he met with perfect good-nature, and the statement that a child-

like gipsy such as he had no chance against a mortal of intelligence so supernatural as that of the pretty gentleman.

From the country folk around I heard that the tribe had a reputation far from satisfactory. At the yard of a stone-cutter, where I lingered to look at the Purbeck marble he was working, I heard that every tool had to be either locked up or kept in hand so long as the gipsies were in the neighborhood. The man assured me that he had once laid down his hammer to light his pipe, and an invisible thief of a gipsy had made off with the utensil under his very nose. When I repeated this to Gipsy George he commented with entire placidity of expression, "These folks here don't know real honesty when they see it. It's naturally scarce in these parts when we ain't here."

I made it a point to see all that I could of my new acquaintance. He would have been worth following about for the simple delight of looking at a creature so magnificent. His motions were deliberate, but as easy and as sure as the swing of a wave. His talk was full of humor, and had not a little shrewdness. One day we were sitting on the bench where he had first joined me, while two or three of his tribe were on the other side of the door as on that day. A rather stout, commonplace Englishman came along the road, and stopped to speak to the men.

"Do you know who that is?" asked Gipsy George.

"Naturally not."

"That is the Inspector."

"What does he inspect?"

"Us," he answered. Then after a little pause which gave emphasis, he added, "And we inspect him."

He explained, in reply to my questions, that all the English gipsies are under the supervision of inspectors whose business it is to keep track of their wanderings, to see that they do not get into mischief, and to represent the august power of the law.

"He thinks he knows us through to the

bone," declared my gipsy; "but he believes anything we want him to. We can see the ideas crawling round in his head as clear as maggots in a cheese. Oh, he's our Inspector, all right."

"Meaning that you own him?" I suggested.

Gipsy George threw out his hand with a fine gesture of scorn.

"We would n't demean ourselves to own a spy-thing; but he's ours to use. Even if a ferret's mangy, he'll do to catch rats with."

I had no means of learning how far the Inspector was really beguiled, but as I looked into the unfathomable eyes of the vagabond beside me, I was entirely prepared to believe that the official was hardly likely to get the better of Gipsy George.

The talk I had with my engaging acquaintance ranged over a wide variety of subjects. Once or twice it touched on deep matters, although he had a wholesome preference for topics connected with tangible and sound concerns of daily life. He was a most thorough pagan, utterly unconcerned about spiritual mysteries because he had no shadow of belief in them. He one day summed up his whole philosophy of life and death in a single sentence.

"Oh, a man's like that cloud," he said, waving his hand toward a fleecy mass in the blue sky. "The wind's on the cheek to-day, and there is no cheek when the wind blows to-morrow."

Perhaps the thing which impressed me most when he said this was the absolute absence of anything like sentiment in his voice or manner. The wind would blow to-morrow, and the man would not be here to feel it on his cheek: this was simply a fact like any other, like the fact that the sun rises and sets. It was acquiescence in the laws of nature, as passionless as that of the leaf that falls or the dust that is scattered by the wind.

On the day before the Fair I sauntered out to the fair-ground. It was a day of enchantment, such as comes now and

then amid the multitudinous dampnesses of an English summer. The woods which rose on two sides of the place had for the occasion been shut off from the field by a high fence of rails, and rustled divinely fresh and verdant. The turf was a little trampled, but still green and agreeable. The scene, for which turf and woods formed the setting, was as varied and picturesque as heart could wish. Tents stood about, booths were being set up, gipsy wagons were ranged here and there, men, women, children, and dogs swarmed everywhere, and the air was full of busy voices.

Over a fire in a distant corner a woman with a scarlet kerchief on her head was superintending the boiling of a kettle, while two or three children and half-grown girls lay or sat around watching the operation with hungry interest. In the middle of the field was my friend, with a group of his fellows about him. He spied me almost as soon as I set foot on the fair-ground, and came forward at once with his easy, swinging stride.

"My pretty gentleman," he cried jovially, seizing me by the arm, "I was waiting for you, and great was the longing I had for you." He turned as he spoke, and in a voice like a trumpet roared across the whole width of the ground, "Ho, wife, there! Here's my pretty gentleman, the American, come to see us."

I had no chance to protest, but was led briskly across to the fire. The scarlet-kerchiefed woman straightened up as we neared her. Our greetings were far more awkward on my side than on hers, for she was on her native heath, and perfectly at her ease.

"The pretty gentleman has come to give you a pound," Gipsy George proclaimed unblushingly.

"Not that exactly," I corrected him. "I came over to see if you had that pony you promised to give me."

"No ponies till to-morrow," responded he. Then with a gesture in which he appealed to the red-cheeked lasses reclining on the ground and watching us with ex-

pressionless faces, he went on, "Look at that now! Here is this American duke that has two trunks full of gold at the inn over there, a black one and a yellow one, and I have to sleep on the bare ground; but he is n't willing to give me a penny."

Nothing in my intercourse with the gipsy startled me as did this remark. I had in fact a yellow and a black trunk at the inn; and the intimation that my shrewd Romany had been making inquiries was not pleasant. I had never seen him within half a mile of the inn, but at the moment the feeling of being spied upon so filled me with distrust that I got away as soon as possible. The wife bore me no malice, however, for on the next day, when I encountered her in charge of one of the cocoanut-shies, she greeted me with the affection of an old acquaintance, to the evident astonishment of some of the bystanders.

August ninth, the great day of the year for Lyndhurst, was again sunshiny and beautiful. Only one shower fell during the entire day. In the early dawn I heard men and horses going past my inn, and about the middle of the forenoon I went out to the fair-ground. I found everything in full swing. The shooting-galleries, the tents where rubber balls were tossed at pockets for ghastly prizes in the shape of plaster-of-Paris images, the cocoanut-shies, the beer-booths, the eating-booths, the rance-shows, were in vigorous operation. A raucous but delightful Punch and Judy occupied a prominent position, and before this I lingered long; for a considerable time, too, I watched a young lady, one of a party from a neighboring estate, shooting with an air-rifle. The mark was a blown egg-shell tossed into the air on a jet of water. Her aim was remarkable, and shell after shell fell in shattered bits until I began to wonder whether the supply would hold out.

"Where do you suppose," I asked an American girl who was with me, "they get all those eggs with nothing but wind in them?"

"The fowls of the air lay them," she replied with perfect seriousness.

One of the gentlemen of the aristocratic party, who had been watching my companion in open admiration of her beauty, opened his mouth upon hearing this. He evidently had it in mind to explain that the egg-shells were really the product of the common or garden hen, but his courage, like his perception of a joke, was unequal to the occasion.

The crowd collected at the Fair was most amusing. It included all grades, from the wearer of titles to the barefooted vagabond. The author of *Lady Audley's Secret*, a matronly, strong-faced woman, with shrewd and kindly eyes, walked about in a poke-bonnet of brown straw, and represented literature. I saw no Americans outside of our own party, and few foreigners of any sort; but the varieties of English were sufficiently great.

About a third of the fair-ground was occupied by the booths and shows, the rest of the space being given up to the ponies. These were, as they should have been, the most interesting feature of the whole. Emerging from among the tents, I came upon a scene of most exhilarating confusion. All over the field were scattered men and ponies, each man being attached to one end of a rope while a frantic pony was fastened to the other. All over the place they were darting and jumping, here a man dragging a pony, there a pony pulling a man, in a third place two or three of these strange couples tangled in a snarl, and everywhere observers running and leaping to avoid being dashed off their feet by the sweeping cords.

At intervals of a dozen feet all along the high fence which had been for the occasion put up on the wooded sides of the common, were bunches of foals, kept in their places by guards of boys. In each bunch the pretty creatures, only a few days in captivity, crowded together, half distracted by fear. They were continually in motion, the whole group circling around and around like a school of

minnows. Beside each group stood the salesman, calling aloud the perfections of his especial lot of horseflesh.

Would-be purchasers went from place to place, looking the ponies over, chaffing with the sellers, or making comments. Every few moments a buyer would indicate some particular beast in the revolving bunch. The seller would then take a rope with a slip-noose on the end, fix this in a hook on the end of a pole, and proceed to angle for the pony required. As soon as the noose was slipped over the neck of the foal, the poor frightened creature was dragged from among its companions and made to exhibit its paces in the open field.

I had the deepest sympathy for these clean-limbed, wide-eyed, frightened little beasties. For the first time in their lives they felt the tether, and their fright became panic. Across the field they dashed until brought up with a jerk which must almost have dislocated the neck. Then they tugged until the groom was forced to let them run again lest they choke completely; and so the process was repeated, until the pony was too exhausted to carry on the unequal struggle.

Amid the throng, as I darted hither and thither to avoid the ropes, I soon discovered Gipsy George. He was twenty feet of rope away from a beautiful bay foal, which danced, and rushed, and leaped, fearful but full of pluck. With a practiced hand he now let the colt run, now made it stand, sometimes paying out the entire cord, and then gathering it up until he was close to his prey. Meanwhile he was bargaining with a bull-necked farmer, a fellow so brutal-looking that for the pony's sake I was relieved when the price parted them. Gipsy George hurled after the departing farmer words of jeering so highly colored that I thought they might be answered by the farmer's fists; then he turned to me with an alluring and sunshiny smile.

"Ah, my pretty gentleman," he hailed me, "here you are at last. I've been keeping this little fellow for you all day.

Did you see that man that wanted to buy him? I sent him about his business, and he was ready to offer me his whole farm for the beauty."

Here the beauty made a diversion by plunging wildly into the middle of a group of bystanders; but Gipsy George extricated and managed him with skillful hand.

"I kept him to sell to you," he resumed as soon as circumstances allowed him to go on with the conversation. "You shall have him for five pounds. That's just half what I'd ask anybody else."

"You are generous beyond belief," I answered, "if I only had n't just heard you offer him for three pounds."

The pony made another opportune diversion, although he might have spared himself the trouble, for Gipsy George would not have been in the least disconcerted.

"Will you take him now?" was the question asked at the next breathing-space.

"What should I do with him?"

"Take him to America. He'll go in your topcoat pocket."

"Thank you; but I am afraid I might sit down on him."

"Then I'll go with you and take care of him."

We had more chaff in the same vein, diversified by frantic excursions on the part of the pony, of his master, and not infrequently of myself; but in the end Gipsy George got tired of tugging against the stoutly braced feet of the foal, and let one of his assistants restore the animal to the bunch from which it had come.

"Come now, my pretty gentleman," he said, wiping his wet forehead, "this is the last time I'll ever see your face. Give me a five-pound note to remember you by."

"If you can't remember me without that," I answered, "I shall have to bear the bitterness of being forgotten."

"Always too sharp for a poor gipsy! Give me a pound then."

"You ask just a pound too much."

"Ten shillings?"

"Nonsense!"

"Five shillings?"

"Rubbish!"

So we descended the scale to one shilling, to sixpence, to threepence, to two-pence, to a penny. Then he began on my clothing. He begged for my hat; I declined to go home bareheaded: for my coat; but I was equally stubborn about parading in my shirt-sleeves; he demanded my shoes, my waistcoat, my cravat. Finally he was pushed to his last request, and he put it with a touch of wild fancy so fine that I immediately invited him to have a mug of ale at my cost.

"My pretty gentleman," he said, "you're going from me forever. Give me at least your handkerchief, and I'll use it in Paradise to remember you by!"

And the brown eyes of the dear rascal shone so, that although we chaffed one another over the ale, that delightful bit of extravagance is the thing which comes always to mind when I recall my too brief acquaintance with the gipsy. Never was a rover more attractive to look upon, with his handsome face and magnificent body; never was tricky spirit gifted with a more delicious humor, a humor conveyed as much by look and mien as by word; never was philosophical vagabond more enchantingly pagan, with the natural and inevitable paganism of the wild hawk or the lusty gorse. About him was a sense of the wide spaces on the downs, with the clouds sailing overhead, the wood-scents and the smell of the fire mingling into an indescribable and bewildering odor. In his presence one seemed to hear the call of the wild, to which respond the ancestral instincts that have come down from our forebears who treked over the plains of central Asia. Whether the wind is on his cheek to-day, or if no cheek is where the wind is blowing over English downs, I do not know; but at least in my memory is always alive and vital the figure of my one Roman, brown-eyed Gipsy George.

THE CHILD AND THE IMAGINATIVE LIFE

BY LOUISA LANE MCCRADY

TWENTY years of more or less constant companionship with children have made me realize that their widely differing natures are not easy to understand, and that generalizations about their training and growth are not likely to be of practical value; but so many years of wonderful friendship make me watch each new child with the interest one feels in the well-known characters of a familiar story. The child life repeats itself, only with the changes that come from changed conditions and surroundings. There seems, however, to be one continuing influence on the children I have known in two periods of ten years. That influence in each child is his imaginative life.

Before the child's mind is strong enough to meet and grapple with the facts of life, the most real facts to him are what he calls "make believe." This phrase is suggestive because while the word "make" here means imagination, the word "believe" stands for what he thinks is real. Any one who goes back to the time when he was a child can bear witness to the reality of this imaginative life. To most people who have had a real childhood, not cramped by overwork, physical or mental, or starved by sordidness, or filled with an intellectuality beyond their years, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* are not far afield, the children of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age* are real people, and *Peter Pan* is more than a delightful play. Lewis Carroll and Mr. Grahame and Mr. Barrie have all told the truth, because, with real children, things are always being "made believe" just a little different from what they actually are. Playing house in a fig-tree where your roof is made by broad leaves, and where wide branches make your floor, your successive stories, your

easy stairways; playing ship on a sofa or in an invalid's chair; playing street-cars with chairs for horses, and quarreling as to which child should be conductor and which driver, — but that was before the days of electricity; playing that you are a horse eating hay in your stall, — "a real horse, you know," as a child said to me last summer; playing wild animals in the most gruesome places until you are paralyzed with terror and afraid of yourself in the dark; "making believe" in every instance that you are grown up or different from what you really are, — that is a wonderfully rich life. You can be anything you like; for once you are not hemmed in by facts. Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses* is full of these happy days, of shadows and dreams and unseen playmates, of the most real thoughts of real children. There could hardly be a more perfect description of the return of a child from the imaginative to the real life than his poem, "My Kingdom": —

Down by a shining water well
I found a very little dell,
No higher than my head.
The heather and the gorse about
In summer bloom were coming out,
Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea;
The little hills were big to me,
For I am very small.
I made a boat, I made a town,
I searched the caverns up and down,
And named them one and all.

And all about was mine, I said,
The little sparrows overhead,
The little minnows too.
This was the world and I was king;
For me the bees came by to sing,
For me the swallows flew.

I played there were no deeper seas,
Nor any wider plains than these,

Nor other kings than me.
At last I heard my mother call
Out from the house at evenfall,
To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,
And leave my dimpled water well,
And leave my heather blooms.
Alas! and as my home I neared,
How very big my nurse appeared,
How great and cool the rooms!

One might multiply instances endlessly to show how children naturally turn away from the actual to the things they cannot see with the physical eye or hear with the physical ear or touch with their hands; how children in their play turn away from the facts of life. But the boy grows to the age when facts begin to interest him, — when his imagination takes the direction of investigation; he builds a boat and sails it, or he takes to pieces his mechanical toy to "see the wheels go round;" but with the children of whom Stevenson and I have been thinking, the age of fact does not come first.

The age of fact comes early to many children in these days when scientific discovery and the accumulation of fortunes make luxuries common even in simple homes. The conditions of modern life do not leave children long in a state of imaginative simplicity. Everything comes too easily; toys and amusements still more unimaginative are multiplied; the tangible things in life are ever present; the very development of the child, his dancing lessons, his riding lessons, his outing classes filling every afternoon, give him little time to fall back on his own resources, to direct even his own play, much less to think for himself; and the eager, questioning child who would once have been satisfied to be told that some questions have no answers, is told to-day that perhaps, not now, but some day, science will give him his answer, and science becomes the measure of his life; fact becomes his end; he must hold the stars in his hands. And this questioning child of the age when imagination is taking the form of scientific investigation

and discovery is not different in nature from the child of a less complicated age, but he is different because of his bringing up. Usually he is studied from a psychological point of view; he is the most important person in the family, far more important than his father or grandfather who had no one to study them psychologically, no one to wonder what attitude of mind was represented by this or that spontaneous action of theirs; who were simply given certain elemental principles of right and wrong and made to follow them with little questioning of authority, when the twentieth-century child is likely to be reasoned with, apologized to, allowed to follow the line of his own development, even if that self-development leads a child to say with perfect unconsciousness of any disrespect, "Mother, how can you be so silly?"

It is perhaps not unnatural that the growth of fortunes should bring the facts of life early before the minds of children, and that, as a result, there should be a tendency towards materialism in even a child's point of view. Not long ago I heard two girls of six and seven talking on a country road. They were children whose parents were amply able to give them whatever they thought best for them to have. The first child said, "How can we make some money? I tell you what, Mary, we must sell your radishes as soon as they are ripe." Mary answered sadly, "I wish Aunt Susan were here; she buys radishes like the dickens." Now these children at this early age were discontented with their weekly allowance, and finding that they could not get more from their parents, decided to sell to the neighbors; and their parents, wishing them to develop themselves and to learn by experience, did not prevent their doing so. I have seen these children trying to sell a small bunch of nasturtiums in a neighborhood where nasturtiums were plentiful and where nobody could possibly want to buy them. If, therefore, they induced any one to buy their nasturtiums, they would merely be taking the money

as a gift, and the form of selling would be a farce. Were not these children getting a false idea of making money honestly? Children brought up in the presence of too many *things* naturally drift into thinking about getting and gaining instead of giving, and in the instance cited the desire to get and gain was at the expense of a clear understanding of the truth.

The use of the word "truth" brings me to the trait that parents usually think of as the first to be developed in children. I say "developed" because the truth can hardly be taught to children. A sense of truth is a habit of mind, and much of the untruthfulness which is called a moral fault comes really from a failure to see straight. So often, when a person does something which, to use a very expressive piece of slang, is not "on the square," the cause can be traced to that person's failure to look at things on a level, an incapacity to see things in their real relation to each other. Facts may be isolated, but principles grow out of facts related. It is the constructive power of the imagination that makes this relation plain, — the best illustration of which is the development of science. Of course the first thing a child has to be taught is to see an object and to express in one single word the truth concerning that object. The object may be himself. Tennyson expresses it in this way: —

The baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is pressed
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that this is I;
But as he grows he gathers much
And learns the use of I and me,
And finds I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch.

This is the way the child begins to see things in their relation, and gradually he learns that truth is likely to be relative rather than absolute — the whole truth, that is the truth in its relation to other things, may be different from the truth as a separate fact; and furthermore he learns that a fact in itself entirely true, if

told out of its relation to other facts, may misrepresent the case. He learns all this, however, through the imaginative faculty; he comes through imagination into a fuller understanding of the truth. This aspect of the imagination, however, does not go beyond the bounds of fact, but merely brings related facts together. An uncontrolled imagination, on the other hand, may never see the fact as it is, but out of all proportion to the truth. Allowing the imagination to be unbridled brings about a fallacious habit of thought, and after a while the child becomes a grown person without any sense of truth. There are a great many people who from habit have become like that tribe of Cæsar who are remembered because "what they wished they believed." The child has to learn from the first to look at things squarely just as they are, to think $2 \times 2 = 4$, just 4, no more, no less; but all children who are quick at figures are not quick in this sense of fact in everyday life. The difficulty seems to be to know how to teach a child to think squarely. Parents and teachers are likely to go to one extreme or the other; either they are so literal-minded that from inheritance or training the child never gets beyond $2 \times 2 = 4$ in his entire conception of truth; he never has a chance to look beyond mere facts, facts of history perhaps, or of science, or of everyday life, but thought of as facts isolated and unrelated; or else the parents, more loosely imaginative, teach the children so little of hard fact and accuracy of thinking, and allow them to grow up with so much of hazy indefiniteness in their habit of mind, that they are without the very foundation of truth. The types of the schoolman and the mystic are not confined to the middle ages or the schools of philosophy. It seems to me that a regulated imagination ought to mean just a sane understanding of the truth. This does not mean "the fine frenzy" of the poet, the sense that can perceive "the light that never was on sea or land." That gift belongs to rare natures and is a higher development of the

imaginative life; but I do not believe that any one can have a healthy conception of the truth of any situation in life without using the faculty of imagination. As an instance where lack of imagination really hinders a perception of truth, one of my eight-year-old friends does not like to say "Thank you," or "Please." His parents, belonging to the literal-minded type of which I spoke, will not insist upon manners which go against real feelings. According to their theory, the child who is developing naturally must express what he feels and nothing else; any other course is insincerity. It seems to me that this is a plain case where the literal fact is not the whole truth. The surly feeling on the child's part is wrong from the bottom, and is the point to attack. The child has to become accustomed to use his imagination so as to put himself in the place of the person doing him the favor for which "Thank you" is the natural response. The only way to teach a child the meaning of such a human feeling is to bring him up with the constant habit of doing for others. When by experience he has learned the satisfaction that such service brings, he will not be slow about saying "Thank you," or "Please;" he will be able to imagine how the other person feels, and what is called "manners" then becomes the expression of his actual feeling. Teaching manners to children has always seemed to me only just one of the obvious ways of teaching them self-control, because it is important to realize that the line is very fine between what is often called sincerity and what really is want of self-control. Merely as a matter of expediency, the farsightedness of the kindness that spares a person's feelings at the expense of truth may always be questioned; but even children can learn that selfishness expressed in a frankness that is brutal must not be confounded with sincerity. When there is any danger of this being the state of a young child's mind, it is high time to teach him to put himself into the other person's place; then good manners be-

come only another illustration of what is meant by using the imagination to get a conception of the whole truth.

The words putting one's self into another person's place bring me to another trait of character dependent on the faculty of imagination. In a little country church I once heard an old-fashioned preacher say that if he were one of the fairy godmothers at a christening he would make sure of one gift for the princess, — imagination in the form of sympathy. Then he went on to show how, of all the ways in which the imaginative life expresses itself, the most practically useful for every human being in everyday life — no matter what his calling — is the power of feeling with others. Feeling *for* people does not mean the same thing, but the gift is there when one man is able to put himself into the place of another, when, in imagination, he can feel in the life of another what he has never known by actual experience in his own life. The Wise Man of history asked for this gift when he prayed for "a wise and understanding heart . . . to discern judgment." He saw the whole truth when he recognized the fact that without "understanding" every judgment is "ignorant." The worldly, materialistic Solomon, with his provisions for one day of "thirty measures of fine flour, ten fat oxen out of the pasture and an hundred sheep, besides harts and gazelles and roe-bucks and fatted fowls," felt his limitations in the imaginative life when he tried to understand the truth in its relation to other people; he did not wish to render ignorant judgments. He showed what use he made of his understanding heart when he ordered the sword to be brought so that he might render his historic judgment in favor of the true mother. It is surprising in what different aspects of life the "understanding heart" or its absence is felt. This is the trait that makes one man of business more valuable than another when, by quickly putting himself in the place of the other

person, he can deal with men of temperaments and conditions entirely different from his own; it is the gift of the physician who knows how to bring back the courage and hopefulness that his patient is losing; and, though widely different in degree, it is the same in kind as the power that made Fra Angelico just once put into his painting of Mary and the Child Jesus, in "The Flight into Egypt," the feeling of the real mother; just the same sympathy that Chaucer had with Constance when she says to her baby, —

"Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee non harm."
 With that hir kerchief of hir heed she
 breyde,
 And over his litel yën she it leyde;
 And in hir arm she lulleth it ful faste,
 And in-to heven hir yën up she caste.

Here are instances in which men have put themselves, in imagination, into situations in which they could never have been; and by sympathy they have been able to express the truth in relation to the other person. It is the human trait that is essential in every philosophy that has lived. It is precisely this same power of imagination which made it possible for Christ to understand experiences that he never had, and to take other people's points of view without losing his own. This trait in his character has made men come irresistibly under an influence, lifted so far above the common dull literal-mindedness, that people have described his nature by the expression, "the divinity of Christ," a phrase that, accepted too literally or too symbolically, has divided Christendom. With the growth of the imaginative life such separation must disappear.

But all this imagination in the form of sympathy seems to belong to grown people. Solomon's "understanding heart" came with maturity; Fra Angelico was an ascetic; Chaucer was a man of the world.

One might naturally ask, What has all this to do with children? The only answer must be that such a gift as sym-

pathy, if not developed in childhood, can never become a part of a person's nature. The most selfish, unloving, unsympathetic children I have seen are those who are brought up by unimaginative parents, never made to have obligations of respect for others or taught to make opportunities for serving others, never having heard of putting themselves into the place of another. It is not uncommon to hear a child say, when told not to do something disagreeable to another child, "Why, I should n't mind if anybody did that to me." I think a child has to be trained from the beginning to see things from another person's point of view. That is the only way to teach unselfishness; he must learn that all children do not feel as he does, or like the same things, or mind the same things; and that sort of difference in feeling has to be looked out for in play unless people are willing to have children who will grow up unable to go beyond their sense of fact, who never can see the truth except in its relation to themselves. I believe that, next to a sense of truth, without which sympathy degenerates into sentimentalism, a faculty of understanding human beings and feeling with them is the power most important for any child or man to have, for his own usefulness.

There is another trait that is more lost among the growing young Americans I see than almost any of the big qualities that go to make nobility of character, — a trait belonging to the imaginative life perhaps even more directly than a large sense of truth and sympathy; and it seems to be dependent on both. This trait is reverence. I hardly know how to begin to talk about reverence; it does not belong to the unrest of the age of motor cars; it is not marked in the child who with utmost geniality, says, "Hello!" to every older person he meets; it is seldom a companion to any sort of familiarity; it does not flourish where there is little or no aloofness in each man's life; it is not the result of leveling in places where, as Pro-

fessor Münsterberg says, nature did not mean equality to exist, as in the relation between parent and child; it does not come from making everybody equal to everybody else; and yet it seems to be one of the silent laws of nature. Reverence does not seem to thrive in the presence of too many tangible things. The word is usually applied to the feeling men have for something they recognize as higher than themselves: reverence for laws and institutions and places set apart by their sacredness; reverence in the presence of the great forces of nature which represent a hidden power behind. The word "respect" is probably what St. Paul meant when he spoke of "in honor preferring one another," this being the feeling that ought to exist between equals. I think the word "reverence" is associated less with the patent facts than with the hidden forces of life. The modern American child has little occasion to feel reverence; he is left too little alone; he lives so constantly among things and so little among thoughts; his day is too full of facts. There is school, where all his nervous energy is strained to respond to the training of his eye, ear, and hand. The goal of the school is passing college entrance examinations. The necessary drill in facts leaves little time for thoughts, and at home the father, engrossed in his business, and the mother, in her clubs and philanthropy, are too busy to think. The child who used to have his mother for a companion, who used to learn all the stock of children's stories from her, has in these days an outing-class teacher, young, athletic, buoyant, in every way estimable, but not the child's mother. In many cases she would not know how to take him out and be interesting to him, because the power of winning children comes from the faculty of attention, taking the mind away from all other things and "stretching it" to their interests. The woman who can do this, by becoming a child with children, wins them irresistibly. It is just the same power she uses, however unconsciously, when she

holds her own in the society of men. It takes time, and even if the mother knew how to give herself up in this way to her children, in many instances she would not have time. She has to run schools to train the immigrant in the industries of this country, or she has to serve on a playground committee, or on the board of the Good Government Association, or attend the meetings of the Woman's Trades Union League. Now any of these objects if attended to must take the mother away from the children. To do any piece of work, the mind has to be on that work, and when the mothers are engrossed in these philanthropic matters, they cannot concentrate their thoughts on the biggest job of all, the work nearer home and far less commonplace, of learning to understand their own children. And in the mean time the children have their dancing classes, their riding lessons, their outing classes, to keep them busy. Little time is left them to play without direction. Because the parents are so anxious to develop the children, self-development in its truest sense is hampered. The child constantly in the presence of things grows up to feel that he sees everything; he grows up without any sense of wonder; his questions are almost all answered by facts. What facts? I have said that the facts of science, so far as he can grasp them, become the measure of the child's thought; but then he has to be told that science is constantly making new discoveries which modify what only yesterday was taught as truth. It is easy to see that an immature mind might not feel any particular reverence for mere law as law, even laws of nature, when he learns that these laws are subject to change. The one essential element in anything that is to inspire reverence is some sort of stability, — not physical stability, but something in thought that is steadfast and immovable as "the everlasting hills." And yet the modern child, no matter how ignorant the parents, grows up in an atmosphere strongly tinged with the influence of positive knowledge as a final

explanation of life. A child is not mature enough to realize that the laws of nature do not change; it is only that we learn more about them; his mind is hardly prepared to be let into the mysteries of these laws of which science is only the reverent formulation.

In the presence of so much fact and so little imagination, the effect of a reverent belief in a power behind law is scarcely felt. The parents, too, so much under the influence of things, have such cramped imaginations that it is not surprising when the form of belief known as faith is no longer theirs to pass on to the children as a tradition; and without that faith, I do not see on what ground they can hope to teach children respect for their fellow-men, which seems to be strong among those people who hold to the belief that man is made in an image higher than himself, — hence his self-respect and his respect for others. What I have been trying to say has been clearly illustrated by a modern educator who, in speaking of the Jewish influence on religion, cited reverence as the trait in the Jew that had made his religion fit to become the basis of modern thought. The Hebrew God was not a force of nature or a personified quality represented in tangible or heroic form, but rather a hidden power, although a real personality, whose striking qualities were aloofness and mystery. Yet to the Hebrew his God was the strongest force in his everyday life, and the soul of man was recognized as akin to his Maker in such a way that every man had his personal rights, his apartness, his separation, his individuality. Out of this apartness grow self-respect and respect for others. The people who are going so far from this old doctrine of apartness, who have grown too sophisticated, and too self-satisfied ever to wonder what is at the end of the rainbow or beyond the mountains, "in the land that is very far off," cannot, as an Irish writer has recently said, inspire poets; and their children, brought up so close to fact that

even they cannot wonder, must be wanting in reverence, without which they can never understand the real value of any truth.

But when a sympathetic understanding of the truth of a great principle does fill a man with reverence for something that he feels is higher than himself, this principle is likely to influence the man's life. Sometimes the principle is love of country or of fellow men or of some individual, or it may be religion; whatever the subject of the allegiance, the moment it becomes a law of life to which the person in question is obedient, another trait is developed which is the direct outgrowth of the sense of truth, sympathy, and reverence. This trait is loyalty: according to its derivation, obedience to law. In its fine flower loyalty comes with maturity; but on the other hand, from its very nature, it is a quality that can never belong to the man, if it was never known to the child.

To any children brought up in the atmosphere of such stories as the "Round Table" legends or Scott's novels or poetry, the word loyalty does not have to be explained. A train of pages, squires, knights, and nobles, honoring their king, makes a vivid picture full of the life and color that glow in Abbey's frescoes of the Holy Grail. The days of chivalry and romance are full of illustrations of loyalty; so that to the keen, imaginative sense of a child, loyalty, of all the traits I have mentioned, is the one he would probably understand with the least explanation. Children love stories, and there are just as many stories of loyalty as there are heroes, martyrs, and saints in history, — men who first grasped the idea of allegiance to some large truth, having recognized this truth in its relation, and by sympathetic understanding have entered into the spirit of this truth, to hold it sacred and, if necessary, die for it. The nation brought up to revere its heroes and to value the traditions and customs and institutions that have not become outworn with time, must be a people

with whom the imaginative life is strong, because literal-minded people rid themselves of the fetters of their customs and traditions, crying out for a liberty that is manifest. The more imaginative people value the symbolism of their customs and traditions and institutions, and often revere the thing signified after the usefulness of the symbol seems to have passed away. The nation or the institution that has the power to make people see farther than the law, the mere shadow of the truth behind, is bound to have loyal supporters, because such a nation or institution is more than a bare fact in the life of the people; it must be something that stands for the truth as they see it, — a living truth growing with the needs of changing conditions.

This trait of loyalty to friends, to country, to religion, is not common enough to pass as unnoticed as some of the other qualities I have named, which are accepted more as matter-of-course virtues. The reason loyalty is so striking a trait is not because people are often unfaithful in their allegiance to what they believe to be true and right, but rather because it is a rare gift when a nature intense enough to care deeply for any great cause, can care sanely and reasonably. Many people who are called "loyal" are obedient merely to the law as a fact, not to the truth behind the law of which the law is only the symbol. Such mistaken loyalty is not loyalty at all, but bigotry. Real loyalty is faithfulness to the thing signified in any great principle or institution or relation. Such faithfulness could never mean shutting one's eyes to the truth on any occasion when truth is violated or not faced. Loyalty seems to me to be a trait that would become a part of children's nature with the growth of the imagination. Of all the traits I have mentioned it would appeal most to a child's mind, illustrated as it is in the picturesque pages of history; and it is the trait that can be most readily learned by example. When loyalty is not cramped by bigotry or any

other form of narrowness, it is the biggest of traits, because it includes so many others; it means a sense of truth and sympathy and reverence united with faithfulness; and since it is one of the expressions of the imaginative life that belongs to a child by right, it is easy to see why it could hardly come with maturity, like such qualities as tranquillity and serenity. For the child's own happiness then, let him add to his sense of truth, his sympathy, his reverence, a loyalty that is a rarer trait because it comes from a higher imaginative life.

In trying to illustrate what I mean by bringing children up in an unimaginative way, I have not told the whole story of child life as it is now. The parents are not all gone who are doing their utmost to keep from their homes the undue influence of "things." There are still "tree-houses" and "unseen playmates" and wild animals far more real than pets. Not very long ago a small boy, now a sophomore in Harvard College, made Sunday hideous at home by engaging with another boy in the fight between the Philistines and Israelites, in which he played the part of David to a smaller Goliath. Any one living with real children sees every day equally imaginative games. I believe there never was a time when more thought and care were given to the training of children, and some of the most earnest, anxious mothers I know are those actively engaged in philanthropic work. Sometimes the present age is spoken of as "irreligious," and what I have written may seem like such a charge against many modern parents. On the contrary, whoever really thinks must feel the increased and growing earnestness of this early twentieth century. When any one charges the period with "irreligion," he must mean lack of imagination in the spiritual sense of the word. People are casting aside certain customs the meaning of which they have lost, but they are not forgetting the righteousness to which these customs bind them. And yet this literal-minded search for truth

which does away with symbols is telling on some of the children who are growing up now without all of the imaginative advantages under which their parents grew up, and against some of which a matter-of-fact age may revolt. Some of these children seem to be growing up without a background. Such young people always make me think of the Englishman who wondered how Americans can bear to live in a land without castles. I wonder whether Mr. Maxfield Parrish has the same thing in mind when he fills his illustrations with real children, giving them a background of dreams not less real.

I can readily understand that if any one has read so far what I have written about the child and the imaginative life, the natural comment may be, "How easy it is to be critical when one has not had the experience of success or failure in the training of children!" I admit the justice of this criticism, only answering that those who are engrossed in any undertaking of importance are too much interested in the piece of work to be able to stand off and look from a distance to get their bearings. It is the old story of the lookers-on seeing the game. It was not the football players but the spectators who saw the need of "the new rules," and could speak strongly enough to have them carried into effect. What I have

written, as a spectator, is a plea for children to be given their rights. Their greatest gift and source of happiness is the imaginative life, in their play as they make it, in literature as they learn it, in nature as they love it. From want of use imagination in children often seems cramped; and if I were asked the remedy, I should say just this: The surest way in which parents and teachers can keep children brought up among so many tangible things and facts from losing their birthright of imagination is not by intellectual theorizing upon the nature of children or of a particular child, fitting the child to the theory, but by a reverent belief in the imaginative life as the most real part of a child's thought and that which most nearly touches his idea of religion; and in regulating the daily life of children to remember "the scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven" who was likened unto "a man that is an house-holder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." The new things, the discoveries of science, the enlightenment of civilization, — the facts, necessary to be taught, but to be learned in their relation to larger truth; and in teaching these great facts to children to bear in mind the "old" part of the "treasure" suggested in King Lear's words to Cordelia, "We'll take on us the mystery of things as if we were God's spies."

MEMOIRS, LETTERS, AND DIARIES

BY S. M. FRANCIS

THOSE of us who in the spacious leisure of youth read and reread certain many-volumed memoirs, letters, and diaries, finding them never a foot-note too long, are inclined to be a little scornful of books made up, for busy or perhaps mentally indolent readers, of more or less aptly selected and arranged extracts from these delectable works. It would seem that the superlatively well-edited *Early Diary of Frances Burney* is of sufficiently recent publication to be hardly yet regarded as uncurrent literature; but still the chronicles of the Burney family in St. Martin's Street¹ — a period for which materials must be largely drawn from the *Diary* — is a book which can be heartily welcomed and enjoyed. If its pages sometimes repeat what should be a familiar tale, they also illustrate and supplement it. "Oh, how *agréable* they are," exclaimed the great and gentle Pacchierotti. "I don't know anybody so *agréable* as Mr. Dr. Burney's family!" Father and children were alike clever, tactful, good-humored, kind-hearted, and affectionate; and, fortunately for us, the pen of a ready writer was a common family possession.

Miss Hill and her sister, with pen and pencil, give us glimpses of the house, built by Sir Isaac Newton, which was the Burneys' latest London home. They take us into the hospitable dining-parlor, where guests whose names are known to all the reading world had a confirmed habit of dropping in casually as well as coming formally; the drawing-room so often crowded with distinction of every kind and of every clime; and the music-room with the two harpsichords, where Hetty

and her husband played duets with such taste and skill, and "the singer of singers," Signora Agujari, all of whose notes elsewhere were literally golden, sang divinely in twenty different styles for five hours at a stretch. There are well-selected portraits, some, like the charming miniature of Susan Burney, reproduced for the first time. The extracts from the diary of this loveliest of the sisters will be to many readers the most interesting new material in the book. She could write very nearly as vividly or as entertainingly as Fanny, whether in the brief notes during the anxious days and nights of the Gordon Riots, or of the wrestlings with the English language of *l'Imperatore del Canto*, who sadly fears he must become the object of his gentle teacher's "peculiar despise." We care more for these things than for the scene from *The Wivings*, though that can be read, even at this late day, with pleasure and a wish for more, yet with a tolerably assured conviction that its author's "two Daddies" were right in doubting its theatric possibilities.

Not only in the Burney records, but in all the social history of the time, David Garrick is a conspicuous figure. And he left behind him letters without number. How was so actively busy a man able to write so many, in days when even a busy man usually wrote with his own hand? But notwithstanding this wealth of material, the great actor has scarcely been happy in his biographers, and a book like that of Mrs. Parsons',² drawn as it is from a good-sized library of works readable and unreadable, is a thing to be grateful for. Not only does she appear to

¹ *The House in St. Martin's Street*. By CONSTANCE HILL. New York: John Lane Company. 1907.

² *Garrick and His Circle*. By MRS. CLEMENT PARSONS. London: Methuen & Co. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1906.

have read — and to have mastered — everything the most exacting could require; but she has shown excellent judgment as to fact and fable, essentials and non-essentials. In a series of vignettes, beginning with the boyhood in Lichfield, and ending with the burial in Westminster Abbey, Garrick's career and his associations, domestic, professional, and social, are vividly sketched. The writer has, so to speak, lived with Roscius and his friends, and portrays them with skill and insight. There have been other great players, but never one "who was so great a personality outside the theatre." Witness his Parisian social triumphs, remembered so long as old France endured, though there the attractions of the *cher et charmant M. Garrique* were only those of the private gentleman. Mrs. Parsons's agreeable book can be read and reread with so much pleasure that one regrets that her natural vivacity of style should now and then degenerate into a too persistent and colloquial liveliness. Dullness is not a danger she need dread. A word must be said for the well-selected and not too familiar illustrations — which really illustrate. In this connection mention assuredly should be made of the admirable sketch of Garrick which Sir Theodore Martin has included in his *Monographs*, now happily collected in a volume.¹ In less than a hundred pages this accomplished man of letters and wise commentator on things dramatic has produced a model brief biography. The more tellingly, perhaps, because so tersely he shows the baselessness of the tales of the "meanness" of one of the most generous of men, fables usually originating in professional envy, wounded literary vanity, or resentful ingratitude for favors received; and he touches with peculiar feeling the most fortunate event in the actor's fortunate life, — his marriage.

For nearly three hundred years Stan-

¹ *Monographs: Garrick, Macready, Rachel, and Baron Stockmar.* By SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K. C. B. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1906.

hopes have been Earls of Chesterfield, yet the fourth holder of the title is the Lord Chesterfield of men's knowledge and needs no further appellation. Unliterate persons will use "a perfect Chesterfield" as a descriptive phrase, and many, somewhat better informed, regard him simply as a well-mannered fop, who vainly tried to turn a dull, awkward youth into a finished diplomat of the eighteenth-century pattern, and who kept Dr. Johnson waiting in an ante-room, and was long afterward sharply and enduringly punished therefor. His latest biographer² very justly urges that the lighter and least worthy aspects of his subject's character have been dwelt upon more than enough, while his skill and eloquence as a debater, and the distinguished ability, energy, integrity, and political prescience which he brought to the public service have been well-nigh forgotten, — sufficient reasons for a new memoir illustrating these traits, if it be as intelligently written as Mr. Craig's volume. The writer in no way endeavors to produce a portrait without shadows; even his commendation is sometimes, perhaps, too carefully guarded. Chesterfield was often witty to his own disadvantage, and his rare powers were generally devoted to the Opposition; but his independence of mind and absolute incorruptibility — a marvel in that age — can account for some ill-success as well as his tactical shortcomings. His views on many public questions are so exceedingly modern that we have to remember that a century was to pass before some of them would be generally adopted. His greatest moment was when, in 1745, — an ill-omened year, — he went as viceroy to Ireland. The political wisdom, justice, tolerance he there showed can hardly be over-praised. We should be grateful to him that in 1752 the troublesome double

² *Life of Lord Chesterfield: An Account of the Ancestry, Personal Character, and Public Services of the Fourth Earl of Chesterfield.* By W. H. CRAIG. New York: John Lane Company. 1907.

date dropped from English use, yet how many remember that it was mainly owing to his energy, persistence, and eloquence that the reformed calendar was accepted in face of the strenuous opposition of conservatism which loved not "new fangled things," and ignorance mourning its lost eleven days. It is one of the many ironies of his history, that a scholar and lover of books, who had the sincerest respect for literary distinction, should always be remembered in connection with Dr. Johnson's "fancied grievance," — in truth, if examined, it is only that. It is to be hoped that this biography may help its readers to take a reasonably comprehensive view of a by no means simple personality.

At last we have an authoritative, and, it would seem, a definitive life of that most interesting of the women of the eighteenth-century Parisian *salons*, Julie de Lespinasse.¹ Unpublished letters and other papers, which the Marquis de Ségur, with his accustomed literary skill, has examined to such good purpose, may yet see the light, but they probably will only confirm the impression given by this admirable memoir. It is written not only with grace and charm, but with insight and sympathy. Some purveyors of biographic gossip have treated Mademoiselle de Lespinasse with that flippant depreciation which is such an easy denotement of worldly wisdom. But M. de Ségur, writing with both knowledge and understanding, shows us the real woman, so that in some sort we can comprehend the potent charm and very strong influence wielded by a hostess without beauty or wealth, or even a recognized social status. It was a complex nature, in its fine intuitions, its sensitiveness, its exquisite tact, its large generosity, its unflinching good sense, — for others, — its so long carefully maintained self-respect, and that intensely passionate temperament, which in the end — if it made her one of the world's great lovers — brought remorse,

suffering, death. The translation, only fair at the best, is occasionally more literal than makes for exactness or limpid English. We would suggest that the *belle-mère* of the boy Marquis de Mora was, as the context shows, his mother-in-law, not his "stepmother," a relation he did not possess; and why should Lord Shelburne be called a "Count" in his own language? "Has peopled Hell and small houses," is an anti-climax which the writer in her most overwrought moment would not have perpetrated — in English.

To retell a tale, known in some sort to all those who read history, with such completeness and accuracy of knowledge, such vividness and picturesqueness of style, such keen as well as sympathetic insight, so that the narrator seems an actual actor in his story and makes his reader share his experience, is surely no small achievement. M. Lenotre's history of the flight to Varennes and the woeful return therefrom fulfills² all these conditions. Again we meet that noble, steadfast son of the North, Axel Fersen, who in his French environment could well be called "so different from other men," with his life-long devotion to the Queen, a devotion as respectful as passionate. With the wisest foresight and "incredible energy" he arranges all the details of the flight, admirably carried out so long as he is in control. The first dangers past, the open country reached, the fugitives become almost cheerful as the terrible city is left farther and farther behind. The incidents of the long summer's-day journey live again, till night falls, and that stretch of road between Clermont and Varennes, haunted with tragic memories, is reached, where these poor people, "tracked like wild beasts," believing that safety is very near, fall asleep from sheer exhaustion. As graphic is the record of the dolorous journey to Paris, its miseries

¹ *Julie de Lespinasse*. By the MARQUIS DE SÉGUR. Translated by P. H. LEE WARNER. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1907.

² *The Flight of Marie Antoinette*. From the French of G. LENOTRE, by MRS. RODOLPH STAWELL. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1907.

and brutalities which turned the Queen's hair white; while the after history of those concerned in the capture is followed to the end, an end usually calamitous. Even the obscure little town, made famous in one fateful night, had very good reason then and afterward to rue its sudden eminence. The illustrations always add to the value of the book, while Mrs. Stawell's translation is in every way of so rare an excellence that never for a moment is the reader made conscious that it is a translation.

A clever writer has recently suggested that a detective story need not necessarily be devoted to criminal investigations. Why not tell a tale of biographic or historic research? And certainly M. Pichot's distinguished success in discovering the identity of the Count de Cartrie, and in tracing his family history, is a very pretty piece of highly skilled detective work. For more than a hundred years a manuscript English translation of M. de Cartrie's memoirs¹ has been in existence, in which the translator apparently wrote all proper names by ear, with most astonishing results. Fortunately this manuscript lately fell into the hands of an appreciative London publisher, who persuaded M. Pichot to examine it and expound its mysteries. The Count de la Cartrie belonged to a *famille de robe* illustrious in their province, having for generations deserved well of their country. He lived on his paternal acres the life of a rural gentleman, devoted to the education of his children, and on the best of terms with the peasants around him. To this household as to thousands of others, victims equally blameless and equally forgotten, the Revolution brought utter ruin and misery beyond all telling. M. de Cartrie, like his neighbors, was practically compelled by the country-folk to join the revolt against the tyranny

of the Convention, and his memoirs are another record of the hopeless heroism and the unspeakably cruel reprisals which make the story of the war in La Vendée. How the husband and father was separated from all his family save the youngest boy, how through a thousand perils he at length escaped, made his way to England, and there for some time worked as a gardener, is told with a simplicity as pathetic as unaffected. By painful economies he was able to return to France in 1800, but the story of him and his was to have no happy ending. The smallest restitution did not come to the old Vendean — he was given the Cross of St. Louis! After lives of military service his sons died in poverty. His tenderly reared young daughters, escaping the executioner, in their helpless desolation were married to men of such low degree that perhaps their fate forms the most tragic element in the long-drawn-out family tragedy.

An earlier and more fortunate *émigré* was the Marquis d'Osmond, a courtier wiser than most in that he had some comprehension of the mistakes and follies of those about him in Versailles or in exile. His only daughter's upbringing was what then would have been thought, to use our speech, "advanced," her infancy not being spent in a foster-mother's cottage, nor her girlhood in a convent, while the father himself directed her quite genuine home education. From her ten years' life in England she brought a belief in English constitutionalism and an ability to look at her native world with a certain detachment. Marrying at seventeen, for her impoverished family's sake, a soldier of fortune of fifty, possessing (for that day) "vast wealth," her future in one respect was assured, through as ill-assorted a union as might be. When in 1835 she began to write her reminiscences,² her *salon* had been for thirty

¹ *Memoirs of the Count de Cartrie*. With an Introduction by FRÉDÉRIC MASSON. Appendices and Notes by PIERRE AMÉDÉE PICHOT and Other Hands. New York: John Lane Company. 1906.

² *Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne, 1781-1814*. Edited from the original MS. by M. CHARLES NICOLLAUD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

years open to all opinions and talent of every kind. Her story of the last years of old France has an individuality which gives new life to an oft-told tale. Note-worthy, if not edifying, are her sketches of some great prelates, especially of the — to speak mildly — very secular household of her kinsman, the Archbishop of Narbonne, though his guests, out of respect for his office, attended mass on Sundays, carrying not prayer-books, but volumes of light and even scandalous literature; the brilliant social career of this ecclesiastic, who spent a fortnight every two years in his diocesan duties, fittingly ending in bankruptcy.

Mme. de Boigne and her family held proudly aloof from the imperial court, but she frankly owns that had the empire lasted a few years longer all the old nobility would have been absorbed by it; still she had no illusions as to the Bourbon princes, daughter of the crusaders though she was. We know now from whom Sainte-Beuve heard of that five hours' drive in an Alpine storm, when half-a-dozen personages, enthralled by Mme. de Staël's eloquent discussion of the just published letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse, were absolutely unconscious of the lost road, the passage of time, and the fury of the tempest. With some delightfully graphic touches, Mme. de Boigne depicts life at Coppet, where talking well was everybody's first duty. That the mistress's conversation "was far more remarkable than her books" can well be believed; she had made it an art, and was so great an artist that art seemed simply nature. Mme. de Boigne herself "possessed in the highest degree this delicate and charming science of good society," and this charm is to be found in her unstudied literary style; it is always a quick-witted, open-minded, and agreeable talker, who relates her experiences or gossips entertainingly. An honest narrator, we believe, of what came within her own cognizance, her hearsays are probably as heard. If, for instance, several earnest biographers have of late en-

abled us to deal more accurately with the early career of Emma Hart, we have entire confidence in the young Adèle d'Osmond's actual impressions of Lady Hamilton. There is no doubt as to the welcome which the readers of the first volume of the *Memoirs* will give to the second.

It would not do to inquire too closely as to the extent of the acquaintance of English-reading folk with the personality and history of the woman who became, one may almost say, the patron-saint of Prussia. So Miss Moffat's well-written, well-arranged, and always interesting memoir,¹ which in every page shows the author's clear comprehension of the historic as well as the biographic aspects of her subject, and her faithful use of the new material only of late years available, should reach a wide circle of readers, by just desert and to supply a need. Louisa of Mecklenburg inherited from her mother's family the beauty so often before and since the dower of Hessian princesses; she was "beautiful as an angel," declared the King of Prussia when he sought her hand for his heir. A loyal and loving wife, with the German woman's belief in the divine right of kings and husbands, she seems from the first to have been sensible of the prince's limitations, understanding that she must take thought for him, not he for her; opposing, when the evil days came, her clear intelligence and cheerful courage to his irresolution and despondency. She could quickly learn the lessons of adversity, and realize that institutions worn out and noxious must be swept away, and she was astonishingly shrewd in her judgment of men and measures. Constantly she was a mediator between her husband and his able ministers, striving against his tendency to trust the incompetent. When Stein was transforming a mediæval into a modern state, the harassed Queen writes, "If he were a little more careful of the

¹ *Queen Louisa of Prussia*. By MARY MAXWELL MOFFAT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1906.

way in which he addresses the King, if he could contrive not to appear so great a man as he is, all would go well." At once Napoleon recognized her as a dangerous enemy, and used against her the weapon of widely published calumnies, in their insinuations as vile as contemptible. She plainly foresaw the appointed end of overweening ambition, but the day of reckoning was still in the future when her short life ended. "In death as in life she was the heroine of the struggle," her memory a veritable inspiration in the conflict yet to be. Happily for our real knowledge of the woman, her letters to her father and brother show her very self. An unavoidable reflection, of course, in considering the heavy burdens and bitter sorrows and humiliations of Louisa's last years, when she hoped little for herself but much for her children, is that in this case the revenges of time were of a singular and startling completeness.

It is a far cry from London, Paris, and Berlin to the inchoate town on the Potomac to which Margaret Bayard came as a bride in 1800, and which was to remain her home for the rest of her life. Indeed Washington, even in its small, unattractive beginnings, was her world, one with which she was well content. If cities and men elsewhere interested her at all, save as regarded her own kindred, no sign of it appears in her published correspondence.¹ She writes easily and readably, though without special grace or charm; she has good feeling and good sense, and a lively interest in her friends, including of course certain public characters. Her concern with politics is in men rather than measures. Her father was a Federalist; her husband, the founder of the *National Intelligencer*, a Republican;

¹ *The First Forty Years of Washington Society*. Portrayed by the Family Letters of MRS. SAMUEL HARRISON SMITH. Edited by GAILLARD HUNT. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. 1906.

and while she naturally accepted his views, she does not seem ever to have been violently partisan, though Jefferson was her idol, whom she places and keeps on so high a pedestal that we get no very vivid impression of him. She was an ardent admirer of Crawford, that unimportant and almost forgotten presidential candidate, — an admiration probably excited by his attractive personal qualities, — while Henry Clay was her long-time and greatly attached friend. After twenty years in the capital she could write, in a rare moment of depression, that she lived in a land of strangers, with no family connections about her, and her society constantly changing. There are graphic touches depicting the advent of Jackson, and the dismay and suffering caused by the baleful inauguration of the spoils system. Socially, aside from its political quality, Washington in those days was in most respects a Southern town. It had too often its epidemics, and one great "revival" is described, its most intimate features forming the principal topic of conversation to a degree of which Mrs. Smith by no means approved. There were for many years Sunday services in the Capitol, a curious mixture of a religious and social function. The letters appear to have been transcribed with unusual care; only in a very few instances is a word misread, as when we are told that Jefferson was "a notional man, full of odd fancies in little things" and he appears as "national." The editor's notes are always to the point, but we wish he could have given one or two to Mrs. Smith's own family. Her daughters we have to find out for ourselves, and even the index mixes up a sister-in-law and child of not quite the same name. We are sometimes interested in the kindly writer's domestic happenings fully as much as in her social life, as is usually the case with the letters of a housemother after a hundred years.

TWO DAUGHTERS OF ONE RACE

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

THE clerk at the hotel desk answered Felicia's question with his usual smiling urbanity. Yes, the Signorina had gone out some minutes before; adding, as he handed her the room-key, "with the Signorino." "The Signora," he further added, "was just in time for the sunset;" — and it was the unconscious malignity of that final thrust which Felicia still quivered under, when, up in her room, she cast aside her hat and parasol, and sinking into the chair by the window gazed stonily out at the golden expanse of lake.

Was it going to be as it always had been? The shock of the question turned Felicia's face suddenly to middle age; the sunset, for which she had been in time, brought cruelly out the fine worn lines about her eyes and temples.

She herself had sent for Kathryn. In this extraordinary thing which had happened to her, she had felt the need of Kathryn to confirm her own assurance, as it were. They had only been separated three months, but that had been long enough for the extraordinary thing to happen,—the thing which she had believed to be beyond the possibility of happening in her life.

Not that there was anything in Felicia herself naturally to preclude such happenings; they had indeed been rather plentiful in her youth; but always at the crucial moment Felicia herself had drawn back; she had never felt quite sure enough. There had been a good deal of drawing back, altogether, in Felicia's life; hers was not a nature to hurl itself headlong into the doubtful places of being, and there had always been somebody or something to consider; she had been constantly stepping away, or aside, as she saw it, in favor of others.

And into the gaps thus left open, it was curious how many times Kathryn had as lightly stepped. There was nothing which inclined to drawing back in Kathryn's temperament; her every movement was a forward one, generally with the effect of a considerable impetus behind it.

When it had been a question of accompanying an aunt to China, and Felicia, her trunks already packed, knew sudden scruples at parting with an invalid mother, it was Kathryn who packed overnight and went. When it had been a question of the cousins going to Paris to study art seriously, it was Felicia who hesitated before so grave a life-decision. Had she, after all, the justifying talent for forsaking all who depended upon her in varying degrees, and changing the whole current of a life? It was Kathryn, impecunious and doubt-free, who went. Incidentally, it was Felicia who helped her to go, — and this had been their relation all their lives. Kathryn had done unexpectedly well in Paris; if she had not demonstrated herself a genius, she had abundantly justified herself in a growing gift for portraiture; she found already a modest market for heads, and looked forward — with Kathryn's vision — to larger futures. And from this hopeful contemplation Felicia herself had summoned her, for her own nameless need. In the little Italian lake-village where Felicia was passing the summer there was good sketching, and there were young people — the golf-playing, tennis-playing kind; Kathryn could sketch and golf and play tennis, while — Felicia blushed as she left the sentence unfinished.

There was no real reason why she should have blushed. Cloudsley's devo-

tion was an unconcealed, unmistakable fact. Felicia's years did not separate her from the other young people with a greater finality than Cloudsley's quality as a poet separated him. From the first day of his picturesque appearance at the hotel, he had singled Felicia out with that directness which was a part of his charm, ignoring with an equal simplicity the flattery of appeal from every pretty girl in the hotel, dazzled by the rising of a literary sun. Felicia and he drew together by an irresistible attraction. She had thought of him at first as almost a boy; as for Cloudsley, it was not in his nature to think of age at all in connection with a woman so delightful. Everything about her pleased his sensitive taste and satisfied his mind. In her indulgence towards his youth she had given him a better opportunity to know her than she gave to other men, putting up no defenses; and it was not until they had sat and walked beneath many suns and moons, in a deepening intimacy of companionship, that she suddenly realized that he was not so much young as ageless. And he was poor and great. It had not yet ceased to be to him a kind of genial miracle that the world permitted him to make a meagre living out of the work it praised, and it was a part of his own charming nature that he bore it no grudge for its tardy permission; it was not in him to bear anybody or anything a grudge. If it had been, he might have grugged the advent of Kathryn, as an interruption.

Felicia, vividly alive to catch their mutual impressions of each other, had noted with amusement Cloudsley's impersonal scrutiny of her young cousin, — the wide-eyed look with which he searched by instinct every human document that came his way; she had seen his straying glance arrested once or twice by Kathryn's bright ruffle of rebellious hair, — hair as vitally full of color as Kathryn herself. Felicia's own hair was beautiful in another manner, fine and brown and soft, and she had

felt kindred expressions in Cloudsley's eyes when they rested on it.

As for Kathryn's impressions of the poet, she frankly pronounced him the most beautiful creature she had ever seen, explaining in terms of the art school the reduction of this beauty into a matter of facial angle, caves of the eye, and certain modelings.

"Yes, dear," answered Felicia absently; she was thinking of the dark wells in those caves and the stars that lighted them.

Kathryn's aspect seized, the poet was done with her; and when she appeared a fixed fact in their solitude of two, he had instantly shown a transparent shadow of unrest and discontent, causing Kathryn to look in her turn a silent question from her cousin to him and back again. Then she had smiled a little.

The next morning she declined Felicia's invitation to go rowing with them. Pleading a mood of work, she had gone off alone with her sketching traps, and they had had a perfectly beautiful morning on the lake, — a morning in which the unspoken word hovered so near that Felicia found herself fending it off in a sudden insane panic of delicious terror, — terror of her very longing for it to be spoken.

Why had she done so? why had she not let him speak? she asked herself now in the passionate review, and growing cold answered herself, —

"Because — if that were all — it was n't worth the having."

That had been their last beautiful morning. On their way home they had come across Kathryn, her hat cast on the ground, painting with ardor. Cloudsley, in the little sting of the rebuffed mood, had stopped to talk with her, and presently Felicia had made an excuse to leave them and hurry on to the hotel in a kind of unhappy happiness. She was bitterly angry with her own perversity, — but there would be to-morrow; and with the prescient joy of that to-morrow came a terror of that joy. *Was* it, after

all, too soon — too hurried, too hurried for him? She was so much the older, ought she not to be also the wiser — wiser for him? True, she had persuaded herself that the difference only made for an increased capacity of love, devotion, understanding — on her side. And she had been glad that he was poor. He had never thought of her money, and — what was a good deal more significant of the man — nobody else would ever think he had thought of it; but Felicia had thought; it was one of her assets, enabling her to do so much for him that she would have so much joy in doing. The unspent mother in Felicia, that long-defeated maternity of the heart which enters into an elder love so much more profoundly, had taken this too into account. But had she perhaps overestimated that account in her own favor? He had suddenly looked so young there beside Kathryn; and Kathryn had looked so young. Oh, — it was necessary to be vitally sure of a thing like this!

"If he loves me *enough*, it will all be right," Felicia thought; "but there must be no mistake — no hurry. I must leave him absolutely free."

Her manner of leaving him free was to withdraw herself into a spiritual distance. If she let him see — let him even suspect how much she cared, that would not be leaving him free. He should have every chance — even the chance to change.

"And if he *can* change — I do not want that kind of love," said Felicia, proudly miserable, to herself.

Nothing she could have devised would more have baffled a temperament like Cloudsley's. It might be true of other men that they only prized what they must fight for; it was the exact untruth of Cloudsley. He only prized that which was given; the very fullness of the gift was that which stirred and drew him. It had been the generosity of their relation which had made it wonderful to him and made Felicia wonderful. He had had his dreams of such a woman. Now

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that on whatever side he approached her he found her wrapped in an impenetrable veil, so fine and slight that he could not say of what it consisted, but so tenacious that it baffled all nearness, he was first perplexed, then wounded, then indignant. What had he done that she should change like that? Was she no more than ordinary woman after all? Now and again, since Felicia was in truth exactly that, — ordinary woman, — the old fires escaped a moment and burned alluringly in eyes or voice, and he drew eagerly nearer; but if they parted on that nearness, half an hour later Felicia would descend the stairs wrapped anew in an extra fold of the impenetrability which turned him cold again. She was "leaving him free" once more. But to-day, she had gone much farther.

At lunch, Cloudsley, transparently restless, had talked with Kathryn but looked at her — Felicia. At last the persistent gaze had caught her own; he had instantly leaned forward and addressed her.

"Will you go out to-night to see the sunset on the lake?"

And Felicia had answered carelessly, while her hands clutched the napkin in her lap to stop their trembling, —

"I am sorry — but I shall hardly be back from town in time."

The look in his blue eyes followed her all the way upstairs.

Kathryn also followed, and closing the door behind them, faced her cousin with uncompromising directness.

"Felicia," she said, "do you know what you are doing?"

Felicia, who was busy spearing her hat with a long hat-pin, answered from the refuge of its veil, —

"I am getting ready to go to town."

The scornful little gesture which was Kathryn's sole reply made Felicia flush, but she went on gathering up her parasol and gloves and pocket-book.

"If they are so necessary, I will do your errands for you," said Kathryn.

"Thank you, — but I really prefer to do them myself," replied Felicia cor-

dially. "Have a good afternoon sketching, Kitty," she added, lightly touching her cousin's cheek. "I shall be back for dinner."

Kathryn had half stretched out her hand to detain her cousin as she passed her; she suddenly withdrew it and let it fall at her side. It seemed to Felicia that Kathryn's accusing gaze accompanied her down the stairs as Cloudsley's had followed her up.

She was back in ample season for the sunset; in her heart she had all along known that she intended to be; her eyes leaped hungrily to interrogate the hotel veranda and shady lawn. No one was there. It was the clerk, who, answering her casual inquiry for her cousin, gave into her hand, she felt, not one key but two.

So it had all come to this, — that she sat by the window and asked herself if it was going to be once more as it always had been. She was still sitting there when the two came up the little path from the lake an hour later; when Kathryn opened the door of the room, however, she found her busy writing.

"Felicia," she said, standing close beside her and looking down at her with a new expression, "*do you know what you are doing?*"

Felicia poised her pen above the paper a brief moment.

"I am writing letters, as you see," she answered a little coldly.

And Kathryn without another word closed the door between the two rooms with needless emphasis.

Felicia bent lower over the sheet, and presently a slow tear fell upon the blotting pad.

"A man is not a woman," she thought. "He can always make opportunities; he can always end it when he will."

And since he did not make the opportunity, did not end it, she grew daily more disengaged in manner and more engaged in time.

As for Kathryn, her part had been taken; with the closing of that door she

had definitely closed the whole affair. She persistently refused to make a third in walks and talks; she made it silently clear that Felicia need expect no help from her, and went off daily by herself sketching. Felicia was, however, often aware of her cousin's gaze, and sometimes longed to have it out with Kathryn; but when the moment came she thrust it from her with the energy of an undetermined fear.

It came at last inexorably. At the lunch table, chosen precisely for its publicity, she handed back one day to Cloudsley a manuscript, with some trifling observation in its praise. Even by her own measure she had said too little, and that little too lightly, because she was so afraid of saying too much — of betraying how infinitely she cared; and in the triviality of her words something — a certain fire of hunger in the poet's eyes — seemed suddenly to flash and go out. He took the paper with a bow, and Felicia, sitting back in her chair with a breathless agony at heart, caught her cousin's gaze, bright and judicially stern. She followed Felicia to her room.

"Felicia," she began, without any preface, "are you quite mad? Don't you *care* to be loved?"

Felicia held herself by an effort which shook her from head to foot.

"I will not pretend to misunderstand," she said slowly, "and — I *don't* care for some kinds of love."

Kathryn considered her a moment.

"You have certainly done your best to put an end to *this* kind," she remarked.

"That is exactly it!" said Felicia. "If it can be put an end to! You forget that I am thirty-eight years old," she added bitterly.

"Well," said Kathryn calmly, "I should think *that* was old enough to have more sense."

Felicia made a movement; in another moment she felt she *should* cry out.

"What I should like to know," continued Kathryn, still calmly, "is how much longer this is to go on?"

"Since, so far as I am concerned, nothing is going on, I cannot answer your question," replied Felicia; "and if you please, we will not talk of this any more, — ever."

Kathryn stood a moment, looking, not at her cousin, but out of the window.

"You really mean what you say, Felicia?" she asked at last, in a changed voice.

"I do."

Kathryn was silent a moment more; then she gave her cousin a glance in which Felicia received a quivering impression of many things, including compassion.

"Very well," said Kathryn briefly, and walked away. This time she shut the door with an extreme gentleness which reverberated through Felicia's nerves like the thunder of approaching doom.

She sat trembling; and presently, from where she still sat, she saw Kathryn issue forth with her sketching things, and a little later Cloudsley, with bent head, strolled moodily in the opposite direction. It was nevertheless with the certainty of foreknowledge that she later awaited their return on the veranda, in the golden end of the day. He was carrying Kathryn's sketching box, and Kathryn passed her with a little nod.

"We met in the forest," she said only.

At dinner Kathryn wore her prettiest gown; it was a gift of Felicia's, for Kathryn's gowns were not many. She had cast aside her summer's studious silence, and Cloudsley and she were almost feverishly brilliant; Felicia could be dumb as she felt.

"Which way do you go to-morrow?" she heard Cloudsley ask, and felt Kathryn's deliberate glance at her before she answered, —

"To the larches beyond the bend."

"I shall come and carry your things," said Cloudsley.

Kathryn leaned suddenly forward.

"Felicia — let us all go." The undertone of her voice drew Felicia's eyes up-

wards in spite of herself. "Let us make a picnic for once?"

Felicia did not shrink; her gaze met Kathryn's squarely.

"Thank you," she said slowly, "but you know I detest picnics. Besides, I am going to town." Cloudsley's chair moved brusquely on the floor.

This time Felicia overstayed the sunset; later she schooled herself to be present at those golden home-comings into which the two so quickly fell; she even went with them occasionally; it became her point of honor.

As the interminable summer neared its end, Kathryn ripened with it into a different beauty; she had begun a portrait of the poet. But what was singular was that she was also stilled; it was Felicia who was now the cheerful, the discursive. More, and far more richly, changed than either was the poet himself; he was working exuberantly now; often he brought Felicia the sheets of paper, and they were moist and grassy, more often than not, from the forest earth.

"I got them under my elbow somehow, in the posing," he explained with the old sunny smile, while he brushed away the stains. He had long ago forgiven Felicia everything.

"She paints to music, then," was Felicia's smiling comment, the first time this happened. "It ought to help her."

"I should like to think it did," Cloudsley answered seriously. "She has a very rare talent."

"Oh, yes; Kathryn has talent," Felicia said quietly.

Kathryn had indeed several kinds of talent, she reflected bitterly, when he had gone, walking swiftly, towards an easily divined goal, with the eager forward bend of his singularly youthful head. He was immortally young, Felicia thought; and she — she was worse than old, *middle-aged*. She took the poems up to her room and shut herself in with them. She laid them down hours later with something like a sob. Oh, there was no mistaking *their* quality! And he read these

things to Kathryn — to Kathryn whose intellect Felicia had always a little despised!

There was a knock at the door and Kathryn walked in. She bore in her arms a large square canvas, and she propped it, without a word, on a chair in front of Felicia and turned away.

Felicia looked and grew still paler. Her first thought was, *Kathryn had seen him look like that!* her second, *Kathryn could paint like that!* Felicia's justice was instinctive, like her pride or generosity. With Cloudsley's manuscripts still in her hands, she went up to her cousin, and putting the two poem-filled hands on her shoulders, turned her gently round till their eyes met.

"Kathryn! I did not know you could paint like that!"

"No," said Kathryn, whose color was coming and going, "I did n't know it either; it is because — because — Felicia, — you know —"

"I know," said Felicia quickly. She put up a fending hand, but Kathryn caught it tightly in both of hers.

"Felicia — it is n't I! — it is n't I! You think you loved him, but, oh, my dear, — if you *had* loved you would never have stopped to weigh, to think, to measure, to fear, to consider, to remember how old you were — as if *that* mattered! You would only have thought of *him*, instead of making him wretched all those weeks. But you can't help weighing, thinking, considering, Felicia; you always have done it and you always will, and so — you would only have harmed him."

"I — Oh!" breathed Felicia, turning her sick, indignant eyes at last on her cousin. "I — Oh!"

"Yes, *you*," insisted Kathryn, clasping her cousin's hands with almost fierce tenderness. "You would have given him everything — except yourself. You don't know *how* to give yourself, Felicia, — to let yourself *go*! And it is n't as if he were only a man we love, — he is everything else besides! *He* is the thing to

be thought of — not you — or me. Oh Felicia!" Her eyes ran suddenly over; she dropped her cousin's hands and turned away.

Felicia stood mechanically clasping the poems; her despairing eyes traveled the room, to fall again upon the portrait. The root of her despair — the terrifying thing — was that with the fragments of her broken life about her Kathryn, who had broken it, should be able to justify herself to Felicia's own inmost self-conviction. It was not after all Kathryn who had done the thing to her, — it was her own hideous failure. Kathryn was the elder and the wiser, — and how much the stronger! Kathryn had somehow seized selflessly a selfish bliss, and turned Felicia's self-crucifixion into something selfishly small and mean. Kathryn could love; Kathryn could understand; Kathryn could help; the poems and the portrait were there to prove it. And therefore Kathryn was right, — nothing else mattered. Felicia surrendered proudly.

"You are quite right," she said. "Nothing matters but what is best — for him." She added with irrepressible bitterness, "And does n't it all prove too how right *I* was?"

"No," said Kathryn sadly, "it proves nothing, — except that you are you."

Felicia winced slightly; she laid down the poems quietly, however, and folded one hand within the other; it was the symbol of her regained self-possession. She looked at Kathryn, and her lips smiled faintly.

"I hope you will be very happy, dear."

"Oh," exclaimed Kathryn angrily, "as if *that* mattered! but I shall be, by and by, — when you are."

Then — thought Felicia — you will never be happy again in this world. Aloud she said, "It is best to say everything — now. There is one thing, — it is only a little thing, but I hope you will not deny me it. I — I have so much money; it means nothing to me," — she could not repress *that* bitterness nor the

gesture of her empty palms, — “and I can’t bear that such a miserable thing as money should limit him or keep him back — or you — from anything. I hope — I hope you’ll let me do that — for both of you, won’t you? Help — I mean? After all, we are cousins.”

Kathryn stood looking a moment silently at her.

“Yes,” she said at last, “you shall — help.” And Felicia with one more shock of perception recognized that the acceptance left Kathryn somehow still magnanimously the greater of the two.

WIND SCENTS

BY CHARLOTTE PRENTISS

THE songs that the wind has sung,
The scents that the wind has flung
From the flower-hearts where they clung
But yesterday —
These are too sweet to linger or delay.

The songs that haunt the past,
The fragrances too faint to last —
Will they never come
Wearily, happily home
To the flowers where they clung,
To the heart of the wind that has sung,
Forever to live in the air —
Forever there?

The dreams that are past and gone!
Is there not one
That shall ever come
Wearily, happily home?
Shall they forever fade
Into the passing shade
With all the passing fragrance that has clung
In long dead flowers,
And with the dying hours
Die with the songs the dreaming wind has sung?

GOLD OUTPUT AND HIGHER COST OF LIVING

BY ALEXANDER D. NOYES

AT the end of June, 1907, statistical tables, through which is struck a rough average of the prices of all commodities used in every-day life, showed that the cost of living stood, on that basis of reckoning, at the highest level in more than thirty years. At no time since the early months of 1877 had prices of such necessities reached the level of the past mid-summer. Taking the most familiar of these "index numbers," the average compiled by the *London Economist* at regular intervals, during forty-five years, from the prices of forty-seven representative commodities in London and Manchester, it will be found that cost of the articles which go to make up daily expenditure, such as food, clothing-material, wood, hardware, leather, coal, and household utensils generally, had increased 13½ per cent since the beginning of the present year, 24½ per cent since the middle of 1906, 36½ per cent since the middle of 1905, and no less than 56 per cent since the end of June, 1897, exactly ten years before.

The specific calculations, at these various dates, I shall have occasion to cite later on, and to compare with other previous periods of high prices. For the present, it is sufficient to point out how revolutionary a change in the conditions of ordinary life is shown on the face of the calculations. They will probably cause no great surprise; for no topic of discussion has become more familiar, of recent years, in every civilized community of the world, than the rise in cost of living. The portrayal of that movement in actual averages and percentages has a peculiar interest for two reasons: it makes possible, first, some rough calculation by the individual as to how far increase in income has kept pace with the average

increase in rates of expenditure, and how far comforts of life have been cut off from those whose income has remained unchanged. What is still more to the point, it shows at once that the upward movement of prices has increased very greatly in rapidity during the past two years. Of the past decade's entire rise in average prices, no less than 61 per cent has been achieved since June, 1905, and considerably more than half of this 61 per cent has occurred since June, 1906. This is a fact which may well cause serious thought. It is a problem which personally concerns, with greater or less unpleasantness, every member of the community; and when it is considered that the averages cited above take no reckoning of rent or cost of land, which have gone up in equally startling proportions, the importance of the questions, what is the cause of this extraordinary movement, and what is to reverse or arrest it, is manifest.

It has long been customary to ascribe such rise in prices and cost of living, in a general way, to what we call prosperity; and in point of fact, though the advent of prosperity is hailed by the community at large as a welcome turn in the situation, the woman who defined prosperity as "larger bills at the end of the month" was not wholly astray from the facts. In the greater demand for necessities and luxuries, which accompanies the increased business profits and increased employment of labor in a prosperous season, we certainly have one fundamental cause of the rise in prices. This rise, indeed, may readily be seen to play the part both of cause and effect; for as increased profits of trade and labor cause, thus indirectly, higher prices through the use of the expanded incomes, so the higher

prices, in their turn, cause still greater profits to manufacturer and laborer. One might suppose, if he reasoned out this situation in the abstract, that such a process would go on repeating itself forever. The experience of practical life, however, teaches him that it does not; that prolonged rise in prices begins at some point to cut down the purchases of people who do not appear to have got their proportionate share of the supposed increase of income; that this reduced consumption occurs at the moment when the high range of prices has induced extensive new production, and that a reverse movement, usually after no very long interval, and usually of no great violence, occurs in the market for commodities. The familiar ebb and flow of prices — often occurring in alternate years, affecting now one set of articles and now another — is the result. Both the upward and the downward movement, within moderate limits, are taken as part of the ordinary vicissitudes of life.

It is familiarity with this frequent alternating movement, scattered irregularly over a wide range of articles, and rarely of long duration, which lends to the present persistent, rapid, general, and continuous rise in prices its formidable aspect. With such results before them as we have seen to be summed up in the London *Economist's* averages, it is not strange that economic scholars, financiers, and the average practical business man, should ask if there is not some other underlying force at work. Most of those who are at all familiar with the principles of political economy end by vaguely ascribing the phenomenon to expansion of the money supply through increase in gold production. Supposing that the world's gold output has increased, the simple formula of the average man is this: Prices are the measure of commodity supplies in money; if the money supply increases, there will be more of money in proportion to existing commodities than there was before; therefore, increase in

the money supply means higher prices. Knowing, as a matter of fact, that gold production has greatly increased during the past ten years, he ascribes the phenomenon of prices to that cause.

It is partly the purpose of this article to show whether his inference is right or not; but it has also another purpose. Even if increased gold production were admitted as the single cause of the past decade's rise of 50 per cent or thereabouts in cost of living, the man who pays the bills will not be much better off, so far as concerns his ability to deal with the situation, than he was before. What he really needs to know is, exactly through what means this cause produced that result, and what may be judged of the future from the past. In the discussion of these questions, I shall endeavor to avoid the technicalities of the economic schools, and to trace the movement, in this and in other similar periods, through the familiar processes of every-day life. John Stuart Mill's more or less qualified assertion that "if the whole money in circulation was doubled, prices would be doubled," may command assent as a philosophic principle, but the practical man has the right to know something more, — for instance, exactly how the doubled supply of money finds its way into markets where prices are determined; who gets the new money, and how; who spends it, and for what; whether he buys more than before, or only pays higher prices for the same amount; why supplies do not increase sufficiently, in response to such higher prices, to beat down prices to the level presumably fixed by the original ratio between supply of commodities and supply of money; and, most important of all, to what conditions the present prolonged upward movement is leading, and how it is to end.

In the first place, what of the actual facts of prices and gold output in the present situation? This is the course of the world's annual gold production, in the decade past; the figures being those of the United States Mint: —

1906	\$400,000,000
1905	377,135,000
1904	347,087,300
1903	327,702,700
1902	296,737,600
1901	262,492,900
1900	254,556,300
1899	306,724,100
1898	286,879,700
1897	236,073,700
1896	202,251,000
1895	199,304,000

That is to say, in a dozen years the world's gold production has almost exactly doubled. During the same period, the *Economist's* index number of commodity prices, as of January 1, has been reported as follows:—

1907	2,499
1906	2,322
1905	2,136
1904	2,197
1903	2,003
1902	1,948
1901	2,126
1900	2,145
1899	1,918
1898	1,890
1897	1,950
1896	1,999

The middle months of the year 1897 included the lowest figure, in the average of commodity prices, reported in the whole series of calculations; the figure of July, that year, was 1,885. It is this decade, therefore, which concerns us in the present inquiry. So far as the figures go, the assumed simultaneous rise, in annual gold production and in cost of living, is a verified fact.

This brings us fairly to the question, exactly how, if at all, does increased gold production operate to force prices of commodities to a higher level? This practical aspect of the inquiry appealed strongly to Professor J. E. Cairnes, of London, after the discovery of gold in Australia and California, the world's enormously increased annual production as a consequence, and the subsequent increase in prices of commodities. The gold discoveries occurred in 1848. In the decade

ending with 1850, the world's average annual gold output was \$38,194,000; in the next five years, the annual average, by the Soetbeer estimate, was \$137,775,000, and it reached, by some estimates, the figure of \$182,500,000 for one year of the last-named period. The course of prices, during the decade from 1847 to 1856, was traced by the French economist Levasseur, with the result that a rise of 67.19 per cent was found to have occurred in natural products, of which increase the investigator ascribed 20 per cent to results of war and scarcity, and 5 per cent to speculation, leaving 42.19 per cent to be accounted for, in his judgment, as increase from some other cause. Manufactured goods he reckoned to have advanced 14.94 per cent, of which 7 per cent, or nearly one half, was due to war, scarcity, or speculation.

In 1859, Professor Cairnes undertook an inquiry as to just how this rise in prices actually happened. The discovery of gold in Australia was, he pointed out, "an occurrence by which a common laborer was enabled, by means of a simple process requiring for its performance little capital or skill, to obtain about a quarter of an ounce of gold, in value about one pound sterling on an average, in the day;" and this he declares to be "the fundamental fact from which the remarkable series of events which we have lately been contemplating took its rise, and to which the whole movement following upon the gold discoveries is ultimately traceable." These events, in Professor Cairnes's judgment, followed much in this way: Since labor in Australia rushed to the mines, the non-mining part of the country had to bid for labor, in order to retain its services, something not much below labor's value in the gold-fields. Now, common labor had previously, in Australia, commanded three to five shillings per day; twenty shillings was now the average, first at the gold-diggings, then, of necessity, in the cities; and even when the gold-diggings lost their first productiveness, ten shillings could still be had.

This rise in wages necessitated either a great advance in the price of the goods made by such high-priced labor, or else the virtual abandonment of industries which could not afford to pay the wages. But when thus abandoned as native industries, their output was replaced by importations into Australia from abroad, easily paid for by the new gold output of the colony. The influence, at first exerted only on the Australian community itself, thus extended presently to the rest of the producing world. Directly, prices of commodities were raised through the larger demand by possessors of the new wealth obtained by them in the mines; indirectly, they were raised through reduction of supplies, due to abandonment of production because of higher wages. In brief, the equalizing process spread by irregular steps throughout the world, affecting first the commodities "which fall most extensively within the consumption of the productive classes, but more particularly within the consumption of the laboring and artisan section." Naturally, also, the first effect in the way of enhancement of prices fell upon countries most closely connected, through trade relations, with the gold-producing community.

So much for Professor Cairnes's first explanation of the means by which increased gold output raises prices. His secondary explanation has to do, less with the personal actions of the ordinary purchaser or laborer, than with the machinery of the banking system. The gold-producing community has satisfied its new requirements and established its scale of wages on the new basis, and, in so doing, has profoundly influenced the trade and prices of other nations. It has done this, obviously, through parting with its gold. Does the gold, thus exported to outside markets, have any influence of its own on prices, apart from the new commercial status of the mine community? Professor Cairnes thus traces its operation in a country where the credit system has been developed. —

"Let us consider for a moment what becomes of a sum of coin or bullion received into England. I do not now speak of that moving mass of metal which passes (so to speak) through the currency of the country, — which, received to-day into the vaults of the Bank of England, is withdrawn to-morrow for foreign remittance, — but of gold which is permanently retained to meet our genuine monetary requirements. Of such gold a portion — great or less, according to circumstances — will always find its way into the channels of retail trade; and so far as it follows this course, its effect in augmenting the circulation will be, as in India, only to the extent of its actual amount. But a portion will also be received into the banks of the country, where, either in the form of coin or of notes issued against coin, it will constitute an addition to their cash reserves.

"The disposable cash of the banks being thus increased, an increase of credit operations throughout the country would, in due time follow. The new coin would become the foundation of new credit advances, against which new cheques would be drawn, and new bills of exchange put in circulation, and the result would be an expansion of the whole circulating medium greatly in excess of the sum of coin, by which the new media were supported. Now credit, whatever be the form which it assumes, so long as it is credit, will operate in purchases, and affect prices in precisely the same way as if it were actually the coin which it represents.

"So far, therefore, as the new money enables the country to support an increase of such credit media, — to support them, I mean, by cash payments, — so far it extends the means of sustaining gold prices in the country; and this extension of the circulating medium being much greater in proportion to the amount of added coin, the means of sustaining gold prices will be in the same degree increased. Thus, supposing the ratio of the credit to the coin circulation of the country to be as four to one (and

the proportion is greatly in excess of this), the addition of one million sterling of coin would be equivalent to an increase in the aggregate circulation of four millions sterling, and one million sterling of gold would consequently, in England, for a given extent of business, support the same advance in gold prices as four times that amount in India."

This analysis of the operation of gold production on prices has remained the standard of economic criticism on the subject, during the period of nearly half a century since Professor Cairnes first grappled with the phenomena of the gold discoveries and price inflation of his period. It will therefore be interesting to apply his explanation to the course of events since prices began to rise in 1897. The first difficulty which will arise to mind, in fitting the scheme of Professor Cairnes to the events of the past few years, is that the new demand for commodities, by the inhabitants of a gold-producing community, can scarcely exert the influence to-day which it did in the decade after 1850. This is so for two reasons. The richest gold mines of the world — notably in the Transvaal, where annual production has risen from £8,597,000, or \$42,500,000, in 1896, to £24,580,000, or \$122,500,000, in 1906 — are worked by costly machinery and at great depths. The miner whose pick dislodges a nugget in the mountainside, and who thereby is raised in a day from poverty to riches, is rapidly becoming a mere picturesque tradition of the industry. By far the greater part of the world's new output comes from immensely expensive plants, installed by engineers for the benefit of the shareholders in heavily capitalized joint-stock companies. Therefore the beneficiaries are in the main the investors in a distant country, to whom the quarterly dividend check is sent when the gold shipped to London has been "sold" to the foreign banker or to the Bank of England.

Even so, there might theoretically re-

main Professor Cairnes's supposition of wages so high as to divert the laborer from other productive industry to the mines, and consequently force up in all branches of trade the price both of labor and of finished product. But here, too, modern conditions do not square with those of 1850. Not only has use of machinery reduced to a minimum the employment of human labor in the mines, relatively to the output, but in a great part of the world, the bulk of the labor employed is of the lowest order, and is paid proportionately. Not least among the problems just now before the British government is that of dealing with the Transvaal labor question; the difficulty of obtaining Kaffir hands to work under the white "contractors" having been met only through importation of Chinese coolies, at wages which no white man would accept.

Obviously, the gold diggers of such a community are not in a way to force up wages elsewhere, as did Professor Cairnes's Australian miners, through the attraction of labor from other industries to their own. And while conditions in the mines of Colorado and the Klondike are not in all respects identical with those in South Africa, nevertheless their difference from the state of things in the Californian and Australian gold fields of the fifties is sufficient to make application of Professor Cairnes's first explanation, to the present rise in prices, very difficult. The new demand for labor in the present-day gold fields, and the consequent new expenditure by the community for necessities or luxuries, could not approach, as an influence on the whole world's market, the new demand for labor arising from the extension of profitable farming in Northwestern Canada or in Argentina.

But we have seen that, although part of the rise in prices, traced in the Australian episode, originated from diversion of labor from other industries to the mines, part also was the result of demand for commodities from the possessors of

the newly mined gold. Now some one gets the new gold to-day, as in 1850, and whoever gets it cannot actually use it except through spending it, either directly for his personal wants, or indirectly by lending it to other people who will spend it. Let us see how this part of the situation compares with 1850. One thing is clear, that the first real possessors of the new gold output of to-day are by no means exclusively, or even chiefly, residents of the community where the gold is mined. Where a mine prospect is capitalized into stock distributed on investment markets, as is generally the case in the Transvaal and in America, increase in the gold output goes to the shareholders. When, as is also very commonly true, the stock has been sold at a price which makes the mine, even with an increased output, an investment of very ordinary character, the profits will have been reaped by the fortunate or unscrupulous promoter. In either case, some man or group of men will have much more money to spend than they had before; but the point to notice is, that their expenditure will not operate as did the expenditure of the Australian miners as analyzed by Professor Cairnes.

A substantial part of the new wealth of the mine proprietors to-day will doubtless go into more lavish outlay for the comforts or luxuries of the owners; but to this there is a natural limit, and the bulk of it will unquestionably flow into other investments. The experience of every market is, that the men who have grown suddenly rich from gold-mine operations become large investors or speculators on the Stock Exchange. The result of such purchases is, of course, to drive up prices of securities, and this is one logical explanation of the rapid rise in stocks which accompanies or promptly follows great increase in gold production. In the period under examination, it will be found by the records that the price of investment stocks advanced with violence, long before the prices of commodities in general had moved on a similar scale.

To the extent that the wealth derived from the increased gold output is invested in stocks and bonds, and has its effect on stock exchange prices, it cannot directly influence prices of commodities. Indirectly, however, there is one way in which such investment purchases may affect commercial markets. Increased facility of floating new railway or industrial securities, on the basis of such enlarged investment demand, leads to the starting of new enterprises, to the employment of more wage-earners, and therefore to a larger aggregate income accruing to the community as a whole. This greater income will result in larger purchases, and the resultant larger demand for necessities and luxuries of life may result in higher prices. The qualifying consideration is, how far such a tendency to raise prices, through increased demand, will be offset through the very increase in supply of manufactured articles to which this ability to start and finance new enterprises contributes.

When we undertake to apply to the present day the second part of Professor Cairnes's analysis, — the influence of the increased gold supplies on bank reserves and hence on facilities for credit, — conditions in the financial world are such that we find ourselves at once on firmer footing. Whatever the beneficiaries of the new gold do with their increased wealth, there is one thing which they or their agents do with the gold itself. They bring it to a government assay office or mint, or sell it outright to a bank, receiving either currency or drafts available in the money market. These credits they deposit in their banks, which thereby obtain the title to the gold itself. The gold thus finds its way into bank reserves, and becomes a basis whereby the limit of credits allowed by the banking institution is extended.

Deposit liabilities of national banks in cities of the United States, and therefore the loans which create such liabilities, are restricted by the law requiring cash reserves amounting to 25 per cent of

such deposits. The Bank of England traditionally maintains, in cash, forty per cent or thereabouts of its deposit liabilities. Loans cannot be increased without increasing deposit liabilities, because the borrower's purpose is to establish such a deposit credit for himself. If, therefore, gold holdings of the banks are rapidly increased, there is at least an opportunity

for expansion of loans, under the strict provisions of the law, in a very much larger ratio even than the expansion of reserves. What has actually happened in this regard, during the period since 1897, may be judged from the following items of the comparative statements of certain institutions, in the middle of each of these two years: —

GOLD RESERVE

	1897.	1907.	Increase.
New York Associated Banks ¹	\$ 90,496,000	\$200,792,000	\$110,296,000
National Banks of the United States	193,686,000	423,236,000	229,550,000
Bank of England	125,976,000	118,404,000	7,572,000 ²
Bank of France	400,965,000	554,600,000	153,635,000

¹ Including a small amount of silver.

² Decrease.

LOANS

	1897.	1907.	Increase.
New York Associated Banks	\$532,708,000	\$1,126,539,000	\$593,831,000
National Banks of the United States	1,906,891,000	4,631,143,000	2,664,252,000
Bank of England	176,867,000	204,461,000	27,594,000
Bank of France	216,845,000	366,035,000	149,190,000

From such a loan expansion, involving liberal granting of credit to all sorts of applicants, three familiar consequences follow: first, the launching of new enterprises, with the consequent increased demand on labor; second, increase of individual expenditure through the enlarged facilities of credit; third, and by no means least, the equipping of merchants or speculators, in markets of every sort, with such borrowed capital as will enable them not only to buy commodities for the rise, but actually to hold these commodities off the market until the consumer yields to the higher price exacted. Supposing the gold to continue flowing, in constantly larger quantities, into bank reserves, — the banks being naturally eager to employ in profitable loans their new facilities, and being able to do so because their gold reserve expands along with their deposits, — it is not at all difficult to see what influence the process may exert on price of commodities. Nor is it hard to understand one problem which frequently perplexes investigators of this question, — why increase in wealth through develop-

ment of a new and prosperous farming region, and increase in bank deposits as a result of that new wealth, do not act equally on prices of commodities. The reason for the difference between the case of such depositors and that of depositors of gold is that the farmer's banking credit, taking the whole financial world together, brings no increase in reserves, and therefore, if loans are already expanded to the legal limit, cannot lead to increase of bank loans in the aggregate. But the gold producer's transaction with his bank increases not only deposit liabilities but cash reserves, and therefore extends the basis prescribed for the institution's loans.

This brings us back to the pregnant question, What is to stop the rise in prices and the increase in cost of living, if the world's gold output continues to increase? That such an advance has never, in the past, gone on indefinitely, — that, indeed, the upward rush of prices has been checked at the regular intervals which we call our "cycles of prosperity," — are facts established by the unvarying ex-

perience of the markets, and illustrated clearly by the same series of "index numbers" of commercial prices, to which I have already referred. This is the London *Economist's* annual average as of January 1, during the whole period since the new gold of Australia and California began to affect the markets:—

1851	2,203	1880	2,538
1852	1,863	1881	2,376
1853	2,167	1882	2,435
1854	2,445	1883	2,342
1855	2,357	1884	2,221
1856	2,450	1885	2,098
1857	2,645	1886	2,023
1858	2,612	1887	2,050
1859	2,304	1888	2,230
1860	2,426	1889	2,187
1861	2,727	1890	2,236
1862	2,878	1891	2,240
1863	3,402	1892	2,133
1864	3,787	1893	2,121
1865	3,575	1894	2,082
1866	3,564	1895	1,923
1867	3,024	1896	1,909
1868	2,682	1897	1,950
1869	2,666	1898	1,800
1870	2,680	1899	1,918
1871	2,500	1900	2,145
1872	2,835	1901	2,126
1873	2,947	1902	1,948
1874	2,891	1903	2,003
1875	2,778	1904	2,197
1876	2,711	1905	2,136
1877	2,715	1906	2,322
1878	2,529	1907	2,499
1879	2,225		

It will be seen, from a survey of these tables, that the general level of prices rose violently and almost continuously from 1852 to 1857; declined steadily, but with much less rapidly, from 1857 to 1859; advanced to greater heights than ever before, between 1859 and 1864; declined continuously from 1864 to 1871; rose between 1871 and 1873; went down again between 1873 and 1879; advanced in the next year, and then declined until 1886; rose in the next five years; declined from 1891 to 1898 (the low level being in the middle of 1897); and from then on, save for the interval of 1901-03, has been once more advancing.

Now the downward movement in prices which began with 1857 occurred when

both gold and silver production were at their maximum. The decline between 1873 and 1879 was accompanied by a heavy increase in the world's gold output—it was estimated by our Mint at \$90,750,000 in 1874, and at \$119,092,000 in 1878. The lowering of prices between 1880 and 1886 came in a period of nearly stationary gold production. Most impressive of all, the period between 1891 and 1898, marked by an almost continuous decline in commodity prices, was also marked by a rise in the annual gold output from \$130,650,000 to \$286,879,000, not one year of the series failing to record a substantial increase over the year before. Taking all due account of the demonetization of silver in 1873, — which had not the slightest effect on this country's circulating medium, whose effect on Europe's has, in my judgment, been greatly exaggerated, and which cannot, except by the largest strain of inference, be assumed to have influenced the period 1891-1898, — these facts ought to be sufficient to show that something else than decrease in production of the precious metals has been able in the past to reverse the upward movement of commodity prices.

What is perhaps even more to the point, in discussing a practical question, is the present position of the markets. Admittedly, annual gold production is increasing now as rapidly as it has increased in the past four years; yet the essence of the extraordinary financial situation, which prevails to-day in every money market of the world, is that demand on investor's capital and on bank resources has so far outrun supply as to bring to a halt the whole machinery of finance. From all financial centres comes the story that the requirements of trade, especially as represented by incorporated industry, are greater than the available resources of the world can meet. The case of our own railway industry, which has for six months been unable to raise on first-class long-term bonds the money needed to pay for necessary improvements, — many of which had been made

already, on the basis of notes-of-hand to the contractor, — is a conspicuous instance, and is fairly typical.

The logical result of such a situation would no doubt be immediate curtailment in trade activity and in prices of commodities, since it is the abnormally high scale on which both are operating which has created the embarrassment. But to cut down with sudden violence either volume of trade or prices of manufactured articles would go far towards touching commercial credit. Capitalization of incorporated companies, and current debt of individual producers, have been adjusted to the volume of trade anticipated from the experience of later years; instantaneous contraction would leave the indebtedness while removing the means of paying it. On the other hand, a cut in prices of finished products, on a similar scale of violence, would create a situation where the manufacturer, who had paid high prices for his raw material of manufacture, would find his anticipated profits converted into staggering losses through the diminished returns from his manufactured goods. This is unquestionably why, at the present moment, capital on all the markets of the world is being withdrawn from investments in our loans upon securities. That is the ready market for conversion, and the capital withdrawn is at once applied to the needs of trade. The inevitable result is the world-wide fall in prices for securities, good and bad alike, which has been the characteristic incident of the past half-year, and the offer of abnormally high interest rates by Stock Exchange operators, as a means of inducing lenders not to take their capital away. This withdrawal of capital from the Stock Exchange, unpleasant as its own immediate effects have been, is clearly the price which the community at large is paying for the averting of industrial calamity. It is when the field of Stock Exchange speculation and investment no longer offers opportunity for such wholesale withdrawal of capital, without upsetting credit, or when the pressing indebtedness of

industry has reached a magnitude which will make even diversion of capital from the Stock Exchange to general trade an inadequate resource, that we have to face commercial panic.

But taking the present extraordinary situation as it is, we have a right to ask, in view of our previous examination of the supposed effect of increased gold production on prices and prosperity, how such a state of things should be possible at this time, when increase in gold production has not been checked at all. The answer to this, as to the same question similarly put in 1857 and 1890, is, in my judgment, that the action of new gold supplies on prices, through the medium of bank loans expanded in response to the new gold reserves, has reached, for the time at any rate, its limit. A bank which goes on expanding loans when the whole world's available capital resources are tied up, will do so at its own very serious peril; if the policy is practiced by the whole community, break-down of credit and collapse of the whole supporting structure of prices are invited. A loan is sound when the security which lies behind it is such that the borrower can pay it at maturity, through use of outside capital, or that the bank, if the borrower default, can rely on outside capital to take over the security. But if real capital is already under such a strain that such recourse is doubtful or impossible, then expansion of loans is a policy which will hardly commend itself to the prudent banker.

In these days of intimate relations in international finance, it is the habit of markets, whose own capital resources show signs of no longer satisfying home demands, to borrow the capital of outside markets. Our own extravagant "boom" of 1901 was largely built up through use of European capital, and a season of somewhat prolonged depression followed when the loans had to be repaid. The still more unpleasant strain of 1903, created through the exhaustion of capital

and credit facilities in this country, and leading, as the similar phenomena have done this year, to forced liquidation on the Stock Exchange, was eventually relieved through the use of capital transferred from England and Germany. Those nations were, and continued to be, in a position to provide it. Last winter, when the American market as a whole was approaching another situation of the kind, recourse was had again, and on a quite unprecedented scale, to foreign capital. By the time the European banks had provided for what seemed to be our needs, they had themselves exhausted the capital resources of their markets; they could lend no more to America, and in fact began, somewhat peremptorily, to call in what they had loaned already.

They were in fact confronted by an exactly similar situation in half the active industrial markets of the world. From France, Germany, Austria, Egypt, and South America, came a chorus of complaint that home capital was inadequate for the commitments of industry and speculation. Recourse was had to credit, and there set in, to support the resultant bank position, so urgent an international demand for gold that reserves of the world's oldest and greatest institutions decreased at the very moment when their maintenance was most needed. The quite inevitable sequel was a season of world-wide liquidation, — converging, however, on the markets for securities, which fortunately have thus far been able to surrender without catastrophe the capital required.

What is to be the end? In particular, what is the bearing of these phenomena of the day on the question, how long the rise in prices and increase in cost of living is to continue to perplex the householder? These events in high finance are linked inextricably with such homely problems as the paying of higher rents and higher charges for food, clothing, and household utensils, by the clerk whose annual salary has not been increased. For the present,

the most obvious fact of the situation is that the general rise in prices has been checked. It has been arrested through precisely the process which we have just been tracing, — through inability of the world's supply of capital to sustain any longer the loans by which commodities, like securities, were being held indefinitely for a continued advance in price. Commodities in which a sudden scarcity of supply may have occurred will possibly continue to advance, even in the face of this shortage of capital resources, — the world's deficient wheat crop may bring about such a movement in this season's price of grain; it has done so with wheat, even in years of commercial panic such as 1857 and 1890. But for the general run of commodities, a halt is inevitable; something more than a halt has already happened in highly speculative markets such as that for copper, which has declined substantially, notwithstanding trade statistics which appeared to demonstrate that supplies were inadequate to meet the trade demand. The simple truth of this episode was that, while consumers did have use for all available supplies, they dared not pay the former price with capital so scarce and credit conditions what they were. In greater or less degree, markets for other commodities will be subject to similar influences.

Whether the receding movement will or will not be long-continued, depends on the question, whether the credit situation is to be soon unraveled, and how. On the one hand, an experience of this sort is certain to bring a warning as to the use of credit, and as banks grow more circumspect in providing resources for the holding-up of commodities to an exorbitantly high level, the tendency should be for such prices to relax. The mass of consumers who, as the expression is, are "living on borrowed money," will be forced to cease or reduce their purchases, as a result of the credit situation. An abnormal and excessive demand, which has played its part in the

extravagant rise of prices during the past few years, should by this process be cut off.

At the same time, the difficulty in procuring credit, on the former scale, should lead manufacturers and producers with expensive plants to seek the line of least resistance through a competitive lowering of commodity prices. We have already seen how great a part of a rise in prices, even when sustained by increased gold production, results from the use of credit pure and simple, to hold off the market great supplies of commodities until a high price is bid for them. A process of readjustment, such as seems now to be fairly foreshadowed, may result in a considerable easing of the strain in cost of living. In so far, however, as inadequacy of existing supplies of capital is the fundamental cause, it must not be forgotten that accumulation of capital goes on perennially. If its use in trade, and its absorption in speculation and company promotion, are kept down

to a smaller level than of late, supply will again overtake demand. This happened after the disturbances of 1903, and it may easily happen again.

If, however, inflation of prices in every market, absorption of capital on a scale of unthinking recklessness, and use of ill-secured credit to make good deficiencies in the supply of ready capital, are resumed on the scale of the past few years, it is highly probable that not even constantly increasing gold production will save the markets which have indulged in such excess from a complete and prolonged collapse. The strain upon capital and credit may be eased sufficiently to restore equilibrium in financial and commercial markets; but if the strain continues beyond a certain point, a breakdown of credit follows, and with it, forced liquidation of the whole position on which the existing level of prices was built up. This was the history of the periods immediately preceding 1837 and 1873.

EXTERNALISM IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

BY GEORGE M. STRATTON

At almost every great European seat of learning the observer feels that all its present sponsors are faithful children of the past. The softened forms of ancient buildings, the survival of use and ceremonial from an age long gone, — these and a multitude of other witnesses seem to tell of a mysterious spirit there awaiting and subduing all who come. A suppression and blending of private wills in fealty to a higher power seems but a fair copy of those outer patterns with which the universities of Europe have long stood face to face, — with captained soldiery, with the sway of pontiffs in the church, with kings and emperors.

Yet the European higher schools, in

their own rule, are strangely free. The masters, the professors, have the chief voice in choosing those who are to join their body; and though it often reserves the right to intervene, the state regards with favor the autonomy of this band of men. And while there is no lack of rank and dignity, — of Heads of Colleges, Rectors, Chancellors, — the university is unconstrained in the presence of its visible lord, bringing, as he does, no thought of imposition, but standing forth rather as the representative and spokesman by free choice of those who are the learned guild. In many a European university the headship is conferred by the faculties, often for a single year

upon one of their own professors, who returns, at the close of his brief term, to his old estate, and some colleague takes his place. Often, as in some of the great British universities, the election to the most exalted station brings a splendid honor whose real power, however, has wholly passed away. Everywhere in the Old World, titles and robes and golden symbols, beautiful to the imagination as the illumined initials on some vellum page, meet one at the opening of the seals of knowledge. But the real domination over the mind is recognized as coming no more from those initials than from the characters, uninctured, which form the body of the work.

In the New World all is changed. A citizen-like plainness has long marked the buildings, the dress, the customs, and is only now departing here and there. The surroundings would make one expectant that with us least of all would learning be overgoverned, — here in the land of loose bonds, of individual excess. For in no part of the world is there among the people as a whole more concern to avoid the danger of domination: the federal power is narrowed in by the reserved power of the states; few men are permitted to remain long in public office, lest they should learn too well to govern; the legal safeguards about the person charged with guilt are so absurdly effective that almost the only assurance one can have of life and liberty is to commit some fearful crime. Yet among a people so jealous of private rights, so patient of the inconveniences of weak and scattered powers and changing persons in political government, lest the individual should be oppressed, — among such a people, university government has assumed a form that we might have expected to see in a land accustomed to kings. European universities have a constitution that might have come from some American political theorist; American universities are as though founded and fostered in the bourne of aristocracy.

The government of American univer-

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sities is essentially from without. A board of governors known by many names — “trustees,” as at Johns Hopkins, “regents” at the University of California, “the corporation” at Harvard, “fellows” at Yale, — belongs neither to those who study nor to those who teach, and is in consequence disjoined from the real life of the institution. Often their high character, their training, their devotion to the work, greatly reduces the disjunction, yet is the separation real. Even when some of their number are graduates of the university they govern, they are sons who have left the family hearth, and too often they are unequally yoked with unbelievers. For some of their fellow-members of the board may be there merely by reason of election to a remote political office, or by virtue, or vice, of great possessions, and neither of these successes, we have learned, does always insure the presence of wisdom for academic guidance. Yet even in those frequent cases where there is sympathy and understanding for the work, it remains a curious departure from our usual American ideas, as well as from the scholarly custom elsewhere, that we should have called into existence in affairs of learning a regnant body the life activities of whose members lie outside the realm they rule. And these men, besides administering the funds, choose the man who is the power of all powers in our academic world, the university president.

The American university president holds a place unique in the history of higher education. He is a ruler responsible to no one whom he governs, and he holds for an indefinite term the powers of academic life and death. Subject to the formal approval of the trustees, he selects new members of the faculty, promotes, dismisses them. To the faculty, it is true, there seems to be left the important power to define the requirements for admission to the university and to its degrees, and yet these activities are in a fundamental way directed by the presi-

dent, since by his word comes growth to this department and atrophy to that. And while his sway is subject to a constitution, and he cannot quite justly be called an autocrat, nevertheless the charter brings to him, perhaps, less serious restrictions than those which often in the larger world bind men who bear the name of emperor.

There is thus a marvelous disparity between the rule of states and of their own academies, both here and elsewhere; nor is it easy to see why Europe and America should each be harboring what would seem properly to be sacred only to the other. Still it is possible, would one but look far enough, — to the colonial times of America, to the mediæval times of Europe, — to catch some glimpse of the causes which have brought about this strange condition.

The early American college had but few students and few instructors, a body compact and not unlike a family. Its students were younger than our undergraduates to-day, and the care of youth so tender in their years may easily have suggested patriarchal forms — forms that, we know, rise readily to monarchal. Moreover there was no growth side by side, as at Oxford and Cambridge, of several relatively independent colleges to check each other and to keep, as always in a federation, a certain jealous guard and division of their strength. But with us a single college, modeled in many ways after the single English college, rather than after the university, expanded in its isolation until, with all its paternal spirit still unchanged, its size seemed to become a warrant for a more impressive name. It seems probable, moreover, that a strong influence to fix the early form came from the imitation of a type of government common in the colonies, where a small corporation, or "company," often resident in distant England, controlled its colony through a single local governor. For it can hardly be by chance that the old collegiate constitution under which we still live repeats

so exactly the political model of the time — the academic trustees, or corporation, corresponding to the "company," while the president, appointed from without, would answer to the governor administering the colony in the company's name. And long after the political forms became by hard struggle more democratic, and the small external corporation ceased to rule the colony (the governor being now chosen by the colonists themselves), the seats of learning, that cling so long to ancient ways, still kept in thoughtless piety the older rule.

Even where there has been some attempt to follow the European course and live as befits believers in democracy, the opposing current has proved too strong for the sturdiest hearts. Several of our universities began their life without long tenure and high power in the office of their president, but one by one their courage fails and they follow the custom of the land. The most notable of these conformists is the honored University of Virginia, that after nearly a century of loyalty to Jefferson's democratic ideal has finally in these last days inaugurated its first president according to the usage of America. The polity that we might call monarchic is thus not only frequent in the new-world colleges, but it is stripping away the few lorn shreds of popular control which still remain among them. Chiefly at Yale of all the leading universities is there some vestige of real power remaining to the faculty. Yet, as by historic humor, she celebrated nearly two centuries ago the prime importance of the president, even in the official style of her corporation, "The President and Fellows of Yale College," and in these later times has set forth anew his primacy in a golden glory of mace and massive chain.

As the American university has preserved almost unchanged the constitution of its younger days, so the European university has continued the form of government with which its life began. And there the controlling type of associ-

ation was the mediæval guild. The universities at the beginning were but loose associations similar in many ways to modern trade-unions, — now a guild of masters or professors, and again a company of students. At Bologna, where was the best instance of a student corporation, the strange spectacle is presented of a great university governed by those receiving instruction, — students electing their own rectors, engaging their own teachers. At Paris, where the contrasting type of organization came to power, the University was ruled, not by its students but by its professors, and such was their strength and corporate spirit that they could, battling, win their freedom from the domination of the bishop's chancellor. These two early and wonderful instances of academic order, the University of Paris and the University of Bologna, have shaped the polity of the universities of Europe, so impressing their own features upon their descendants that these are, even to this day, essentially what universities were in the Middle Ages, — free guilds of men professionally interested in the higher learning, with power to determine their own membership, elect their own officers, administer their own property.

But after history comes judgment and prophecy. And having tried to see the distant influences which have made the university government in America stand out so sharp against her political usage and opinion, what should be said as to the wisdom of such a contrast? Were it not better if we instituted here the form of government under which have prospered the greatest universities of the world, — a form of government which might well with us have hope of fortune, familiar as we are with the mechanism of self-control? There are many who would welcome such a change; many who feel that the presidency in our universities is like that oak in the Finnish tale, which sprang up late, and yet in the end shut out the light of day and must be felled, lest all other life

should fail. And not alone the overshadowing presidency is regarded with distrust; many are doubtful also of the whole system of direction by an alien body of trustees.

It is not entirely clear that a change of these externals would of itself ennoble the spirit of our academies; and the spirit is the chief care, and can live true in bodies diverse in form. When Matthew Arnold named the English as having undue faith in machinery, he no less noted a trait of the American, who is so often confident of the efficacy of outward means. And our university reformers are possibly not untouched by this idea. Yet the truth is, that the body exhibits the mind even more than it controls it, and therefore there are changes on the face of our universities that would be grateful, not so much as sources from which would come some inner transformation, but rather as the legible record of such a hidden change already far advanced. In its turn the outward sign would minister inwardly, as a banner helps an army.

The changes that seem seriously worth attempting — not suddenly, but after the manner of Fabians, glad to bide their time — would bring us to a middle way between the present course of America and that of Europe. The board of trustees one need not wish utterly to abolish, although here and there the manner of their selection might be improved. For, all in all, the American is perhaps right in placing the care for the general plan of income and expense in the hands of an external body of men trained in the management of funds. But the action of the trustees might well stop at narrower limits than those to which at present they often go. In appointing new members of the faculty, they should perhaps best confine themselves to granting a stated annuity for a particular academic office. The man to fill this office should properly be selected by the faculty itself. And the faculty alone should normally have the power to dismiss its own members. But

still more important and beneficial for our present needs would it be to have the professors rather than the trustees elect the university president and determine the powers which he should wield. The office of president would thus remain, but he who occupied it would be the representative directly of the faculty, and he could be efficient only so long as he retained their confidence. In such a plan the president need be no puppet of the professors, any more than at present he is a puppet of the trustees. He would best be a wise leader, yet going all the while only where he could lead and not compel, — lead not a majority merely, but the body as a whole. One can readily imagine the delays and even abuses to which such a system might give rise, especially during the years required for the self-training of the faculty to its new responsibilities. But such evils would hardly exceed the worst that comes from the present system, and in the end the movements of the university would tend more and more to spring from inner harmony and conviction; a university that would stand at the front, not in numbers but in worth, would have to bring itself to harmony, would have to become convinced. In a few of our best American universities the president even now is in a hidden way the representative of the faculty: they believe in him; he feels it necessary to have the support of those who are so vital to the institution, those who devote their lives to teaching and research. It would do no harm in these universities — where such a spirit now is wanting, it would doubtless be of infinite good — if provision were made in the very constitution that the president regard the faculty as men from whom must come real guidance; as men who must if necessary be forced, even against their present will, to be more and more answerable for the ideas that dominate their seat.

While a change of government might thus assist us, it is not our chief necessity. We need what is of greater value and

far more difficult to obtain. There is called for, both in the public mind and in the universities themselves, a refinement of the measure of academic progress. An evil spirit afflicts us, whose spell might be broken if, following the custom of primitive men, we turned stoutly upon it and called aloud its secret name. For to externalism, in the end, we must attribute the prominence of the president, the dependence of our universities upon him. This condition of ours comes not so much from a want of democratic spirit, if by this we mean an easy intercourse, a bonhomie, of college men, a hatred of snobs and vanity, a desire for public service. It comes rather from a passion in our people for visible accomplishment, a love of dimensions, an admiration for alert administration, for forceful public utterance.

In politics we have in some measure been influenced by the thought that weakness in government is not wholly unjustified if thereby the individual is encouraged to be strong. Although our public affairs indicate a certain loss of enthusiasm for individual initiative and freedom, nevertheless our thought of government has long been molded by an educational ideal. Our universities, strange to say, have been swayed more by political motives, — by the feeling which works for compactness, for energy at a focal point. Rather than render some slight sacrifice for the sake of spontaneity and inner strength, our universities feel that they must first of all have the power of rapid adjustment to a changing situation, the power to strike while the iron is hot, the power to go forth, also, in a direct and personal way to get help as well as give it. And all this means administration centred in a man free to act. In the ship of state we have been willing to consult the passengers and crew at each change of the vessel's course; in trying to make the port of knowledge, however, we are strong for authority and discipline. Yet we may well doubt whether our university meth-

ods have been quite as manly, quite as farsighted, as our statecraft. Our colleges could now afford to be less worldly-wise, to be less ready to move toward small ends and more steadily attentive to the great aims of education, to be less fascinated by quantity, to have less eye and more vision.

The American university is wonderfully enheartened by outward prosperity and outward growth. In a recent letter of resignation of the aged president of one of our more conservative colleges — a college so conservative that it has never assumed the title "university" — there is a tone of satisfaction almost exultant, because the freshman class had increased during his administration ten-fold in number, and the college buildings had enlarged by equal bounds. If success is to be measured merely, or even mainly, by changes of this kind, there is need of strong officering. The strong officering, the emphasis on officering, brings in its turn an undue attention to things that can be expressed in statistics and to the eye.

There can be little question but that the president's prominence and the general system of external government add one more to the many motives toward academic inflation. I would say nothing that even seems to be unappreciative of the character of our presidents, many of whom are among the truly honorable men of the nation. Yet in any group so large there are characters that are not quite crag-like, and to these comes at times the temptation to justify their prominence by results that can be shown. A reputation for resourcefulness must be made or maintained, bringing an inner prompting to hurry and harry the college with "original" ideas. On view by day and by night in the public place, and having attributed to him many of the natural ups and downs for which he is nowise answerable, any man whose foundations do not go down to rock is liable to be shaken. He becomes restless and moves by popular favor, or op-

position, so that steadiness and sound growth in the university are in great peril.

A university works best when its work is quiet and deep; and all its forms and organization should express and strengthen this idea. Its first duty is to offer men knowledge and the power of judgment. And yet so closely are the springs of life united that knowledge and judgment are always found close to the love of moderation and order. The line between science and art can be seen only when one does not look directly at it, disappearing before our closer gaze. For science is but the art of seeing the world as it is, — temperate, law-bound. The university therefore hinders the cause of intelligence unless in its own conduct it is patient and steadfast; unless it shows itself the one institution above all others that can train itself and train its sons to be serene and moderate, out of very loyalty to the changeless good. The true university is, in its action, neither feverish nor slothful. Having in its keeping the great ideas that guide all progress, it is at its best neither in shifty efforts at advance nor in listless contemplation of the good; so that the strongest universities have ever been ready to give their own kind of support to living ideas, while disinclined to rush forth at every cry of "Lo, here!" or "Lo, there!" Certainly no place where intelligence really exists will lose its excuse for being if it fails to increase in size. The American reverence for quantity is a great hindrance to our universities in pursuing their proper end. We need a prophet crying, "Woe unto all things that are big!" We need this cry for our universities no less than for our insurance, our railways, and our sale of oil.

Moreover, the externalism in the universities, whereof the elevation of the presidency is but one sign, takes responsibility from its rightful place. We make central the administrative office, as in some great commercial undertaking, instead of the office of teacher and truth-

seeker, the office of student. Yet here is the locus of success and failure. No one would claim that the professors are a worthier group of men than our college presidents; it is not a question of personal rights or jealousy of honors. It is a question of right or wrong to the cause; and the universities themselves, knowing what is in their charge, should be the last to typify in their own structure the thought that discovering truth and imparting the vital principle whereby others may discover it are of a dignity less than that of organizing and management. And yet, much more than in the great universities of Europe, we exalt administrative ability above scientific insight. We bestow the praise for success, the blame for failure, more upon the administration and less upon our professors and our students, who are rightly answerable for the university's achievement. Our undergraduates are a painfully dependent class, overtaught and undertrained, accustomed to incessant drill and supervision, themselves the victims and encouragers of this policy. The professors likewise are not without fault. They look wistfully at the activities of other callings, and show in this that they have no full sense of the dignity of facing square toward truth and belonging to its council. Only a short time ago a college teacher spoke seriously in public of the banker, the lawyer, and even of the burglar, as being in touch with life in a truer sense than is the university professor. And the professors' frequent reference to the poor rewards and all the outward hardships of their work indicates some little envy of the goods of life which come to the merchant, the lawyer, and the physician. Yet there is no lot on earth that offers greater rewards and greater opportunities. And when an individual has grievances, the blame is often placed primarily on the president, since the form of organization encourages the professors to place the responsibility anywhere but on themselves. It would be

more fitting if their constitution gave no excuse, but constantly invited each to perceive that with himself it rested whether he would succeed or fail. Externalism is thus no purely Philistine failing, nor a failing only of the president and trustees. Students and professors are alike infected with it; they too are looking outward for their succor.

It is but natural where organization is so important and the office of administration is magnified, that the presidency should fast lose its connection with active and advancing scholarship. There is so much governing to be done — because in our universities we trust so much to government — that in but few places can a president continue a scholar's life. So the old type of leader, learned and temperate, fast yields to the new type, — self-confident, incisive, Rooseveltian. And with the coming of the new type, there seems to be an increasing stress upon rapid accomplishment, upon "doing things," with grave risk that our places of learning will preserve a less clear vision of what is catholic and enduring.

The constitution of our universities is an appearance of their indwelling mind, and therefore is of moment for their future. It is difficult to foretell whether the American will continue forever the government that was well enough for a boys' academy in colonial times. The desire is unquestionably awakened in us to have universities that can stand with the greatest of the world; and the desire will in the end, I believe, lead us more and more to distrust external rule. Our present forms have served our nonage; the days of our ignorance have been winked at, but now we are commanded everywhere to repent. We shall hardly reproduce in haste the European models, with all their clear advertisement that they are scholars' commonwealths, are municipalities of science; and yet it cannot be thought that we shall continue forever and without regret upon our present course. We shall in the end place less reliance upon commercial methods

in discovering and bringing into harmony the choicest minds; the university will perceive that it must become for them a hospitable place, showing in its very laws and customs that it is a union of gifted

persons sanely working together to increase the store of intelligence among men. It will feel that it must bestow on all who come within its walls the keys and freedom of a great city.

THE FIGHTING BLOOD

BY ANNA E. FINN

I

YERGER, sitting at his desk in the schoolroom, narrowly watched the big clock opposite. Most of the children were already in their seats, the few delayed ones hurrying in with a good deal of noise and clatter. The hands of the big clock were already on the stroke of nine, and still Yerger's usually prompt hand stayed in sounding the bell. His lean, muscular hands, heavily veined and browned by exposure to the sun, worked nervously, and his eyes traveled from the big clock to the door. It suddenly opened and was carefully but hastily shut by the Commodore, who met Yerger's keen eyes for a moment and slipped quickly into his seat as Yerger's hand came down sharply on the bell.

It was the Commodore's last day at school, and he had prepared his lessons with unusual care and was glad that he had been in time. It would have been a dreadful blot upon his punctuality — a black mark the last day.

Yerger rose and advanced to the end of the platform, and the children collected their singing-books and waited for the number of the page to be given out. But for some reason, they noted with surprise, his own singing-book, though open, lay untouched on the desk near by. He was a tall lean man, dark of coloring and with cheek bones of unusual prominence, giving credibility to the report of the older members of the town, of what had been

Yerger's one boast in his youth. — his direct descent from an Indian chief. The children had half accepted the report, awed yet curious, and it might have accounted for much that was stern and forbidding in his appearance and his nature, and for an unusual reticence.

For a moment Yerger hesitated, and the children, sensitive to all moods of older people, noticed it with surprise. The schoolmaster was not inclined to hesitate. Once his eyes rested on the Commodore, and it was only the Commodore who fancied he saw a slow, dark flush creep up into his face.

"After long consideration," he began slowly, and it seemed to the curious listening children that his voice was more than usually severe, "I have decided to abolish corporal punishment. All of you know that I have in the past never resorted to this except under extraordinary circumstances, — principally that of flagrant disobedience. However, in the future there will be some other penalty, equally severe, for similar offenses. I have not taken this step without much thought and — advice from competent authority." He smiled a little ironically, but the children did not notice it, and when he paused an audible stir went through the schoolroom. The Commodore alone did not look at Yerger, and he began to trace intricate patterns with his finger on the top of his desk. Amelia Flora, on the opposite side of the room, tried vainly to attract his attention.

"That is all," said Yerger, apparently not noticing the stir that his words had created; and he turned to the desk and picked up the open singing-book.

"You will all turn to page ninety-three," he said, motioning to Amelia Flora's older sister who played the accompaniments of the simple songs the children sang, "and we will sing, this morning, 'Robin Adair.'"

II

The Commodore's education, in spite of much thought and not a little worry on the part of his relatives, had mostly taken care of itself. His parents had vainly tried to solve the problem that had beset other fathers and mothers in the Service, of a child old enough for instruction and yet too young, according to the American idea, to be put upon his own resources and sent away to school. The problem for the most part had solved itself, to the infinite satisfaction of the Commodore, if not to the grandmothers and great aunts left at home, who had old-fashioned ideas of how a child should be trained in the three R's. His father, after a trial or two, and with the devotion for which naval officers are noted, had refused to allow the recurring cruises, which were a necessary evil of his profession, to continue to separate him from the sweet, frail woman he had met and loved long ago as a girl, when he was a midshipman; and since his wife had always firmly maintained that the Commodore could n't do without her any better than he could, the Commodore had been accepted along with the cruises, not even the Commodore realizing how important a part he played in their scheme of life. Thus it chanced he had taken his first step 'way off in China, and knew much of the lingo of his amah, unintelligible to most people, before he could say a dozen words in his own language. He had shed his kilts and put on his sailor blouse in Leghorn, just before his father was detached from his

ship there. He was n't going to be taken for a girl on his return to a Navy Yard in his own country,—the first that he could remember. Circumstances rather than intention had molded his life always, and while fractions were a quantity he knew of only vaguely, and the first pages of his scrawled and dirty Latin grammar an abomination, he could always lead the geography class; and even Yerger, passing through the playground at recess, would pause on the outskirts of the crowd of listening children gathered around him, to hear him tell how they "did things" in other lands.

The stories he told and the boats he whittled were a source of constant delight to the village children he had come among, and it is to be much feared that if the lessons of truth and honor had not been early instilled, he might have been led into an almost excusable prevarication at times.

He had appeared among them suddenly one April morning, and had reported at Yerger's desk, much as he had seen the men report to his father as officer of the deck. Yerger, quick to note details, was struck by something in the Commodore's bearing that was foreign to that of any pupil in his school. The Commodore's eyes were different, too.

The Commodore's father had called the evening before at Yerger's home, excusing himself on the ground that he wanted no time lost, and requested the privilege of sending the Commodore to him the next morning.

"You'll find him pretty rusty," he said with a short laugh, that fell on Yerger's ears like a healthy breath from the open sea. "He's behind on his book learning, but he's seen a good deal of the earth, for a little chap, and he is n't stupid. Get into him all you can while this steel-inspection duty lasts. I'll probably be detached sometime in the fall. I'm going to make this pretty little river town of yours my headquarters, and leave my wife and the boy here. He needs the schooling, and they both need the tonic

of your hills, and I'll be near enough to run up twice or so a week."

III

Yerger found himself studying the Commodore as the days went by. The Commodore, poring over his lessons, used to think and ponder over the schoolmaster a good deal. As far as he could find out, no one really cared for the schoolmaster, unless it was the invalid sister with whom he lived. Certainly none of the children cared for him, not even Amelia Flora, the best-natured member of the school. He had even heard Amelia Flora say that her aunt had told her cousin that he was cruel, like the Indian chief whose blood ran in his veins. The Commodore listened and thought things out for himself in a way the Commodore had, and when the burden of his thinking grew too heavy for him, he would talk it over a little with his mother.

The Commodore never saw the schoolmaster walking with any one on the streets, out of school hours, or standing on the corners talking to other men. Yerger had no friends, — he never tried to make any. Once, the Saturday before Easter, the Commodore had met him carrying a big pot of flowering geranium in his arms, and the next day he had seen the plant at Yerger's house, blooming in Miss Betty's sunny window. Later, one day just before school closed for the summer, the Commodore, in shopping with his mother, had noticed the schoolmaster standing before one of the shop windows looking intently on a fine silk shawl. Yerger had raised his hat as they passed, and his mother had stopped to speak to him and inquire for Miss Betty, with that tender sympathy in voice and eyes for which she is remembered in the Service. The Commodore had never noticed until then how kind a smile Yerger really had. He used to wonder too what Yerger did with his Saturdays and Sundays — how he was going to spend the long vacation near at hand. He had

heard that Yerger did a good deal of quiet studying at home, and Amelia Flora's cousin said that he read a good deal aloud to Miss Betty. He had the reputation of being the best fisherman in town, and owned an old boat that he would pull up and down the river until stopped by the ice, exploring with rod and reel every cove and cranny for miles around. The Commodore met him sometimes, returning from a day of fishing, — he was always alone, — and there were always fish upon his line, no matter if the other men and the older boys of town came back empty-handed. Once he sent around to the Commodore's mother a five-pound bass he had carefully fried himself, with his and Miss Betty's compliments.

School ended, and the Commodore closed the detested Latin grammar with a sigh of relief; but queer thoughts kept coming into his head as he gathered his books together to take home until school should open again in the fall. Why was it the schoolmaster was so unapproachable in school? Why was it he had never seen him smile but that once at his mother in the street?

He walked home slowly that day, taking a back street that he might escape the other children. He supposed he was glad school was over. Of course he was glad school was over! That miserable Latin grammar! That awful arithmetic that made his head swim with its figures! And yet mathematics were so necessary at the Academy! He had said that once to Yerger in a burst of discouraged confidence. He still remembered the queer look Yerger had given him then. He *would* have to try and work a little on his mathematics this summer with his father's help.

When he reached the two bright rooms in the private boarding-house where they lived, he was met by his mother with a telegram in her hand.

"Grandmother is sick, dear," she said with a clear directness that reminded one of the Commodore's own candor.

"I'm going this afternoon to help make her well again. I want you to stay here to be company for father his nights at home, and I don't want you to have to take the long trip. Mrs. Jensen will see you have everything you need, and I know I can trust you to be good when father is n't here."

The Commodore looked up at her squarely.

"I'll be good. You can trust me," he said.

"I know I can, although it does seem as though I could n't leave you both on so long a trip. I'll try and be back by next week. I've just wired to father and he'll try and get up to-night."

The Commodore went around and got the expressman for the trunk, and he insisted that she lie down and rest while he went down and checked the baggage and got the ticket for her. Was n't his father away?

He saw her off at the station, ate a hasty supper that somehow choked him when he glanced at his mother's vacant chair, firmly but politely refused the second doughnut that Mrs. Jensen tried to press upon him, and went upstairs and began to figure over his mathematic book with a stub of a pencil and a torn sheet of paper, until it grew too dark to see. He lighted the big lamp, then, replacing with great caution Mrs. Jensen's magenta shade, got his father's slippers ready, as he had always seen his mother do the nights he was expected back, and placed the daily paper near the lamp. Then he got a book of travels and sat down to wait for his father.

IV

The Commodore did not go around much that next week, although some of the boys came over and tried to drag him into their games. The boys he cared mostly for had gone away on a camping trip, and the Commodore took the opportunity to finish whittling and painting the big man-of-war he had begun before

the final examinations of school. He wanted to have it done when the Baxter twins returned, for they were to make a big day of it on the river and put it into commission. The remembrance of the school examinations made him think of Yerger and of what the boys had said that day of Miss Betty, who had grown suddenly worse. The Commodore thought the matter out very seriously. There was no one to advise him excepting old Mrs. Jensen, and he hardly wanted to talk to her about it; but he kept remembering the way Yerger had smiled when his mother had spoken to him about Miss Betty, and he kept remembering that big five-pound bass he had sent. After a while he went out to the florist and bought some carnations — they were a bright red, like the stripes in his flag at home — with some of the money his father had left with him that morning. Then he went home and hunted around in his mother's desk until he found one of her visiting cards, which he held in his hand, regarding it solemnly, for a long while. His mother always wrote something on her card when she sent flowers. It seemed to the Commodore that he had once seen her write "Congratulations;" he could n't think of anything else, and "congratulations" would probably do. He hunted for the word in the dictionary and carefully copied it on the card, and tied it to the big bunch of flowers. Then he went and left them with the servant at Yerger's door.

He heard nothing from them although he waited impatiently, and two days later he went and inquired how Miss Betty was. Miss Betty was much worse, the girl told him, and the next evening he met Amelia Flora on the street, who told him Miss Betty was dead.

For the next three days he whittled furiously at the man-of-war and kept reading over his mother's little notes. Grandmother was better, but she would n't be able to be left for another week. How was father? And she was sure her

little boy was taking her place in every way.

That last letter decided the Commodore. His father had n't been home since Miss Betty's death, and that was three days ago, and the Commodore felt something ought to be done. He remembered his mother usually went to call after such events. His mother and his father were not here, but he must take their place!

Yes, Mr. Yerger was in. Did the little boy want to see him? He did? Well, she would see. He had better take a seat in the parlor.

The Commodore entered, his heart beating violently beneath his linen sailor blouse, and he sat down carefully on the edge of a horsehair chair. It was quite early in the morning and the warm summer sun streamed in through the half-closed blinds, and mercilessly showed forth the dust lying on the table and the chairs. There were some dried and faded carnations in a vase on the table, and a flute lay near it, and a pink silk sewing-bag. There were a few fine old pieces of mahogany in the room, some books, and one good painting. The Commodore waited very quietly. By and by he heard some one come down the stairs. He recognized the tread. It was decided but — how slow!

Yerger stopped in the doorway and the Commodore rose, grasping his hat nervously in his hand.

"I've — I've come to see you, sir," he said, vainly trying to conquer a sudden huskiness in his throat.

Yerger, his lean face leaner than ever, looked at him with keen, dry eyes. Then he entered the room and sat down wearily.

"So!" he said.

"I thought, perhaps, sir, that you might like to see me," began the Commodore, and then flushed a deep red. It had not been what he had planned to say at all. "I — that is — you know I'm here alone, sir, my mother is away nursing my grandmother who is sick."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Yerger gravely.

"She's getting better, though. I think my mother will be back next week," and the Commodore's face lighted up suddenly.

Yerger watched him for a moment in silence.

"I guess you're lonely too," he said after a pause.

The Commodore nodded slowly.

"Yes," he said.

"So you brought the flowers?"

The Commodore's heart thumped violently.

"Yes," he said again.

There was a long silence. The sun-motes continued to pour in through the half-open blind. Somewhere upstairs a canary began to sing. At the sound Yerger rose suddenly and began to walk to and fro — rapidly now.

"You must find time drags," he said after a while, not pausing in his walk.

"Oh, well," said the Commodore philosophically, glad that his throat was feeling better again, "I'm very busy fixing that man-of-war. You see, sir, when the Baxter twins come home we're going out on the river with it."

"Ah! do you go out on the river often?"

"Not often, sir. Sometimes on Sundays with my father. But it's great — is n't it?"

"Yes," said Yerger, stopping in his walk and looking at him curiously. "Do you like fishing?"

The Commodore drew a deep breath.

"Indeed I do!" he said in a low voice.

"Has any one ever taken you to Onizaba's Rock?" asked Yerger, a suggestion of a smile around his mouth.

The Commodore shook his head.

"Suppose you come with me fishing to-day. There is an island nearly opposite that we can row to. Do you care to come? Neither of us seems to have much to do — now."

The Commodore rose suddenly.

"You really mean it? To-day, sir?"

When Yerger came back with his fishing clothes on, his rod and reel and a lunch basket in hand, he found the Commodore staring at the faded flowers, the sun-motes on his hair.

The Commodore walked by Yerger's side to the river in an ecstasy of joy. A whole day on the water with Yerger, the best fisherman in town!

Yerger took the oars, and the Commodore sat in the stern and steered, flushing with pleasure when Yerger commended him in his hard, dry way. He at times almost forgot the rudder in watching Yerger. The schoolmaster had opened his faded chambray shirt at the throat, exposing a long lean neck which made his face all the sharper by contrast. An old battered hat was pushed high up on his forehead and tilted back. His sleeves were rolled up above the elbows, and the Commodore kept watching the rhythmic rise and fall of such muscles as he never had dreamed that the schoolmaster possessed. The boat shot out swiftly to the middle of the river, where the sun caught the drops of water from the dripping oars as they were raised, turning them to gold.

By and by they left the central current and the hot sunshine, and skirted the opposite shore, where the great willows hung above the water's edge, and made cool, dark spots upon the surface of the stream. They spoke but little, Yerger too intent upon his task and thoughts, and the Commodore fearing to disturb him. For half an hour Yerger pulled, slowly, steadily, and then the boat rounded a bend in the river and a small island came in view. Beyond the island, looming bright and still in the summer sun, rose Onizaba's Rock, its steep sides sloping down in almost perpendicular lines to the river far below.

Yerger rested on his oars, and the current bore them swiftly toward the patch of green in the middle of the river, and half turning in his seat, he broke the long silence.

"It's the rock of the Indian princess,"

he said slowly. "There's a wonderful view from there! Did you ever hear the story?"

"No," said the Commodore, in a low, eager voice, bending forward.

Yerger took a few strokes more and pulled the boat on to a shady beach of the island, where it rocked gently in the shadows. Then he drew the oars in and leaned forward, facing the great pile of stone, his lean face in his strong brown hands.

"She was the daughter of an Indian chief, whose tribe had for centuries owned miles along the river. In one of the Indian wars with the early settlers, she was captured and held for hostage in the settlers' blockhouse. There she met the young son of an English admiral, who had come over to seek his fortune. He had heard great stories of the treasures of the upper wilderness, and he left Jamestown, and, with a few others, joined the small settlement of white men here. He was in the fort when Onizaba was brought in and — well, he fell in love with her — and they were married. The settlers held the blockhouse over a year against the repeated attacks of the Indians, but at last it fell, and Onizaba was carried back to her own people. They told her that her husband and her child had been both killed, and the old chief tried to make her marry the son of a friendly tribe. She used to come out of the wigwams of her father, and sit up there on that big lonely rock and wait — and wait. She always said he and the child would come back. She always said they lived. One day, the old chief and the young one came on her by surprise and tried to carry her away by force."

Yerger stopped. He seemed to have forgotten the Commodore. He sat staring up at the big rock, uncapped, but around whose base the shadows were beginning to creep. The Commodore, wide-eyed, drew a deep, long breath.

"Oh! please go on!"

Yerger came back to the present with a start. His eyes met the Commodore's

grave, intent ones. His face relaxed a little and he sighed.

"She was true to him," he said; "she knew she could not escape. She threw herself from that rock. It is called for her."

The Commodore said nothing, but he raised his face and eyes and stared long at the granite mass.

"That was a brave thing to do," he said at length; "something like going into battle."

"She was the daughter of a chief," said Yerger.

The Commodore spoke in a low hushed voice.

"But the — son of the Admiral, and the little baby —" he questioned Yerger with his eyes.

"They were alive."

"Oh!"

"The man took the baby back to England. In the beginning of the last century, some of his descendants came over to America and settled near here."

The Commodore unconsciously leaned a little nearer Yerger in his interest.

"Are any of his people alive to-day?"

"Just one," said Yerger slowly.

"Oh!" said the Commodore again.

Yerger rested his chin on the knuckles of his right hand, and he looked at the Commodore sitting there in the boat before him. It was a long, long while since any one had ever sat there — so long that he could not remember.

"Did any one ever tell you I had some Indian blood in me?" he asked suddenly, a grim smile around his lips.

The Commodore started guiltily.

"I've — I've heard it said, sir," he said after a short pause, in which it seemed to him all the blood of his body was in his face; but he looked at Yerger squarely.

Yerger rose, stepped out of the boat, and pulled it high on the beach.

"Well, boy, it's the blood of the old Chief and — Onizaba — that's all."

A strange spell of reticence held the Commodore all day. He helped Yerger

get his tackle together, and he passively allowed Yerger to show him the most approved way to reel his line. He unpacked the lunch basket while Yerger built a fire and fried some of the fish, the schoolmaster's dark face lighting up with real pleasure as he turned the bass on his improvised spit; and he went down to the water's edge with the dishes when they were through, and carefully washed them; but he spoke but little, and he seemed to be thinking deeply. Yerger made a few attempts at conversation while he was smoking his pipe after lunch, but gave it up when he went back to his reel.

The Commodore watched him, a puzzled expression in his eyes which Yerger did not see, and then he idly began to build a blockhouse of the bits of wood that had been washed ashore. By and by, when the blockhouse stood completed, he came back and sat down near Yerger and raised his eyes to the big rock again.

"If — if it is n't impolite, sir, I'd like to ask you something," he said at length, his voice shaking a little.

Yerger wound his reel slowly. There was something unusual in the Commodore's voice, and he wanted to listen, even though the Commodore had spoiled the best bite of the day.

"Go on," said Yerger, looking at him curiously.

"Well then if — if it is n't impolite, sir," said the Commodore, "I'd like to know if you have n't ever wanted to — to *fight*, sir?"

It seemed to the Commodore that Yerger must be angry, he was so long in answering. There was such a hard, straight line beneath his mouth — like he had so often seen there in school when things went wrong.

"What made you ask that?" said Yerger, laying down his rod.

"Well, you see, sir, I've — I've been thinking of the Chief and — *her*, sir;" he nodded in the direction of Onizaba's Rock. He hesitated.

Yerger sat staring at the river.

"And you wondered where my fighting blood was, did n't you?"

"Well, not exactly that, sir," said the Commodore, "but —" he hesitated again, afraid of hurting Yerger.

"There was the old Chief," said Yerger slowly, and he counted off the fingers of his hand as he spoke. "There was Onizaba. There was my great-great-uncle on the Bonhomme Richard, and my father with Farragut, and my mother's brother with Semmes. That makes five. You see the fingers are all taken." He looked down at the Commodore and laughed shortly.

"You forgot the English Admiral," said the Commodore, "and — yourself —"

Yerger smiled grimly.

"True, I had forgotten the English Admiral! And I — well, I went to the Academy for nearly four years."

He had spoken. The long, long silence of the years that not even Betty had ever alluded to, was broken. A slow dark flush crept over Yerger's face.

The Commodore sprang up, facing him.

"Really, sir?" he asked. "But why —" he caught himself suddenly.

"Why did n't I stay in the navy? Why did n't I graduate instead of coming home and teaching school?" Yerger looked down at the reel at his side and played with it with nervous fingers.

"It's a long story," he said, looking up at the Commodore, the flush gone now, and his usual expression on his face. "It's a much longer story than the one I told you about Onizaba this morning, and you could n't understand it as well — now. You may when you get a bit older and go to the Academy. Something happened to me while I was there that upset me a good deal. I let things go their own gait — it's a bad thing to do, I tell you — and I flunked in the finals — that's all."

"Just before graduation," said the Commodore, a funny sound in his throat.

"Just before graduation," said Yerger, not looking at the boy.

The sun had almost set behind Onizaba's Rock, that loomed dark and shadowy, with only a touch of sunlight on its summit. Clouds edged with black hung in the sky above it. A sharp wind had arisen. Yerger felt it against his face and he glanced at the river anxiously. He had pulled against that river current once before when the wind was high. He still remembered it.

Out in the stream he pulled against it once again, while the Commodore's strong little hands tried to control the rudder. The Commodore would n't let Yerger know how his arms hurt — how hard he tried to steer straight for the opposite shore. Yerger never told the Commodore how his own muscles ached with the effort to hold his own. Once they lost a little, and the current took the boat and swept it in the direction of the dam. Something came into Yerger's face then, with its high cheek bones and swarthy skin — something that might have been in the old Chief's as he led his braves on the warpath. Something of the Indian's lean and tremendous strength was in his muscles as he regained the distance that he had lost, and pulled the boat out of the swift current into the more quiet water near the shore. They made their landing a little to the right of Onizaba's Rock. Yerger drew a long, exhausted breath. The fighting blood of his fathers ran red and pulsing in his veins as he stood there looking out upon the lowering waters, his dark, lean face covered with the sweat of battle. The blood of Onizaba, long hidden by the years, — of the Indian princess who had remembered and been true, — throbbed in his heart and hands, as he reached forth and lifted the weary Commodore in his arms and placed him on the pine-strewed ground beside him.

V

School opened just when the children were beginning to talk and plan of the coming nutting season. It was hard to settle down again to the distressing per-

plexities of the multiplication table and mathematics and the Latin grammar, when the days were still warm and hazy — when the river was still such a delightful place in which to swim. If the languor of the Indian summer crept into Yerger's veins no one ever knew it. He picked up the threads of school just where they had been dropped in the early summer. He was seen less about town than ever, spending his Saturdays and Sundays alone on the river fishing, and his evenings in reading or playing on his flute. Sometimes if the wind blew in the right direction, the Commodore, lying awake, would hear him playing, and the long sweet plaintive notes would stir the child's imagination with a vague sadness of which he was not conscious. He got in the way of listening for the music and of waiting patiently for what was always the closing piece, and he would lie very still with eyes fast shut until "Robin Adair," with its pathetic rise and fall and soft crescendos, was done.

The piece grew to have a strange influence on the child, as it did on the schoolmaster; and somehow, although the Commodore could not have told why, things in school always went better the days they sung that song.

The short Thanksgiving recess was fast approaching, and it might have been the hope of early liberty that just then tempted Amelia Flora into the way of transgression. Yerger had few rules and fewer punishments, controlling the noisy little throng of scholars by the sheer force of personality and will; but the rules he had had never been disregarded without the full penalty being paid. The children had grown to know this, — those who had been with him since they first wept over the difficulties of their A B C's, — and the Commodore, the newest member of the school, had always vaguely felt it. But it was not until Amelia Flora, with the pride that comes before a bitter fall, had ventured openly to disobey the schoolmaster, that the Commodore knew things for himself.

Just why Amelia Flora decided at this time carefully to reduce to pulp scraps of paper, and dexterously spit them at the Baxter twins, could not be told. It might have been joy at the coming vacation, or grief for the Commodore's departure that was near at hand, — him she had in secret worshiped. At any rate Amelia Flora fell, and — Yerger caught her falling!

The Latin grammar class was at recitation, and the Commodore was struggling bravely with the subjunctive mood, when Yerger, suddenly motioning him to cease, rose, and came to the edge of the platform. There was a terrible silence in which no one moved, and he fixed his eyes on Amelia Flora.

"Come here!"

Amelia Flora trembled. She forgot to drop the pulp bullets, carefully prepared, which she held in her hand. Her feet seemed shod with lead.

"Come here!"

Amelia Flora rose and advanced falteringly. An almost unheard whisper of excitement stole through the schoolroom.

"A year ago," said Yerger, "I warned every child in the school of what might be expected if this offense was repeated. Amelia Flora, hold out your hand."

Yerger took a ruler from the desk. The whisper of excitement grew, and then a perfect stillness followed. Amelia Flora stood immovable as though turned to stone.

"Hold out your hand."

Amelia Flora did so, and all the sticky pulp bullets slipped to the floor at Yerger's feet. She did not even see them for the tears.

There was the sound of scraping feet in the Latin grammar class. The Commodore, his face white as from some illness, came up to Amelia Flora, and reached forth and took her hand. Then he looked up at Yerger. At first it seemed he could not speak, and then his voice grew steady. The words reached even the Baxter twins at the back of the room.

"You're not going to strike a girl, sir!"

Yerger met his eyes calmly, an odd light in his own. The slow dark flush, so seldom seen upon his face, rose to it now, and the children, straining ears and eyes, held their breath.

"Am I going to strike a boy, instead?" he asked in his cold, dry way.

The Commodore's hold tightened a little on Amelia Flora's hand. He breathed heavily.

"No, sir."

"You are afraid?"

A sudden rush of blood came to the Commodore's face and then receded, leaving it whiter than before. He dropped Amelia Flora's hand suddenly and took a step nearer to Yerger. His eyes met Yerger's with an all-consuming anger and his voice shook.

"No, sir, I'm not *afraid*," and he caught his breath sharply over the word. "I don't mind a licking — square! I'll *fight* you, sir, all right, though I know you won't leave much of me! We put the men in the 'brig' in the navy, sir, when they disobey, or in irons, or on bread and water, but we don't *touch* them!"

The Commodore stopped with a sharp indrawing of the breath, and slowly the anger faded from his eyes. Yerger's had never left his face.

"Is that all you have to say?" he asked.

The Commodore shook his head a little.

"Well, no, sir, not quite," he said, and his voice was respectful and almost pleasant again. "I — I just thought that perhaps — for the minute, sir — you forgot how they do things in the navy!"

There was a long silence in the school-room, broken by the fall of a coal in the big stove. The dark flush had gone from Yerger's face, leaving it as immovable as before. He looked from the Commodore over the sea of children's faces and then back into the Commodore's grave eyes again. Then he stepped back and laid the ruler on the desk.

"You are right," he said, in his cold, dry way. "I — had forgotten."

Then he turned to Amelia Flora.

"There will be an extra lesson for you to study in your vacation, and you will come here Saturday morning and recite it to me. You may take your seat."

The Commodore stood waiting.

"As for you," said Yerger, "there will be on your desk later a Latin exercise. You will stay here this afternoon and copy it one hundred times."

"Yes sir," said the Commodore, not looking at Yerger now.

"That is all," said Yerger.

The Commodore turned and resumed his seat with cheeks that burned anew. His punishment had been spoken before the whole school, and he had only one day more; but Amelia Flora had not been struck!

VI

The long afternoon wore onward to its close. Yerger waited at his desk until the Commodore was through, that he might close up for the night. The Commodore labored wearily over the Latin exercise, and already was the big sheet of foolscap blotted in two places, and sticky in half a dozen from the "jaw buster" Amelia Flora had laid upon his desk on leaving. The "jaw buster" helped some, but he was very tired, and the long exercise was only a little over half done.

He copied the words laboriously, spelling them sometimes aloud to help.

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*"

Yerger had copied the Latin words at the head of the sheet and the translation below it. The Commodore read it through slowly as he rested.

"It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country."

The Commodore was obliged to admit that the words thrilled him, but the balm the sentiment of them gave him hardly compensated for the weary copying that had been the price of Amelia Flora's release. He had forgotten Yerger. Indeed he did not even hear him as he quietly left his desk and renewed the

fire that was dying with the day. He did not hear Yerger return. He did not know that Yerger was watching him.

"Dulce — et — decorum —"

He traced the words out more and more slowly. The growing heat of the room made him drowsy.

"— est pro patriâ mori."

The hundredth line had been reached. The pen slipped from his brown, cramped fingers; his head, already close to the desk, fell forward, and the Commodore, his task done, slept.

The fire in the big stove flared up, and very slowly began to die out again. A few last sunbeams crept into the quiet room where Yerger watched. By and by these faded, and shadows stole into the far corners. It almost seemed to Yerger as if the shadows were taking shape, — strange, silent forms of lost, dead things. He kept staring at the shadows and the Commodore. In some strange fashion, the shadows and the Commodore became a link to bind him to the past, and then the schoolroom in all its bare ugliness stood out, — the rows of narrow desks, the rows of narrow benches, — as narrow and as cold and unresponsive as his life had been. The twilight gathered, and softened the hardness of all things, and the Commodore slept on. Yerger watched him, a strange expression in his eyes. Just one day more! Such a little time as he had had to teach him the little that he knew himself! The days would come and go. Amelia Flora would continue to struggle over the multiplication table; the Baxter twins would continue to be late as usual, — all the endless round, — but the Commodore would never come again!

The chill of the room suddenly struck on Yerger unpleasantly. He rose and

lighted a big lamp that hung behind his desk. The movement roused the Commodore, who looked up guiltily, and then with the paper in his hand came to Yerger's desk and laid it down beside him.

"It's finished, sir," he said, and then a little anxiously, "Is it all right?"

Yerger's eyes traveled down the length of the sticky, blotted sheet. From the seventieth line until the end there shone forth an *i* in *decorum* and an *e* in *patriâ*. Yerger folded the sheet carefully and laid it in his desk.

"That will do," he said.

The Commodore was almost late the next day, but not quite, and he was there in time to hear the little speech that Yerger made the children. Often he kept remembering it in a puzzled way.

"After long consideration, I have decided to abolish corporal punishment. All of you know that I have in the past never resorted to this except under extraordinary circumstances, — principally that of flagrant disobedience. However, in the future there will be some other penalty, equally severe, for similar offenses. I have not taken this step without much thought and — advice from competent authority."

Then Yerger had given out the page for the singing, and his deep baritone had led, —

"What's all the world to me,
Robin Adair —"

He had stopped suddenly, but the children had not noticed. Only the Commodore's clear, grave eyes met his own, and, above the other voices, above the music evoked from the old piano by Amelia Flora's older sister, the Commodore's clear young voice carried the measure to its close.

SINNING BY SYNDICATE

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

THOSE who contend that men are growing better, and those who insist that matters are growing worse, may both be right. "Look at the amelioration in the lot of women, of children, of blacks, of convicts, of defectives," flute the apologists. "Never were punishments more humane, manners milder, amusements cleaner, gifts larger, the rights of the weak better protected, the lower creatures more considered." "But mark the ruthlessness of industry, the ferocity of business, the friction of classes, the stench of politics," rasp the critics. "Never in our time were children so exploited, workers so driven, consumers so poisoned, passengers so mangled, investors so fleeced, public servants so tempted." The key to the paradox is that while men are improving in their personal relations, the control of industry and business is becoming impersonal.

Take the face-to-face element out of a relation, and any lurking devil in it comes to the surface. In the old South there was a world of difference to the slaves between the kind master and the hard master. But these differences tended to disappear as the plantations grew big and the slaves came under the immediate control of overseers. The Irish found tenancy tolerable under a good landlord; but with absenteeism and the management of the estate by the agent, all that was oppressive in landlordism came out. It is noteworthy that the strife between employer and employee was never so bitter as it has become since corporations came to be the great employers. So, also, the tension between the railroads and the people has grown with the merging of lines locally owned into huge systems controlled by remote investors in the East or in Europe.

There is nothing like distance to dis-infect dividends. Therefore the moral character of the stockholders makes very little difference in the conduct of the affairs of the corporation. Christian or heathen, native or alien, blue blood or plebeian, rich or poor, they all sanction much the same thing, and that is, the policy that promises the biggest dividends in the long run. To the directors their virtual mandate is, "Get results!" The directors pass this mandate on to the officers. The officers pass it on to the heads of departments, and these send it on down the line. Take one gas company formed by saints and another formed by sinners. The directors of the two companies will be more alike than the stockholders, the officers will be still more alike, and the men that come into contact with the legislature or the city council, or the gas consumers, will not differ by a shade. The saintly stockholders not only do not know what is going on, but so long as the dividends are comfortable they resent having inconvenient knowledge thrust upon them.

The corporation, to be sure, has certain good points. The corporate owner — of course we are not speaking of one-man corporations, or of those whose officers follow their own sweet will — is not warped by race antipathy, or religious prejudice, or caste pride. Unlike the individual business man, its course is never shaped by political ambitions or social aspirations, or the personal feuds of its wife. It does not exact personal subservience, does not indulge itself in petty tyranny, is not held back from negotiation with its employees by aristocratic haughtiness. It does not feel angry or hold a grudge. If it ruins any one, it does so not from malice, but simply

because he stands in the way. Let him meekly creep into the ditch, and it horks by unnoticing. The business man may be swerved by vindictiveness or generosity, by passion or by conscience, but the genuine corporation responds to but one motive. Toward gain it gravitates with the ruthlessness of a lava stream.

Nevertheless, if the corporate owner is free from the weaknesses of the individual, it escapes also his wholesome limitations. It feels not the restraints that conscience and public sentiment lay on the business man. It fears the law no more, and public indignation far less, than does the individual. You can hiss the bad man, egg him, lampoon him, caricature him, ostracize him and his. Not so with the bad corporation. The corporation, moreover, is not in dread of hell fire. You cannot Christianize it. You may convert its stockholders, animate them with patriotism or public spirit or love of social service; but this will have little or no effect on the tenor of their corporation. In short, it is an entity that transmits the greed of investors, but not their conscience; that returns them profits, but not unpopularity.

In view of the psychology of the corporation, the fact that in a lifetime it has risen to the captaincy of more than half the active wealth of this country cannot be without bearing on our moral situation. A current manual describes 6700 companies (not including banking and insurance companies) with a capitalization of thirty-six billions of dollars, and an actual property estimated to be worth twenty-seven billions or sixty per cent of all the wealth of the United States outside of farm values and of city values in residences and in private businesses. Surely the misconduct of this giant race of artificial persons deserves consideration by itself.

More than other sinning, corporate sinning alienates social classes.

Thanks to the magic of limited liability, every year finds a greater distance

between the corporate business and its absentee owners. Every year sees these owners more numerous, more scattered, more dominated by the big insiders. Every year sees savings banks, trust companies, and insurance companies coming between the corporate management and the millions who furnish the money, thereby making it harder for their conscience to reach and tincture that management. Moreover, the Big Men's practice of watering a paying stock and unloading the infusion upon the investing public is marvelously potent in banishing humanity and decency from the corporation's treatment of its labor, its patrons, or the public authorities. To doubt if stock-watering tightens the squeeze is to doubt if the *bona fide* investor, restless on the bare bench of a paltry three per cent per annum, will yammer harder for more dividends than one lounging luxuriously on the velvet of twelve per cent. The device of capitalizing and marketing the last turn of the corporation screw has a diabolic power to convert the retired preacher or professor (who has exchanged his life's savings for aqueous securities at par) into an oppressor of Tennessee miners, or Georgia operatives, or Kansas farmers, as relentless as an absentee Highland laird or a spendthrift Russian nobleman.

These developments tend to bring to the headship of certain big businesses — especially public-service enterprises — men akin to the steward on a feudal estate or the agent of an Irish landlord. With growing remoteness and anonymity of ownership, the railroad, gas, or traction manager who aims to develop his properties, to prosper through the prosperity of the community instead of at its expense, to respect local sentiment, the rights of others, and the law of the land, is dropped. Quietly, but relentlessly, the popular man of local antecedents and attachments, who calls his men "Bill" or "Jim," is discarded for the imported man with "nerve," who "does things," who "gets results" — no matter

how. The owners fête and cheer the "efficient" railroad president who has increased the net earnings "520 per cent in eight years," heedless that he lets the trestles rot till cars full of sleeping passengers drop through them, overworks his men till people are hurled to destruction in daily smash-ups, and denies sidings for the swelling traffic till his trainmen pay death a heavier toll than soldiers in the field.

Now, the stockholders for whom all these iniquitous things are done do not consciously stand for them. They do not will that children should be worn out, workmen maimed, consumers defrauded, the ballot polluted, or public men debauched. They seem to demand such conduct only because they fail to realize what they are doing when they exact the utmost penny. However harmless their intentions, their clamor for fat dividends inevitably throws the management of quasi-public — and some other — businesses into the hands of the domineering-arrogant or the suave-unscrupulous type. The manager represents just one side of the shareholders, namely, their avarice. In other respects he is no more typical of them than the company doctor is typical of physicians or the corporation attorney is typical of lawyers.

The million or million and a half owners of corporation stock in this country are not as a rule law-despising, unpatriotic, or hardhearted. They are inoffensive American citizens who probably love their country and their fellow men as much as the brakemen or miners or farmers under the corporation harrow. But their amiable traits are not likely to reflect themselves in the officers and managers of their property. What, then, is more natural than that those in contact with these agents should take them as representative, should estimate the owners by them, and should accordingly foresee an irrepressible conflict between a lawless, anti-social capitalist class and the masses? Thus springs up the delusion of progress by class war, and the

mischievous policy of appealing solely to the class interests of workers instead of chiefly to that sense of right and justice which is found at every level and in every quarter of society, and which is the only power that can settle things so that they stay settled. For you cannot sharpen class consciousness without whetting class hatred and loosening social bonds. The only hatred that is wholesome and social and propulsive is the hatred of the righteous for the willfully unrighteous. A reform that follows this line does not breed a reaction.

Aggressive corporation men put in a wrong light not only capitalists, but their opponents as well. In excusing the troubles their arrogance provokes, they pass along to owners biased versions which, by misrepresenting the claims of patrons and laborers, root capitalists generally in the notion that the masses are uppish and heady, and inspire in them a "last ditch" sentiment as foolish as it is dangerous.

Now, the corporation cannot mend itself. More and more it is impersonal and non-moral. More and more the far-away manager is rated as a profit conveyor, and the conduit with the bigger flow is always preferred. It has become a machine, and Mammon is its master. Reform, therefore, will not come from the inside. Those who supply the capital cannot mold it to their better will. But they can change its spirit if they will join with their fellow citizens in restraining the corporation by public opinion and by statute. If the reaction of organized society upon the Gradgrind type of manager is so severe that he cannot make so much money for his stockholders as a more reasonable and representative type, he will give way to the better man, and one cause of the needless alienation of classes will be removed.

In resenting corporate sins we must follow the maxim, "Blame not the tool, but the hand that moves the tool."

The savage beats the stone he has stumbled over without inquiring who left

the stone in his way. Early law punishes brutes for the harm they do, and the domestic animal that hurts a human being is *deodand*. Law now looks farther back, but the public in its shortsightedness is like a stricken animal biting at the arrow in its flank instead of charging on the hunter.

In view of the pressure they are under, what folly to mob the spade men who set telephone poles where they have no right to be, rather than the manager in a downtown office who gives these men their orders! Why execrate the dozing operator, or the forgetful engineer, rather than the superiors who exact the long hours that incapacitate for duty? Why lynch the motorman for running over the baby, when he is on a schedule that obliges him to violate the municipal speed ordinance or lose his job? When powder firms or armor-plate companies are detected giving aid to the enemies of their country by furnishing bad plates or poor powder, what childishness to be satisfied when the employees who plugged the blow-holes or "switched the samples" are dismissed with a great show of virtuous indignation, while the instigators go unpunished!

There is no work so dirty or dangerous but that it will attract volunteers pleading wife and babes to support. An economic constraint, more or less harsh, binds the ordinary underlings of a corporation and obliges us, in quest of the one to blame or punish, to turn to "the men higher up." Nor is it easy to find the right place to stop. Whom shall we blame when orders for automatic signals put in by superintendents of railroads on which heart-rending collisions have occurred, have been turned down by the Wall Street owners? The company claim-adjuster who, by playing on the ignorance, fears, and necessities of the injured, "bluffs" them out of their lawful indemnity, insists with truth that, if he did not cheat the victims, another man with fewer qualms would be given his place. The attorney who fights all claims, just as well as

unjust, to the last court in order to intimidate claimants, pleads that his corporation will wear them out anyway, and he might as well hold the job as some one else.

Ought we, indeed, to flay the legislator who, under pain of losing the renomination, votes as he is told on corporation matters, or the bureau chief who winks at crooked land entries because he feels at the back of his neck the chill of the axe? He is no hero, to be sure, who eats dirt in order to keep his berth; but if he refuses he will become a martyr, and it is doubtful if we have the right to require martyrdom of anybody. The society that allows its enemies to run the party conventions, or lets unclean hands wield the official axe, has only itself to blame for what follows.

In all such cases the blame meted out should correspond to the degree of actual — not formal — freedom enjoyed by the agent. Society may call upon a man to renounce his champagne and truffles for the right's sake sooner than his cake and jam; to quarrel with his cake and jam sooner than with his bread and butter; to sacrifice his own bread and butter sooner than the bread and butter of his children. In general, as we ascend from the track-layers who grab a street over night to the foreman of the gang, to the superintendent, to the general manager, accountability broadens and the tale of stripes should increase. Still, even the man high up may act under duress. For example, in a certain city a cotton mill wanted a new street opened and larger water-mains laid. The city council tabled the request, but an inquiry showed that \$15,000 would "fix" the council. The manager, who "did n't believe in doing business that way," held out for over a year. Meantime the mill suffered financially. The directors became restive, investigated, and found that a manager with a Scotch conscience was standing between them and their profits. They dismissed him for a more "practical" man.

In the corporation the men who give orders, but do not take them, are the directors. They enjoy economic freedom. If their scruples cost them a reelection, their livelihood is not jeopardized. In the will of these men lies the fountain head of righteousness or iniquity in the policies of the corporation. Here is the moral laboratory where the lust of an additional quarter of a per cent of dividend, on the part of men already comfortable in goods, is mysteriously transmuted into deeds of wrong and lawlessness by remote, obscure employees in terror of losing their livelihood.

The anonymity of the corporation can be met only by fixing on directors the responsibility for corporate sinning.

In enforcing the rules of the game the chief problem is how to restrain corporations. The threat to withdraw the charter alarms no one, for corporations know they are here to stay. Fine the law-breaking officers, and the board of directors by indemnifying them encourages them to do it again. Fine the corporation, and, if its sinning is lucrative, it heeds the fine no more than a flea-bite. Never will the brake of the law grip these slippery wheels until prison doors yawn for the convicted officers of lawless corporations. Even then you cannot fasten upon the officers legal responsibility for much of the iniquity they instigate. For example, to deceive the state insurance commissioners the president of a culpable insurance company directs the actuary to make up a report of such and such a character. He hands it to the treasurer and the auditor who, as required by law, swear that "to the best of their knowledge and belief" it is true. The high officials who screen their mismanagement with this false report have not been obliged to perjure themselves by swearing to it. The law has no hold upon them.

Again, a rich corporation desires legislation favorable to its own interests. The president engages an eminent at-

torney to draft a bill to that effect. He then takes it to a great law firm versed in practice of a legislative character. "I want you gentlemen to use all proper and legitimate means to secure the passage of this measure. Send the bill to me." The firm gets the measure introduced and then engages the service of a great lobbyist. The lobbyist seeks to influence men who are under obligations to him for financial help in getting elected. If some needed legislators stand out demanding money, he engages the services of small lobbyists, or sends an intermediary with a bribe. Thus the chief offenders protect themselves by working through accomplices, in many cases so remote from them that they are not even aware of the accomplices' existence.

Until the courts recast their definitions of legal evidence and legal responsibility, much of the control of corporations must devolve upon some agent free from the pedantries and Byzantisms of the law. Public opinion, however, is impotent so long as it allows itself to be kept guessing which shell the pea is under, whether the accountability is with the foreman, or the local manager, or the general manager, or the president, or the directors. How easily the general wrath is lost in this maze! Public indignation meets a cuirass of divided responsibility that scatters a shock which would have stretched iniquity prone. Till the law lifted its mailed fist, how futile were the agitations against grade crossings, link couplers, and fenderless cars! Instead of playing hide-and-seek in the intricacies of the corporate structure, public opinion should strike right for the top. Let it mark the tactics of the Philadelphia mothers who, after vain appeal to underlings to put in a gate at a railroad crossing their children must make on the way to school, stormed the office of the president of the road.

The directors of a company ought to be individually accountable for every case of misconduct of which the company receives the benefit, for every preventable

deficiency or abuse that regularly goes on in the course of the business. Hold them blameless if they prove the inefficiency or disobedience of underlings, but not if they plead ignorance. Consider the salutary side-effects of such severity. When an avalanche of wrath hangs over the head of the directors of a sinning corporation, no one will accept a directorship who is not prepared to give a good deal of time and serious attention to its business. Strict accountability will send flying the figurehead directors who, when the misdeeds of their protégés come to light, protest that they "did n't know." It will bar buccaneering insiders from using a group of eminent dummies as unwitting decoys for the confiding investor or policy holder. It will break up the game of operating a brigand public-service company (owned by some distant "syndicate") from behind a board of respectable local "directors" without a shred of power.

Let it be understood that a man's reputation may be blasted by scandal within his corporation, and we shall not see men directors on a score or two of boards. In New York city one man is found to be director of forty-five railroads, another of forty-two, others of thirty-seven, thirty-five, twenty-eight, twenty-two roads. Fifteen men are in sixteen or more railroads, thirty-four are directors of from ten to fifteen roads. Forty-eight are directors of seven roads or more. Those on the boards of from two to six roads are almost innumerable. Seventy-six men, holding among them about sixteen hundred directorships, are said, on high authority, to control fully one hundred of the greatest railroad, industrial, and banking corporations, with a capital equal to one fifth of the national wealth! Now, stricter accountability would greatly enlarge this directing *personnel*, and perhaps rid it of some of that plutocratic arrogance which is inseparable from filling boards of directors with Wall Street bankers and speculators and a few men of enormous wealth. By enlist-

ing more men with an interest in the technical side of the business, or in the community it serves, the evils of financial directorates would be mitigated.

In one state, newspapers have been required to print in every issue the name and place of business of the publisher or proprietor, in order that the responsibility of the paper may be certain. It ought likewise to be customary to print along with the news of exposure of corporation misconduct the names of the directors, in order that the public indignation may not explode without result, but find rather a proper target; for just indignation is altogether too precious a thing to be wasted.

Make it vain for a director to plead that he opposed the wrong sanctioned by the majority of his colleagues. If he will keep his skirts clear, let him resign the moment he is not ready to stand for every policy of his board. In the board of directors, as in the cabinet of parliamentary countries, the principle of joint responsibility should hold. It ought to be as inevitable for the entire board of directors of a railroad company caught systematically stealing mineral lands or oppressing coal operators along its line, to resign, as now it is a matter of course for college trustees to resign when they have been caught unloading bad securities on the college funds.

The trust practice of cross-checking, setting off plant against plant, and one department in a plant against corresponding departments in all the other plants, while keying up technical efficiency, drives the superintendents and foremen under this staccato rivalry to bear hard on labor. The public conscience will not long tolerate such ruthless exercise of corporate might, especially when the workers are women, or children, or unskilled. Let directors become habituated to full responsibility, and a reputable man will decline to stand for the treatment of labor under modern systems of cost accounting, unless he is protected by a "labor commissioner" or "welfare

manager" responsible directly to a committee of the directors. It would be the duty of such an officer to limit the pressure of foremen on the workers, and to standardize at the level of the moral sentiment of the time such matters as hours, night-work, pay for overtime, safety provisions, accident indemnity, the conditions surrounding women and children, and the treatment of company customers or tenants.

Corporations are necessary, yet, through nobody's fault, they tend to become soulless and lawless. By all means let them

reap where they have sown. But why let them declare dividends, not only on their capital, but also on their power to starve out labor, to wear out litigants, to beat down small competitors, to master the market, to evade taxes, to get the free use of public property? Nothing but the curb of organized society can confine them to their own grist and keep them from grinding into dividends the stamina of children, the health of women, the lives of men, the purity of the ballot, the honor of public servants, and the supremacy of the laws.

A PENNSYLVANIA QUAKER BOY

BY ISAAC SHARPLESS

It was a beautiful corner of Pennsylvania in which the Quaker settlers of 1682 and the following years found a home. The great river fronted it, and streams, some of them navigable, paralleled each other up into the country. The gently rolling upland was covered with a great forest of hard wood which, when cleared, uncovered a soil of unusual fertility and freedom from surface rocks. Within it wandered immense numbers of deer and not a few elk. The only animals of prey were the small wolf and the black bear, neither dangerous under ordinary conditions. The marshes abounded in waterfowl, and at certain seasons wild pigeons and other migratory birds could be captured in abundance by throwing stones into the flocks. There were turkeys, pheasants, and partridges. Shad and other sea-fish were plentiful in the river, and the little streams were amply stocked with trout.

Nor were the settlers unworthy of their possessions. A few men of rank and education began a life of trade in the towns, burying their coats of arms as unworthy a Christian democracy. But the

greater part were British yeomen, some landowners in their native land, the most of them renters who had loaded all their furniture, plate, clothing, and in some cases framed houses, into the little sailing vessels, and set out on the two or three months' voyage to the free land which the foresight and generosity of William Penn had secured. They had shown their capacity to suffer by lying months and years in British dungeons for a point of conscience, small perhaps, but which, because it was conscience, they had persisted in thinking was worth more to them than property or liberty or life. They had shown their fraternity by offering themselves — man for man and woman for woman — for their unfortunate brethren who were about to die for conscience' sake in the horrible pest-holes of England. They were to find the free air of the woods, a soil as good as the best they had left, a life of conquest over nature to draw out their best energies, and, better than all, an ideal commonwealth where persecution should never come, and where fraternity would know no bounds of rank or sect or race.

It was a venture, as all emigration is; but the results were happy. There was none of the suffering of Massachusetts and Virginia. Flesh and fish and fowl were to be had for the capture. "We could buy a deer for two shillings and a turkey for one shilling" of the Indians, one of them has recorded. The wise arrangement of Penn had made the red-men more than friends. They were glad to have the Quakers, who paid for everything, who never cheated them, whose guns were used only against the beasts of the wood, and who tried their best to restrain them from fire-water. Little troubles occurred. The Council listened to a complaint of the Welsh settlers of Haverford against the Indians "for the rapine and destruction of their hogs," but the Indian "kings" were sent for, and the matter quickly settled. The Quaker home and children were left in perfect security, while the adult attended the quarterly meeting, or the market-place at Philadelphia or Chester, and so far as the Friends were concerned these kindly relations never ceased.

A cave in the bank, a brush lean-to against a rock, or a log hut, sufficed for the first winter; but better houses soon arose. Each settler had made his purchase in England from rude maps, and quickly found it in the woods. The sales were liberal, five hundred to five thousand acres to a family, for a trifling sum and a quit-rent. The woods fell before their axes, and with a plough drawn by oxen the soil was quickly prepared for wheat, barley, and Indian corn. In one year every farmer had a sufficiency of everything but money, and improvements began. The old houses were discarded and stone buildings arose. Barns for crops and cattle kept pace with the clearing land and increasing produce. As the first settlers died the great farms were divided among the boys, or the younger ones plunged farther into the woods and repeated the process.

They were practically all Friends. If you lay a straight-edged ruler from a

point on the Delaware River midway between Trenton and Easton to the point where the Susquehanna crosses Mason and Dixon's line, you will cut off a corner which for one hundred and fifty years was largely Quaker land. Up to the Civil War not a few townships knew no land-owners outside the fold, and the farms had come down without a deed except the one from William Penn. As time progressed the farms grew smaller by subdivisions, till one hundred and twenty-five acres or thereabouts became the normal size, and the productivity always increased. The young man who could not buy a farm with borrowed money, and stock it, and by middle life have it clear of debt, was seriously lacking in business management or economy, or both. Expenses of living were trifling. The boys did the work outside and the girls within, and there were usually plenty of both. The fields and the garden gave the vegetables, and the barn, the pig-pen, and the poultry-yard the meat. The housewife spun the flax, wove the cloth, cut out and sewed the garments. She made sausage and scrapple and mince pies, carpets and candles and feather-beds. Such lives developed qualities of saving and hoarding, and so it happened that not a few families passed from generation to generation an ever-increasing stock of money at interest, and enlarged houses and barns, and ideas of fine tillage and care of soil, and furniture plain but solid, and shade-trees around the place, and looks that bespoke comfort, homelikeness, and family pride.

The New England farm developed strong men; but the rugged soil did not invite their continuance, and the strength of New England went to the cities or the West. The western farm made great crops, but western farmers are nomads, and in general have no ancestral homes. Perhaps nowhere else in the United States has there been that combination of soil and social conditions which created a satisfied, intelligent, permanent yeomanry. The land itself was treated al-

most as a sentient being. It must not be abused any more than a horse or an ox. It must be fed, and not cropped into sterility, and so, unlike the south land, it grew in fertility with each generation, clearer of weeds and stones, more mellow and rich and kindly. The great stone houses, of plain but harmonious outline, the whitewashed outbuildings and fences, the evergreen and deciduous trees, all bespoke the comfortable and prosperous home, to which the wandering children would return as long as they lived, as the family gathering called them from distant business or residence, and to which their thoughts would revert with ever-increasing fervency as they reviewed their boyhood days.

For truly the Pennsylvania Quaker farm and homestead was a great place for a boy to grow into a man. The old conditions lasted till the Civil War. Since then there has been a gradual scattering of the old families, and their places have been taken by immigrants and renters of another type. The old race will be largely extinct in another generation; but many a man now in middle life or beyond who has made his mark in Philadelphia or elsewhere, in business or professional life, blesses the fate that gave him the physical and moral basis of such a boyhood.

The boy's life was not a vagabond life, though streams and woods were well known, and wild animals and birds and flowers were sources of unfailing pleasure and instruction. As soon as he was old enough there was work to be done, wood to carry in from the woodpile, cows and horses to bring in from the field, apples to gather, and fruits and vegetables to pick. The work was done, if not willingly yet faithfully, and a great lesson learned.

The father was an autocrat, a kindly and wise one whose commands were never questioned. "John," said he to his boy at the table, "John, hold thy plate."

"I don't want that, father," faltered the boy.

"I did not ask thee what thee wanted; I told thee to hold thy plate;" and John took what was offered and ate it without a word. If too wet to go to the field, father and John could pull weeds in the garden. John did not understand why this was not as wet as the field, but father said not, and John accepted it as true. When too cold for other work, you could pick stones in the field. Again John could not understand why prying up stones frozen into the ground, with gloveless fingers, was not as cold as anything else; but father said it was cold-weather work, and when John got homesick at boarding school he sadly reflected that if only he could go home he would gladly even pick stones with the thermometer at freezing. As the boy grew up, the duties and responsibilities increased, and the labor was the more continuous. Driving horses to plough or harrow, the more strenuous work of the harvest time, the family consultation as to which field to work out of grass for the regular routine of corn, oats, and wheat, and two years of mowing, to be followed by pasture, became his larger functions.

But there was always plenty of time for the boyish recreation which the country afforded. He was never a slave to work or to authority. There was the stream to fish, and the charms of fishing grew upon him, till a busy life afterwards only made it more enticing, as memory brought back the great sucker in the mill-dam or trout in the clear stream. There were muskrats to be trapped in winter and the raccoon that stole the chickens and turkeys. There were the games in which boys on the neighboring farms would join, or the ride on the big sled in winter. All of these and many more were a constant source of pleasure and education which the older people were too wise to curb.

Nor were intellectual opportunities lacking. Every house had some books, — often Friends' books, *Sewel's History* and *Piety Promoted*; the first stirred the boy's denominational patriotism as he

heard of the brave deeds of his ancestors; but for the latter, to tell the truth, he did not care much, though he had to take a share of it on First Day. There was, too, the neighborhood library sustained by the farmers for a few miles around. The key was kept in a neighboring store or meeting-house and any one could get it, select his book, register it himself, lock up, and go home. As practically all the subscribers were Friends, fiction was disallowed; but the healthy boy found in history and biography and travel a substitute which charmed him through many a wintry evening and slack hour through the day. Macaulay was too critical of the Friends, and was outlawed; but Rollin and Ranke and Motley and Prescott became a part of the boy's permanent stock in trade, and he learned to read to good purpose. The wilds of Africa were explored with Livingstone, and the wastes of Greenland with Franklin and Kane; and if an occasional volume by Mayne Reid crept in through an unsuspecting committee, on the ground that it was a record of travel, probably no one was the worse. The different families read the same books, and a comparison of views kept the memory fresh.

But above all else these old farmers retained something of the conscience of their ancestors. To go to meeting twice a week was the most inevitable part of the weekly programme. It was always the "previous engagement."

"It will rain to-day and that hay just ready to come in will be spoiled," John would urge on a Fourth Day morning.

"Harness the horse and we will all go to meeting," was the uncompromising answer.

The meeting was mostly silent, just a gathering of men, women, and children sitting on unpainted and straight-backed benches for an hour. The boys did not always enter profoundly into the spiritual exercise of the occasion, and sometimes perhaps even the older ones had not such sustained mystical communion as their faces then seemed to indicate. But after

all, the lesson of the supremacy of religious duty over all business affairs was well taught, and the quiet influence of the Spirit was not always a delusion; while the cramped physical powers of the healthy boy found relief afterwards in an unrestrained and joyous exercise. The habit of at least formal attention to religious obligations was seldom lost.

It was in the "monthly meetings" that the moral standards were set and maintained. These business sessions were as imperative upon old and young as the purely religious gatherings. The "queries" were to be answered in open meeting, not individually but as a body, and the answer inscribed in a book.

Do you go to meeting regularly, and behave yourself when there?

Do you have "love and unity" with other members?

Do you live a simple life, avoid complicity with warlike operations or judicial oaths?

Do you look after the poor Friends, and do you pay your debts? — and other questions relating to conduct and habits.

The boy, perhaps, could not define Quakerism; but he got an idea very firmly that a quiet, kindly, moral life was required of him, an idea which often survived the vastly lower standards among which he had to work out his adult conduct.

The home confirmed the meeting, — or the reverse might be a more true way of writing it. The little silence before each meal, the Bible-reading at the breakfast-table and on First Day evening by one whose life was a manifest effort to live by its precepts; even the absence of formal teaching and the general reticence as to religious subjects, along with the seriousness at rare intervals when the rebuke or the commendation was evidently needed, — all these were daily building character, whether any one was conscious of it or not.

In 1827 Quakerdom was rent by the great "Separation." Hicksite and Orthodox, as they were popularly called,

lived side by side as neighbors and relatives; but a great gap opened between them. The Orthodox were influential in Philadelphia, but the Hicksites controlled the country. They kept the old stone meeting-houses. For a time the two worshiped in the two ends of the same house, or in the same room at different hours; but these arrangements in the excited state of feeling were too close for peace. All through these Quaker counties one sees meeting-houses in duplicate, the old one almost always Hicksite. The feeling during the first generation was intense. Social intercourse ceased. Ministers of the two bodies meeting in the road gave each other the least possible recognition, and mutual individual "disownments" cleared the skirts of each of responsibility for the other. The two had the same moral standards and the same methods of worship. In the main they looked at life from the same point of view; but the Hicksite was supposed to have beliefs with Unitarian tendency, the Orthodox to be unbearably dogmatic; and so they parted, except that the boys and girls might safely go to the same little school by the meeting-house.

They were not potent factors in party politics. They had forgotten the great colonial days when the Holy Experiment was building the most prosperous, free, and progressive commonwealth along the Atlantic, under Quaker legislation uninterrupted for seventy years; when David Lloyd, John Kinsey, and Isaac Norris led the Quaker hosts in a well-defined but strictly moral political machine. They had rather accepted the mediæval doctrine that introversion and not outward activity was the badge and safeguard of the Friend. In township matters, as school director, or road supervisor, they performed their duty, and the Quaker vote could be counted on, on election day. But the noisy convention and political meeting did not know them, and the candidate for an office higher than township was an object of concern. They were conservative in most matters,

but on a moral question to which their society was committed, they could be the leaders of the radicals. Every Quaker was an anti-slavery man, and many of them were uncompromising abolitionists of the Garrison type. The Underground Railway had an unfailing route through the Quaker counties, and the runaway once over the line found plenty of sympathy and active aid. The boy at the table or during the winter evening drank in, in respectful silence, the iniquities of slavery till a negro became a hero, and he would warmly resent any appellation less respectful than *colored man*.

Then came on the war. It seemed to present a conflict of duties. The elders saw clearly that the long history of opposition to slavery was fairly matched by an equally long testimony against war; yet to a man they fervently desired the success of the Union arms. If the tradition of John Woolman and Anthony Benezet and the example of John G. Whittier kept them true to the cause of freedom, the history of their own ancestors during the Revolutionary War kept them true to the cause of peace. For it was known that every little complicity with war had been conscientiously avoided. When the American army had taken blankets and left the money with the boy, the father had ridden miles to find the purchaser and return the price, though, of course, he never recovered the blankets. When a boy had thrown down a bar in response to the demand of a British trooper, enforced with a drawn sword, the conviction that he might be a party to taking human life so seized him that he refused to proceed with the others. These traditions and convictions held the soberer ones steadily to non-participation. The boys and young men were more influenced by the excitement, and some of them responded to the call. Such usually lost their Quaker connection, but never the influences of their early training.

What better boyhood could there be for a man who is to do great work? A body hardened by years of pure air and

active but not excessive exercise; a mind braced by a school life which required things to be done by himself and not by the teacher, and broadened by a careful reading of a limited number of improving books; a character formed by regular duties, the example of conscientious living, the ever-present sacredness of moral responsibility, abhorrence of evil, and sympathy with suffering; and a hearty respect for a religion of the simplest character and absolutely without hypocrisy.

In some respects, to be sure, it was a narrow and circumscribed life; but these qualities may not be the worst evils for the boy. There was to be plenty of breadth and liberty later, and he approached manhood without the feeling that life was a sucked orange; rather it was to him a glorious opportunity of unknown possibilities in which his untried powers of strong resolve and sustained effort, kept well in hand, might do their best.

ALEUTIAN

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

MISTS are his heavens. His moon behind a veil
 Unseen, her silvern circle slowly fills;
 How fair in twilight pale
 Are shy young stars down vistas in the hills
 He knows not, nor the golden pomps of June.
 When high o'erhead by shimmering bastions hoary
 The sun in tranquil glory
 Goes westering down some star-deep, blue lagoon;
 But spindrift clouds his island outlines blur,
 And long rains round him purr,
 And ceaseless fogs, of Asian sea-winds borne,
 Swirl in, till night and noon
 Are writ in one dull Arctic character,
 Alike of shadow and of shining shorn.

Our tumult of the street,
 Trample of feet,
 Harsh-roaring wheels, and throbbing bells, and cries,
 To that swart islander were strangest dream —
 Save when the tempest flies,
 No mightier voices rise
 Than barking seal-herds, or the sea-birds' scream,
 All round his isles; and tales of tower and dome
 Seem but a shipwrecked stranger's rude romancing
 To him, whose vagrant home
 Is a light kayak mid the whitecaps dancing
 In wild seas west of Nome.

For him no ripe fields rustle,
 Waiting the fruitful bustle
 Of harvest-scenes, nor autumn orchards bending
 Beneath their painted burdens, perfume lending
 To every passing air —
 'T is his to reap the unsown waters wide,
 To strike the salmon swift in swinging sea,
 Silent as foam across the foam to glide
 Among the basking seals before they flee;
 And if no garden fair
 Allure his care,
 No bit of heavenly blue in blossoms molden,
 Nor roses red nor golden,
 Gladden his path, yet sometimes round the year
 A great hand sweeps the curtains from his skies,
 And spired Auroras dazzling up the sphere
 Foreshow him Paradise.

No race behind him lies
 Rooted in memories,
 No shining deeds with such rare art rehearsed
 That men are nigh forgetting
 The jewel in the setting —
 His lonely soul is versed
 In one scant tongue; a few rough shards of speech
 Serve all his need; but when beneath the moon
 That still sets sidewise down the frozen beach,
 In the dim hut he hears his wife's low croon,
 His first-born's gurgling laugh, well knows he then
 That song, that laughter, speaks all tongues of men.

What if to him the storied past is dumb,
 Or, finding speech, but stirs a troubled doubting?
 Can Cæsar's ashes warm the fingers numb?
 What helps Achilles' shouting,
 Or hinders, Helen's pouting,
 Far by Scamander and the doomed wall,
 To him whose spear-long barque of lightest leather,
 Mid ghostly icebergs towering Andes-tall,
 Must Arctic tempests weather?

Nay, 't is not Art alone,
 Nor sad-eyed centuries of weary lore,
 Nor rugged northern zone,
 And hard-earned harvests wrung from watery floor,
 Makes men or mars: in Heaven's eternal plan
 'T is living only makes a man a man.

BUCK DU SPAIN

BY HELEN DUNCAN QUEEN

I WAS only eight, that first summer father let the hauling to the Du Spains, but I remember very well the dusty day they drove round the turn into sight, and covered the big flat between the men's cabins and the barns with their long bark wagons, and half-a-hundred horses.

Buck Du Spain did n't come with the rest, but rode in, on his little black horse, in the yellow evening. He was very beautiful, I thought, when he dropped off his horse, and came over to speak to father, — tall, and lazily slow, with a full throat, and a pleasant, drawling voice, and — delight of my childish heart — a straight nose. He put me up on his horse when he led him round to the stable, and then told me to see how fast I could run home.

They — the Du Spains — took the big white house just across the road from ours, that had been empty so long. Buck could n't have been more than eighteen, for he was n't driving himself, but just helped his father manage the big outfit, and took a team out for a day or so, if a driver were laid off. He and my gay young uncle grew fast friends, and I, lonely for playmates, tagged them mercilessly. But, when I had stayed at his mother's for supper, he would perch me on the arm of his chair, and show me pictures from a book so big that it did n't lie on the table, but stood on the floor beside it, and then, when I grew sleepy, would carry me across the road, home.

At the end of the season they went away again, and I watched the caravan of teams pull out of sight, with ringing of leaders' bells, and the odd rumbling of unloaded big wagons, — and felt forlorn.

It was four years later when they came again. Old Du Spain was dead, and

Buck had the outfit, which was smaller now. My admiration was as keen as ever, if more quiet. I was quite content to curl up in the cane rocker in his mother's sitting-room, while he, sprawled across the lounge, read the most varied assortment of novels. It was a hot Sunday, and I very crisp in a new dress, when he gave me the fat, brown *Les Misérables*, thumb-marked, and redolent of the tobacco of many bark camps, that to this day jostles the daintier volumes on my shelves.

The rains came early that year, so they shedded the bark that was left in the woods, and took the horses forty miles to pasture. I remember the long string going down the hill, one tied to the other's tail. The teamsters left, but Buck and his mother decided to stay, — they might as well winter there as anywhere, they said. So we settled down for the winter, which was only quieter than the summer.

When it was clear, — and it seemed not to be clear much — I sat on the high porch, and watched my uncle and Buck break the two new colts, wild from the range. For rainy days I had two playing places, — the long, low room over the kitchen, sacred to trunks, old magazines, and my dolls — and, better far, the store, where my uncle and Buck sat beside the high, round stove they kept roaring, making, for the six-horse lashes, the poppers I could never "pop," and braiding elaborate covers for whip-stocks with silver ferules slipped on at intervals. If I were good, and handed him the shining ferules in proper order, Buck would show me his thick pile of cigarette cards, or would play "Casino" with me.

"You're a nicer partner than Toney, Kitten," he laughed one day, when he'd

taken cards and spades, big and little Casino, and all the aces.

"Who is Toney?" I promptly asked.

"Oh, a man at the Forks," he said.

"I don't see why you play with him, Buck, you know he is n't straight," said my uncle.

"For money, of course," and Buck dealt out the cards with that careless ease that was my envy and despair. "Are you going to win this game, young lady?"

Near the end of winter there came a sunny Sunday, and with it the circuit preacher. So we all drove over to the schoolhouse, where the blacking fairly bubbled on the hot stove, and smelled most awfully. First there were hymns, which I liked, and, too, liked hearing Buck's clear tenor above the rest. Then came the sermon. Now our minister was a good man, and kindly, with a joke, every now and then, on week-days, but to him no sermon was a sermon which did n't force his hearers to reflect upon their latter end. I don't know if the force were stronger that day; at any rate, I felt it more, and came out of church in a most exalted state. Not even riding home with Buck, in the big breaking-cart behind the colts, could check the soaring of my thoughts.

Yes, I'd join the church, — for clearly something must be done, even little girls of twelve died sometimes. I'd be a Christian.

"Pretty fine colts, don't you think, Kitten?" said Buck, as we took the turn to the bridge on one wheel. I nodded impatiently. Where was I? Oh, yes, — yes, I'd be a Christian, and I'd be good, I'd never tell another story, never even act one (which mother said was just as bad), such as not knowing where that new cake of chocolate had disappeared to.

"You'd better hold on to my arm, Kitten, we're coming to a rough place, and this cart has n't any back." I took hold obediently. What else did Christians do? From the sermon two words

rang back at me: "Save souls." I was a little dismayed. Whose soul could I save? Mother's and grandmother's were saved already, of course. There were father and Uncle Jack, — but somehow, it would n't be very easy with them. Then there was Buck, — of course, Buck, — I brightened at the thought. I'd save him; he would n't be so apt to laugh at me as the others. Then, too, while I was quite sure he was good, still I felt, vaguely, that he might stand a bit of looking after. So when he stopped at the high block to let me out, I said, "Thank you, Buck, I've had a lovely ride," with a smile that was positively saccharine.

The method of attack bothered me for several days, till I came across a tiny pamphlet, left by the minister the last time he'd taken dinner with us, on "The Saving Power of Song." I knew any number of Gospel hymns, and could carry a tune, so I went about singing lustily. I'd even slip out on the dark porch and sing something that struck me as being especially affecting, — like "Rescue the Perishing," — just as Buck crossed the road from the store to his late supper. But one night he called, "For the Lord's sake, shut up, Kitten!" After that I sang no more, and my missionary zeal diminished.

The next six years I saw Buck perhaps not six times, — two or three times when I'd driven to town with father, two or three times more when he, riding by, stopped at the gate, and came up the path, walking stiffly in his hairy "chaps." One day, when Grace and I had been discussing handsome men, and I had said, "Oh, but you should see Buck Du Spain, he's positively the handsomest man I ever laid eyes on," father looked up over his paper, and said, "Handsome is as handsome does, dear," gravely.

It was in the summer, three years ago, and not more than a week after I had come home, that we girls went to the canyon one morning, for ferns to deco-

rate for our house-dance that evening. We came out with green armfuls. I had lingered for one more, and still one more, perfect five-finger, till when I came out on the road, the others were well away from me, half-way up the hot hill.

Some men, a-horseback, were coming swiftly down the grade. As they came abreast of me, Sheriff Murphy, riding in the lead, swung off his hat. The others I did not know. A little way behind them, a man on an eager little buckskin rode more slowly. I noticed when he met the girls that he made as if to rein in, but did n't. But when he came to me he stopped.

"Is this your name?" said he, holding out a letter.

"Yes," said I, wondering, "who" — But he only rode on more quickly, and I thought he laughed.

When we got home the little hamlet was seething with the news. Buck Du Spain had robbed and killed Toney, the Italian saloon-keeper at the Forks, and half the country was out hunting him.

Somehow or other the long day went on, what with draping long sprays of green, and pressing out crushed ruffles, and shooing the children away from the big freezer that stood, burlap-swathed, in the cellar. Then came dinner, one of those excited, half-eaten meals.

A little later Grace came into my room, to hook me into my dress.

"Whatever is the matter with you?" said she, "you've been so funny and still all day, and yet sort of excited. Do try and get up some color, you're awfully white."

Eleven o'clock came, finally, in the lull between two dances. I waited till the music began again, then, —

"Oh, Harry," I said to my partner, "I've forgotten something I must do. No, you can't help me" — I slipped into mother's room, and out the French window on to the porch.

It was dark out here, and strangely quiet, after the light and noise the other side of the house. I went clear to the

end, where the ground dropped away, so the head of the man on horseback was just on a level with the rail. Man and horse were only a dark blur, for though the stars were bright, there was no moon. I remember noticing my dress showed dimly white.

"Buck?" I whispered.

"Kitten," the sharp whisper came back, "this is good of you."

"Sh-h," and I began to pick up the packages hidden by the railing, "here's something for you to eat after a while. Tie it on the back of your saddle. Here's something for you to eat now, — can't you put a package in each pocket?"

The man chuckled, "Gee, you've got a head."

I raised the last, heaviest package, "Have you the same revolver?"

"That little 44? Yes, — what's this — cartridges? — Oh, you're a dream — I'm all right now, I'll get out all right. I'll do something for you, some day." He half turned his horse, as if to start.

"Buck," I begged, leaning over the rail, "wait, here" —

"What's this?"

"Oh, it's money, Buck. Not very much, but it's mine, and it's enough to help you get away. Then you'll send the — other — back, won't you, Buck? and when you earn some you can send me back mine." I was whispering eagerly, out into the dark.

"Here, give it to me," I knew he was laughing; "still trying to save my soul, Kitten?"

"Oh, how did you ever know? Did mother" —

Just then some one came into the dining-room with a light. A broad band cut full across from the open window for a moment, then went out again.

"Gee, you're a regular young lady, aren't you?" He crowded his horse close to the house, and reaching up, thrust the purse, heavier than when he had taken it, into my helpless hands. "You can buy pretties with it. Adios," and he rode away into the dark.

Last summer, going home, I was riding on the high front seat of the red stage, between the driver and a Wells-Fargo inspector. We had been driving on the level land along the coast all the afternoon, skirting the bases of the hills in long curves. The dark and we dropped together down the grade that led to the river. When we got to the bottom it was quite black, and the big reflector lantern, that glared out like a searchlight above our heads, had been lighted some time.

The long bridge, that spanned the river and the swamp that came before it, had fallen a week or so before, and a sort of road had been cut through the swamp to the ford. It was a bad place, full of water and sunken logs and tree roots. The stage lurched, one wheel sunk in mud to the hub, the other clear out. The lantern light flickered over the four horses, cautiously picking their steps, and the white-barked alders seemed to lean into the circle of its light with a sort of ghastly eagerness.

The driver had just said, "We're over the worst of it," when a man on horseback, with a black mask over his face, and a revolver held high, came into the light.

"Hands up," he cried, and sent a shot over our heads. The Jew drummer inside the stage gave a thick, cracked scream. The Wells-Fargo man, all in one moment, got me crushed down in the boot among the mail-bags, and fired two shots. There was an answering shot, and the rattle of broken glass from the lantern. Then it was dark, and I could hear the driver and the Wells-Fargo man get out.

"I guess you've done for him," said the driver.

They splashed in water and stumbled

on logs. I sat up. They had stopped and were lighting matches. Presently I heard them coming back again, but slowly. They stopped when they got to the lead horses, and asked for a light. Up to now the men inside the stage had been as quiet as I.

"Is it safe?" asked the Jew drummer.

"He's dead, I guess," said the Wells-Fargo man.

So the drummer got out, and stumbled up to them with a little electric pocket lamp.

"He's alive," said the driver, "but he won't be long, I guess." And then, his voice going up an octave, "If it ain't Buck Du Spain!"

They laid him flat on a broad log, that sloped well out of the swamp. I sat above him, and held his black head in my lap. Then the driver took the stage on to get help. The drummer, the Wells-Fargo man, and I stayed with Buck.

It was very quiet in the bottom of the canyon, for none of us spoke, only now and then we'd catch the faint wash of the river. It was very dark, too, for the lamp had given out, and all the matches were gone. The silence and the dark seemed to combine into a palpable, dense thing, that held us each fast in his place, beyond the possibility of movement.

There came a time — I don't know if for long — that I could no longer feel the head that had been heavy on my knees, when it seemed to me along that narrow swamp there went a procession of all that was sad and lost, going with all mournful and dreadful noises.

"Gott! it's cold," said the Jew drummer.

I, remembering the quiet head, laid my hand, ever so lightly, across its lips. But no breath went over them.

ITALIAN INDUSTRIES FOR WOMEN

BY MARY ARGYLE TAYLOR

VERONESE's opulent and lovely figure of Arachne, weaving her web with aspiring eyes, might serve as an image of the Coöperative Society for Italian Female Industries. Arachne stretches her delicate cobweb with careful, capable fingers; she is not groveling over her work, she gazes upward, and her womanly figure is flooded with golden light; but by her side is a very useful, well-filled work-basket. This society seems to possess the same combination of ideality and practical good sense. Partially to compensate the loss of its extensive exhibit at the Milan Exposition, which was burned August 3, 1906, it has just published an attractive, illustrated volume,¹ upon its work and aim, giving many interesting details about the occupations of women. Its two main objects are to enable Italian women to execute the exquisite and manifold crafts for which their ancestresses were distinguished, and to find an honest market for their handiwork, so that a middleman may not gobble their profit. It has been no stereotyped association, proceeding by mechanical means, but has grown out of the love of individual women for their fellow women, and for the multiform branches and tendrils of old Italian art. Their efforts have matured in drawing-rooms, among earnest twos and threes; each step has stood for a personal sacrifice of time and thought. This Coöperative, which now has the best names in Italy on its roll and is patronized by the two Queens, is the evolution of a small society called "Arts and Crafts," formed in 1901, to make Italian laces and fabrics known abroad. From the Paris Exhibition and the Chicago Fair their productions returned with gold medals

and abundant orders. In 1902 and 1903, two successful exhibitions were held in Rome, and it was felt that the society must take a more enduring form. In May, 1903, it was constituted with an unlimited capital of one-hundred-franc shares. The King and Queen took the largest number, and during the meeting a hundred other shares were subscribed, amounting in all to twenty thousand francs. There is a central committee of twenty-four ladies to supervise the artistic movement by personal advice, patterns, and deputed inspectresses throughout Italy. There is a technical body to judge absolutely as to the acceptance and price of work. Besides the central committee in Rome, which has a permanent sale room in the centre of the city, there are twenty-four regional ones throughout the country, with agencies in Florence; San Remo, and Palermo. Sales are made in the large hotels and at summer resorts, and there is a permanent representative of the society in New York. In the first part of 1904 the Roman sales amounted to 55,375.73 francs, which increased in the next to 128,933.054 francs, and in 1906 the monthly entries amounted to from 25,000 to 30,000 francs. At the international Liège lace exhibition, *Æmilia Ars*, one branch of the society, took the thousand-franc prize and a gold medal. Several American women are active and prominent in the society, which has no limits of creed or nationality. Miss Amari, who has founded one of the most successful schools of art-needlework and lace, near Florence, is now in New York, starting, with Miss Colgate, a like school for the children of Italian emigrants. She is the daughter of the patriot historian who, in that vivid and thrilling story of the *Vespri Siciliani*, made history to pulse and

¹ *Le Industrie Femminile Italiane*. Pilade Rocco, Editore. Milano.

live, as truly as Motley or Green. So the father rang a clarion note for free, united Italy, and the daughter is helping the children of that Italy to live.

Female crafts in Italy are as various as her climates and her people. Piedmont, at the foot of the snowy Alps, had an art of her own, colored by vicinity to, and dealings with, France. Her cold climate makes her women housewifely; like the honest women of the Marches they are past mistresses of distilling liqueurs and bitters, conserving fruits and jellies, handling pastry, and making their families comfortable. An ancient Piedmontese art called *bandera* embroidery has been revived by the society. It was the custom in great Piedmontese and French houses to have furniture-covers, which were called *housses* and were removed only on very important occasions. These *housses* became in time objects of luxury, and were made of silk, damask, and even leather, with embroidery and ornaments of gold and silver. People giving dances or receptions, whose furniture was not up to the mark, borrowed or hired *housses* for the occasion. At first they were only loose coverings to protect the furniture from dust, but gradually they were shaped and fitted and held in place by ribbons or clasps, and were called *housses à la Romaine*. Those peculiar to Piedmont were made of a kind of tan linen, named *bandera*, embroidered with monochrome and polychrome wools in floral designs, on an architectural motif, or scattered in garlands and nosegays, intertwinèd with floating ribbons which gave surprising lightness and grace. They were especially used for bed-covers, and were practical, as they could be washed. Many fine specimens of this old work exist in patrician Piedmontese houses, and they have been copied by machinery, but the ladies decided to reproduce them by hand, and it was done for the Milan exhibit in a bedroom fitted with such draperies.

Many are familiar with the revival of the Venetian lace industry, after the

freezing of the lagoons in 1872, which shut off the livelihood of the Burano fishermen and reduced the people to terrible straits. Only one old woman of seventy could be found who knew how to make the lace, for the Venetian artisans, after teaching lace-making to France and Ireland, had forgotten it themselves. This old woman was glad to teach others, and a school was formed, beginning with six girls, increasing to twelve, twenty-four, one hundred, three hundred. It has been ably managed by a noble Venetian lady, Contessa Andriana Marcello; and the Queen Mother, then Princess Margaret, endowed the school with a valuable dowry of ancient laces, and in her frequent visits to Venice, herself spent hours with the Contessa Andriana and two workwomen, studying the antique *punti*, picking to pieces some specimens to discover the secrets of the art. In this way were rediscovered rose point and "ponto in aiere," condemned by the ancient magistrates of Venice as criminal luxury. The needle laces of the Burano school vary in price from 30 to 2000 francs per metre, and the wages of the workwomen range from one franc to two and one-half francs per day (20 to 50 American cents); but the greater number work by the job, so as to attend to their households. About the same time the bobbin laces were revived, and at present Jesurum has 5000 women in his employ who earn from one-half to two and one-half francs per day. The magical rapidity with which the women ply their scores of wooden bobbins made Queen Margaret ask one girl, —

"How do you find at once the bobbins you require?"

"They come into my hand, Lady," was the reply, which epitomized a facility become second nature. Paul Fambri, the member for Venice, who was largely instrumental in the lace revival, said, "The only *real lacemaker* is the one whose bobbins come into her hand; if she had to seek each one, she would go mad making an inch a week." Polychrome laces are also made in Venice, and at salty-smelling

Chioggia the women are busy making and darning net. The crafts of the Venetians are legion, and among them are the characteristic ones of threading shells and beads. What visitor to Venice does not remember those twittering groups of creamy-skinned girls, sitting in low split-bottom chairs in the calle before their doors, dipping long pins into the opalescent beads, and flinging "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" at the passers-by. Whole skeins of these beads are distributed to the workwomen or *threaders*, at their dwellings, by a kind of middle-woman, who when they are finished collects them and consigns them to the factory, whence they are sent over the world, but especially to India and America. As it is largely a household industry, it is hard to estimate the numbers engaged in it, or their gains, but they make about 12 centimes (2½ cents) per hour.

In one *sestiere* of Venice whole families are gathered around an old pair of bellows, with capillary tubes, fusing gold and colors to enamel by hand the famous *perle a lume* by the primitive method used in 1400. Some seventy women are expert enough to gain from 32 to 38 cents per day. With these beads two Italian ladies conceived the idea of copying the necklaces, chains, and coronets in the old Venetian pictures and prints, and these ornaments, which bear the historical names of Loredana, Grimalda, and Caterina Cornaro, are in great demand in Italy and abroad. The Queen Mother is said to be an adept in these creations, to which she gives the imprint of her own exquisite taste and knowledge of art. The widow of Sir Henry Layard, to whom the glass works owe much, uses these beads, threaded on metal wire, to make fan and muff chains suggested by those in the Carpaccio paintings on her walls. They bring in a fair sum for the maintenance of a small hospital on the Giudecca. A few Venetian women are engaged in the manipulation of leather, gilding, tooling, and painting upon it, reviving that ancient

art of "euori d' oro," which formerly brought such profit to the Serenissima. In the old sumptuary laws of Venice to restrain the luxury of the women, and from which to-day's knowledge of her industries is drawn, there are no limitations of the Venetian's art of charming, and in that she is as supreme as ever. She has a flexibility of wit and tongue, an alluring deference and grace, as subtle as they are fascinating. I have experienced the seducing feminine mesmerism of the lower and middle classes, and I am told it is even more potent in the patrician ladies. When the German Emperor spent twenty-four hours in Venice, it is said that he called on, lunched, and spent the evening with, the lovely Countess Morosini; and when the city authorities gathered in the early morning to see him off at the station, the witty old mayor murmured, in Venetian dialect, to a friend, "When we next wish to entertain the Emperor, instead of ten thousand francs in illuminations, music, and fantastic fêtes, it will be more economical to give la Morosini a ticket to Berlin."

In Romagna, the Countess Rasponi has founded a school to revive the ancient hand-woven fringes, and braided homespun linen covers copied from the native ox-cloths. The designs are so primitive and original as to prove great antiquity, and are easily adapted to bed-covers and hangings. The women of Romagna are devoted to their strong, gentle beasts, and they are intimate companions in the long winter evenings when the women sit spinning in the tepid asylum of the carefully kept stables, and cuddle their children, like Mary herself, in the very manger of the cattle.

What quainter picture for a painter than the girls of Carimate, making bobbin lace to the accompaniment of the rosary, in dark, smoke-stained kitchens, and in the stables, under the very heads of their cows.

The women of Valsèia make beautiful old ivory point on antique designs and on imported Greek patterns. Near Ber-

gamo the peasants wear ivory point on their ancient costumes, which they vowed to retain forever, to exorcize the plague of 1600.

A lady who wished to employ the women of a small place in Emilia set up a factory of *étamines*, but finding that the material alone yielded small profit, it occurred to her to have it embroidered by the women, and she started a school to teach this in her own villa. Now the business has spread to a branch establishment, and turns out complete dresses, table-pieces, and curtains.

A lady of Perugia found in her attic, at the bottom of an old chest, a little bag, yellowed by time and gnawed by mice. From it she drew four pieces of linen so finely worked in *reticella* (Venetian point) that not a thread showed of the original warp. The most notable piece was a sampler barely half-a-yard square, containing forty designs of borders finished off by *teeth* and innumerable *punti*, each different from the other. It must have been a woman's life-work.

Interesting carved looms have been found throughout Umbria; in one place a loom made by himself is still the young man's first gift to his bride. The Umbrian ladies have revived the hand-woven bird's-eye damask, with traditional Perugian griffins and fountains woven in raised blue thread across the ends. The counterparts of these cloths are to be seen in thirteenth-century frescoes, and in the paintings of Ghirlandaio and Da Vinci. This industry was at its zenith in the sixteenth century. Another woman at Perugia has brought to life again those "flame" stuffs of silk shot in shaded, pointed designs on an invisible web. At Assisi the Ladies' Society has set up the making of braids and borders, for dresses and furniture, with patterns borrowed from the ancient churches and oratories of the place, also constructing leather purses with geometrical, Franciscan designs. Towels are also embroidered with the alternate doves and deer copied from the vestment given to St. Francis by St.

Clare. A Philadelphia girl, married into an old Umbrian family, has started the women on her husband's estate to doing Portuguese point; and another "lady of quality" has taught the women and girls of the island in Lake Trasymene to crochet Irish lace, so that now each woman can boast a little account of her own in the savings-bank.

At Sienna one lady has copied the pattern, tassels, and fringes of the divan on which the figure of Peace sits in Lorenzetti's famous fresco, and instituted table cloths and fringes in the same delicate gamut of color.

Labor, no less than misery, makes strange bedfellows. From 1476 to 1484, Dominican nuns in Florence were employed to set up type, and they actually composed the type of the Decameron and the Morgante. In our day the Siennese nuns weave the striped tights worn by the jockeys in their famous races!

It is comforting to think that at two places in the Florentine province where the Countess Spalletti has introduced *mogano* lace-making, 180 women, who formerly earned 20 centimes (4 cents!) per day plaiting straw, can now make from 60 centimes to 1 franc 20 centimes, by lace. Other women have found in their garrets curious old looms for weaving a kind of net on which original designs are embroidered in colored silks, and these productions, called *buratti*, afford work which can be done at home with better profit than toiling in factories. At a hamlet in the Casentino, where the art had nearly died out, a member of the society has revived plaited straw matings for country houses, and at another village an Irish lady has taught the peasants to work her original designs on heavy linens. In five years she has accumulated for them a saving of seven thousand francs, for the time when she can help them no longer.

The beggar girls of Viareggio have been gathered into a lace school which started with eight and now numbers eighty pupils.

How necessary lighter occupations are for Italian women is seen when we consider "the woods-women" on the great estates near Pisa, who count it a privilege to which they can only attain when past forty, to carry loads of wood weighing one hundred and forty pounds on their heads from early morn to dewy eve; and the young girls in the Marches hoeing the ground by moonlight, and, failing that, by their scant oil-lamps. The exploited chimera of Italian laziness crumbles to dust as one regards the homespuns, brocades, damasks, embroideries, laces, gonfalons, vestments, banners, and costumes which have been woven, stitched, and decorated by the patient, mobile fingers of the past, and are now being restored and copied.

My old Abruzzese woman was not exaggerating when she exclaimed, "To weave is my passion;" and I think Arachne must really have been an Italian, for the peasants still weave their own and their husbands' clothes among the glowing geraniums of Calabria, in the snow-girdled fastnesses of the upper Abruzzo, and in the adobe, cactus-hedged Sardinian dwellings, where the no less patient little blindfolded gray donkey grinds the family flour all day in the one living room close to the weaver. They make the dense black cloth which renders the Sard's dress unique; and the female dress is far more elaborate, with lace of their own making on unimproved patterns which sometimes require a hundred needles to raise the thread according to the pattern in the worker's mind. They also weave curious coverlids, copying the flowers on their stamped kerchiefs, and giving their own names to the several patterns, such as the sun pattern, the grapes-and-fox pattern, the lemon pattern, and the like. Exquisite open-work embroidery was set by them on their funeral sheets and on the bed hangings. Calabria also has her curious coverlids, a bride sometimes carrying as many as twelve of her own weaving; for in Calabria the first thing named in the in-

ventory of the bridal outfit is the loom.

But the most curious counterpanes are those made by the Abruzzese women, who introduce into the borders strange animals, leaves, and heraldic designs, which seem suggested by their quaint mediæval buildings. The tradition was that this work was introduced by a Turkish slave carried of old to Pescocostanzo, a remote mountain village now becoming known for its bobbin laces, which have been revived. But what proves the designs to be indigenous is that they are found in other parts of the Abruzzi and are repeated in the laces of that region. A piece of lace was made for Queen Margaret at the professional school in Aquila for which seven thousand bobbins were used.

A little story is told of a famous altar cover which has disappeared, but is said by some to be the one before which the Pope says mass. It was embroidered by the aristocratic order of San Salvatore at Camerino in the Marches, and it had a border of birds and leaves and flowers which seemed to have fallen from the very pencil of Raphael. In the four-corners, four angels presented flowers and palms to the Redeemer in the centre. One of the angels was so perfect that its creation was said to be a miracle. The little nun who had worked her life long on the cloth had not finished one angel, and she was about to lose the holy virtue of patience. One morning, after watching late in great sorrow, she rose early to expiate her scant perseverance, and set herself to the frame, — lo! the angel had been finished by an angelic hand during her night of repentance and prayer.

The limits of a magazine article forbid even a mention of the hundreds of industries in which women are engaged in Italy. Who has seen can never forget the absorption of the women in their silk worms, carrying the cocoons in their corsets and sleeping with them to keep them warm, and then, at the critical time when the worms need constant care, neglecting hair, children, and house for the squirming investment. Not to mention

the thousands in factories, laboratories, offices, there are women picking and preserving olives, putting up tomatoes, making cheeses, conserving and crystallizing fruit, drying, baking, and stuffing figs, polishing and perforating coral, making mosaic, pulverizing orris, packing oranges and lemons, molding clay amfore, decorating majolica, painting and restoring tapestries, weaving fishing nets, and plaiting baskets of asphodel and straw and palm. The list seems endless, and therefore I bring this imperfect summary to a close with the words of Countess Rasponi, —

"We were not aware of it, but a revolution has taken place, — nay, rather a resurrection. Quite silently our women have opened their old presses, fragrant with orris and lavender, and drawn forth heavy rolls of linen bleached by the sun of May. Delving and upturning, they have found the bobbins with which our great-grandmothers made laces for christening robes; with patience and love they have studied and re-found forgotten stitches; a few old women in Rome and Venice and the mountainous Abruzzo preserved traditions which have been treasured anew.

"First Venice answered to a revered and royal voice, then Bologna arose and once more taught; from every part of Italy came voices of counsel and help. Sicily remembered her Greek lines and soft Oriental colors, Calabria and Abruzzo revealed their treasury of most ancient Italic art, Pisa found and reproduced a strange Arabic style brought to her coast by fugitive Moors, and Piedmont sent the *bandere* of her castles, vines which had budded in old feudal walls; Lombardy sent silks and fringes and exquisite reticella embroideries. The old

linens of Romagna lived again in Emilia Ars. And all this is fused and exchanged; every land of Italy brings her rich contribution, and Rome welcomes all. But in the infinite variety, the instinct of the *one* race is felt, that Latin genius which seeks and finds harmony, proportion, beauty, attained in the simplest manner. In the tiniest lace are the same art qualities as in the most important edifice: the bishop's cope has delicate decorations worthy of his cathedral.

"But what only those see, who work and cause others to work, is the fine open intelligence of the women of our people, the admirable ability of their hands; the rapid and sure well-being diffused by this Coöperative Society in which all the net gain goes to the workwoman. Every day new markets open; young America has a thirst for beautiful things, and Italy, the ancient nurse, gratifies her; but there are thousands and hundreds of thousands of francs coming, and they will become far more. We were in a labyrinth of misery and ignorance, we produced very ugly things which no one wanted, material and execution were lost. Women who could earn much in delicate work were exhausting themselves, earning little, in hard labor.

"What was to be done? Every tradition of art had been despised, broken, cast away to give place to false gods. We women have knelt to collect and put together the fragments, seeking to understand the admirable law uniting them, in order to subject ourselves to it; we planted the broken branch in the ground, and it has bloomed in our hands. Misery and ignorance are about to disappear. Faithful Ariadne has cast the clue to her sisters, and they have gathered it up."

SOME RECENT BOOKS ON THE UNITED STATES

BY JAMES F. MUIRHEAD

WHEN Mr. Weller senior broached his ingenious scheme for getting Mr. Pickwick out of the Fleet Prison by means of a "pianner forty; vun as von't play," he also suggested that the liberated captive should make his escape to America and then "come back and write a book about the 'Merrikins as'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough.'" It is interesting to note how generally this recipe has been departed from in the two hundred and eighty volumes in which visitors to the United States have recorded their impressions of that country since 1880. While the earlier visitors came, at best, in a spirit of good-natured patronage, these later observers come rather to learn than to criticise. The attitude of blame for the sake of blame is conspicuously absent from the few works noticed in this article, all of which belong to the latest or post-Münsterberg epoch (1903-1907) of their subject. No one of them has been begun with the idea of abusing the country, and some of them come so near to blessing it altogether that the Balaks must feel altogether abashed.

It is, I think, quite obvious that this new state of things is by no means merely an affair of the pocket,—merely because the time has come when attacks on the United States do not pay. On the contrary, it seems to me that a really clever satirical onslaught on American manners and customs, say from the pen of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, might very well attain a phenomenal success. Such a book would be widely read not only in America itself but also in other English-speaking countries, where, I regret to say, books praising America can hardly yet be said to enjoy exceptional popularity. Nor is it due to the mere brute

power and importance of the present United States as compared with its relative insignificance in the Dickensian period. This accounts no doubt for the tone of many of the less important books; but we cannot forget that one at least of the most weighty and respectful works on the United States was written when the republic was still in its swaddling clothes. The phenomenon may, perhaps, be partly explained by the great growth of interest in international neighbors of all kinds, which makes even a "Frenchman" like "Pierre de Coulevain" find it worth while to write a big book on *L'Ile Inconnue* of Albion. The main cause of the new attitude, however, is unquestionably the larger sympathy with the principles for which the United States stands. Even in the days of the malevolent and caricature criticism of a Mrs. Trollope and a Basil Hall, we find the democratic Miss Harriet Martineau writing of the United States in such a way that we hardly know which we enjoy more,—the genial and sympathetic philosophy of the general outlook or the feminine and even gossipy delight in minor details. On the other hand, in this later day of respect and interest, we still find narrow-minded officials, like Sir Lepel Griffin, and frivolous aristocrats, like Count Gleichen, whose attitude towards the United States leaves nothing to desire in point of offensiveness.

The older books are, of course, much more concerned than the new ones with a discussion of the republican form of government, then regarded as more or less on its trial. The pioneer conditions of life, especially in the matter of means of communication, afford much stuff for description; while the existence of

slavery gives opportunity for great warmth of denunciation. The American woman is by no means so prominent in the earlier volumes; and when she is mentioned it is seldom to declare her the superior of her mate, as is so often done — and perhaps overdone — by contemporary visitors. Among the observations that preserve their character pretty well unchanged throughout the decades are those on the American faculty of talk (described by Miss Martineau as very droll but somewhat prosy); on the general amiability and kindly manners of the American citizen; on the spirit of hope and promise that pervades the country. The modern writers, with rare exceptions, have to admit that after all possible deductions for discrepancy between theory and practice, between promise and performance, the republic of the United States is still, among all countries of importance, that in which the intrinsic character of the individual counts for most, irrespective of the distinctions of birth and position. Miss Martineau wrote, "Perhaps no Englishman can become fully aware, without going to America, of the atmosphere of insolence in which he dwells; of the taint of contempt which affects all the intercourses of his world;" and though the finger on the dial has moved considerably since these words were penned, their *relative* truth is still unimpaired.

Turning now to an analysis of the points of agreement and disagreement in the recent books noted below, we find, naturally enough, that they all animadvert on such American qualities as push, restless energy, independence, tolerance of outlook, grandiose neglect of petty economies, absorption in the financial and commercial game, excess of self-approbation, and talent for invention. American women are almost invariably praised, often with some extravagance. There are however, nowadays, observers who insist that the boasted superiority of the American woman to the American man is much more fancied than real;

that the comparative inconspicuousness of the latter in society is largely due to the quasi-paternal, indulgent, and self-effacing delight he takes in seeing his womankind show off; and that his talk is really quite as interesting as, and more original than, the easily tapped flow of his wife, his sister, or his daughter. American newspapers are almost always decried by the foreign observer, though sometimes with a shade of respect for their energy as news-collectors. The questions of coeducation, immigration, and the negro, elicit remarks from the most careless traveler. The American child is seldom absent from the record, and seldom evokes enthusiasm. American architecture is spoken of with a respect that is sadly lacking in the references to the sister arts.

It is not without interest to note also such differences in the books under review as can fairly be ascribed to the nationality of the writers. Generalizations on this basis are most easily made in respect of the French authors. These, in the first place, invariably assume (and probably with justice) that their audience is in a state of ignorance, more or less profound, as to the New World, and consequently they overload their books with matter which would seem too trite and obvious for mention by British or German observers. They also manifestly feel that they are writing for a nation to which traveling is a comparatively unfamiliar condition; and hence they include a superfluity of small practical and prosaic details which might surely be just as well left to the guide-book. Somewhat unexpectedly, the French traveler in America, from Colonial times down to the present day, is much more preoccupied with the industrial side of American life than is his British or Teutonic brother. While this fact exposes us to floods of statistics, descriptions of machinery, and the like, we also owe to it sundry very vivid and picturesque accounts of Pittsburg by night, the wonders of electric power, and the ramifications of the

mammoth trusts. The question of the relation of the sexes is very prominent. The general sympathy of the Frenchman with the colored races is so well known that it is no surprise to find the writers of these books vociferous with astonishment at the general American attitude towards the negro.

An American characteristic which obviously gives great offense to the polished French observer is the lack of sense of neatness, order, harmony, and definiteness, with the accompanying acquiescence in the merely provisional and temporary. Makeshifts obtrude at every turn; scenery is ruined by bill-boards, tin cans, and rubbish heaps; streets are badly paved, or even unpaved; street-names are lacking at the corners; vehicles, especially those used for business purposes, are often dirty, unpainted, thrown together in the roughest kind of a way; the most expensive automobiles are often mud-covered and unkempt-looking.

The English and German books under review do not, as a rule, mention any names except those of public characters; but the Frenchmen seem to have no scruples in publishing intimate personal details, with names in full, of the private houses in which they received hospitality while in America. They also make many grotesque mistakes in describing sports and other similar conditions with which they are unfamiliar. Thus in the books noted below we find solemn assertions that the Bryn Mawr girls play cricket and football; that loud speaking, laughter, and whistling are prohibited in the streets of Boston; that President Roosevelt laid at Chicago a foundation-stone weighing six thousand tons; that freight trains are always run at express speed; and that hearses convey their grisly burdens to the cemetery at full gallop.

The German books on our list are much more individual than the French ones in their point of view. Most of them are quite alive to the good features of the

United States; but while Professor Lamprecht (like Professor Münsterberg) is too warm an admirer of the military state to be thoroughly in sympathy with American ideals, Herr Fulda has almost no fault to find with the country except in his own special field of dramatic art. The Englishman, Mr. H. G. Wells, says perhaps the hardest things about the United States, and yet he is in a very real sense the most genuine friend of all the writers here reviewed. His blows are the blows of a generous fighter, who recognizes the worth of his antagonist and cherishes a profound respect for him. The American, Mr. James, has produced perhaps the most fascinating volume of all, — a work which, apart altogether from its subject, demands a place among books of permanent literary value: but his attitude, as compared with that of Mr. Wells, might almost be described as supercilious. He reminds one of the great financial magnate revisiting the village in which he was born. He is ready to sentimentalize to any extent over the gate on which he swung as a boy, but he has largely lost touch with the friends of his youth. Their present occupations and surroundings seem to him dreary and *borné*, almost beyond his own extraordinary power of expression; and his views about them are inevitably detached and external.

M. Paul Adam, a well-known *littérateur* of Paris, was one of the swarm of European journalists who visited this country during the St. Louis Fair, and his book, entitled *Vues d'Amérique*¹ is, I believe, a reprint of letters contributed to *Le Temps*, supplemented by a report on art to the French government. It is instinct with sincere admiration of the United States as the great national exponent of force, and is marked by considerable Gallic vivacity and wit, but it is somewhat scrappy in arrangement, and decidedly more superficial than some of the other books noticed in this article.

¹ *Vues d'Amérique, ou La Nouvelle Jouvence.* Par PAUL ADAM. Paris: Librairie Paul Ollendorff. 1906.

Like other French writers, M. Adam devotes much of his space to the business side of transatlantic civilization; and it is as the heroes of commerce and industry that the Americans appeal to him. He asserts that American speculators are in their own way poets and pursuers of the ideal, preferring enterprises that are full of risk, and facing the chance of bankruptcy with the same kind of disdain that the brave soldier shows when confronted with imminent death. The country, he goes on to say, is run on a theory of bluff, the philosophical expression of which he ascribes to Dr. William James. If you wish to be strong, make the gestures of force and address. The American people believes in its mission, and is profoundly convinced that the value of what it brings forth must bear a direct ratio to the amount of effort it expends. *Agissons notre pensée*—let us put our thought into action—is the aphorism of the leading Americans; and the great industrial and financial figures of the present are well worthy of comparison with the otherwise constituted heroes of the past. It would be in a by no means carping spirit that M. Adam would say, with Dr. Johnson, "The best part of the nation has gone into the city to make its fortune."

Like Mr. Wells, M. Adam seems to find that the American flag is often flourished in a somewhat flamboyant manner, at least if we may so interpret his description of the mayor of St. Louis as speaking "en tremolo devant l'étendard étoilé." He finds a symbol and type of American in the silent and even morose elevator-boy, ambitious, it would seem, only to make as many trips as possible in the shortest possible time. As an illustration of the practical union of the states he points to the hotel table, heaped with the products of the east and west and north and south, the fruits of Florida, the game of Maine, and the wine of California. Mr. Taft he describes as a Richelieu in the body of a Falstaff. In other cases his humor is less voluntary,

as, for example, in his perfervid description of the typical American mechanic, gazing, black-shirted, from Brooklyn Bridge at the Statue of Liberty and murmuring with a significant smile, "Go ahead!"

The appendix on the present condition of art (making fully one quarter of the book) has no other connection with America than the accident that it is suggested by a collection of modern paintings exhibited in St. Louis. Practically nothing is said of American art, though he notes as *chose curieuse* that the Americans show no æsthetic initiative or originality except in architecture, asserting that the United States has evolved a new style of building, which deserves, or at least is on the way to deserve, the same kind of eulogy that we bestow on the great works of the past.

The two stout volumes¹ in which M. Jules Huret records his impressions of America, if not particularly brilliant, show more detailed observation and possess more solid merit than the work of M. Adam. M. Huret reveals himself as quite astonishingly open-minded. His prejudices, frankly admitted, melt away as he proceeds, and he finally owns that he has been penetrated by the American spirit, purged as it were of the traces of a previous existence, and at the dawn of a new life. "I appreciated," he goes on to say, "the shams of our education at their proper worth; not only did I come to understand intellectually that they concealed no less of egoism and fundamental brutality than the brusqueness of the Yankee, but I proved it by actual experience." The volumes illustrate almost all the features already mentioned as characteristic of French books on America. Thus, he devotes a great deal of space to American industries, while he likens the rich merchants of America to the *grands seigneurs* of former days.

¹ *De New-York à la Nouvelle-Orléans, and De San Francisco au Canada.* Par JULES HURET. Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier. 1905.

In the treatment of the negro he finds something abnormal, unjust, and even criminal; and he is not only "astounded" but "shocked" by the "Jim Crow" car. He admits that "*le Français ne voyage pas assez*," and sees the resulting defects. He does not, however, admire the traveling facilities of the United States too blindly, but comments on the unrisn fraternity of the glass for ice-water in the common car, and cannot conceive why the American should be proud of his sleepers. He finds much to revolt him in the manners of the people at table and elsewhere, but is more than half won over by the spontaneous sympathy which makes a shopwoman say, "How do you do?" to you as you enter. M. Huret makes the shrewd remark that the American independence of manner is often due less to any high moral sentiment about the equality of man than to actual circumstances of condition and origin, which make Jack literally as good as his master. With the true French love of fine ideals, he seems rather to regret that facts leave so little play for theory in this regard, and would apparently prefer to see a spirit of equality born of conscience instead of circumstance.

M. Huret pays, perhaps, one of the greatest compliments ever paid to the American woman by ascribing the world-conquering success of the American in part to the fact that he is the result of the effective collaboration of a true man and a true woman, not merely the son of an efficient father and a mother who does not count. But to prove that he is alive to defects as well as merits, let this citation about the "gold-spectacled woman somewhere between youth and age" prove: "She discusses, decides, and disposes of everything without passion but with a quiet assurance that is as unpleasant as a slap in the face and as bigoted as the belief of a savage in his amulet." We find M. Huret in striking agreement with Mr. James in feeling the beauty and power of ancient works of art to be es-

pecially noticeable in American surroundings, and with Herr Fulda in holding up his hands at the general puerility of the American stage. But he considers the combination of singing and dancing offered by the American chorus girl a new and true art, from which he hopes great things as the successor of the tiresome and moribund grand ballet of Europe. M. Huret's account of a football match is picturesque, vivid, and wonderfully correct. He seems also to have gauged pretty well the undue and regrettable prominence assigned to athletics, if we may judge of his anecdote of the parent who said, "If Harvard is again beaten at football, I'll send my son to Yale." Among other instances in which M. Huret seems to have hit the nail squarely on the head are his assertions that the American draws an ingenuous adolescent joy from noise for its own sake; that his restless desire for change often comes more from pure ennui than from any striving for better things; and that his vaunted quickness is often mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. This last point he illustrates by the extraordinarily leisurely and lengthy performances of the "tonorial artist." Like the Abbé Klein, M. Huret gives so full and interested an account of Dr. Dowie that we are more than ever surprised to find that none of the books on our list make any reference to Mrs. Eddy. In leaving M. Huret, we must pay him a special compliment for his very full table of contents and excellent analytical index, — features in which most books of this kind are lamentably deficient.

Though making no claim to the brilliancy of works like those of Mr. James or Mr. Wells, the Abbé Klein's little book¹ is well worth the attention of every student of the United States of America, as showing the impression that country makes on an intelligent foreign Roman Catholic. Like Mr. Wells, the

¹ *Au Pays de la Vie Intense.* Par ABBÉ FELIX KLEIN. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. 1905.

abbé was wise enough to concentrate his attention on those features of American civilization for the observation of which his previous career had best trained him; and as a result we obtain a very interesting *aperçu* of Roman Catholicism in America. His general verdict on the United States is emphatically favorable, though there are, possibly, suggestions of courteous reticence in blame. He sums up the national existence of America as characterized by energy in private enterprise and toleration in public life. He notes that, while the government of France interferes on every side "to safeguard liberty," in America liberty consists in letting people do as they wish.

Abbé Klein is much impressed by the complete religious toleration practiced in the United States, and is quick to recognize that the religious neutrality of the government is one of benevolence, not hostility. He notes, notwithstanding, the "brutal and disquieting fact" that half the citizens of the country belong to no religious denomination (surely a rather liberal estimate?), but comforts himself to some extent with the reflection that one outcome of this is that Roman Catholicism is the religion which counts the most. He argues with great plausibility that his own faith exercises a greater moral influence in the United States than does Protestantism, and cites the *New York Sun* and President Roosevelt in support of his contention, at least in regard to the incoming swarms of immigrants. His sketches of various Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in the United States, such as Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop MacQuaid of Rochester, and Bishop Spalding of Peoria, are full of interest and marked by great geniality and lightness of touch. In contrast with these is his very amusing account of Dr. Dowie's visit to New York, which he winds up with an interjection of surprise at the existence, in the most enlightened country of the globe, of this "mentalité de musulmann." He is, of course, amazed to find the churches closed on week-

days, and still more to see various large churches, in a New York summer, that were not open even on Sunday!

Abbé Klein adds his voice to the chorus in praise of American architecture, tempering his admiration by a reference to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and preserving a discreet silence as to the other arts. He says that Spain alone can rival the United States in the unpunctuality of its railway service; but he is too polite to add that Spanish railways, if slow in speed, are also much more self-restrained in the matter of slaughtering their patrons. He quotes with approval the remark of M. Paul de Rousiers that Mr. Roosevelt is not only an eminent American but a typical and very representative one. He also quotes, without that animadversion I should like to see, President Roosevelt's own assertion that the man who loves another country as well as his own is as great a nuisance as the man who loves other men's wives as well as his own.

As a pendant to Abbé Klein's volume might be read the sweet-tempered and simple-minded little book¹ of the Rev. Mr. Wagner, which gives the French Protestant view of America. It is as open-minded as Mr. Klein's work, and nowhere more so than in its appreciation of the United States brand of Roman Catholicism. Mr. Wagner finds the four strongholds of the United States to be religious faith, belief in liberty, good faith in general, and respect for women. It is needless to say that he is an enthusiastic and uncritical admirer of President Roosevelt.

Business and Love, by Hugues Le Roux,² is an extremely keen onslaught on the alleged tendency of the American woman to turn away from marriage and maternity. The conclusion is summed up in a line: "Love and Business do

¹ *My Impressions of America*. By Rev. CHARLES WAGNER (English translation by MARY LOUISE HENDEE). New York. 1906.

² *Business and Love*. By HUGUES LE ROUX. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1903.

not live on cordial terms in the United States." The relations between the ordinary rich business man and his wife are wholly topsy-turvy; only in military and academic circles does Mr. Le Roux find the woman imbued with due wifely respect for her husband. The college for women he regards as the modern convent, turning out members of the "Third Sex;" and he quotes with gusto Père La Chaise's saying that "you will always have plenty of nuns; you will never have enough mothers." Mr. Le Roux has withal a very pronounced admiration for the United States and means to send his son here for part at least of his education. "Wherever I saw woman crushing man by her accidental or imaginary superiority, I found physical sterility, moral disturbances, social anarchy. Wherever I saw man refining himself by learning, culture, sustaining the superiority which God and nature gave him, I saw between the sexes a harmony unknown elsewhere. — a promise for the country of grandeur unlimited."

As befits a German historian, Professor Lamprecht cannot write a book of one hundred and fifty pages about the United States of America¹ without going back to the earliest times and treating learnedly of remote Indian and Chinese civilization. This fact taken alone, however, would give a very inadequate idea of the book, the quasi-pedantry of which is accompanied by much shrewd observation, a considerable degree of imaginative sympathy, and some power of wide-
visioned generalization. Like certain other observers, he finds America a land of startling contrasts; he is struck by the quantitative basis of its civilization, which seems to him most truly represented by money and figures; and he cannot forbear comment on the prominence of women. Growth or Becoming is to him the keynote of American life, just as it is to Mr. H. G. Wells; and, again like both Mr. Wells and Mr. James, he finds

a lack of a comprehensive national sense. In a historical retrospect, to account for present conditions he notes that American history has been determined mainly by economic factors. He asserts that the original American settlers were not usually of the most cultivated class, and that they belonged largely to the "somewhat archaic groups" of peasantry and clergy. This not very high level of culture was further lowered by hard conflicts with nature and the Indian. The Old Dominion, however, managed to maintain something like a European standard through its constant commercial intercourse with England.

Coming down to practical details, we find Professor Lamprecht much impressed by the careless way in which Americans misuse and deface the natural beauty of scenery; by the poverty-stricken invention shown in the names of American places; by the size of the women of California, who thrive there like vegetables; by the poor minting of American coins; by the characteristic republican love of inscriptions; by the rough-and-ready nature of the cookery; and by the general indifference to preventable noise. He is surely entitled to the glory of the first discoverer in his belief that Americans are characterized by their bad teeth. Even Mr. Henry James, in the book noticed below, devotes several pages to the well-cared-for teeth of his countrymen; while the state of the teeth has often been found a good test for distinguishing, in doubtful cases, the American from the European. Most of us, also, would probably take exception to the dictum that manicurists flourish in America because American hands are peculiarly bony. Professor Lamprecht's naïveté is pleasantly shown in the story of his encounter with an American humorist (obviously not recognized as such by the worthy professor), who asserted that German students were infallibly plucked in their examinations if they failed to address their professors as "Herr Geheimrath." While Mr. James

¹ *Americana*. By KARL LAMPRECHT. Freiburg im Breisgau: Hermann Heyfelder. 1906.

describes New York as seen from the river as "a pincushion in profile," Professor Lamprecht (like Mr. Mallock) more poetically compares the outline to that of San Gimignano, and backs his opinion by more or less convincing woodcuts of the two views. Probably in no other book has the United States been so constantly gratified by comparison with classic lands and classic times. It is the United States, in Lamprecht's view, and not Europe, that most closely resembles the Roman Empire, as the collecting basin for all the civilizations of the day. The Californian fruit-groves remind him of the Roman quincunx. The Hotel Champlain recalls Baïæ. A burned district is for Professor Lamprecht a *ne-mus mortuum*, and even the wheels of the locomotive, as they cross the endless rolling prairie, scorn the vernacular and grind out a perpetual refrain of *semper idem, semper idem*.

One naturally turns with interest to what this distinguished German has to say about his own countrymen in America. Like Professor Münsterberg, we find him somewhat discouraged at their position; and his frank criticism has given no little offense to the Germans in Europe. He asserts that the American German soon forgets his nationality, that he shows little skill in adapting himself to his new conditions, that politically he is a factor of little importance in his adopted country (Carl Schurz being a rare exception), and that he shines only as a thrifty farmer or as a useful member of an orchestra. The childishly pleased frequenters of such banal places of entertainment as the beer-gardens of Milwaukee are hardly fitted, writes Professor Lamprecht, for success in the intellectual competition of America. He notes how easily they change their language, though he leaves it to Professor Münsterberg to make the further and subtler observation that it is "Amerikanisch," and not English, for which they so willingly renounce their native tongue. In fine, any influence that Germanism exercises upon

America comes not from the German settlers but from the scholars and teachers still in the Fatherland itself.

As one who has served at least in the Landwehr of his native land, Professor Lamprecht is duly interested in matters military. It will, perhaps, astonish some to find that he considers the American a "geborener Krieger," needing only the call of necessity to make an admirable soldier. West Point meets with enthusiastic approval, while the colored trooper is the modern reincarnation of the ancient centaur. The disgust our professor feels at the sight of a football match contrasts rather oddly with the complacency with which he looks forward to a new Seven Years' War to give Germany her proper place among the nations.

Professor Lamprecht has the usual kind word for American architecture, but considers the rag-time melodies of the negroes to be the only truly spontaneous and indigenous form of American art. It is the duty of every American musician to have these collected and examined. Unfortunately, however, we find such authorities as Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch asserting that the rag-time melodies are simply European music as distorted by the negro brain. And thus in music, too, we should have to admit that the United States is in the position which Professor Lamprecht assigns to it generally, namely, that of having as yet produced no indigenous culture. Civilization the country has, to a large extent, but culture, in the sense of originating works of universal, peculiar, and enduring value, not yet.

Unpretending both in size and style, the little book of *American Impressions*¹ published by the German dramatist, Ludwig Fulda, is certainly one of the most genial and open-minded of its kind. Here we find the culture of the Old World sitting at the feet of Columbia and frankly willing to learn all that enterprising

¹ *Amerikanische Eindrücke*. Von LUDWIG FULDA. Stuttgart and Berlin: J. G. Cotta. 1906.

youth can teach to dilatory age. Like a grandmother whose wisdom is superior to proverbs, he recognizes that much may be gained from the suckling among the nations. So far does he carry his enthusiasm in this matter that he seriously proposes, not only that German students should be encouraged to spend a year or two at Harvard or Yale, but also, and even especially, that German girls should be sent to American colleges to acquire a touch of the intellectual independence and charming vital freshness which prevail in Bryn Mawr, Radcliffe, and Wellesley. The time has evidently come in his opinion for a *Prix de New York* or a *Prix de Boston*, which would in its way be at least as valuable as its forerunner, the *Prix de Rome*. And his judgment on this and other points is all the more worthy of respect because he clearly recognizes and discounts the limitation of its value imposed by the brevity of his stay in America, and the fact that his intercourse was preëminently with the educated class.

He is greatly delighted with the racial and spiritual relationship between Germany and America; but possibly the Briton and the Frenchman may object to his confident assumption that the future of the world's culture depends on the intellectual rivalry and kinship of Bruder Hans and Brother Jonathan. His treatment of the German-American is somewhat gentler than that of Professor Lamprecht; but he also has to confess that his countrymen in the United States can hardly be said to have taken a place corresponding to their numbers, and he recognizes that the German element can look forward to no independent future. He notes that the children of German settlers actually acquire the German language through the medium of English; and he is naturally horrified to find his kinsmen using such barbarous Anglo-German as "*ich gleiche es*" for "*I like it*," and "*ich habe einen kalten gefangen*" for "*I have caught a cold*." He is philosophically resigned to the fact that

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the German-American would fight for the Stars and Stripes even against the Prussian Eagle, and finds it all right that a man should stick to the country of his adoption just as a man should champion his wife against his blood relations. On this whole question he gives some excellent advice to the Germans of the Fatherland. Herr Fulda's catholic admiration for American things includes the educational system, the absence in the streets of beggars and soldiers, the exuberant hospitality, the Flat-Iron Building, the comfort of railway traveling and the civility of his fellow passengers, the absence of hacked or beer-sodden faces among university students, the delicious Indian summer, and President Roosevelt. He has even a good word to say for the interviewer, whose prototype he finds in Socrates. In the field of art he praises not only the architectural efforts of America, but also its Rookwood pottery and Tiffany glass; and he meets the charge of the lack of independence in American art by pointing out that even in Europe no national art was ever evolved in isolation. The time for the flowering of American art is still to come.

There is, however, enough of the salt of criticism in the book to prevent it being a mere mush of appreciation. Nothing could be more caustic than his description of that American Cinderella, the Dramatic Art, destitute of public or private subvention, forbidden to deal with some of the chief problems of life, frittered away on empty trifles, deadened by preposterously long runs, hampered by inefficient theatrical equipment, and enslaved by a perfectly ridiculous system of "starring." (Against this sweeping condemnation we may set the still more recent judgment of Mr. William Archer, who thinks that things in this respect have immensely improved during the last few years and that America now offers the most hopeful environment for the dramatist.) He notes that the American insensibility to the lack of many things considered necessary in

Europe is balanced by an extraordinary sensitiveness to criticism. He sees that the business quarters of American cities are as hideous as their residential quarters are attractive, and he is especially severe on the neglected water-fronts and the uncouth telegraph and telephone poles. He wonders, as many a European traveler has done before him, why the American considers good roads and clean streets one of the last, instead of one of the first, necessities of his national and civic housekeeping. In the hotels he is outraged by the lack of night-tables, bath-thermometers, and bed-lamps, and by the fact that the switch by which he turns off the electric current is not, as it should be, by his bedside, but in a remote corner of the room, involving a perilous journey in the dark. The most general and most annoying evil that the traveler in America has to endure, at least in winter, is the practice of over-heating. He shares the inevitable admiration for the American woman, who is the compass of the ship of life even though man sits at the helm. He recognizes that her influence improves the tone of morality, but he is not blind to the presence of a good deal of conscious and unconscious hypocrisy. The treatment of M. Gorky shocks him as much as it did Mr. Wells, and he speculates on the reception a certain privy counselor of Weimar would have met in New York if he had been accompanied by Christine Vulpis. Taking his book as a whole, we are delighted to find a German dwelling so strongly on the sunlit side of American life, and should like to commend the wise words of his concluding pages to all Europeans. The time taken to make an English translation of it would hardly be thrown away.

No one, so far as I know, has approached the task of writing a book on the United States in so simple, practical, and obvious a method as Dr. Hintrager.¹

¹ *Wie lebt und arbeitet man in den Vereinigten Staaten?* Von Dr. HINTRAGER. New York: Brentano. 1904.

a German district judge. Instead of trusting to the casual impressions of travel, he went and did things for himself, along with the natives. Thus, he spent some time with the family of an Iowa farmer, sharing their daily tasks; and in the same way he occupied a desk for three months in a lawyer's office at Dubuque. The result is a singularly intelligent and "actuel" little book, which within its self-imposed limits must rank as distinctly valuable. German readers are to be congratulated on access to so trustworthy an introduction to American conditions. Dr. Hintrager is somewhat of an expert on penology, and has published a special volume on the prisons and reformatories of America.

Mr. Karl Zimmermann lived several years in the United States and has produced a book,² which is a curious mixture of common sense, naïveté, and pedantry. At one extreme he manages to get in an excursus on Schopenhauer and Spinoza, while at the other he retails the most artless and pointless of personal experiences. In theory he is very pessimistic about the Americans, finding their sole spring of action in the craze for material success; and yet his native candor makes him (with apparent unconsciousness) dilate on various features that would seem to give the lie to his thesis. He has a curious idea that the temperance movement in the United States is "nativistic" and largely directed against the Teutonic settler! He is very scornful over American literature, but admits that respectable works have been written by James Bryce, Whitney, Shaler, Bancroft, Ridpath, Lossing, Carey, and Henry George, — a singular jumble that symbolizes his own book as a whole.³

² *Onkel Sam.* By KARL ZIMMERMANN. Stuttgart: Strecker & Schröder. 1904.

³ The crop of foreigners' books on America since 1903 is by no means exhausted by the names noted above. None of the others are, however, of greater importance, and many of them are not very far from worthlessness. For the sake of approximate completeness the

In taking up the British critic, Mr. H. G. Wells's, book, *The Future in America*,¹ I am at the very outset struck by his departure from the too usual British attitude in discussing the ways of another nation. Here is no condescension, graceful or otherwise; no assumption that "English" and "right" are synonymous terms; no tendency to regard the United States as a kind of colony. On the contrary he frankly calls the Americans "the finest people upon earth;" those with whom "the leadership of progress must ultimately rest." He regards the greatness of the United States as so obvious that it seems to him a little undignified, as well as a little overbearing, for Americans to insist upon it. England is seldom mentioned except as an awful example, though on one occasion he was tempted to excuse himself for being "not a retrospective American, but a go-ahead Englishman." Mr. Wells

following may still be named. Mlle. Thérèse Viandone's *Impressions d'une Française en Amérique* (1906: the record of a social "good time" and of a successful hunt for signed photographs of the prominent); Charles Huard's *New York comme je l'ai vu* (1906: an unpretending text illustrated by clever drawings); Anadolli's *L'Empire du Travail* (1905); Moreau's *L'Envers des États-Unis* (1906); Gobat's *Croquis et Impressions d'Amérique* (1904: illustrated); Altherr's *Eine Amerikafahrt in Zwanzig Briefen* (1905); Regnier's *Au Pays de l'Avenir* (1906); Unruh's *Amerika noch nicht am Ziele* (1904); Winget's *Tour in America*; and A. Baumgartner's *Erinnerungen aus Amerika* (1907). M. Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu's *Les États-Unis au Vingtième Siècle* (English translation by H. Addington Bruce; 1906) is, of course, a work of considerable importance, but it belongs to a technical class which demands an expert in political economy for an adequate appraisal. There are appearing at this moment at least three series of periodical articles on the United States, each of which gives promise of an interesting book. We mean those by Mr. Mallock, by Mr. Whibley, and by Dr. Theodor Barth, one of Harvard's latest honorary graduates (in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*).

¹ *The Future in America*. By H. G. WELLS. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1906.

is singularly American in his preoccupation with the future. For him the past exists only in that deposit of it which we call the present; and the present, again, is interesting only because it is the germinating process from which the future is to evolve. He says he would never have crossed the ocean merely to see the United States as they are. "If I had sound reason for supposing that the entire western hemisphere was to be destroyed next Christmas, I should not, I think, be among the multitude that would rush for one last look at that great spectacle." But Mr. Wells is naturally an American with a difference. He came to this country with a perhaps exaggerated idea of its progress and advantages, and with too little realization of its failures and drawbacks. These latter therefore bulk more largely in his view than they are apt to do in that of a native American; and, besides, he had not had the native's experience of seeing the ship of state ride triumphantly through even more tumultuous breakers than those that now beset her. Hence his general attitude is less rich in hope, more full of apprehension, than we may feel to be demanded by the situation.

Some attempts have been made to disparage Mr. Wells's book on account of the comparatively short time he spent in the country. But the value of the observations that may be made in six or eight weeks depends very largely on the observer. Not only is Mr. Wells a singularly keen-eyed student of sociology, but he practically limited his regards in America to that class of phenomena with which he was specially concerned. His visit to the United States was a necessary step in the development of his very definite philosophy of human progress; and his mind had been prepared, by a marvelous power of constructive anticipation, for the facts it was to pass in review. Indeed, in some of his forecasts of the future, written long before his visit to the Western Hemisphere, he had practically created out of his own brain conditions

actually existing, unknown to him, in the United States. It is comparatively easy to give a bird's-eye view of Mr. Wells's book, largely in his own words. He sees a great and English-speaking population strewn across a continent so vast as to make it seem small and thin. He tries to present "the first exhilaration produced by the sheer growth of it, the morning-time hopefulness of spacious and magnificent opportunity, the optimism of successful, swift, progressive effort in material things." Then comes doubt, owing to his sense of the chaotic condition of the will of the American people. He fears that the universal commercial competition will end, if not modified, in the existence of two permanent classes of rich and poor. He hints at some of the uglinesses and miseries inseparable from this competition, but also at the dim, large movement of thought towards a change of national method. He notes the significance of the immigrant question in this panorama, and touches on the failures or dangers implied in the cry of the children, the questioning figure of the South, and the sorrowful interrogation of the negro. He is particularly impressed with what he calls the State Blindness¹ of America, by which he means the lack of a truly national sense of responsibility in the individual Americans. They suffer from a mistaken belief in automatic progress. But he realizes that a great disillusionment, a great awakening, is taking place; and he ends with an avowal of his confidence, now waxing and now waning, that the creative spirit of America will finally prevail, that out of the present chaos will eventually arise "the real thing, palaces and noble places, free, high circumstances, and space, and leisure, light and fine living for the sons of men."

Mr. Wells is an active member of the Fabian Society in London, and he is a

strong believer in the ultimate efficacy, and even inevitability, of socialistic methods in the regeneration of society. (I may say that his form of socialism is very different from the extremely dead dog which Mr. Mallock was recently flogging in our midst.) Part of his disappointment here was doubtless due to his realization that socialism is a much less living issue than in England. He was even somewhat amazed to find that an affirmative answer to such questions on his steamer-ticket as, "Are you a Polygamist?" "Are you an Anarchist?" might have excluded him from America, which has no welcome for, at any rate, the more veracious adherents of these creeds. He, however, very frankly records his belief that America is not at all likely, in the mean time, to "declare for socialism." But he is sure, all the same, that "the trend is altogether away from the anarchistic individualism of the nineteenth century." And when he argues that geographical position and mineral resources are mere dust in the balance as compared with the quality and quantity of a nation's will-power, it is clearly with more than half a hope that the United States after all does possess, even if in a more or less somnolent condition, the moral character necessary for salvation.

Mr. Wells points out, shrewdly enough, how the American scheme lacks certain immemorial factors in the social structure of European nations. Thus the United States has neither an aristocracy nor a peasantry, properly so called, and it follows that it is essentially a middle-class community. But when Mr. Wells goes on to assume that Americans as a whole may be spoken of as if they belonged to the British middle class, he seems to me to be making a pretty serious mistake. He fails to remember that though the Americans will naturally resemble the British middle class more closely and sympathize with it more keenly than with any other class, yet the mere absence of an aristocracy in

¹ It would have been better if Mr. Wells had used some such term as Civic Blindness, as the word "State" suggests to American ears confusing echoes of State Rights.

America must inevitably change the whole psychology of the situation.

Another weakness of Mr. Wells, which reveals itself in this as in some of his other writings, is his apparent lack of interest in art or the æsthetic side of life. Thus, he shows no sentimentalism whatever about the threatened destruction of Niagara, and maintains, most heretically, that one can get all the water one wants at (say) Tivoli. He is very contemptuous about "canned culture," as exemplified in the drawers full of photographs of Italian pictures at Wellesley. He cannot away with the time spent on a study of Roman topography, while the world is in torment for want of living thought about its present affairs. Mr. Wells's humor is nowhere better illustrated than in his treatment of the millionaire. He speaks of the joyous, wanton giving of Mr. Carnegie, that jubilee plunger of beneficence, "scattering library buildings as if he sowed wild oats, buildings that may or may not have some educational value, if presently they are organized and properly stocked with books." American cities are littered with a disorder of unsystematized foundations and picturesque legacies. The American giver is generous, but not always adroit. The owners of American wealth are often too stupid to understand the huge moral burden it bears. The lust of acquisition is glorified, and yet the Astors and the Morgans are merely the innocent products of a criminal game. It is ridiculous to write of these men as though they were unparalleled villains. Mr. J. D. Rockefeller's mild, thin-lipped, pleasant face gives the lie to all such melodramatic nonsense.

Mr. Wells's humor is, perhaps, less happy when he affects an ingenuous ignorance of Tennyson's *Princess*; nor can we feel perfectly at ease as to his taste in making fun of his Boston bibliographical hosts — though in this case we admit the strength of the temptation. While we are in the way of fault-finding, it may be permitted us to doubt whether it was altogether discreet to publish so full an

account of an obviously very informal and private conversation with President Roosevelt. We may admit that he was right in animadverting so severely on the American reception of Maxim Gorky; the Thaw scandal came just in time to drive this nail in up to the head by emphasizing the utter casualness, not to say absurdity, of the attitude which the denizens of the "House of Mirth" chose to assume towards a man who was their superior morally as well as mentally. But he is probably unjustified in making so much of the case of McQueen, the anarchist. There may be little doubt that there was something very like a miscarriage of justice in this case; but Mr. Beck and others are there to assure us that unjust imprisonment is not unknown even in the British Isles, and Mr. Wells errs in treating the McQueen episode as typical or symbolical.

Like Mr. James, Mr. Wells is much exercised over the alien immigrant; but while Ellis Island is for the former merely a terrible court of dismay, from which the unwary visitor departs with a new chill in his heart, it is for the latter "quietly immense — a visible image of one aspect at least of this world — the large process of filling and growing and synthesis, which is America." And yet Mr. Wells shows that un-American fear to which we have already referred, in his belief that this country can no longer safely digest and improve its European material.

Mr. Wells's sense of pity in the problem of the negro is moved mainly by what he calls the "tainted whites." He is amazed, as I think every non-American must be, at the way in which a few drops of negro blood is held to outweigh a ninety per cent infusion of the best white blood in the country. He thinks it does not say much for the American's faith in his own racial prepotency. Mr. Booker Washington struck Mr. Wells as one of the most weighty figures in the United States. Two others he greatly admires, President Eliot and President

Roosevelt, and he celebrates the latter in a perfervid, well-nigh dithyrambic strain. One of his pithy sayings about him is that "It is his political misfortune that at times he thinks aloud."

Towards the end of Mr. Wells's book occurs this passage: "It is true, indeed, that we who write and think and investigate to-day, present nothing to compare with the magnificent reputations and intensely individualized achievements of the impressive personalities of the past. None the less it is true that, taken all together, we signify infinitely more. We no longer pose ourselves for admiration, high priests and princes of letters in a world of finite achievement; we admit ourselves no more than pages bearing the train of a Queen — but a Queen of limitless power. The knowledge we co-ordinate, the ideas we build together, the growing blaze in which we are willingly consumed, are wider and higher and richer in promise than anything the world has had before." Seeing that it is to America, more than to any other nation, that Mr. Wells looks for the fruition of this promise, it is surely impossible to class him with the critics of jaundiced eye, even though he quits us in a state of wistful bewilderment rather than in one of confident hope.

Mr. James's book, *The American Scene*,¹ offers in many ways a strong contrast to that of Mr. Wells. In the first place it is, of course, based upon a far longer and more intimate knowledge of its subject, though it is curious how at times Mr. James's early memories merely tend to blur his more recent observations and act almost with the pernicious effect of a misleading half-knowledge. Mr. James, on revisiting his native land, expected to find America romantic because different from his well-known Europe, just as a quarter of a century before he had found Europe romantic because different from America; but by his own admission he finds many points

that had never been unveiled to him at all. Mr. Wells's direct and confident vision, focused solely on points of vivid interest to himself, is apt to appeal to us at once as either right or wrong; while Mr. James's greater subtlety and tremulous responsiveness to every evasive and nebulous suggestion often leave him and his readers alike in a dim region of surprise and uncertainty. The centre of interest often shifts, as it were, from the subject treated of to the reflection of that subject in the extraordinary mind of the writer. We feel, to use his own phrase, that it is largely what he reads *into* America, not what he reads *out of* it. Mr. James has perceived that there is practically no general standard of good breeding and manners in the United States; and he is apparently so dominated and overshadowed by this somewhat obvious discovery that his resultant point of view is too often one of mere negation. He is so little touched by all the positive hope and pathos embedded in *The American Scene* that I fear he would come perilously near the attitude of Matthew Arnold, who, using the irrelevant standards of the Old World, pronounced Abraham Lincoln a man lacking in distinction.

Mr. James's book is not for the casual and careless reader; if one decides to read it at all, it must be read with prayer and fasting. The impressions that crowd upon the writer are but too multifarious; his fertile and susceptible intelligence, in which every seed germinates, has too often found impossible the "small sharp anguish" which "attends the act of selection and the necessity of omission." The vision might have been keener if it had been more limited, if it had been less distracted by details and so stronger to grasp the outline of the floating shapes after which he is groping.

Like Mr. Wells, the apostle of the future, Mr. James, the devotee of the past, sees that invincible growth is the great note of American civilization, a growth that is bound to go on, no matter at whose expense. He has evidently no belief in

¹ *The American Scene*. By HENRY JAMES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1907.

the various short-cuts by which America hopes to make up for the experience of the ages. Again like Mr. Wells, he testifies to the absence of a complete national consciousness; he also would recognize the existence of what the English writer calls State Blindness. He is utterly impervious to the feeling of exhilaration which America produces on most observers. He dwells on the lack of an authoritative standard of taste, and laments that there are no sacred penitentials in America. It is natural for Mr. James to feel the lack of historical background and to deplore the fact that there is not enough of native history to go round. Equally natural is his emphasis of the monotony and miscellaneousness of American life, and of the way in which apparatus of all kinds tends to be better than the men who work it.

Would-be humorists have often tried to discriminate American cities by such sayings as that in New York people ask you, How much do you have? in Philadelphia, Who was your grandfather? and in Boston, What do you know? It is delightful to compare with these somewhat crude efforts Mr. James's subtle and witty descriptions, which, however, it is almost a crime to quote in anything less than their entirety. The monstrous phenomena of New York, he writes, have got ahead of any possibility of poetic, of dramatic capture. It makes admission of "unattempted, impossible maturity." Its great buildings tend to discourage any municipal commemoration of the distinguished citizen, for what point is there in inserting an inscribed tablet of birth or residence on the twenty-fifth floor of a skyscraper? Newport is inhabited by a handful of "delightfully mild cosmopolites, united by three common circumstances, that of their having for the most part more or less lived in Europe, that of their sacrificing openly to the ivory idol whose name is leisure, and that, not least, of a formed critical habit." In Boston, Mr. James, in lurid contrast with Mr. Wells, is terribly bothered by

the newness of everything; in fact Park Street Church is almost his only stay amid the horrors of encroaching modernity. Marlborough Street is his particular bugbear, though even his subtle wealth of phrase fails to provide him with a satisfactory explanation of *why* it is that it used periodically to break his heart. He is pleased with the decorations of the Public Library, but is apparently shocked that they are generally in places where everybody can see them. One other consolation in Boston Mr. James had, namely, a head of Aphrodite in the Museum of Fine Arts, which pleased him so much in what he felt to be its painfully incongruous new home, that he asserts you cannot see a fine Greek thing till you have seen it in America. The modest Concord is "easily and obviously first among places of its size." It is the biggest little place in America, with only New York, Boston, and Chicago to surpass it. Even here, however, Mr. James is perturbed by the thoughts suggested by the statue of the Minute Man, that it was, or would have been, hardly decent to ask the embattled farmers to make posterity so inordinate a present with so little of the conscious credit of it. Philadelphia is admirably hit off as the only large American city that does n't bristle; moreover it is not a place, but a state of consanguinity. Mr. James is, however, very naturally astonished at the example Philadelphia offers of the curious way in which, in America, the Sane Society and the Pestilent City, the Happy Family and the Infernal Machine, lie down together like the lion and the lamb. Independence Hall strikes just the proper note, and Mr. James imagines some clever man of its period taking the hint and crying "*What* an admirable place for a Declaration of something! Why not Independence?" Washington, with its "conscious self-consciousness," is the "City of Conversation." Its society is the only one in America where the men play an equal rôle with the women; but he is surprised to find how few acceptable "M. P.'s"

belong to it. Richmond he found "adorably weak," and this leads him to a very sympathetic and tender account of the South and of "a cause that could never have been gained."

Mr. James notes how the American landscape is dominated by the omnipresent steam-cars, instead of as in England by the squire and the parson; but the style and allure of the Pennsylvania Railroad were such as to suggest that, if one should "persistently keep his seat, not getting out anywhere, it would in the end carry one to some ideal city, to some terminus too noble to be marked in our poor schedules."

Mr. James is as alive as other travelers to the overwhelming presence of the American woman, but I have left myself no room to illustrate his attitude to-

ward her. Suffice it to say that he is amazed by the "apparent privation for the man (with the 'business-face') of his right kind of woman, for the woman of her right kind of man." Of a typical summer girl he writes that "the immodesty was too colossal to be anything but innocent — yet the innocence, on the other hand, was too colossal to be anything but inane." When finally we find Mr. James asserting that a Palm Beach hotel affords "a compendious view of American society in the *largest* sense of the term," we feel that we have come round with him to where we started from, and that the man who can make this statement is, despite his consummate analytic power, perhaps not the one after all to whom we should willingly allow the last word on what America stands for.

I DIED THIS YEAR THOUGH STILL I GLIMPSE THE SUN

BY ELIZABETH KEMPER ADAMS

I DIED this year though still I glimpse the sun;
For watching month by month lives frail and old
Dwindle and dim and lapse into the cold,
With neither joy nor sorrow to have done,
I too have come to think the thoughts of one
Whom no ties bind and no regrets can hold,
Who has felt the ultimate change, and so must fold
Hands void of haste and feet forgot to run.
Yet Death rends not in twain the veil of things;
So, Lazarus-like, I watch the sunlight fall
On children at their play, breathe deep the spring's
Shy incenses, and hear the thrushes call,
Finding them every one, — hearts, petals, wings —
Curious, lovely, immaterial.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CONCERNING TWO OLD FRIENDS

I NEED a new tobacco-pouch; we need a new minister, — so they say. A younger man: our minister is old; so is my pouch, and worn with service, — hard, constant, daily, humble service; it is frayed at the edges: so is he. All old good men are. And we must have new ones, that when we display them other people will not think either that we are out of fashion or that we are too poor to get what we ought to have.

It has worn well, my pouch; it was a good one when I got it, well-made, strong, serviceable, good to look at; so was he. It is good to look at still, I think; certainly not beautiful, but surely friendly, at the very least; and though its buckskin covering be torn and ragged, it serves its purpose perfectly, and it will expand now as well as ever to carry all that I may need; and his great heart finds room for all our troubles.

But my wife tells me it is disgraceful to carry such a worn-out thing about, and being a bit absent-minded I generally fail to notice who may be by to criticise when I fill my pipe. Men understand; the dear wife does n't, — though she does not want a new minister, thank God! And in a few days my unwillingness to see her really distressed will send me to the tobaccoconist's for a new pouch, though I promise you it shall be a duplicate of the old, as nearly as may be; and I will carry it and use it, and I shall grow to love it; and when it is old I shall love it best. But meanwhile, the one I have, quite good, dear, kindly, and accustomed, that must go. It shall not be thrown away, for I keep them all in a drawer of my office-desk; and when the spring comes and I go into the mountains for a little while to fish for trout, it is always the old ones,

the worn and patient ones, the friendly ones, that go with me.

And he, my Dr. Lavender, who cannot hear the music which his nature craves because the homeless must be cared for, nor keep in touch with current theological thoughts because the bodies of the starving ones are worth more than all the costly books in Christendom, — he, who loves us all, and whom some of us love, knows that others of us want (ah, no: wish, rather!) a younger man; and he is going to resign; and "they" are going to accept his resignation. Yet ever shall he go with me into the silent spaces day by day, where, away from this dusty world, the clear, strong wind blows the cobwebs from one's character; and into that glorious fragrant sunlight where, freed for a moment from the rush and drudgery of living, one really lives.

ON ENGLISH NAMES

WHEN my friends and relatives tell me that they wish to see their own country first, I never quite know what to say to them. As often as they start out for the Mammoth Cave or Arizona, they perpetrate this piety upon me afresh, knowing that I am taking the cheaper trip to some tumbledown portion of our mother country. But the next time I see any of them I shall reply that, while one may be justified in desiring to *see* his own country first, it is much pleasanter to delicate nerves to *hear* the old country first, last, and all the time. Only gradually has it stolen over me how much England is a matter of names, or how insufficient is the most perfect photograph for conveying its full delights.

Wick and Crophorne drew me, as I supposed, because they were said to be most typical of hamlets; but I now realize that I would have gone anywhere if it

had been named Cropthorne. Coxwold attached to any group of houses would be almost enough, without Laurence Sterne thrown in. I have gone ten shillings out of my way for the sake of such a delicious name as Moreton-in-the-Marsh, though stoutly opposed by the innkeeper of Little Compton, who insisted that "there was nothink there." No photograph can ever make you feel the way it does to say Middleton-on-the-Wolds. 'T is a sweet morsel to be rolled under the tongue. That the dullest place on earth ever looked even for a few minutes so that a man felt like calling it Chipperfield would make it endurable forever. Among all the beauties of the Forest of Dean there could not, in the nature of things, be any which surpassed the name itself. Lindisfarne makes me feel as if I were solid poetry, while the mere mention of Caerleon upon Usk gives me a Puvis de Chavannes feeling which I cannot analyze and do not need to. But there is one place whose name suggests the character of the whole country, and that is Watermouth, for there is hardly a district which might not be called Mouthwater because of its delicious terminology.

In saying this I do not forget the ribald poetry with which an American retorted upon Matthew Arnold because of his criticisms on our "dreary nomenclature of Briggsvilles and Higginsvilles and Jacksonvilles." Admitting that Yelling, Clack, and Wrangle have a sound even fiercer than Briggsville, we may retort upon this good brother that "his hundred's soon hit," and 't was well he made the most of it while he could, for it is safe to say that if he really came to Yelling, he would find the name but a pleasant foil to a state of perfect rural peace, and that Wrangle itself would have a peaceful inn such as Higginsville will never boast. Or if we drop over the border into what they are now trying to spoil by calling it North Britain, it is just the same. In my drier passages nothing refreshes me like saying over to myself, "The Kyles of Bute." I do not justly know what Kyles are, nor

where Bute is, but I have perfect trust they are as good as they sound. What a thrill went through me once when at a Scotch lake-landing I saw directions posted for Arrochar, which I had always thought a name Bliss Carman had made up for his own use, and too good to be true.

Auchterarder! What a very bagpipes of a name! Is it any wonder that the Presbytery of Auchterarder has come to words, and worse, over and over again? Would not the very announcement that the Presbytery of Auchterarder was to come to order be enough to stir up all the ginger and old Adam there was in a man, and make him inwardly determine that it should never come to order if he could do anything to prevent it? Give any neighborhood a name like that, and you could never hold it down were it not for contrasted influences like Lochaber No More, or Lochaber, alone, which would most melt any one into tears though he were casting up accounts in an office.

But in the presence of Welsh names my enthusiasm dies. As far as terminology is concerned I would as soon go to the Mammoth Cave. Of course there are downright and firm-footed names like Bangor, upon which you can get a good purchase with the ordinary organs of speech, and names beautiful and appealing, like St. David's and St. Asaph; but on the whole the Welsh names always leave one much in doubt as to whether he has said them or not. They too much resemble the noise made by a bellows with a slit in it. Welsh nomenclature always seems open to the complaint which an old lady in Kenduskeag made against the naming of her grandchild Gladys, when she said she saw no sense in giving a child such a rickety-sounding name as that. If the Welsh are, as they are reported to be, great preachers, a rare degree of heroism must attach to their undertaking, for even after they have done their best they must ever be subject to a painful suspicion that they have not said much of anything.

If we have some growing sense of a de-

sire to touch with poetry the terminology of our American towns, we have succeeded so far only in securing a slightly picnic-grove atmosphere such as is given off by Lakewood or Riverside. The rich sentimentalism of the real-estate dealer has done what it could considering the hurry he is in. If we have a new manufacturing suburb the chances are we shall be too lazily and flatly patriotic, and call it Lincoln and be done with it; or too crudely romantic, in which case the secretary of the company will report to the directors that he has had the place incorporated as Ivanhoe. With the slightest dash of poetry in his soul he might keep true to the strenuous character of the place, with all its prospective labor agitations, and at the same time give a tinge of beauty to the situation forever, by calling it Fretley. Or if it is a place where hammers are to ring from morning to night, why not call it Stroke, instead of naming it Smithville after the present chief stockholder in the concern?

Very beautiful also is that frank English habit of naming a place Something cum Somebody. Would not Derby cum Birmingham much improve both those places as well as the whole Naugatuck Valley? Cheadles and Gatley we should probably call Unionville, we do love the Union so and are so lazy. Jewett City, by giving itself so metropolitan a title, thereby lost forever the priceless distinction which would have come to it by christening itself Little Jewett. Nobody would ever have asked where Big Jewett was, any more than they ask where Little Barrington is. There does not need to be any. I like, too, those richly protective and sheltered names like Newcastle-under-Lyme, of which Netherwood contains a slight flavor. And if for some reason he wishes to use a name like Chipping half a dozen times, the Englishman, instead of bleaching it out with the points of the compass, will heighten it at each repetition by calling it Chipping Camden or Chipping Norton. Or if he has a name like Plainfield, not a highly colored word

to begin with, he will not dilute it by calling the extension thereof North Plainfield, but will probably designate it as High Plainfield, which will not increase the taxes any, but introduce a pleasant distinction into the life of two boroughs. If some of our western boom-towns should desire to improve their ways, they could many times say exactly what they mean to say, and at the same time secure a delightful classical flavor, simply by choosing such a name as Magna-cum-Laude. For the sake of our real-estate agents I would suggest that, when they have a slightly rheumatic, malarial, and swampy tract to put upon the market, the whole thing might be done in a trice by calling it Fenny Something, like Fenny Stratford.

No, my English cousin is a poet, and that I will hold to through any amount of contradictory outward behavior. He deserves to hold empire because when he gets hold of anything he knows how to name it. Henceforth he may crowd me on steamers, and occupy three times his share of space in cars, but this shall no more conceal from me that down deep he is a poet. Though with "wooden countenance and codfish eye" he may coolly assure me that he has never bothered to visit any of these places, or that he has never observed this naming habit of his race, I shall know that after all he is inwardly glowing with a true passion for the places God has given him to dwell in. And when poverty prevents my visiting them, I can enjoy half their flavor by reading their names in the Atlas.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A MUSIC CRITIC

MUSIC critics, unlike musicians, are made, not born. The man born a poet cannot help falling into verse any more than Mr. Wegg could. Robby Burns, who had no education to speak of, Byron, who had too much, the late Bloodgood Cutter, and all their kind, itched like mad until their thoughts were set down on

paper. Schubert wrote immortal melody atop a beer barrel in a Vienna cellar. From Bach to Wagner, through the long list of the tone poets, all wrote just because they could n't help it. The air, the opera, the symphony, kept humming through their heads, and the only relief came in inscribing melody and harmony on ruled paper.

With music critics it is quite different. An eminent authority on baseball may have found it necessary to pad out his space string in winter by taking up a side line; or the same motive may have actuated a distinguished special writer on yachting. Such a genius as Berlioz became a critic in order to feed the divine fire of his inspiration, finding it impossible to buy the fuel with music. I, who am not a genius, became a music critic because I like to hear good music, and being a newspaper writer, should otherwise have neither time nor money to indulge this taste. If I could write a good book, I would not write book reviews. If I could write a good play, I would not write dramatic criticism. If I could write music, I would n't write music criticism. But as between writing editorials, subject to the policy of the paper and suggestions from the business office, or police court news assigned by the city editor, — between that and getting as much money by writing about the things one likes, there is n't much choice, is there? Some critics, you see, are made by force of circumstance rather than by divine inspiration, or by a desire to elevate the standard of taste, or to pose as authority.

It may be I take the rôle of music critic, which I have played for some years, too unseriously. If so, there are enough of my colleagues having a higher opinion of their own importance to tone up the collective average. Indeed, I fancy that in the little room at the Metropolitan reserved for critics there might be found a double quartette to chorus the opposite view, *forte, animato, maestoso, con fuoco*; and it is well that it should be so. I fancy the man who looks upon his department

as the most important of any publication and upon himself as the most important personality in any such department, will do his very best to bolster up this mistaken estimate. I know a society editor afflicted with this delusion; but he works so hard that he cannot enter a restaurant without spreading out a bundle of "copy" between the dishes at table.

At the risk of making this an apology as well as a confession, I venture to express the hope that I may some day have the means to enjoy the best music without need of telling three hundred thousand or more readers why: whether Carubonci had tears in his voice; how Madame Sembrich-Eames looked and acted; whether the second soprano was off key; the basso dependent upon the prompter; the conductor too fast or too slow, according to actual stop watch and metronome; how the lights were managed; whether the audience was large and appreciative or otherwise, and whether the music was good, bad, indifferent, and why.

Frankly, I have never either written or read any music criticism which seemed to me of great value. At last it is one man's opinion, — that of an expert, if you will; but the verdicts of experts are frequently reversed by public opinion, the court of last resort for all workers in the arts. I have never complained that Hofmann does n't understand the soft pedal, that Paderewski has too much rubato, that Rosenthal is too muscular. It has seemed to me that these gentlemen do the best they can, and I love to hear them, not to lecture them. And when my good colleagues are overheard at the chop-house, telling how they slated Herr This and Madame That, how Signor S—— is coming in for a roast along with M. F——, I think of the little mistakes we ourselves have made.

I recall with delight the kind letter I received from a singer who had been featured at a concert I reviewed, and of whom, knowing her voice and songs full well, I had said some pleasant things.

It informed me that she would doubtless have justified my praise had she not been called away from town by the illness of a relative, and forced me to admit I had been drinking Rhenish with the manager when she should have been, according to the programme, captivating her audience. It is fresh in my mind how the newspaper having the largest circulation in New York printed an elaborate review of the wrong opera, some years ago, written and signed by an eminent American composer who had got his matter in type in advance, but had neglected to go to the performance, and could not well know that the bill had been changed at the last moment. I remember a concert of last season where an aria from an unknown opera by an unknown composer was on the programme, and the critic of an afternoon paper remarked next day in all seriousness that this opera ought to have a complete performance, as the aria showed genuine talent, wholly oblivious of the fact that the soloist had substituted *Ach Du mein Holder Abendstern!*

But there is one thing to be said in favor of music criticism as a trade, certain of the musicians and music journals to the contrary notwithstanding: there is no bribery of critics. Managers have either done me the honor to assume I cannot be bought, or that my opinions are not worth purchasing. In an honorable career, which is, I trust, yet far from its close, only once have I been tempted (this really begins to look like a confession), and then I fell. At the début of a new singer I neglected to comment either upon voice or method, confining myself strictly to justifiable enthusiasm over personal beauty, elegance of costume, and judicious programme-building. My friends, who were her friends, had taken me, a lonely Bohemian, into their home for dinner. I had dined well, a habit I have when occasion presents itself, and the daughter of the house took advantage of post-prandial good humor. She offered, on my promise not to "roast" the

singer, to bake me another pumpkin pie, similar to that I had enjoyed at dinner, and send it to the office. *Mea culpa!* And the crime thus publicly confessed, I hope for forgiveness, and promise to sin no more.

THE SIGOURNEY CIRCLE OF CHICHESTER, VERMONT

RUMMAGING (or, as she calls it, regulating) in the garret last week, my Cousin Lucy O. found a relic of considerable value at the bottom of the cedar chest. It was the secretary's book of the all-but-forgotten Sigourney Circle — that band of young Hypatias which flourished in Chichester a few generations ago. Several of my great-aunts belonged to it, and from this book I find that one of them was its secretary. I should have recognized that limpid handwriting, fine as a hair, traced in the rusty juice of oak-galls!

There were, it appears, fourteen or sixteen of these Chichester blues, who met, once a fortnight, at the houses of each in turn; when some would recite, some would sing, and others, who had indited moralizing essays or poems, would read them amid soft applause. Most of the subjects thus immortalized were serious, and even mournful. Inserted, however, between an autumnal dirge and a lament for Reverend Mr. Smiley, the moderator of Bennington County, we found the following set of verses purporting to describe the Circle itself at one of its intellectual repasts:—

There is a Parlour on the western pike,
Below the seven waterbars:
A dim, cool chamber looking on the
woods,
And ceiled with mimic moon and stars;

Within whose walls a Stranger, riding
down
From Londonderry Cattle Fair,
Espied a ring of flowery dresses pale
With coronets of braided hair.

And in the midst a mountain Lady stood,
 Hanging her bright and bashful head,
 And fingering her flounces piped with
 blue,
 And quaintly stitched with silver
 thread;

Reciting in a small and breathless voice,
 (As if in Desperate haste to flee)
 Some poem from the admired *Tupper's*
 pen,
 Or works of *Mrs. Sigourney*.

While I was transcribing this piece of
 verse, in a sort of home-made shorthand,
 my cousin exclaimed that she had found
 a still more interesting piece faintly de-
 lined, in very watery, or vinegary, ink,
 on one of the fly-leaves. She proceeded to
 read the following lines aloud, in a voice
 which occasionally grew thin, and threat-
 ened to break; for those *early Victorian*
Oldenburgs, whose academic wisdom and
 worldly foolishness are here so well sug-
 gested, were her much beloved aunts and
 uncles. The verses are entitled:

THE OLDENBURYS

Turn again into the wooded Hollow
 By the fabled Tory-hunter's well,
 Where the strange and bookish Olden-
 burys
 On their wasted patrimony dwell.

Rowland ploughs to the sound of Ce-
 lia's fiddle;
 Celia spins with her Milton on her knee:
 Young Miranda goes forth to gather ber-
 ries,
 Singing the song of Ariel by the sea.

When the dusk falls downward from
 the landslide,
 Through the bush they drive the cattle
 home;
 They see the shadows of the first Cru-
 saders,
 Or hear the Sibyl at the gates of Rome.

In the northward, in the southward vil-
 lage,

Brisk steps hasten, the busy hours fly
 fast;
 But the clocks are slow in Oldenburg
 Hollow,
 Where they chime with the voices of
 the past.

This portrait, of the most endeared and
 delightful of families, deserves better than
 to be lost again in the depths of a cedar
 chest. My cousin contemplates having
 it printed in the *Chichester Tri-weekly*
Gazette; but a larger circulation would be
 procured in the *Bennington Bugle*.

METAPHYSICAL CONDITIONS AT THE POLES

Do those adventurous men who go in
 search of the North Pole realize that
 when they shall have triumphed over all
 the physical difficulties which impede
 their way, they will have to face meta-
 physical difficulties yet more formidable?
 So confusing to human thought are the
 ontological conditions which must pre-
 vail at the poles, that it seems as if the
 human mind would surely give way in
 trying to cope with them.

One does not, indeed, like to think of
 ice fields, zero, blubber, and the polar
 bears; yet these have been conquered
 by man and may again be conquered.
 But the fatal conditions of which I speak
 are of a kind such as man has never yet
 encountered; nor can he encounter them
 anywhere upon earth save at the poles.
 They will not assail his body; rather they
 must dissolve some of the fundamental
 intuitions, categories, and postulates of
 man's thinking; and he who shall en-
 counter them must run the risk of being
 reduced to mental imbecility.

Yet if there should be any man bold
 enough to take this risk, and mentally so
 strong as to survive it, and return to us
 and relate his experience, he might pos-
 sibly contribute greatly to the elucida-
 tion of some of the most desperate puzzles
 that ever baffled the philosophers;
 or, on the other hand, he might, just as

possibly, confound those philosophers worse than ever they were confounded before. For, should any of our Arctic adventurers reach the pole, he would come into such relations with time and space as no other man was ever in. It is well known by all who have read philosophical treatises that time and space are very treacherous things. Indeed we are assured that they are not things at all. One philosopher, whose luminous treatise lies before me as I write, favors his reader with the following remark: "Space and time are not actual realities, but subjective functions which synthesize the manifold sensational content." Well, — it is hard to think so ill of them as that; still they are queer, and the more you think about them the queerer they seem. Nevertheless, man has struck up a practical *modus vivendi* with them, and manages to get along with them very well in this part of the world, and, indeed, finds them indispensable. But this *modus vivendi* is limited to regions away from the poles. Let a man reach one of the poles, and he will find that the "manifold sensational content" with which he will undoubtedly be burdened there, will not "synthesize" in the old familiar way at all.

Consider his situation. It is uncertain whether the pole has no longitude whatsoever, or has all the longitude there is. I have examined a geographical globe and cannot decide. On the one hand, all the meridians of longitude come in there; but on the other hand they reduce to a mere point at the pole; and a point is nothing. Suppose you were standing on the North Pole; either you would have a great deal too much longitude, or else you would have none at all. Whichever way it was, it would be extremely confusing to a rational being brought up as we have been. It would jar his notions of space. Even if there is longitude there it is not good for anything, for it is solely a matter of east and west, and there is no east or west at the North Pole, — all is south. Standing on that pole, look which

way you might, all, all would be south. That iceberg at your right and that one at your left would both be south of you; both would be in the same direction, although in opposite directions. That just shows how space suffers some subtle, insidious change at the pole.

We may well believe that our adventurer would step off the pole as quickly as he could. Suppose he should take a few steps south in any direction. He would thus acquire a little bit of east and west and north; but his natural joy at this recovery would be brief. Looking back toward the pole, where, of course, he had planted the American Flag, he would see, let us say, an iceberg beyond the flag, on the other side of the pole. Which way would the flag be from him? North, beyond question. But which way would the iceberg be from him? Can you tell? His line of vision would extend straight north until it reached the flag, and then continuing on in exactly the same direction it would be going south. The same direction would be the same as the opposite direction.

Or consider such an experiment as the following. Let our adventurer take his stand a very short distance from the pole, and then let him run around in a circle with the pole in the centre. At a distance of two or three feet there will be enough east and west to answer the requirements of the experiment. At every step he will pass over many meridians. If he is about three feet from the pole and goes at a comfortable trot, he will cross thirty or forty meridians a second. But at every step his time will change. If it is now noon, and he is on the meridian of London, he will, in three or four seconds, be on the meridian of the Feejee Islands and it will be midnight. Suppose he is running toward the east. If it was Monday when he started on the London meridian, it will be Tuesday when he gets back there in six or eight seconds, and in six or eight more it will be Wednesday, and so on. In less than a minute he will have advanced a week.

In an hour he will have gained more than a year. In that short space of time he will have grown more than a year older, and will have projected himself so far into the future. And yet it will be the present. To be sure, the future is always the present when you get there; but our friend will get there faster than anybody else ever did. Let him keep on trotting in his circle for several hours a day, as many days as he can, and he will soon be many years in the future, far ahead of his age. Now if he could run up a century or two and then return home with them, he would have outstripped Rip Van Winkle. Perhaps it would be best that he should not try to bring the future home with him.

But before he leaves the pole I want him to do some running towards the west. He will lose time while running in this direction, and will be steadily retiring into the past. Soon it will be yesterday, soon last year; indeed, if time will permit, — and it does seem as if it would permit anything at the pole, — he may run back through the whole Christian era, through the ages of the ancient world, be granted

“an equal date

With Andes and with Ararat,”
and with the primeval chaos.

Lest this should prove unwholesome if too long persisted in, let us stop him after he has gone back a few centuries, and have him reverse his steps, wind up his

years again, and come down to date. Then let us make one more supposition. Suppose he is thirty-five years old to-day. To-morrow he can easily be thirty-six years old. Then, running the other way, he can get back to thirty-five, and be at thirty-four the next day. Let him not try it. Such confusion of all time concepts would wreck his apperceptive field and unhinge his intellect.

It would be pleasant to understand these things, and such knowledge would be invaluable to the philosophers who, notwithstanding the bold face they put on when they talk of space and time, and the big words they use, really do not know very much about these “functions.” You may object that the conditions at the poles are so abnormal as to be of no value in constructing a rational system; but do you not know that nowadays philosophers have ceased to study the normal directly, and are feeling their way to it through the abnormal? It is from the lunatic that we learn the laws of sanity; and the nature of pure religion is best observed by the study of hysterics. Therefore the philosopher may well desire to know what the metaphysical situation is at the poles. He can use such knowledge in his business. But if he wants it, let him be man enough to go there himself and collect it, and not send some poor mariner to face these appalling terrors.

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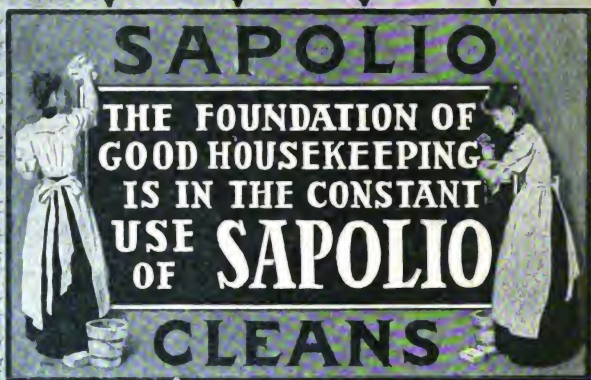
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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1907

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

VERSES

Copy of verses wrote by Sir Henry Knatchbull, Bart., 1760

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

[THE following unpublished poem by James Russell Lowell, the first editor of the *Atlantic*, was written in September or October, 1857, the year of the founding of the magazine. In sending the verses to Charles Eliot Norton, through whose kindness they are here printed, Lowell wrote:—

“I enclose the autograph I half promised you. In reading the verses, you must not forget to remember the date at which they are supposed to have been written, though I have only succeeded in hitting the style here and there.”]

O, SHARE these flowers! thus Delia wrote,
And pinned upon a tree,
With her own hands, the dainty note
Addressed to you and me.

The trees were glad that saw her pass,
The turf embalmed her trace,
The brook flowed slow and smoothed a glass
To catch her fleeting face.

Next day the letters fair were flown;
Who stole them? Dryads, say?
By chilling Auster were they blown,
By Zephyr lured away?

Perhaps some bird the leaf conveyed
To line her happier nest;
O lucky eggs that shall be laid
On such a bed to rest!

Perhaps some squirrel was the thief
To grace his hollow tree,
As with inscription and relief
Our galleries do we.

But no, the truth was simply this:
Young Strephon, wandering by,
Saw from the stem, with sudden bliss,
Fair Delia's ensign fly.

"And oh," he cried, "be mine the page
That Delia's hand hath prest,
Forgive, ye Gods, his harmless rage
Whom she hath robbed of rest!

"The slender lines her crowquill traced
To warn rude hands away,
Shall ne'er in bleak exposure taste
The chance of night and day;

"But with the bud she once let fall,
The ribbon that she wore,
Shall add to Cupid's chapel wall
One saintly relic more!"

THE LAUNCHING OF THE MAGAZINE

BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

In the spring of 1857 I was in England. On the 23d of May, Lowell wrote to me,

"We are going to start a new magazine here in October. . . . The magazine is to be free without being fanatical, and we hope to unite in it all available talent of all modes of opinion. The magazine is to have opinions of its own and not be afraid to speak them. I think we shall be scholarly and gentlemanlike."

The publishers, as I soon learned, wished to obtain contributions for the new magazine from writers in England; and as I was about to return to America in the summer, I was asked to bring home such manuscripts as might be sent to me by their writers, who should receive instructions to forward them to me. Accordingly when I left England in July, I had several manuscripts in my charge. No one of them, so far as I remember, was written by a writer of such distinction that his name is familiar to the present generation; but the work of an author not yet eminent and perhaps never to become so is generally as precious to him as to the writer in highest repute.

At the end of the voyage in New York I saw all my luggage safely on the pier, and delivered it over to the driver of the hotel wagon with directions to bring it to the hotel to which I was going for the night; and I was dismayed when, on the arrival of the wagon at the hotel, the trunk containing the precious manuscripts, and much else of value, did not appear with the other pieces. The driver admitted that he had seen it on the pier, and thinking that he had overlooked it, returned to seek for it, but it was not to be found. An active search was made that day and the next in other hotels, and in the offices of the express companies. Advertisements of the loss, with offers of

reward for the return of the trunk, were put into the newspapers. Handbills of the same character were printed and sent to the police stations; but all to no avail. "The whole affair of the lost trunk," wrote Lowell to me toward the end of August, "is as melancholy as it is mysterious." But it had its compensations.

As the weeks went on, and the character of the new magazine defined itself with increasing distinctness, the publishers began to recognize that the accident relieved them from what might have been an embarrassment. It had intervened to save the editors from the ungracious duty of rejecting well-intended but unsatisfactory material. Another result not less fortunate was the recognition of the error of soliciting numerous contributions from foreign writers. The *Atlantic* was to depend for its success upon American writers. It was a curious fact, however, that the leading article in the first number was the sketch of an English author, Douglas Jerrold, who is hardly to be reckoned among the immortals, by an English writer — James Hannay — "who occupied," said Allibone in his invaluable dictionary, "a distinguished position as a writer of fiction;" but of whose numerous works not one is known to the readers of to-day. This article had escaped the ill-luck of being in my trunk.

In August Lowell wrote, —

"This reading endless manuscripts is hard work, and takes a great deal of time; but I have resolved that nothing shall go in which I have not first read. I wish to have nothing go in that will merely *do*, but I fear I cannot keep so high a standard. It is astonishing how much there is that leaps just short of the line of good, and drops into the

limbo of indifferent. However, Number One will be clever: Emerson, 'Illusions;' Prescott, 'Battle of Lepanto;' Longfellow, 'Santa Filomena;' Holmes, 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table;' Motley, 'Florentine Mosaics;' Mrs. Stowe, 'A Stowery;' Hannay, 'Reminiscences of Jerrold,' very good. I know that that is pretty well; but I tremble for Number Two. The names of the authors, you understand, are a secret."

His question in regard to the second number did not last long, and two months later he wrote:—

"The second number of *Maga.* will be out to-morrow, and it is a very good one—better than the first, which is what I wished, and I hope Number Three will be better yet. The song I wish the young lady to sing is, 'Mamma, I'm young, but I'm growin' yet.'"

No magazine could have had a more brilliant and prosperous start, or one which gave better promise for continued success. At the outset it depended largely for its cordial reception by the public upon the contributions of writers already eminent, the great writers of the middle of the century. As one by one these lights were extinguished, their places were not supplied by any of equal lustre. But while the higher ranks of literature, especially poetry, were thus depleted, there was a rapid increase of capable writers of abundant knowledge, and of trained faculty of thought and of expression, and of manifest talent. A democracy was substituting itself for the older aristocracy and with the usual result: the general level was raised, while but few conspicuous elevations lifted themselves above its surface.

This was, indeed, an early symptom of the enormous change in every field of thought—intellectual, moral, spiritual, social, and material—during the past fifty years, which makes a wider division between the beginning of the half-century and its end than is to be measured by the mere tale of years. The change marks a new era in the history of civilization, and

to an old man whose memories extend over the whole period, the difference between 1857 and 1907 seems like that between ancient and modern times.

Think for a moment of the conditions of the earlier date. Lincoln was unknown outside of Illinois. There was no Atlantic cable, no telephone. Our great war, which now seems so long ago, was yet unfought. These few facts are enough to serve as boundaries of the vast tract of history included in the half-century. Events momentous and impressive have crowded the years; but more significant than events has been the rapid and immense increase of knowledge, and the consequent change in the material conditions and intellectual outlook of the world.

In 1859 the *Origin of Species* was published, a book perhaps as important, not only in its immediate but in its remote effects, as any ever issued from the press. The doctrine of Evolution received from Darwin's work precisely that illustration and application required to change it from a questionable hypothesis to a verifiable theory,—a theory which, while affording a well-supported and effective explanation of the origin and process of the forms of life on the earth, was equally applicable to every part of the mighty drama of the universe. But though this theory now has not only been generally adopted by the more intelligent part of civilized mankind, but has been accepted widely as a popular creed, and although it has thus gained possession of the intellect of men, it has not yet possessed itself of their hearts or of their imaginations. They admit its authority, but their sentiment is not as yet touched by the vast change consequent on it in the relation of man to the universe and in his conception of the universe itself. This slowness of effect of new truths upon the sentiment of men is not strange. Perhaps the most striking example of it is that afforded by the Copernican theory of our solar system, which, although universally accepted as true, is still far from

controlling the sentiment and imagination. Take any thousand people to-day of the most intelligent to be found anywhere in the world, and although all of them will declare that they hold the Copernican system as established, yet probably nine-tenths of them still at heart, and so far as the sentiment of religion and of life is concerned, regard this earth as the centre of the universe and man as the chief object of creation.

In like manner with the theory of
> Evolution. While it holds sway in every field of science, and with such attractive force as to draw most of the vigorous and capable intellectual life of the time into these fields in pursuit of knowledge or of wealth, it still seems to affect but little the higher spiritual life of the mass of men. It has, indeed, been of incalculable benefit in loosening the bonds of superstition from the minds of men, but at the same time it has indirectly exerted a powerful influence tending, through the rapid and intoxicating advance of control of the great forces of nature and of the boundless sources of natural wealth, to the subordination of spiritual to material interests.

Thus, both directly and indirectly, it has had a disastrous effect upon pure literature, especially upon the literature of the pure imagination, upon poetry, and upon romance. To-day the writing about material things and of the daily affairs of men, of politics and of society, history, biography, voyages and travels, encyclopædias, and scientific treatises, far outweighs, in quality no less than in quantity, the literature of sentiment and

the imagination. The whole spiritual nature of man is finding but little, and for the most part only feeble and unsatisfactory, expression.

In poetry there is not to-day a single commanding voice. Now and then a transient note of power is heard, but the strongest are those which deal with and for the most part glorify material things. The great harpers of the House of Fame have departed. Orpheus, and Orion who sat "syde faste" by him, and Eacides Chiron, and the Bret Glascursion, have all left their seats, and only the

" . . . smale harpers with their gleees,"

who sat beneath them, remain, while afar from them are heard

"Many thousand tymès twelve
That maken loudè menstralcyes"

with

"Many a floute and liltng-borne
And pypèr made of grenè corne."

But this shall not be forever. The spirit in man is never wholly quenched. Romance never dies out of the world. The stars of night still shine to the souls of men. One generation after another may try to content itself with apples of the Dead Sea, but the time shall come when the quest of the fruit of the Tree of Life shall be undertaken again in earnest and with fair promise. Great harpers shall fill again the seats once occupied by Orpheus and Orion, and the later days of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in that perhaps still distant time, may be no less worthy of fame than when Emerson and Longfellow and Lowell and Whittier and Holmes were its regular contributors.

AN EARLY CONTRIBUTOR'S RECOLLECTIONS

BY JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

IN the latter part of October, 1857, when the first number of the *Atlantic* had been out a day or two, I went one evening to take a hand at whist with Francis Henry Underwood, John Bartlett, and a young man I will call The Fourth Hand, who remarked as we took our places around the table, "Gentlemen, what say you? Let's not play whist! I'd rather spend the evening talking about the *Atlantic Monthly*."

If The Fourth Hand had been a projector of the magazine, like Underwood, or an intimate friend of both Underwood and Lowell, and as deep in their counsels as Bartlett, or a contributor (more or less humble) to the said initial number, like myself, the preference he expressed might seem natural enough. But as he was not of the literary set, — by occupation a salesman in a picture store, and not even an amateur author, — I was impressed by the proposal, and recall it now, as illustrative of the extraordinary interest excited by the appearance of the new periodical.

I was, for one, quite ready to talk about it, and should no doubt have been reconciled to passing a large part of the evening in discussing my own particular contribution to it. As this relates to an early phase of a movement that has become historic, I will give a little time to discussing it here and now.

Spiritualism was then a newly risen faith, — faith ancient as the longing hearts and eager gaze of mortals, faith forever rising and declining, but at that time amazingly ascendant, although very near our earthly horizon, and struggling in clouds so aflame with it as often to be mistaken for the source of light they veiled. My story was "Pendlam, a Modern Reformer," a satire aimed not at

spiritualism itself, which I forbore to mention in the narrative, but at the follies and impostures that flaunted in its train, and cast discredit on the cause with which they claimed kinship. These I detested all the more because I was something of a spiritualist myself; nor was my opposition to them lessened by the circumstance that near friends of mine were, as it seemed to me, dangerously tolerant of such pretensions and delusions. The brotherly watch I kept over them, and my own prolonged experiences as an earnest student of the "manifestations," gave me exceptional advantages as an observer of the peculiar social ferment, which I believed myself better fitted to understand than any who were wholly in it and whirled by it, or who viewed it coldly and scornfully from the outside.

Such was the situation that furnished the motive for my story. Strange as it seems to me now, glancing again over its pages after an interval of fifty years, the wildest schemes and most incredible vagaries described in it were not imaginary, but had their counterparts in conditions of which I was personally cognizant. It calls up, with the fidelity of a fadeless photograph, one of the old-time meetings of the Disciples of Freedom (as I called my reformers), in the Melodeon (the well-known hall on Washington street), "crowded with one of those stifling audiences for which no ventilation seemed availing;" lank stalks of humanity "raked from unheard-of outlandish stubbles;" the zealous and the credulous, the curious and the skeptical, the youthful with the gray-haired; on the platform speakers wise or unwise, guileless or designing, who poured forth platitudes or absurdities, beautiful inspirations or

frothy denunciations. I did not depict either of my friends in the characters of the story. Pendlam and his Susan and the wreck of their married life were entirely fictitious; but as types of persons and tendencies they were as entirely true. Pendlam represented a class of sincere, but over-zealous enthusiasts, who forgot reason and prudence in their pursuit of the latest vagaries in magnetisms and influences, impressions and communications, mediumistic or psychic, or whatever the terms were in the cant of the period. They swung from one belief to another in a manner hinted in the name of my hero, — Pendlam, short for *pendulum*, — although I am not aware that anybody heeded the suggestion. Beginning as a preacher and temperance reformer, he passed through kaleidoscopic changes of faith and morals, until, wearied and worn with his own errors and failures, he ended in celibacy and Catholicism. "The tossed voyager, failing to make the continent of truth, but beating hither and thither amid the reefs and breakers of dangerous coasts, mistaking many islands for the main, and drifting on unknown seas, had at last steered straight to the old Catholic shores from which the great discoverers sailed so many years before."

Neither of the "disciples" typified had done just this thing at that time, but the conclusion seemed prophetic of two of them, a married couple who separated amicably in order to follow each his or her "affinity," and after many wanderings came together again to join a community of Shakers, whose manner of life they finally deemed the best — until they tried it.

The subject of my contribution, and the fact that the writer was well known in spiritualistic circles, caused it to be talked of at the time; and I was grieved to find that the near friends I speak of were keenly hurt by it. It was so true to my deepest convictions and kindest intentions that I could not regret having written it; yet I do not now recall any

other reason than to spare them further pain, which I may have had for omitting it from my volume of *Coupon Bonds and Other Stories*, published a few years later.

I followed my first contribution with others in verse and prose (oftener in verse than in prose in those earliest years), one of which had an adventure so unusual that it may bear relating.

This was a story of New England country life, which was accepted, sent to the printers, and returned to me in proof-sheets with a gratifying promptness that augured well of the editorial approval. The sheets had already been corrected by Lowell, and they bore, moreover, in the handwriting always delightful to my eyes, little marginal comments inspired by his learning or fancy; as when, against the exclamation "Law suz!" used by one of my female characters, he suggested, "probably a contraction of 'Lord save us.'" In my lodgings in Seaver Place I was one morning reading the proofs, — pleased to see how well the thing looked in type, and smiling, no doubt, at the marks of Lowell's interest in it, — when a hurried note came by messenger from Underwood, saying that Lowell had, upon reflection, decided that "it could n't go in."

In twenty minutes I was confronting Underwood in the Winter Street office.

"Can't go into what?" I said; "the next number?"

"It can't go into the magazine at all!" he replied, evidently as much disturbed by the incident as I was.

"But it has gone in!" I said. "Here are the numbered pages! You don't put rejected articles into type, do you?"

Not often, he hoped, if he was to stand between authors and the editor-in-chief! He went on to say that Lowell's objection was an afterthought, and that it was made solely from a moral, not a literary point of view. I listened in no little wonderment as to how my innocent pen had been betrayed into anything morally offensive, and drew a breath of relief when I heard the explanation. I had

allowed my principal character to accept money from his father in a manner that might befit the scamp of a piece, but not the hero! The unfitness had not occurred to Lowell when he read the manuscript, nor had he given it much thought in correcting the proofs; but it had haunted him since, and he had suddenly made up his mind, — "and he is firm as Rhadamanthus!" declared Underwood, who had remonstrated in vain against the verdict.

As my hero was not much of a "hero," but a very common mortal in a situation meant to be comic, and as Lowell himself had not thought seriously of the objectionable transaction until after he had not only passed it in the manuscript but actually in the proofs, I considered his final act as inconsistent, and rather unfair to the author. But I merely said, "Very well; where is my manuscript?"

Underwood thereupon took from his desk the original copy, and "copy" it was in the fullest sense of the printer's term, disfigured forever by smooches of the compositor's type-soiled digits. He expressed regret at its unpresentableness, knowing well that it could not go in that dishonored state to another editor, and that the proofs would be alike unavailable for any such purpose. I said, "I can rewrite it, — I have nothing else to do!" and walked stiffly out of the office.

I was confident that with a stroke of the pen I could obviate Lowell's objection, if his Rhadamanthine attitude did not render him too unreasonably fastidious. But if he had not himself seen that possibility, I was not in a mood to suggest it, or to re-submit the story to him with any seeming solicitation on my part.

I transcribed it that afternoon and evening, and sent it the next day to *Harper's Magazine*, by which it was accepted and put into type about as promptly as it had been by the *Atlantic*. Soon after its publication Underwood, being in New York, called on Charles

F. Briggs, Lowell's confidential friend, to whom the poet had made the amazing gift of *A Fable for Critics*, ten years or so before. Lowell was desirous of getting from that experienced editor and accomplished man of letters any suggestions he might have to make regarding the *Atlantic Monthly*. This Briggs praised duly, but with the qualifying remark, "What you want is more good story-writers."

"We can't get them," said Underwood.

Briggs then asked, "Who is the writer of this story in the last *Harper's*?" — which he proceeded to characterize as he took the magazine from his table, — "'Nancy Blynn's Lovers.' Can't you get him?"

Underwood thereupon told how that renegade story of mine had been accepted for the *Atlantic*, put into type, and finally cast out by Lowell.

"You incomparable idiots!" Briggs ejaculated. "Do you go in when it rains?"

On his return from New York, Underwood reported to me this conversation, and also to Lowell, who I dare say was less amused by it than I was.

The incident did not in the least degree diminish my regard for the conscientious editor, or my very great admiration and liking for the writer and the man. I was indeed sincerely sorry that any contribution of mine should have caused him the slightest uneasiness or needless trouble. The subject was not directly mentioned by either of us when next we met, but in some way the conversation led to rejected contributions, and I remember his relating a serio-comic adventure he had recently had with a hatful of them. He was walking one windy morning over Cambridge bridge, when his hat blew off, and fell into the Charles, with half a dozen or more manuscripts with which it was freighted, and which he was returning to the Boston office. A boatman recovered the hat, but the scattered manuscripts perished in those waves of

oblivion. "If they had been accepted articles," Lowell remarked, "it would n't have been quite so bad; for we might with some grace ask the writers for fresh copies. But how can you tell a self-respecting contributor that his manuscript has been not only rejected, but sent to a watery grave!"

My relations with editors have almost invariably been harmonious. They have been entirely so, from first to last, with the conductors of the *Atlantic*; and I have had dealings with all of these, except perhaps with the one whose term of office was the briefest. I have always accepted with cheerful acquiescence the editorial point of view, even when most adverse to my own; and I wish to avow here my frequent and very great indebtedness to wise editorial suggestions. I might adduce instances of this that have occurred in the recent years of this magazine; but there may be less imprudence in going back for examples to an earlier administration. In the spring of 1864, at a time of domestic affliction, I chanced one evening to pass the doors of a Boston theatre when it was resounding with the plaudits of the audience over some scene in a play piratically dramatized from one of my own novels; and returned to my broken home with the shouts still ringing in my ears. Such a contrast between the public show and the private reality left a strong impression on me; so that when, eight years later, I wrote "Author's Night," embodying that and other experiences and recollections of the stage, I gave the piece a tragical ending. This story in verse I sent to Mr. Howells, who pronounced it "fresh, vivid, and real," but protested against the sad conclusion. I saw at once how entirely right he was, rewrote the latter part of the piece, and returned the whole to him in the final form in which it soon after appeared, immensely improved in accordance with his suggestion. Some time after that I sent him a short story, the motive of which he thought worthy of much more

expanded and elaborate treatment. I recast it, upon his recommendation, turning the brief prose sketch into a narrative poem of over six hundred lines; which, however, I did not offer to him, as I wished it to receive magazine illustrations that might be used with it in book-form. So it went to New York, and had good fortune as *The Book of Gold*.

It may be no more indiscreet than much I am here recording, to relate how very near I once was to becoming Lowell's editorial assistant. Calling one day at the Winter Street bookstore, I found Underwood so unhappy over some mysterious occurrence that he could hardly speak; he merely gripped my hand, and murmuring a word or two of greeting, put on his hat and went out. Greatly perplexed, I entered Mr. Phillips's room, and finding him alone, asked, "What is the matter with Frank?"

He beckoned me to close the door and draw a chair near his desk; then said, "Mr. Underwood has resigned his situation in this house."

When I expressed my astonishment, and inquired what the trouble was, he merely replied that a crisis had come in some matter he was n't quite ready to explain; adding, with a grimmish sort of smile which I well remember, "He did n't believe his resignation would be accepted, but it was, so quickly it took his breath away!"

"Impossible!" I said.

But he answered firmly, "It is irrevocable!"

Still greater was my amazement when he went on to say, "It is so fully decided, I am already thinking of his successor." After some further conversation which he charged me to regard as strictly confidential, he ended with, "If things go as I am sure they are going, there is nobody I'd sooner see in his place than yourself;" the full meaning of which was, that I might become the firm's "literary adviser."

If in the surprise of the moment my

concern for my friend's interests became confused in the sudden looming up of my own, I was careful not to let any selfish considerations influence my conduct. I insisted that I did not believe he would go. I said, "I don't see how he *can* go; but if he does, I shall of course be glad to talk with you further." I did not visit the bookstore again for two or three days, thinking it best to keep entirely out of its disturbed atmosphere until the little storm was over. When I next looked in, I found Underwood cheerful, and Phillips sedately smiling.

"Just as I told you!" I reminded the head of the house.

"You were right," he said succinctly.

"Lowell came in and patched it up. He was the only man that could do it!"

It was, no doubt, this affair that Lowell alluded to when he wrote to Richard Grant White (letter of April 6, 1859, printed by Scudder): "Your letter came just in the midst of a bother in the *Atlantic*, which it took all my diplomacy to settle so that both sides should not bite their own noses off, to which mad meal they had evident appetites. It is all 'fixed' now, and things go smoothly again."

A series of three papers published in the second year of the magazine are of especial interest to me, as they recall how barely at one time I escaped being something very different from the firm's adviser and Lowell's assistant.

Early in 1857 the Mormons in their new state of "Deseret" had shown themselves so defiant of Federal authority that it became necessary to send out a strong military force to crush the incipient rebellion. This force was to leave Fort Leavenworth in June or July, cross the Plains (a phrase of sinister significance in those days), and reach Salt Lake City early in the autumn. Closely following the news that the movement had at last been decided upon by Buchanan's vacillating administration, came a proposal from the New York *Tribune* that I should accompany the expedition as correspond-

ent of that paper; a proposal which my desire for employment and readiness for adventure would have made me eager to accept. Fortunately for me, perhaps, it was not sent to me directly, but through the hands of the encyclopædic Robert Carter, then the *Tribune's* Boston representative. Carter had a young friend and protégé, Albert G. Browne, a sturdy and capable fellow, whom he at once, in reply to the *Tribune* people, recommended for the appointment, without even giving me a chance to consider it. I forgave this act of Carter's at the time, and afterwards had reason to be rather glad of it, on learning what hardships befell the expedition, when, in the following winter, it so narrowly missed the fate of Napoleon's army in its retreat from Russia. Browne accompanied it in my place, and wrote an excellent account of it, which appeared in the March, April, and May numbers of 1859, — a history I used to fancy I might have written myself but for Carter's interposition. Browne had a more robust constitution than mine, a fact that may have influenced the elder man in choosing between us; and, looking back now upon the event, I am inclined to think that, if I had gone with the expedition, I should not have been in the way of writing that history, or ever anything else, after the terrible Utah business.

The editors must indeed have experienced a dearth of "good story-writers," else they would hardly have risked beginning to print, in the very first *Atlantic*, a serial by a writer little known, of which they had only three or four chapters in hand. This hazard they incurred in the case of C. W. Philleo's "Akin by Marriage," of which I remember little more than that it was nicknamed "Achin' by Marriage" by jocular readers, and that all jocularly regarding it soon ceased, in the sudden eclipse that befell both story and writer. He was to furnish the installments month by month, — nearly always an unwise plan for editor and author. They ran three months; and at the close of the January installment

(1858) appeared the usual notice, "To be continued in the next number." But there was to be no "next" for the serial, although all who knew him augured confidently a far happier Next Number for the amiable invalid, who passed on into that other life almost as his hand let fall the pen on an unfinished page of his story.

Besides "Akin by Marriage," Mrs. Stowe's "The Morning Veil" (which she sent at the last moment in place of the opening chapters of a novel that was expected of her), and my own "Pendlam," the first *Atlantic* had in the way of fiction a story entitled "Sally Parson's Duty," which should have satisfied even the exacting Briggs. The writer was Miss Rose Terry, one of the pioneer delineators of humble New England life; she had wit, pathos, a firm-fibred style, and certainty of touch. Her stories were true to character and dialect, and genuinely humorous, without any of the Sam Slick style of caricature that had been so popular earlier in the century; they were equally free from lapses into improbable and strained situations, such as have marred the work of more distinguished successors in the same field. Her contributions were frequent through all the early years of the magazine, and continued after the familiar name of Rose Terry was changed to Rose Terry Cooke; ceasing in 1876, to the regret of judicious readers.

The most noteworthy of all the early stories appeared in the second year of the magazine (Feb., 1859), and attracted immediate and extraordinary attention. The scene of it was laid chiefly in Paris, with the life of which city the writer seemed easily familiar. The plot, as I remember,—and I recall few of those early contributions so distinctly,—turned upon the hero's adventures in the recovery of a diamond of fabulous value and a wonderful history. It had been mysteriously and very adroitly stolen, but an imperfect verbal clue led him rightly to believe it to be concealed "in a cellar,"—not a wine-cellar, as he for a while

supposes, but actually a *salt-cellar*, which he manages to intercept at the table of a distinguished hostess, and dramatically to upset under the eyes of two baffled conspirators. There were weak points in the construction, but "In a Cellar" was none the less a deft performance, distinguished by freshness of poetic perception and charm of style,—altogether surprising as the production of a hitherto unknown hand. The surprise became wonder when we were told that the said hand was small, and feminine, and inexperienced,—the hand of a young girl who had never seen a foreign shore, and knew little of the world outside of books and her own magical imagination. Underwood boasted of the story in advance of its publication, and said Lowell was in high editorial glee over it, although a little suspicious at first of its being a clever adaptation from the French,—a dazzling imposture! Its author was "a Miss Prescott of Newburyport," still in her teens, according to first reports, but really, as ascertained later, "in the early twenties." What Lowell thought of the newly discovered writer may be inferred from the fact that she was nominated by him for the distinction of keeping Mrs. Stowe in countenance at the famous *Atlantic* dinner,—much gossiped about then and written about since,—to which no other "lady contributor" had the honor of an invitation.

"In a Cellar" was followed in later numbers by other stories from the same pen,—none to my mind quite so striking or of such ingenuity of plot, but all marked by the same imaginative vivacity and affluence of diction, sometimes even showing a tendency to excess in those admirable qualities. In writing editorially of her first book, *Sir Rohan's Ghost*, Lowell declared (February, 1860), "It is very plain that we have got a new poet;" and "It is our deliberate judgment that no first volume by any author has ever been published in America showing more undoubtful [*sic*] symptoms of genuine poetic power than this."

In 1865 Miss Harriet Prescott became Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford; under which name her contributions to periodical literature have continued, in prose and verse, through all the intervening years.

The June number of 1858 led off with the first of a series of three papers descriptive of a trip to the wilds of Maine,—inevitably challenging comparison with Lowell's own "Moosehead Journal," which had appeared in the old *Putnam's Monthly*, four or five years before, and had astonished magazine readers by its delightful humor and wit and fancy. These qualities "Chesuncook" likewise had, but of a dryer, quainter, less exuberant sort. The writer, Henry David Thoreau, had published two volumes,—his *Week*, which had fallen literally dead from the press (if any work so vital in thought and observation could be called dead), and the more remarkable *Walden*, which strongly impressed the author's small but select and ever enlarging circle of readers. Outside that circle "Chesuncook" was not much cared for by the patrons of the magazine, but there was one person who did not undervalue it, the author himself, who thought it ought to be paid for at the rate allowed Emerson for his starlit essays. But the office did not think so, and he had to be content with the five or six dollars a page received by the rank-and-file of contributors,—truly liberal compensation in those days.

"Chesuncook" was Thoreau's sole contribution. But in 1862, after he had got through with this world and passed on to make trial of the next ("One world at a time!" he said on his death-bed to some one who wished to talk to him of a future life), "Walking" appeared (in the June number), to be followed by more of his characteristic essays in the three or four succeeding years. He left manuscripts enough to make many volumes, which have been well edited and duly published, and have even achieved the popularity he affected to despise. *Wal-*

den is a classic, the still-born *Week* has been reprinted in successive editions; he lives for us in a whole shelf-full of books which "no library is complete without;" a fortune amazingly in contrast with that of so many writers of those years, whose reputations have hardly survived them, even when they have not survived their reputations.

In those early anonymous days there appeared in the *Atlantic* (October, 1859) a poem on a rather hackneyed subject, "Old Papers," which however was relieved from commonplaceness by genuine feeling and vigor of expression. If any one had taken the trouble to inquire into the authorship (which I doubt that any one ever did), he might have been the first to discover Henry Howard Brownell, of Hartford, Connecticut,—a scholarly writer who had remained in obscurity until his fortieth year, but whom an extraordinary opportunity awaited. He had been educated for the law and been admitted to the bar, but had turned his back on clients (if there were any to turn his back on), and betaken himself to literature. He had put forth a volume of *Poems* which nobody seemed to have heard of, and had written popular histories for a subscription-book publisher, whom I got to know later, and who regarded me with amused incredulity when I told him his hack-writer was a genius.

I have often thought that the uplift of enthusiasm and incentive which the Civil War brought to so many was a leaven to the whole nation, that more than compensated for all the tremendous cost. It brought a fresh inspiration to Brownell. He wrote patriotic pieces, serious, scornful, or humorous, that went the "rounds of the press," one of which met with surprising good fortune. This was a metrical version of Farragut's "General Orders" issued to his fleet April 4, 1862, before the famous "river fight" that brought New Orleans back into the Union; a version in which naval terms were swung into rhyme with as

much freedom and force and skill as if it had been written at a white heat by some sailor-bard on a battleship. This remarkable "tour de force" attracted the attention of Farragut himself and brought from him a letter to the author. A correspondence ensued that resulted in Brownell's entering the navy as acting ensign on the flagship — really in the capacity of Farragut's private secretary — some time in 1863 (I do not recall the precise date). He had expressed a wish to witness a naval battle, and the grim old commodore (not yet admiral) had replied that he would gratify him.

Brownell could not, therefore, — surprising as it seems, — have witnessed the engagement described in the first of his two great battle-pieces ("The River Fight"), which occurred April 24 and 25, 1862. The poem may, however, have been written after he joined Farragut, and while he was with him on the Mississippi; which circumstance would account for the first-hand knowledge apparent in it, and its vivid realism. The poet who, before setting foot on a quarter-deck, could turn "General Orders" into ringing rhythm, might surely, after witnessing minor naval operations, be capable of fusing into fiery verse the battle scenes he heard talked over familiarly by those who had taken a foremost part in them. This supposition likewise accounts for the fact of "The River Fight" having been first printed in an obscure southern (Union) paper, the New Orleans *Era*, a sheet that must have been a frequent welcome visitant on board our cruisers in the Mississippi.

In this light — now for the first time, I think, thrown upon Brownell's battle-pieces — it is curious to note that it was the landsman-poet's "General Orders" that probably decided the metre and manner of "The River Fight," and of the still more astounding "Bay Fight" that came later, describing the battle of Mobile Bay, at which he certainly was present. In the former poem, "General Orders" is incorporated so skillfully that

it seems a part of the original composition; although Dr. Holmes, with his keen perception of form and feeling of dramatic movement, pronounced it out of place there, as serving to distract the reader from the main narrative. He thought (I am quoting from his *Atlantic* paper on "Our Battle Laureate") that it might better have been "printed by itself," seemingly unaware that it had been so printed originally, and even overlooking the fact that it likewise so appeared on a previous page of the edition of Brownell's poems that must have been under his eyes as he wrote.

A copy of this edition I have now before me, — a presentation copy from the poet, neatly inscribed with "the author's compliments" on the fly-leaf, and in two of the war poems having emendations of the text made in the same scholarly hand, — not at all the hand one would imagine must have written the poems themselves with a pen of fire.

A few things regarding this thin volume with a green cover seem worth considering. It is a "second edition," published by Carleton, New York, in 1864; and it bears the title, *Lyrics of a Day, or Newspaper Poetry, by a Volunteer in the U. S. Service*; which seems to indicate the author's own modest opinion of his work as anything likely to endure. The copyright notice has the author's full name, Henry Howard Brownell, and the year of entry is 1863; although, singularly enough, the last eighteen pages are given to "The Bay Fight," which bears date "U. S. Flag Ship Hartford, Mobile Bay, 1864." These eighteen, together with the previous twenty-five pages (including "The River Fight"), have evidently been clapped upon the back of a first edition, without regard to the copyright entry, which of course does not cover them.

It was this second edition that fell into the hands of the Autocrat, and incited him to write the notable paper I quote from (*Atlantic* for May, 1863),

in which he acclaimed as "Our Battle Laureate" the man who in his twenty years of authorship had hitherto achieved only a newspaper reputation. "If Drayton had fought at Agincourt, if Campbell had held a sabre at Hohenlinden, if Scott had been in the saddle with Marmion, if Tennyson had charged with the Six Hundred at Balaklava, each of these poets might possibly have pictured what he said as faithfully and as fearfully as Mr. Brownell has painted the sea-fights in which he took part as a combatant. The two great battle-poems begin, each of them, with beautiful descriptive lines, move on with gradually kindling fire, reach the highest intensity of action, till the words themselves have the weight and the rush of shot and shell, and the verses seem aflame with the passion of the conflict."

This is the keynote of the Doctor's acclaim, which, although enthusiastic, was surely not extravagant in its praise, — for where else in all literature shall we find the terrible excitement of a mighty conflict conveyed in four such lines as these from "The Bay Fight," which I give as a sample of Brownell's power of compressed expression? —

Fear? A forgotten form!
Death? A dream of the eyes!
We were atoms in God's great storm
That roared through the angry skies.

Such a paper, from such an authority, appearing in a periodical of highest literary standing, was sure to attract attention, all the greater because it was at a time of tremendous patriotic exaltation: Richmond had fallen, Lincoln had just been assassinated, and the minds of men were in a tumult of righteous wrath and wild jubilation. Readers of the magazine, especially a few of us who wrote for it, turned from the discussion of the close of the Rebellion and the death of the President, to ask each other, when we met, — "Have you read the May number?" "Seen Holmes's article on 'Our Battle Laureate'?" "Who is this Brownell, anyway, and where can you get his

book?" And I remember how curious at least one of them was to meet the man whom the Doctor's pen had in a day made famous. I was soon to have that gratification, and this is how it happened.

The magazine had been out but a few days, when I received a note from Mr. James T. Fields (then editor), that read briefly: "Turn in at the Old Corner to-morrow morning, if you are in town." Such requests from the office had a peculiar significance, and it was not my habit to neglect them. The next morning, accordingly, I might have been seen turning in duly at the Old Corner, then the famous Ticknor and Fields bookstore and publishing-house, to which the *Atlantic* had been transferred after the dissolution of the Winter Street firm of Phillips, Sampson and Co., also at that time the home of *Our Young Folks*, with which I was intimately connected.

I had already written at Mr. Fields's request "The Last Rally" for the previous November number of the *Atlantic*, and the prose article on the second election of Lincoln, "We are a Nation," for the December issue; so that I was not unprepared for the proposal that awaited me when I found him in his private room, which was, that I should write a "jubilee poem" on the fall of the Rebellion, for the June *Atlantic*, — at once, for, as he said, the first forms of that number were already on the press.

Always diffident of my capabilities, I replied that the time was too short.

"Not if you will undertake it," he said. "I'll hold back the last form for you, if necessary. Bring it in on Saturday, if you can, and then go to the Saturday Club dinner," — to occur, as I remember, in two or three days. He went on: "It will be unusually interesting, as we expect a full attendance—Emerson, Lowell, Holmes; and Battle-Laureate Brownell is to be there. He will be Holmes's guest, and you will be mine."

I suppose I tried to appear as if two

such propositions coming almost in a breath—that I should write the poem and meet the notables—were not particularly exhilarating; and perhaps I succeeded. At all events, I accepted the invitation for Saturday, and said I would think of the poem. I envy my own lost youth as I look back upon it (I was thirty-seven, but that seems very young to me now!) and recall the exaltation of spirits with which I went out of the Old Corner office, and walked all the way back to Prospect Hill (in Somerville, where my home then was), planning and already composing the poem expected of me. This must have been about the 26th or 27th of April, as the Club was to dine on the 29th.

I was to meet Fields in his office on Saturday afternoon and go with him to the dinner; of which anticipated festival I could not have been thinking very intently, during the horse-car trip from the suburbs, as I find in my note-book this memorandum of that memorable day: "Finished 'The Jaguar Hunt' on my way to town." "The Jaguar Hunt" was my "jubilee poem." At his desk I wrote into it, with the quill-pen he handed me, the alterations or additions I had thought of "on the way;" read it to him, at his insistence, then studied his countenance and intonations while he read it aloud in turn; all with much doubt on my part as to its being really as good as I had hoped it was, but thinking vastly better of it when at the finish he declared it was "just the thing!" He marked it for the printers, dropped it into the open mouth of a bag at his elbow, and said, "Now for the Parker House!"

There was as large an attendance at the Club meeting as he had expected, and some of the most noted of the notables were there when we arrived,—Lowell and his brother-in-law, Dr. Estes Howe; Emerson and Judge Hoar, from Concord; Rouse, the artist, and Dwight, the musical critic; Hedge and Whipple, and, foremost in vivacious activity, if least of all in stature, the Autocrat, with

a stranger a head taller than himself, whom he was introducing to the company.

The stranger was a plain, pleasant, quiet person, not at all embarrassed, yet seemingly a little dazed at finding himself the centre of such a group; as different as possible from the sort of Berserker bard one fancied must have written the battle poems; the youngest person present excepting myself (he was seven years my senior), and the most modest, with possibly the same exception. I thought Holmes characterized him very well, when, after introducing us, he said to me aside, in schoolgirlish phrase, but with an emphasis all his own, —

"He's just as nice as he can be!"

There were twenty or more at table, all on familiar terms with one another, the most distinguished with the more obscure, — not a head with a halo, any more than if the halos had been taken off and checked with the hats at the coat-room window. I have always found that the truly illustrious do not wear their glories consciously; and that when a man sees too certainly the circle of light around his own brow, all the more certainly it is n't there.

There were interesting things done and said, as there must be at such a gathering, but the incident with which this narrative is chiefly concerned occurred when Holmes got upon his feet and Lowell rapped on the board to call the attention of the talkers. After some complimentary allusion to his guest, — who sat beside him, with down-looking eyes, twirling an empty wine-glass, — Holmes drew from his pocket a manuscript, remarking that he was to have the happiness of reading to us a new poem by the writer who had shown himself an unrivaled master in that class of composition.

"It was written," he said, "within the past twenty-four hours, and the ink is hardly yet dry on it. It is a vivid and dramatic picture of the sinking of that black piratical craft, the Rebellion."

He paused to adjust his glasses and unfold the manuscript; while I thought, rather aghast, of my "Jaguar Hunt," and Fields whispered with a little smile in his big beard, "The same subject!"

"It is entitled 'Down!'" — and the Doctor proceeded to read. Every eye was turned upon him except the down-cast pair at his elbow. He never had a more attentive audience; and he threw all his force of expression into the short and rugged lines. The poem was cast in the same form of metre as the battle-pieces; it was a battle-piece itself, not the less lurid and flame-lit for being figurative. It was greeted with prolonged applause, every right hand clapping its fellow, except the hand that twirled the glass, — the hand that had written the poem. The enthusiasm which I shared with the rest has had four decades and more to cool, as the people's flush of victory over a fallen foe has cooled; but even now, as I recall the time, and the hour, and the Doctor's impassioned delivery, I am stirred again by lines like these: —

To the bottom of the Blue,
Ten thousand fathom deep,
With God's glad sun overhead, —
That is the way to weep,
So will we mourn our dead!

Hardly had the applause subsided when Emerson fixed his searching eyes upon me, and calling my name across the table, asked in his deliberate way, — "Can — you — match — that?"

Before I could answer, Fields spoke up confidently: "Yes, he can! He has given me a poem on the same subject; I wish I had it here, but I sent it to the printers an hour ago!"

He afterwards asked for Brownell's manuscript; it was transferred from Holmes's pocket to his own, and both poems appeared within a few pages of each other in the last signature of the *June Atlantic*.

The theme of both poems was in a general way the same, although my "Jaguar" typified more especially the Slave

Power, which had been favored and feared and petted until it had grown to be a savage monster, hunted down at last for dragging "the white lamb of Peace to his lair."

Then up rose the Farmer, he summoned his sons:

"Now saddle your horses, now look to your guns! . . .

Buckle tight, boys!" said he, "for who gallops with me,

Such a hunt as was never before, he shall see!"

It may be worth while to note here the curiously close resemblance between the theme and symbolism of Brownell's poem and of Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain!" written about that time, and published in the *Sequel to Drum Taps* a few months later. In "Down!" we have the sinking of the enemy's ship. In Whitman's poem —

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in
with object won.

Brownell has this brief allusion to the death of Lincoln: —

Our Captain's cold on the deck.

Whitman has the identical figure in but slightly varying phrase: —

On the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead;

and this is the thought he expands in his touching and tender monody. Yet there is no certainty that Whitman had ever seen Brownell's poem.

When the after-dinner cigars were in full blast, and the diners shoved back their chairs or changed positions at the table, Brownell and I drew together and became well acquainted in a half-hour's talk we had, standing near a window. He asked if I had published any other war poem than "The Last Rally;" and when I mentioned "The Color Bearer," remarked that he had a poem with the same title, which he would recite to me if I wished it. Of course I wished it, and there in the waning daylight of the window niche, he told me how he had got from a newspaper item the idea of his

poem, which he went on to repeat in quiet tones, hardly audible above the near-by conversation. I recognized in it his characteristic touches; when I said so, and went on to speak of the qualities I admired in some of his poems, he answered with a gentle smile, "There's nothing I can't do!" — showing what self-reliance may repose under the most unpretentious demeanor.

Returning to Hartford, he sent me in a day or two the inscribed copy of his *Lyrics* I have mentioned. I had correspondence with him at that time and later; but we never met again. A revised and much more presentable edition of his poems was brought out soon after by Ticknor and Fields, under the improved title, *War Lyrics and Other Poems*, and with an appreciative preface by Aldrich. It had some vogue, but nothing like what might have been expected of it, from its own extraordinary merits, and the press notices, which generally echoed Holmes's eloquent praises. It has been long out of print, and I know not where a copy of it can be obtained; all which goes to show that neither the acclamation of one man, nor the confirmation of many men, can give a writer renown, as Goethe

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is declared by Tolstoy to have made the fame of Shakespeare.

In 1867 Brownell sailed again with Farragut, this time on an expedition of good-will and pleasantness, accompanying the great admiral in his foreign voyages and peaceful conquest of an admiring world.

His death in 1872 called forth but little comment; but in the May *Atlantic* of the following year Aldrich printed a sonnet in his memory, —

They never crowned him, never knew his worth,
But let him go unlabeled to his grave.

The wreath so generously woven by Holmes for the brow of "Our Battle Laureate" had proved not fadeless and had been forgotten. He is now little read except in anthologies; Emerson, in *Par-nassus*, gives two of his pieces, "The Old Cove" and "The Bay Fight;" and Stedman in his collection prints "The Burial of the Dane," "The Sphinx," and also portions of "The Bay Fight." Fortunately fame is not happiness, and is of little worth compared with those private solaces and satisfactions which it has often less power to give than to take away. Brownell did not overvalue it; he lived his own true life and was content.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ATLANTIC EDITORSHIP

BY W. D. HOWELLS

IN another place I have told how I came to be the assistant of Mr. Fields in the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*. That was in 1866, and in 1879 he gave up to me the control which he had held rather more in form than in fact from the time I joined him. He had left the reading of manuscripts to me, and almost always approved my choice in them, only reserving to himself the supreme right of accepting things I had not seen, and of inviting contributions. It was a suzerainty rather than a sovereignty which he exercised, and I might well have fancied myself independent under it. I never thought of questioning his easy overlordship, and my assistant editorship ended with far more regret to me than my editorship, when in 1881 I resigned it to Mr. Aldrich.

I recall very distinctly the official parting with my kindly chief in his little room looking into the corner of the Common at 124 Tremont Street, for it was impressed upon me by something that had its pathos then, and has it now. In the emotion I felt at his willingness to give up his high place (it seemed to me one of the highest), I asked him why he wished to do it, with a wonder at which he smiled from his fifty-six years down upon my thirty-five. He answered, what I very well knew, that he was tired of it, and wanted time and a free mind to do some literary work of his own. "Besides," he added, with a cheerfulness that not only touched but dismayed me, "I think people generally have some foreknowledge of their going; I am past fifty, and I do not expect to live long." He did not cease smiling as he said this, and I cannot recall that in my amazement I answered with any of the usual protests we make against the expression of far less frank and open pre-

science. He lived much longer than he expected, after he had felt himself a stricken man; but still it was not many years before he died, when a relation marred by scarcely a moment of displeasure, and certainly without one unkindness from him, had altogether ceased.

The magazine was already established in its traditions when I came to it, and when I left it fifteen years later it seemed to me that if I had done any good it was little more than to fix it more firmly in them. During the nine years of its existence before my time it had the best that the greatest writers of New England could give it. First of these were, of course, Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Mrs. Stowe, and Bryant, and after them followed a long line of gifted people, whom but to number will recall many names of the second brilliancy, with some faded or fading beyond recall. I will not attempt a full list, but my memories of the *Atlantic* would be very faulty if they did not include the excellence in verse or prose of such favorites as Agassiz, Mrs. Paul Akers, Mr. Alden, Aldrich, Boker, Mr. Burroughs, Alice Cary, Caroline Chesebro', Lydia Maria Child, James Freeman Clarke, Conway, Rose Terry Cooke, Cranch, Curtis, J. W. De Forest, Mrs. Diaz, Rebecca Harding Davis, Mrs. Fields, J. T. Fields, Henry Giles, Annie Douglas Greene, Dr. E. E. Hale, Lucretia Hale, Gail Hamilton, Colonel Higginson, G. S. Hillard, J. G. Holland, Mrs. Howe, Henry James, father and son, Lucy Larcom, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Donald G. Mitchell, Walter Mitchell, Fitz-James O'Brien, J. W. Palmer, Francis Parkman, T. W. Parsons, Norah Perry, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Piatt, Buchanan Read, Epes Sargent, Mrs. Prescott Spof-

ford, W. J. Stillman, R. H. Stoddard, Elizabeth Stoddard, W. W. Story, Bayard Taylor, Celia Thaxter, Thoreau, Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, Mrs. Stuart Phelps Ward, David A. Wasson, E. P. Whipple, Richard Grant White, Adeline D. T. Whitney, Forceythe Wilson, Theodore Winthrop.

The tale is very long, but it might be lengthened a third without naming other names which could accuse me of having forgotten many delightful authors remembered by my older readers, and in some instances known to my younger readers. In the alphabetical course there is here no intimation of the writers' respective order or degree, and their quantity is as little suggested. Many of them were frequent contributors of very even excellence; others wrote one thing, or one or two or three things, that caught the public fancy with as potent appeal as the best of the many things that others did. Some of those who were conspicuous in 1866 lost their foremost place, and others then of no wider celebrity grew in fame that would rank them with those greatest ones whom I have mentioned first.

Beginning myself to contribute to the magazine in its third year, I held all its contributors in a devout regard and did not presume to distinguish between the larger and lesser luminaries, though I knew very well which I liked best. I was one of four singularly favored youths beyond the Alleghanies suffered more than once in the company of those gods and half-gods and quarter-gods of New England; the other two lonely Westerners I met in those gleaming halls of morn being my room-mate in Columbus, A. T. Fullerton, and another, my friend and fellow-poet Piatt in Louisville. Leonard Case dwelt in a lettered and moneyed seclusion (as we heard) at Cleveland, but Alice Cary had lived so long in the East that she was less an Ohioan than one of those few New Yorkers admitted with the overwhelming majority of New Englanders, whom I figured standing aloof from all us outsiders.

It was with a sort of incredulous gasping that I realized myself in authority with these when it came to that, and I should not now be able to say how or why it came to that, without allowing merits in myself which I should be the last to assert. These things are always much better attributed to Fortune, or at the furthest to Providence. What I know is that it was wonderful to me to go through the editorial record (which with my want of method I presently disused) and find my own name among the Accepted and the Rejected. It was far oftener among the rejected; but there was a keener pleasure in those rejections, which could not now be repeated, than in the acceptances which stretched indefinitely before me.

Otherwise the record, where the disappointments so heavily outnumbered the fruitions, had its pathos; and at first I could not return a manuscript without a pang. But in a surprisingly little time that melting mood congealed into an icy indifference, if it did not pass into the sort of inhuman complacency of the judge who sentences a series of proven offenders. We are so made that we quickly turn the enemies of those who give us trouble; the hunter feels himself the foe of the game that leads him a long and difficult chase; and in like manner the editor wreaks a sort of revenge in rejecting the contributor who has bothered him to read a manuscript quite through before it yields itself unfit for publication. Perhaps I am painting the case in rather blacker colors than the fact would justify, though there is truth in what I say. Yet, for the most part, the affair did not come to this. It was at first surprising, and when no longer surprising it was gratifying, to find that the vast mass of the contributions fixed their own fate, almost at a glance. They were of subjects treated before, or subjects not to be treated at all, or they were self-condemned by their uncouth and slovenly style, or were written in a hand so crude and ignorant that it was at once apparent that they had not the root of literature

in them. The hardest of all to manage were those which had some savor of acceptance in them; which had promise, or which failed so near the point of success that it was a real grief to refuse them. Conscience then laid it upon me to write to the authors and give hopes, or reasons, or tender excuses, and not dismiss any of them with the printed circular that carried insult and despair in the smooth uncandor of its assurance that the contribution in question was not declined necessarily because of a want of merit in it.

The poor fellows, and still more the poor dears, were apt in the means by which they tried to find a royal road to the public through the magazine. Claims of acquaintance with friends of the editors, distressful domestic circumstances, adverse fortune, irresistible impulse to literature, mortal sickness in which the last hours of the writer would be brightened by seeing the poem or story in print, were the commonest of the appeals. These must have been much alike, or else I should remember more distinctive cases. One which I do remember was that of a woman in the West who sent the manuscript of a serial story with a letter, very simply and touchingly confiding that in her youth she had an ardent longing to be an author. She had married, instead, and now at fifty, with her large family of children grown up about her, prosperous and happy, she felt again the impulse of her girlhood. She enclosed a ten-dollar note to pay the editor for the trouble of reading her story, and she wished his true opinion of it. I should have been hard-hearted indeed if I had not answered this letter at length, with a carefully considered criticism which I sincerely grieved that I could not make favorable, and returned the sum of my hire with every good wish. I could not feel it a bribe, and I could not quite believe that it was with the design of corrupting me, that a very unliterary author came one day with two dollars to pay me for noticing his book. He said he

had been told that this was the way to get it noticed.

In those days, and for seven or eight years afterwards, I wrote nearly all the "Literary Notices" in the magazine. When I began to share the work with others, and at last to leave it almost wholly to them, they and I wrote so very much alike that I could not always be sure which notices I had done. That is a very common psychological event in journalism, when one prevalent will has fixed the tone, and I was willful, if not strong, in my direction after I came into full control. I never liked writing criticism, and never pleased myself in it; but I should probably have kept writing most of the *Atlantic* notices to the end, if my increasing occupation with fiction had not left me too few hours out of the twenty-four for them. The editorial salary I received covered the pay for my contributions, but I represented to the publishers that I could not write everything in the magazine, and they saw the reason of my delegating the notices. I had the help of the best young critics whom I knew, and who abounded in Boston and Cambridge; and after I succeeded Mr. Fields, I enlarged the editorial departments at the end of the magazine so as to include comment on politics, art, and music, as well as literature. For a while, I think for a year, I indulged the fancy of printing each month a piece of original music, with original songs; but though both the music and the songs were good, or at least from our best younger composers and poets, the feature did not please, — I do not know why, — and it was presently omitted.

To the reviews of American and English books I added certain pages of notices of French and German literature, and in these I had the very efficient and singularly instructed help of Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry, who knew not only more of current continental literature than any other American, but more than all the other Americans. He wrote cleverly and facilely, and I felt that his work

had a unique value too little recognized by the public, and to which I should feel it a duty, if it were not so entirely a pleasure, to bear witness here. He was one of the many new contributors with whom I had the good fortune to work forward in the magazine. I could not exaggerate his rare qualifications for the work he undertook; his taste and his temperament, at once just and humane, were equal to his unrivaled knowledge. It is not too much to say that literally he read every important French and German book which appeared, not only in fiction, but in history, biography, criticism, and metaphysics, as well as those exact sciences which are nearest allied to the humanities.

I grouped the books according to their kinds, in the critical department, but eventually I broke from the departmental form altogether, and began to print the different groups and the longer reviews as separate articles. It was a way of adding to the apparent as well as real variety of the table of contents which has approved itself to succeeding editors.

In the course of time, but a very long time, the magazine felt the need of a more informal expression than it found in the stated articles, and the Contributors' Club took the place of all the different departments, those of politics, music, and art having been dropped before that of literature. The new idea was talked over with the late George Parsons Lathrop, who had become my assistant, and we found no way to realize it but by writing the first paragraphs ourselves, and so tempting others to write for the Club. In the course of a very few months we had more than help enough, and could easily drop out of the cooperation.

Except for the brief period of a year or eighteen months, I had no assistance during my editorship. During the greater part of the time I had clerkly help, most efficient, most intelligent; but I read all the manuscripts which claimed

critical attention; I wrote to contributors who merited more than a printed circular; I revised all the proofs, verifying every quotation and foreign word, and correcting slovenly style and syntax, and then I revised the author's and my own corrections. Meantime I was writing not only criticisms, but sketches, stories, and poems for the body of the magazine; and in the course of time, a novel each year. It seems like rather full work, but I had always leisure, and I made a long summer away from Cambridge in the country. The secret, if there was any secret, lay in my doing every day two or three hours' work, and letting no day pass idly. The work of reading manuscripts and writing letters could be pushed into a corner, and taken out for some interval of larger leisure; and this happened oftener and oftener as I grew more and more a novelist, and needed every morning for fiction. The proof-reading, which was seldom other than a pleasure, with its tasks of revision and research, I kept for the later afternoons and evenings; though sometimes it well-nigh took the character of original work, in that liberal *Atlantic* tradition of bettering the authors by editorial transposition and paraphrase, either in the form of suggestion or of absolute correction. This proof-reading was a school of verbal exactness and rhetorical simplicity and clearness, and in it I had succeeded others, my superiors, who were without their equals. It is still my belief that the best proof-reading in the world is done in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and it is probably none the worse for my having a part in it no longer.

As I have intimated, I found it by no means drudgery; though as for drudgery, I think that this is for the most part in the doer of it, and it is always a very wholesome thing, even when it is real, objective drudgery. It would be a much decenter, honester, and juster world if we each took his share of it, and I base my best hopes of the future in some

such eventuality. Not only the proofs were a pleasing and profitable drudgery, but the poor manuscripts, except in the most forbidding and hopeless instances, yielded their little crumbs of comfort; they supported while they fatigued. Very often they startled the drooping intelligence with something good and new amidst their impossibility; very often, when they treated of some serious matter, some strange theme, some unvisited country, some question of unimagined import, they instructed and delighted the judge who knew himself inexorably averse to their acceptance, for editorial reasons; they, condemned to darkness and oblivion, enlightened and edified him with some indelible thought, some fresh, or some freshly related, fact. My information is not of so great density yet but I can still distinguish points in its nebulous mass, from time to time, which I cannot follow to their luminous source in the chapter or verse of any book I have read. These, I suspect, derive from some far-forgotten source in the thousands of manuscripts which in my fifteen editorial years I read and rejected.

The rejection of a manuscript often left a pang, but the acceptable manuscript, especially from an unknown hand, brought a glow of joy which richly compensated me for all I suffered from the others. To feel the touch never felt before, to be the first to find the planet unimagined in the illimitable heaven of art, to be in at the dawn of a new talent, with the light that seems to mantle the written page: who would not be an editor, for such a privilege? I do not know how it is with other editors who are also authors, but I can truly say for myself that nothing of my own which I thought fresh and true ever gave me more pleasure than that I got from the like qualities in the work of some young writer revealing his power.

It was quite as often *her* power, for in our beloved republic of letters the citizenship is not reserved solely to males

of twenty-one and over. I have not counted up the writers who came forward in these pages during my time, and I do not know which sex prevails in their number, but if any one were to prove that there were more women than men, I should not be surprised. I do not remember any man who feigned himself a woman, but now and then a woman liked to masquerade as a man, though the disguise never deceived the editor, even when it deceived the reader, except in the very signal and very noted instance of Miss Mary N. Murfree, whom, till I met her face to face, I never suspected for any but Charles Egbert Craddock. The severely simple, the robust, the athletic, hand which she wrote would have sufficed to carry conviction of her manhood against any doubt. But I had no doubts. I believe I took the first story she sent, and for three or four years I addressed my letters of acceptance, or criticism, to Charles Egbert Craddock, Murfreesboro', Tennessee, without the slightest misgiving. Then she came to Boston, and Aldrich, who had succeeded me, and who had already suffered the disillusion awaiting me, asked me to meet Craddock at dinner. He had asked Dr. Holmes and Lawrence Barrett, too; and I should not attempt to say whose astonishment he enjoyed most. But I wish I could recall word for word the exquisite terms in which Dr. Holmes turned his discomfiture into triumph in that most delicately feminine presence.

The proof of identity, if any were needed, came with the rich, full pipe of a voice in which she answered our words and gasps of amaze. In literary history I fancy there has been no such perfect masquerade; but masquerade was the least part of Miss Murfree's success. There seems in the dust and smoke of the recent literary explosions an eclipse of that fine talent, as strong as it is fine, and as native as it is rare; but I hope that when the vaporous reputations blow away, her clear light will show the stronger for its momentary obscuration. She was the

first to express a true Southern quality in fiction, and it was not the less Southern because it rendered the strange, rude, wild life of a small section of the greater section which still unhappily remains a section. One might have said, looking back from the acknowledged fact of her personality, that a woman of the Rosa Bonheur type could well have caught the look of that half-savagery in her men; but that only a man could have touched in the wilding, flower-like, pathetic loveliness of the sort of heroine she gave to art.

She was far from the first, and by no means the last of those women, not less dear than great, whose work carried forward the early traditions of studied beauty in the magazine with something newer and racier in the flavor and fragrance of their fiction. I must name at the head of these that immediate classic Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, whose incomparable sketches of New England character began to appear well within my assistant-editorship, with whatever credit to me I may not rob my chief. The truth is, probably, that he liked them as well as I, and it was merely my good luck to be the means of encouraging them in the free movement, unfettered by the limits of plot, and keeping only to the reality, which no other eye than hers has seen so subtly, so humorously, so touchingly. It is the foible of editors, if it is not rather their forte, to flatter themselves that though they may not have invented their contributions, they have at least invented their contributors; and if any long-remembered reader chooses to hail me an inspired genius because of my instant and constant appreciation of Miss Jewett's writing, I shall be the last to snub him down.

Without greatly fearing my frown, he may attribute a like merit to me for having so promptly and unremittingly recognized the unique artistry and beauty of Mr. Henry James's work. My desert in valuing him is so great that I can freely confess the fact that two

of his stories and one of his criticisms appeared in the magazine some years before my time, though perhaps not with the band of music with which I welcomed every one afterwards. I do not know whether it was to try me on the story, or the story on me, that my dear chief (who was capable of either subtlety) gave me the fourth of Mr. James's contributions to read in the manuscript; but I was equal to either test, and returned it with the jubilant verdict, "Yes, and as many more as you can get from the author." He was then writing also for other magazines; after that I did my best to keep him for the *Atlantic*, and there was but one of his many and many contributions about which we differed. This was promptly printed elsewhere; but though I remember it very well, I will not name it, for we might differ about it still, and I would not make the reader privy to a quarrel where all should be peace.

I feel a danger to the general peace in mentioning certain favorite contributors without mentioning others who have an equal right; but if it is understood that some are mentioned with a bad conscience for those passed in silence (I was not asked to write this whole number of the magazine) I hope I shall be forgiven. There was now and then a single contribution, or two contributions, which gave me high hopes of the author, but which were followed by no others, or no others so acceptable. Among such was "Captain Ben's Choice," a sketch of New England shore-character by Mrs. Frances L. Pratt, done with an authentic touch, and as finely and firmly as something of Miss Jewett's or Mrs. Wilkins Freeman's. There were two stories, the only ones sent me, by Mrs. Sarah Butler Wister, which had a distinction in the handling, and a penetrating quality in the imagining, far beyond that of most of the stories I was editorially proud of. Other contributors who began in *Atlantic* air were acclimated in another. In one volume I printed four

poems, which I thought and still think admirable, by Miss Edith Jones, who needs only to be named as Mrs. Edith Wharton to testify to that prophetic instinct in me which every editor likes to think himself endowed with; it does not matter if the prophecy fulfills itself a little circuitously.

My liking for Dr. Weir Mitchell and his work was a taste likewise inherited from my chief, though, strictly speaking, we began contributor and assistant editor together. From the first there was something equally attractive to me in his mystic, his realistic, and his scientific things, perhaps because they were all alike scientific. "The Case of George Dedlock" and "Was He Dead" gave me a scarcely different delight from that I took in "The Autobiography of a Quack." I have since followed the writer far in other fields, especially where he made his poetic ventures, but I keep a steadfast preference for those earlier things of his; I do not pretend it is a reasoned preference.

In another place (there are now so many other places!) I have told of my pleasure in the acquaintance, which instantly became friendship, with Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen and his poetry; whether he wrote it in verse or prose, it was always poetry. I need not dwell here upon that pleasure which his too early death has tinged with a lasting grief; but surely the reader who shared the first joy of his "Gunnar" with me, would not like me to leave it unnamed among these memories. That romance was from the rapture of his own Norse youth and the youth of the Norse literature then so richly and fully adolescent in Björnson, and Lie, and Kielland, and hardening to its sombre senescence in Ibsen. Boyesen never surpassed "Gunnar" in the idyllic charm which in him was never at odds with reality; but he went forward from it, irregularly enough, as a novelist and critic and poet, till he arrived at his farthest reach in "The Mammon of Unrighteousness," a great picture of the American life which he painted with

a mastery few born to it have equaled, and fewer yet surpassed.

There was long a superstition, which each of the editors before me had tried to enlighten, that the *Atlantic* was unfriendly to all literature outside of Boston or New England, or at the farthest, New York or Philadelphia. The fact was that there was elsewhere little writing worth printing in it; but that little it had cordially welcomed. When the little became a good deal the welcome was not more cordial, for it could not have been; and in seeking a further expansion, I was only following the tradition of the magazine. I cannot claim that there was anything original in my passion for the common, for "the familiar and the low," which Emerson held the strange and high. Lowell had the same passion for it in the intervals of his "toryism of the nerves," and nobody could have tasted its raciness with a keener gusto than my chief. But perhaps it was my sense not only of the quaint, the comic, but of the ever-poetic in the common, that made it dear to me. It was with a tingling delight that I hailed any verification of my faith in it, and among the confirmations which I received there was none stronger than that in the "Adirondack Sketches" of Mr. Philip Deming. They were, whether instinctively or consciously, in the right manner, and of a simplicity in motive, material, and imagination as fine as something Norse, or Slavic, or Italian, or Spanish. No doubt, "Lida Ann," "Lost," "John's Trial," and "Willie" are distinguishable among the multitude of ghosts that haunt the memory of elder readers, but would only come to trouble joy in the younger sort, who delight in the human-nature fakirs of our latter-day fiction. Surely, in some brighter and clearer future, such dear, and true, and rare creatures of the sympathetic mind must have their welcome palingenesis for all.

Mr. Deming was only of the West which is as near Boston as Albany, but as I have said, there were four trans-

Alleghanian poets, who had penetrated to the mournful and misty *Atlantic* (as they had feared it) from their native lakes and rivers. Even in the sixth year of the magazine, Bret Harte of California had appeared in it; and others of the San Francisco school, notably Charles Warren Stoddard, had won an easy entrance after him. Where, indeed, would Mr. Stoddard have been denied, if he had come with something so utterly fresh and delicious as "A Prodigal in Tahiti"? Branches he bore of that and many another enchanted stem, which won his literature my love, and keep it to this day, so that a tender indignation rises in my heart when I find it is not known to every one. John Hay, so great in such different kinds, came also with verse and fiction, studies of the West, and studies of the lingering East in Spain as he had found it in his "Castilian Days." Later came Mark Twain, originally of Missouri, but then provisionally of Hartford, and now ultimately of the Solar System, not to say the Universe. He came first with "A True Story," one of those noble pieces of humanity with which the South has atoned chiefly if not solely through him for all its despite to the negro. Then he came with other things, but preëminently with "Old Times on the Mississippi," which I hope I am not too fondly mistaken in thinking I suggested his writing for the magazine. "A True Story" was but three pages long, and I remember the anxiety with which the business side of the magazine tried to compute its pecuniary value. It was finally decided to give the author twenty dollars a page, a rate unexampled in our modest history. I believe Mr. Clemens has since been offered a thousand dollars a thousand words, but I have never regretted that we paid him so handsomely for his first contribution. I myself felt that we were throwing in the highest recognition of his writing as literature, along with a sum we could ill afford; but the late Mr. Houghton, who

had then become owner and paymaster, had no such reflection to please him in the headlong outlay. He had always believed that Mark Twain was literature, and it was his zeal and courage which justified me in asking for more and more contributions from him, though at a lower rate. We counted largely on his popularity to increase our circulation when we began to print the piloting papers; but with one leading journal in New York republishing them as quickly as they appeared, and another in St. Louis supplying the demand of the Mississippi Valley, and another off in San Francisco offering them to his old public on the Pacific slope, the sales of the *Atlantic Monthly* were not advanced a single copy, so far as we could make out. Those were the simple days when the magazines did not guard their copyright as they do now; advance copies were sent to the great newspapers, which helped their readers to the plums, poetic and prosaic, before the magazine could reach the news-stands, and so relieved them of the necessity of buying it.

Among other contributors to whom we looked for prosperity and by whom we were disappointed of it, was Charles Reade, whose star has now declined so far that it is hard to believe that at the time we printed his "Griffith Gaunt" it outshone or presently outflashed any other light of English fiction. We had also a short serial story from Charles Dickens, eked out into three numbers, for which we paid (I remember gasping at the monstrous sum) a thousand dollars; and one poem by Tennyson, and several by Browning, without sensible pecuniary advantage. But this was in the earlier rather than the later part of my term, that the transatlantic muse was more invited; I thought either she did not give us of her best, or that she had not anything so acceptable to give us as our own muse.

The fact is we were growing, whether we liked it or not, more and more American. Without ceasing to be New

England, without ceasing to be Bostonian, at heart, we had become southern, mid-western, and far-western in our sympathies. It seemed to me that the new good things were coming from those regions rather than from our own coasts and hills, but it may have been that the things were newer oftener than better. A careful count of heads might still show that a majority of the good heads in the magazine were New England heads. In my time, when I began to have it quite to myself, our greatest writers continued to contribute, with the seconding which was scarcely to be distinguished in quality. As if from the grave, Hawthorne rose in the first number I made up, with "Septimius Felton" in his wizard hand, amidst a company of his living contemporaries who are mostly now his fellow-ghosts. Dr. Holmes printed "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table" in my earliest volumes, and thereafter with touching fealty to the magazine responded to every appeal of the young editor. Longfellow was constant, as before; Lowell was even hurt when once, to spare him the tiresome repetition, I had not put his name in the prospectus; Emerson sent some of his most Emersonian poems; Whittier was forgivingly true to the flag, after its mistaken bearer had once refused his following. Among the younger poets (I will call none of them minor) Aldrich was as constant as Holmes, and Stedman as responsive as Longfellow; Bayard Taylor was generous of his best, as he had always been. Mrs. Stuart Phelps, Mrs. Thaxter, Mrs. Prescott Spofford, Mrs. L. C. Moulton, Mrs. Fields, Lucy Larcom, Mr. Trowbridge, wrote characteristic verse which I cannot believe any one more valued than the new host who welcomed it.

If he welcomed from Indiana the note of Maurice Thompson with a glad sense of its freshness, he accepted every one of the twelve pieces offered him by Hiram Rich of Gloucester, Massachusetts, with as deep a pleasure in their new touch; and he printed as eagerly the richly fancied,

richly pictorial poems of that sadly unvalued true poet, Edgar Fawcett. Helen Hunt Jackson of Massachusetts and Paul H. Hayne of South Carolina had always the same hospitality if not always the same esteem. They were poets both, though one is scarcely more remembered than the other. Constance Fenimore Woolson of Cleveland sent stories and studies of life in the Great Lake lands; and Mr. William Henry Bishop of Milwaukee contributed a romance which those who have not forgotten "Detmold" must remember for the restraint and delicacy with which a new motive in fiction was managed, and the truth with which the daring situation was imagined. George Parsons Lathrop, Hawaiian-born and German-bred, came to my help in the editorship about the time that the most American of Scotchmen, Robert Dale Owen, was writing his charming autobiography in separable chapters, after the fashion adopted by that most American of Englishmen, James Parton, in printing his biography of Jefferson. John Fiske, one of the most autochthonic of New Englanders, pursued at my suggestion the same method with the papers forming his "Myths and Myth-Makers," and began with them his long line of popular contributions to the magazine, though some minor articles had preceded them. Another New Englander, quite as autochthonic, began contributor with a series of brilliant sketches, and ended with a series of papers on "Sanitary Drainage" which were equally characteristic of his various talent. This was George E. Waring, who had been the soldier he always looked, and who had afterwards the boldness to dream of cleaning New York, and when he had realized his dream, went to Cuba and died a hero of humanity in the cause of sanitary science. Yet another New Englander of almost equal date, as absolutely New England in his difference from the others as either, was that gentle and fine and quaint Charles Dudley Warner; his studies of travel shed a light on these papers as from

a clear lamp of knowledge, which every now and then emitted a flash of the tricky gayety, the will-o'-the-wisp humor, pervading his playful essays.

It is in vain that I try to separate my editorial achievements from those of my immediate predecessor. I had certainly the indisputable credit of suggesting, if not instigating, the publication of Mrs. Frances Kemble's autobiography by asking why she did not write it, when I already knew she was writing it, and so perhaps taking her fancy. But shall I claim the honor of being Aldrich's editor, because I published all his romances and many of his best poems? Many others yet of his best had appeared in the *Atlantic* during my own literary nonage, when I classed him with Longfellow and Lowell in his precocious majority; and the reader may be sure there were none of his pieces in that half-barrel of accepted manuscripts which came down to me from the first as well as the second editor of the magazine.

I say half-barrel, but if that seems too much I will compromise on a bushel, on condition that it shall be full measure, pressed down and running over. From the beginning up to my time and all through it, the custom of the magazine had been to pay for contributions on publication, and such inhibition as fear of the publisher's check had not been laid upon Lowell's literary tenderness or Fields's generous hopefulness when it came to the question of keeping some passable sketch, or article, or story, or poem. These were now there, in all their sad variety, in that half-barrel, or call it bushel, which loomed a hogshead in my view, when my chief left it to me. But I was young and strong, and comparatively bold, and I grappled with these manuscripts at once. I will not pretend that I read them; for me the fact that they were accepted was enough, if they still had any life in them. The test was very simple. If the author was still living, then his contribution was alive; if he was dead, then it was dead

too; and I will never confess with what ghoulish glee I exulted in finding a manuscript exanimate. With the living I struggled through a long half-score of years, printing them as I could, and if any author dropped by the way, laying his unpublished manuscript like a laurel crown upon his tomb. When Aldrich came to my relief, I placed a pathetic remnant of the bushel, say a half-peck, in his hands, and it was with a shock that I learned later of his acting upon a wholly different conception of his duty to these heirlooms; he sent them all back, dead or alive, and so made an end of an intolerable burden.

I do not blame him for this short and easy method with them; I am not sure but it would be well for mankind if we could use some such method with all the heirlooms of the past. But now that I am no longer an editor, and am without the reasonable hope of ever being one again, I am going to free my mind with regard to the sin I once shared. I think an editor has no right to accept a contribution unless he has some clear expectation of printing it within a reasonable time. His obligation toward the author is not discharged when he pays him; he is still bound to him in the debt of that publicity which the author was seeking from him and to which he has a right, as forming by far, especially if he is young and unknown, the greater part of his reward. In my time I was guilty of wrong in this sort to so many authors that if there is really going to be a Last Day I shall not know where to hide myself from them. In vain shall I plead a misplaced tenderness for their feelings; in vain a love for their work. I ought to have shielded them from both, and given them their contributions back with tears of praise, and hopes for them with other editors able to publish them soon, mingling with my fond regrets. Instead of that, I often kept them waiting a year, two years, three, five, when I had already kept them waiting months for a reading. The image of my desk is before me as

I write, with unread manuscripts cumbering a corner of it, and I busy with my fictioning, and pretending that I was only seeking to get the mood and the moment together for reading them. These were selected manuscripts which I had dug out of darkling drawers where I had thrown them indiscriminately, good, bad, and indifferent, as they came, and now and then visited them, to satisfy my bad conscience, and pluck forth a possibility or two, and add it to the heap at the corner of my desk. There, if I had been as honest with myself as I am now trying to be with the reader, I should not have let them lie so long, how long! before I got the mood and moment together for them. That was a favorite phrase of mine, in those days; I remember using it with many contributors whom I cannot remember.

They are a patient tribe, these poor contributors, and they seldom turned upon me. Now and then they did, though, and wreaked a just resentment. This I took meekly when I had some excuse; when I had none, I returned it with a high professional scorn, tacit or explicit, which I am afraid editors still practice toward injured contributors; for if I, a very good man, as editors go, could carry myself so to their indignation, what must be the behavior of the average wicked editor of this degenerate day? I hate still to think of their vengeance, but how much more of their pardon, patient, silent, saintly?

But it was not to indulge these fond pleasures of autobiography that I began by speaking of the essential unity of the editorial tradition. Fields had continued Lowell, and perforce I infrangibly continued Fields, coloring the web a little, it seems a very little, from my own tastes and opinions. Certain writers besides those I have already named wrote on from him to me. Prime among these was Harriet Beecher Stowe, and next her was our honored and revered Dr. Hale, whose charmingly ingenious work came to me first in "My Visit to Sybaris," and last

in "Life in the Brick Moon:" work not only charming and ingenious, but of a penetration, a presage, not yet fully realized through the play of humor and fancy. His peer and contemporary, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who had written so much, and always in the interest of art and humanity, honored my page as he had that of my predecessors; but I came to my place too late to welcome a contemporary of both, the friend whom I cannot trust myself to praise except in naming him, Charles Eliot Norton. His scholarship, his taste, his skill were already dedicated to other tasks; he was, with Lowell, editor of the *North American Review*; and I never edited anything of his except one brief critical notice, though the tale of his earlier contributions to the magazine continued from the first number, in criticisms and essays, to the last number of Mr. Lowell's time. I was proud to edit the brilliant chapters which Francis Parkman continued to give the magazine from the forthcoming volumes of history, ranking him at the head of American historians, and with the great historians of our time. The natural-historian, Mr. John Burroughs, who lives to instruct our day in the modest and beautiful truth of the life so near and yet so far from ours, was a guest of Fields's long before he was mine; and Clarence King, worthy to be named with him for the charm of his science, came distinctly within the time of my suzerain. I read his proofs, though, and acclaimed the literature which King was always humorously ready to disclaim. Among the first serials which I printed was that story of Caroline Chesebro's, "The Foe in the Household," which I still think of a singular excellence. Later, quite within my time, were a novel and several short stories by William M. Baker, so racy of the South, and so good of their kind, that I remember them yet with satisfaction. Of the South, racy and excellent too, were the "Rebel's Recollections" of

Mr. George Cary Eggleston, which it is pleasant to think that I asked him to set down for the magazine. I have often testified my esteem for the novels of J. W. De Forest, which I was so willing to print, and I need not repeat the witness here. But I should wrong myself if I did not record my strong belief that I was among the first editors to recognize the admirable talent of Octave Thanet.

I should like to speak of them all, those contemporaries and contributors of mine, whom naming a few of brings me my old joy in, with a grief for leaving any unnamed. Their successes could not have been dearer to them than they were to me. As each new talent revealed itself to me I exulted in it with a transport which I was sure the public would share with me, and which, whether it fell out so or not, it was an unselfish and unalloyed delight to edit, such as few things in life can give. It was all very, very intimate, that relation of editor and contributor. I do not mean as to personal acquaintance, for in the vast, the overwhelming majority of cases, it never came to that; but I mean the sort of metempsychosis by which I was put so entirely in their place, became so more than one with them, that any slight or wrong done them hurt me more than if it were done to me. Each number of the magazine was an ever new and ever dear surprise for me, at every advance of its being, from the time I put it together in manuscript and gave the copy to the printers until it came into my hands a finished product from the bindery, smelling so intoxicatingly of the ink and paper. At the end of the editor's month, which was a full month before the reader's, there was a struggle with the physical limitations of the magazine which tasked all my powers. I went to have it out, first to the University Press, and then to the Riverside Press; and there I cut and hewed and pared at the quivering members of the closing pages till they came into bounds and the new number was ready to orb about

in the space that was perhaps finally too large for it. For the publishers, the corrections, especially the excisions, were expensive pangs, like those of all surgery; but often I wished to avoid them by the yet more expensive enlargement of the magazine, entreating the publishers for eight pages more, or even for four, though I knew they must lose money by it.

There go with these more material memories flitting remembrances, psychical to ineffability, of winter days, and laborious trudges to the printers' through the deep Cambridge snow, when the overwrought horse-car faltered in its track; and of Cambridge summer nights spent far toward their starry noons over obdurate proofs, while the crickets and the grasshoppers rasped together under the open window, and the mad moth beat against the chimney of the lamp. What sounds long silent, what scents fallen odorless, renew themselves in the content of these records! They are parts of the universal death, which, unless we call it the universal life, we are forever dying into. They who equally with myself composed the *Atlantic*, the beloved, the admired contributors, outdied me, so many of them, years and years ago. The great Agassiz, who wept to think he should not finish his book, stayed to give the magazine only a few first chapters. It was but the other year that the wise, the good Shaler, whose writing in it began almost with mine, ceased from it; and now Aldrich, my time-mate, my work-mate, my play-mate, is gone, he who should have died hereafter, how long hereafter! For the greater great, they who were still living presences when the enterprise which their genius had stamped with ineffaceable beauty and dignity was safe in its strong maturity, the tears were dried years ago. If one outlives, one loses, one sorrows and ceases to sorrow. That is the law. I cannot wish that these intimates in the ideal and the real had outlived the least of their friends, but I wish they had not died till the work which they, far more than any editor, or

all the editors, created, was crowned with the end of its half-hundredth year.

I did not well know how to begin these wandering lucubrations — I believe I never used the word before, but it is not too late — and I do not know better how to end them. But the reader may care to learn how it was with one when he parted with the task which had so intensely occupied him for fifteen years. When the burden dropped from me, it was instantly as if I had never felt it. I did not think of it enough to miss it,

to rejoice that it was gone. After another fifteen years I began to dream of resuming it. I would dream that I was on the train from New York to Boston, going back to be editor of the *Atlantic* again. The dream went on, fitfully or frequently, for five or six years. Then at last I found myself on the train with one of my successors, not the least of my friends, and I said, "Well, Scudder, I have often dreamed of going back to be editor of the *Atlantic*, and here, now, I am really going." But that was a dream, too.

LITERATURE

(1857-1907)

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

I

THE brilliant French author, Stendhal, used to describe his ideal of life as dwelling in a Paris garret and writing endless plays and novels. This might seem to any Anglo-American a fantastic wish; and no doubt the early colonists on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, after fighting through the Revolution by the aid of Rochambeau and his Frenchmen, might have felt quite out of place had they followed their triumphant allies back to Europe, in 1781, and inspected their way of living. We can hardly wonder, on the other hand, that the accomplished French traveler, Philarète Chasles, on visiting this country in 1851, looked through the land in despair at not finding a humorist, although the very boy of sixteen who stood near him at the rudder of a Mississippi steamboat may have been he who was destined to amuse the civilized world under the name of Mark Twain.¹

¹ "Toute l'Amérique ne possède pas un humoriste." *Etudes sur la Littérature et les Mœurs des Anglo-Américains*. Paris, 1851.

That which was, however, to astonish most seriously all European observers who were watching the dawn of the young American republic, was its presuming to develop itself in its own original way, and not conventionally. It was destined, as Cicero said of ancient Rome, to produce its statesmen and orators first, and its poets later. Literature was not inclined to show itself with much promptness, during and after long years of conflict, first with the Indians, then with the mother country. There were individual instances of good writing: Judge Sewall's private diaries, sometimes simple and noble, sometimes unconsciously eloquent, often infinitely amusing; William Byrd's and Sarah Knight's piquant glimpses of early Virginia travel; Cotton Mather's quaint and sometimes eloquent passages; Freneau's poetry, from which Scott and Campbell borrowed phrases. Behind all, there was the stately figure of Jonathan Edwards standing gravely in the background, like a monk at the cloister door, with his treatise on the *Freedom of the Will*.

Thus much for the scanty literary product; but when we turn to look for a new-born statesmanship in a nation equally new-born, the fact suddenly strikes us that the intellectual strength of the colonists lay there. The same discovery astonished England through the pamphlet works of Jay, Lee, and Dickinson; destined to be soon followed up with a long series of equally strong productions, to which Lord Chatham paid that fine tribute in his speech before the House of Lords on January 20, 1775. "I must declare and avow," he said, "that in all my reading and observation — and it has been my favorite study — I have read Thucydides and have studied and admired the master-states of the world — for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation, or body of men, can stand in preference to the general Congress of Philadelphia." Yet it is to be noticed further that here, as in other instances, the literary foresight in British criticism had already gone in advance of even the statesman's judgment, for Horace Walpole, the most brilliant of the literary men of his time, had predicted to his friend Mason, two years before the Declaration of Independence, that there would one day be a Thucydides in Boston and a Xenophon in New York.

It is interesting to know that such predictions were by degrees shadowed forth even among children in America, as they certainly were among those of us who, living in Cambridge as boys, were permitted the privilege of looking over whole boxes of Washington's yet unprinted letters in the hands of our kind neighbor Jared Sparks (1834-37); manuscripts whose curved and varied signatures we had the inexhaustible boyish pleasure of studying and comparing; as we had also that of enjoying the pithy wisdom of Franklin in his own handwriting a few years later (1840), in the hands of the same kind and neighborly editor. But it was not always recognized by those who

grew up in the new-born nation that in the mother country itself a period of literary ebb tide was then prevailing. When Fisher Ames, being laid on the shelf as a Federalist statesman, wrote the first really important essay on American Literature, — an essay published in 1809, after his death, — he frankly treated literature itself as merely one of the ornaments of despotism. He wrote of it, "The time seems to be near, and, perhaps, is already arrived, when poetry, at least poetry of transcendent merit, will be considered among the lost arts. It is a long time since England has produced a first-rate poet. If America had not to boast at all what our parent country boasts no longer, it will not be thought a proof of the deficiency of our genius." Believing as he did, that human freedom could never last long in a democracy, Ames thought that perhaps, when liberty had given place to an emperor, this monarch might desire to see splendor in his court, and to occupy his subjects with the cultivation of the arts and sciences. At any rate, he maintained, "After some ages we shall have many poor and a few rich, many grossly ignorant, a considerable number learned, and a few eminently learned. Nature, never prodigal of her gifts, will produce some men of genius, who will be admired and imitated." The first part of this prophecy failed, but the latter part fulfilled itself in a manner quite unexpected.

II

The point unconsciously ignored by Fisher Ames, and by the whole Federalist party of his day, was that there was already being created on this side of the ocean, not merely a new nation, but a new temperament. How far this temperament was to arise from a change of climate, and how far from a new political organization, no one could then foresee, nor is its origin yet fully analyzed; but the fact itself is now coming to be more and more recognized. It may be that

Nature said, at about that time, "Thus far the English is my best race; but we have had Englishmen enough; now for another turning of the globe, and a further novelty. We need something with a little more buoyancy than the Englishman: let us lighten the structure, even at some peril in the process. Put in one drop more of nervous fluid and make the American.' With that drop, a new range of promise opened on the human race, and a lighter, finer, more highly organized type of mankind was born." This remark, which appeared first in the *Atlantic Monthly*, called down the wrath of Matthew Arnold, who missed the point entirely in calling it "tall talk" or a species of brag, overlooking the fact that it was written as a physiological caution addressed to this nervous race against overworking its children in school. In reality, it was a point of the greatest importance. If Americans are to be merely duplicate Englishmen, Nature might have said, the experiment is not so very interesting, but if they are to represent a new human type, the sooner we know it, the better. No one finally did more toward recognizing this new type than did Matthew Arnold himself, when he afterwards wrote, in 1887, "Our countrymen [namely, the English] with a thousand good qualities, are really, perhaps, a good deal wanting in lucidity and flexibility;" and again in the same essay, "The whole American nation may be called 'intelligent,' that is to say, 'quick.'"¹ This would seem to yield the whole point between himself and the American writer whom he had criticised.

One of the best indications of this very difference, even to this day, is the way in which American journalists and magazínists are received in England, and their English compeers among ourselves. An American author connected with the *St. Nicholas Magazine* was told by a London publisher, within my recollection, that the plan of the periodical was essentially wrong. "The pages of riddles

at the end, for instance," he said, "no child would ever guess them;" and although the American assured him that they were guessed regularly every month in twenty thousand families or more, the publisher still shook his head. As to the element of humor itself, it used to be the claim of a brilliant New York talker that he had dined through three English counties on the strength of the jokes which he had found in the corners of an old American *Farmer's Almanac* which he had happened to put into his trunk when packing for his European trip.

From Brissot and Volney, Chastellux and Crèvecoeur, down to Ampère and De Tocqueville, there was an appreciation, denied to the English, of this lighter quality, and this certainly seems to indicate that the change in the Anglo-American temperament had already begun to show itself. Ampère especially notices what he calls "une veine européenne" among the educated classes. Many years after, when Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble, writing in reference to the dramatic stage, pointed out that the theatrical instinct of Americans created in them an affinity for the French which the English, hating exhibitions of emotion and self-display, did not share, she recognized in our nation this tinge of the French temperament, while perhaps giving to it an inadequate explanation.

III

The prominence justly given, first to Philadelphia by Franklin and Brockden Brown, and then to New York by Cooper and Irving, was in each case too detached and fragmentary to create more than these individual fames, however marked or lasting these may be. It required time and a concentrated influence to constitute a literary group in America. Bryant and Channing, with all their marked powers, served only as a transition to it, yet the group was surely coming, and its creation has perhaps never been put in so compact a summary as that made by that

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, vol. xxii, pp. 324, 319.

clear-minded ex-editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the late Horace Scudder. He said, "It is too early to make a full survey of the immense importance to American letters of the work done by half a dozen great men in the middle of this century. The body of prose and verse created by them is constituting the solid foundation upon which other structures are to rise; the humanity which it holds is entering into the life of the country, and no material invention, or scientific discovery, or institutional prosperity, or accumulation of wealth will so powerfully affect the spiritual well-being of the nation for generations to come."

The geographical headquarters of this particular group was Boston, of which Cambridge and Concord may be regarded for this purpose as suburbs. Such a circle of authors as Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Alcott, Thoreau, Parkman, and others had never before met in America; and now that they have passed away, no such local group anywhere remains; nor has the most marked individual genius elsewhere — such, for instance, as that of Poe or Whitman — been the centre of so conspicuous a combination. The best literary representative of this group of men in bulk was undoubtedly the *Atlantic Monthly*, to which almost every one of them contributed, and of which they made up the substantial opening strength.

With these there was, undoubtedly, a secondary force developed at that period in a remarkable lecture system, which spread itself rapidly over the country and in which most of the above authors took some part and several took leading parts, these lectures having much formative power over the intellect of the nation. Conspicuous among the lecturers also were such men as Gough, Beecher, Chapin, Whipple, Holland, Curtis, and lesser men who are now collectively beginning to fade into oblivion. With these may be added the kindred force of Abolitionists, headed by Wendell Phillips and Freder-

ick Douglass, whose remarkable powers drew to their audiences many who did not agree with them. Women like Lucretia Mott, Anna Dickinson, and Lucy Stone joined the force. These lectures were inseparably linked with literature as a kindred source of popular education; they were subject, however, to the limitation of being rather suggestive than instructive, because they always came in a detached way and so did not favor coherent thinking. The much larger influence now exerted by courses of lectures in the leading cities does more to strengthen the habit of consecutive thought than did the earlier system, and such courses, joined with the great improvement in public schools, are assisting vastly in the progress of public education. The leader who most distinguished himself in this last direction was, doubtless, Horace Mann, who died in 1859. The influence of American colleges, while steadily maturing into universities all over the country, has made itself felt more and more obviously, especially as these colleges have with startling suddenness and comprehensiveness extended their privileges to women also, whether in the form of coeducation or of institutions for women only.

For many years, the higher intellectual training of Americans was obtained almost entirely through periods of study in Europe, especially in Germany. Men, of whom Everett, Ticknor, Cogswell, and Bancroft were the pioneers, beginning in 1818 or thereabouts, discovered that Germany and not England must be made our national model in this higher education; and this discovery was strengthened by the number of German refugees, often highly trained men, who sought this country for political safety. The influence of German literature on the American mind was undoubtedly at its highest point half a century ago, and the passing away of the great group of German authors then visible was even more striking than have been the corresponding changes in England and

America; but the leadership of Germany in purely scientific thought and invention has kept on increasing, so that the mental tie between that nation and our own was perhaps never stronger than now.

In respect to literature, the increased tendency to fiction, everywhere visible, has nowhere been more marked than in America. Since the days of Cooper and Mrs. Stowe, the recognized leader in this department has been Mr. Howells; that is, if we base leadership on higher standards than that of merely numerical comparison. The actual sale of copies in this department of literature has been greater in certain cases than the world has before seen; but it has rarely occurred that books thus copiously multiplied have taken very high rank under more deliberate criticism. In some cases, as in that of Bret Harte, an author has won fame in early life by the creation of a few striking characters, and has then gone on reproducing them without visible progress; and this result has been most apt to occur wherever British praise has come in strongly, that being often more easily won by a few interesting novelties than by anything deeper in the way of local coloring or permanent delineation of what goes on daily in American life.

IV

It is sometimes said that there was never yet a great migration which did not result in some new form of national genius; and this should be true in America, if anywhere. He who lands from Europe on our shores perceives a difference in the sky above his head; the height seems greater, the zenith farther off, the horizon wall steeper. With this result on the one side, and the vast and constant mixture of races on the other, there must inevitably be a change. No portion of our immigrant body desires to retain its national tongue; all races wish their children to learn the English language as soon as possible, yet no imported race wishes its children to take the British

race, as such, for models. Our newcomers unconsciously say with that keen thinker, David Wasson, "The Englishman is undoubtedly a wholesome figure to the mental eye; but will not twenty million copies of him do. for the present?" The Englishman's strong point is his vigorous insularity; that of the American his power of adaptation. Each of these attitudes has its perils. The Englishman stands firmly on his feet, but he who merely does that never advances. The American's disposition is to step forward even at the risk of a fall. Washington Irving, who seemed at first to so acute a French observer as Chasles a mere reproduction of Pope and Addison, wrote to John Lothrop Motley two years before his own death, "You are properly sensible of the high calling of the American press, — that rising tribunal before which the whole world is to be summoned, its history to be revised and rewritten, and the judgment of past ages to be canceled or confirmed." For one who can look back sixty years to a time when the best literary periodical in America was called *The Albion*, it is difficult to realize how the intellectual relations of the two nations are now changed. M. D. Conway once pointed out that the English magazines, such as the *Contemporary Review* and the *Fortnightly* were simply circular letters addressed by a few cultivated gentlemen to the fellow members of their respective London clubs. Where there is an American periodical, on the other hand, the most striking contribution may proceed from a previously unknown author, and may turn out to have been addressed practically to all the world.

So far as the intellectual life of a nation exhibits itself in literature, England may always have one advantage over us, — if advantage it be, — that of possessing in London a recognized publishing centre, where authors, editors, and publishers are all brought together. In America, the conditions of our early political activity have supplied us with a series of

such centres, in a smaller way, beginning, doubtless, with Philadelphia, then changing to New York, then to Boston, and again reverting, in some degree, to New York. I say, "in some degree" because Washington has long been the political centre of the nation and tends more and more to occupy the same central position in respect to science, at least; while western cities, notably Chicago and San Francisco, tend steadily to become literary centres for the wide regions they represent. Meanwhile the vast activities of journalism, the readiness of communication everywhere, the detached position of colleges, with many other influences, decentralize literature more and more. Emerson used to say that Europe stretched to the Alleghanies, but this at least has been corrected, and the national spirit is coming to claim the whole continent for its own.

There is undoubtedly a tendency in the United States to transfer intellectual allegiance, for a time, to science rather than to literature. This may be only a swing of the pendulum; but its temporary influence has nowhere been better defined or characterized than by the late Clarence King, formerly director of the United States Geological Survey, who wrote thus a little before his death: "With all its novel modern powers and practical sense, I am forced to admit that the purely scientific brain is miserably mechanical; it seems to have become a splendid sort of self-directed machine, an incredible automaton, grinding on with its analyses or constructions. But for pure sentiment, for all that spontaneous, joyous Greek waywardness of fancy, for the temperature of passion and the subtler thrill of ideality, you might as well look to a wrought-iron derrick."

Whatever charges can be brought against the American people, no one has yet attributed to them any want of self-confidence or self-esteem; and though this trait may be sometimes unattractive, the philosophers agree that it is the only path to greatness. "The only

nations which ever come to be called historic," says Tolstoi in his *Anna Karenina*, "are those which recognize the importance and worth of their own institutions." Emerson, putting the thing more tersely, as is his wont, says that "no man can do anything well who does not think that what he does is the centre of the visible universe." The history of the American republic was really the most interesting in the world, from the outset, were it only from the mere fact that however small its scale, it yet showed a self-governing people in a condition never before witnessed on the globe; and so to this is now added the vaster contemplation of it as a nation of seventy millions rapidly growing more and more. If there is no interest in the spectacle of such a nation, laboring with all its might to build up an advanced civilization, then there is nothing interesting on earth. The time will come when all men will wonder, not that Americans attached so much importance to their national development at this period, but that they appreciated it so little. Canon Zincke has computed that in 1980 the English-speaking population of the globe will number, at the present rate of progress, one thousand millions, and that of this number eight hundred millions will dwell in the United States. No plans can be too far-seeing, no toils and sacrifices too great, in establishing this vast future civilization. It is in this light, for instance, that we must view the immense endowments of Mr. Carnegie, which more than fulfill the generalization of the acute author of a late Scotch novel, *The House with Green Shutters*, who says that while a Scotchman has all the great essentials for commercial success "his combinations are rarely Napoleonic until he becomes an American."

When one looks at the apparently uncertain, but really tentative steps taken by the trustees of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, one sees how much must yet lie before us in our provisions for intellectual progress. The numerical

increase of our common schools and universities is perhaps as rapid as is best, and the number of merely scientific societies is large, but the provision for the publication of works of real thought and literature is still far too small. The endowment of the Smithsonian Institution now extends most comprehensively over all the vast historical work in American history, now so widely undertaken, and the Carnegie Institution bids fair to provide well for purely scientific work and the publication of its results. But the far more difficult task of developing and directing pure literature is as yet hardly attempted. Our magazines tend more and more to become mainly picture books, and our really creative authors are geographically scattered and, for the most part, wholesomely poor. We should always remember, moreover, what is true especially in these works of fiction, that not only individual books, but whole schools of them emerge and disappear, like the flash of a revolving light; you must make the most of it while you have it. "The highways of literature are spread over," said Holmes, "with the shells of dead novels, each of which has been swallowed at a mouthful by the public, and is done with."

In America, as in England, the leading literary groups are just now to be found less among the poets than among the writers of prose fiction. Of these younger authors, we have in America such men as Winston Churchill, Robert Grant, Hamlin Garland, Owen Wister, Arthur S. Pier, and George Wasson; any one of whom may at any moment surprise us by doing something better than the best he has before achieved. The same promise of a high standard is visible in women, among whom may be named not merely such as Louise Chandler Moulton, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Sarah Orne Jewett, but their younger sisters, Mary Wilkins Freeman, Edith Wharton, and Josephine Preston Peabody. The

drama also is advancing with rapid steps, and is likely to be still more successful in such hands as those of William Vaughn Moody, Ridgely Torrence, and Percy McKaye. The leader of English dramatic criticism, William Archer, found within the last year, as he tells us, no less than eight or nine notable American dramas in active representation on the stage, whereas eight years earlier there was but one.

Similar signs of promise are showing themselves in the direction of literature, social science, and higher education generally, all of which have an honored representative, still in middle life, in Professor George E. Woodberry. Professor Newcomb has just boldly pointed out that we have intellectually grown, as a nation, "from the high school of our Revolutionary ancestors to the college; from the college we have grown to the university stage. Now we have grown to a point where we need something beyond the university." What he claims for science is yet more needed in the walks of pure literature, and is there incomparably harder to attain, since it has there to deal with that more subtle and vaster form of mental action which culminates in Shakespeare instead of Newton. This higher effort, which the French Academy alone even attempts, — however it may fail in the accomplished results, — may at least be kept before us as an ideal for American students and writers, even should its demands be reduced to something as simple as those laid down by Coleridge when he announced his ability to "inform the dullest writer how he might write an interesting book." "Let him," says Coleridge, "relate the events of his own life with honesty, not disguising the feeling that accompanied them."¹ Thus simple, it would seem, are the requirements for a really good book; but, alas who is to fulfill them? Yet if anywhere, why not in America?

¹ *Quarterly Review*, vol. xcviii, p. 456.

SCIENCE

(1857-1907)

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

THE progress of science — like human progress in all directions — is a somewhat irregular process. In this process we can generally distinguish several stages, which, however, merge constantly into one another. The first stage is that of the collection of scientific data; the next, some sort of logical arrangement of the data; and finally, generalizations made in the effort to interpret the phenomena. This chronological arrangement, however, is subject to constant variations. The human mind is active in the construction of theories formed far in advance of positive knowledge; and while such theories are often erroneous, they nevertheless serve to stimulate investigation and to lead ultimately to truth. Scientific progress is thus made up of a continuous series of collections of fact, while efforts at interpretation occur, not in their chronologic order, but rather in the order in which the temperaments of men and the tendencies of the age may suggest.

For this reason it is seldom possible to compare sharply the state of science at two distinct epochs. There are, to be sure, discoveries which belong to a given year, but they are ordinarily the culmination of long periods of collection and comparison of facts, which represent rather processes than distinct efforts, and the men who contribute most to the collection and correlation of facts are often unknown to the public.

Furthermore, it is to be remembered when one considers physical science, that the facts and the phenomena of science are the same to-day as fifty years ago. Chemical reactions, the nature and the growth of microbe organisms, the trans-

formations of energy, are the same in nature to-day as they were a half-century ago. For this reason, the state of science at two distinct epochs cannot be contrasted in the same way as one might compare two epochs in a creative art, such as literature, in which a whole new school of authors may have grown up in consequence of a new social factor or a new literary cult.

Comparisons of scientific progress at two distinct epochs resemble rather two views from a mountain, one view-point a little higher than the other, each looking out upon the same topography, but showing hills and valleys and streams in greater detail or with greater clearness from one point than from the other by reason of the difference in altitude. In some such way one may compare the outlook in science to-day with that of a half-century ago; the facts and the phenomena are the same, the point of view has changed enormously.

To bring such a view within the compass of a brief discussion, one needs also to keep in mind two other facts. First, that in making such a comparison, one is viewing the scientific horizon, not from the standpoint of the specialist in any department of science, but rather from the standpoint of the educated American. Such a man is not interested in the minute subdivisions of science, nor in the names of the specialists who have served it; but rather in the outcome, in the direction both of utilitarian ends and of intellectual and moral results, which the progress of science promises to the race. Second, in making such a comparison from the standpoint of the general reader, it is most important to keep in view the

unity of human knowledge. Science is essentially one, and while, for the sake of convenience, it must be classified into numerous subdivisions, these parts have a relation to the whole. Thus, physical science not only concerns itself with the objective world, but it goes far beyond this and works at the relation between human circumstances and the necessary laws which govern physical objects. In the same way, the historical sciences transcend the social phenomena with which they are immediately concerned and attempt an interpretation of these in the light of physical law. Thus all divisions of science are inextricably yoked together in the common effort to explain the history of man, and the adjustment of the human race to its environment.

When one considers science in this larger aspect he realizes that the middle of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth are two extremely interesting epochs to compare. After centuries of accumulation of facts, the men of the first half of the nineteenth century had begun those great generalizations which the mid-century saw securely in the grasp of the human mind, and the fifty years which have since elapsed have borne a rich fruitage of those generalizations.

The fundamental contrasts which stand out most prominently in such a comparison may be grouped under four heads:—

1. The last fifty years have seen a great betterment of the theoretical basis of physical science.

2. This development has been marked by a notable stimulation of scientific research, a differentiation of scientific effort, and the creation thereby of a great number of special sciences or departments of science.

3. The possession of a secure theoretical basis and the intellectual quickening which has followed it have resulted in the application of science to the arts and to the industries in such measure as the world has never before known. These

applications have to do with the comfort, health, pleasures, and happiness of the human race, and affect vitally all the conditions of modern life.

4. Last, but perhaps in many respects the most significant of all, is the effect which has been produced upon the religious faith and the philosophy of life of the civilized world by the widespread introduction of what may be called the modern scientific spirit.

I shall endeavor to point out the more significant movements which group themselves under these four heads, begging the reader always to bear in mind the fundamental facts to which I have alluded, that is to say, the desire to present a view, not of the scientific specialist, but of the educated intelligent American; and secondly, to keep in mind at the same time, notwithstanding the differentiations of science, the essential unity of human knowledge.

The Betterment of the Theoretical Basis of Physical Science.

The fundamental sciences which have opened to us such knowledge of the laws of the universe as we now possess are mathematics, chemistry, and physics. The first of these deals with numerical relations, and it has been the tool with which the human mind has had most experience. It had advanced to a high stage of perfection long before any other branch of science had attained even respectable standing. Men learned to reason in abstract relations with great skill and proficiency long in advance of the time when they reasoned from physical phenomena to their cause. The end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth saw a galaxy of astronomers and mathematicians of whom Laplace and Gauss were the most fruitful, who carried mathematical treatment of the problems of astronomy and geodesy to a point which left little to be desired. The last century has seen little improvement in these processes, but mathematics has remained the most facile tool

in the hands of the physical investigator, in the interpretation of physical phenomena, and in the expression of the transformations of energy. But for the significant progress which has been made in the last fifty years we are indebted to the other two fundamental sciences, chemistry and physics. The first deals with the composition and transformation of matter; the second with energy and the transformation of energy.

The connection between physics and chemistry is so intimate that it is impossible to draw a line of separation. In general, we are concerned in chemistry with the elements which, by their combination, form various substances, and with the composition of these substances; while in physics we are concerned with matter as a mass, as a substance representing a fixed composition, though subject to changes of form and of place. Changes by which the identity of the body is affected, such as, for example, when hydrogen and oxygen combine to form water, are chemical changes and do not belong to physics; while changes which matter undergoes without altering its composition or destroying the identity of the body are physical and are part of the study of physics. Inasmuch, however, as chemical changes are accompanied by changes of energy, there is a broad region which belongs to the investigations both of the physicist and of the chemist, and which completely connects those two fundamental sciences.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, John Dalton announced his famous atomic theory, which has served to unify the known or suspected laws of chemical combination. Dalton discovered that to every element a definite number could be assigned, and that these numbers, or their multiples, govern the formation of all compounds. Oxygen, for instance, unites with other elements in the proportion of eight parts of weight, or some multiple thereof, and never in other ratios. With the help of these atomic weights — or combining parts, as they are sometimes

called — the composition of any substance could be represented by a simple formula. This theory had become well established by the middle of the nineteenth century as the thread upon which all chemical results hung, and the second half of the century began under the stimulation which this discovery brought about. Before this period, inorganic chemistry — that is, the chemistry of the metals, of earths, of common oxides, bases, and salts — had received the greatest attention, and during the first half of the nineteenth century inorganic chemistry embraced almost all the work of chemists. The second half of the nineteenth century has been the day of organic chemistry. It was at first supposed that the two fields of research were absolutely distinct, but this belief was overthrown by Woehler, who showed that urea, an organic body, was easily prepared from inorganic materials, and since that day a vast number of organic syntheses have been effected. Out of this study has grown the basis of the chemical theory of to-day, that is to say, the conception of chemical structure, which has placed the chemistry of the twentieth century upon a theoretical foundation vastly more secure and vastly more significant than that of half a century ago.

Briefly stated, this theory of chemical structure is as follows: Every atom, so far as its union with other atoms is concerned, is seen to have a certain atom-fixing power, which is known as its valence. For example, take hydrogen as the standard of reference, and consider some of its simplest compounds. In hydrochloric acid, one atom of hydrogen is added to one of chlorine. These elementary atoms combine only in the ratio of one to one. They are called "univalent," that is, their power of fixing or uniting with other atoms is unity. In water, on the other hand, a single oxygen atom holds two of hydrogen in combination, and so oxygen is called a bivalent element. Nitrogen, phosphorus, and other elements go still farther and are trivalent,

while carbon is a quadrivalent substance, forming, therefore, compounds of the most complex type. The theory as thus stated is no mere speculation. It is the statement of observed fact, and this shows that the atoms unite, not at haphazard, but according to certain rules.

A notable advance took place in the years 1860 to 1870 in the discovery of a general law connecting all the chemical elements. That those elements are related was early recognized, but it was not until the epoch-making work of Mendeléeff that the periodic variation in their properties was recognized, and the connection between the valency of the atom and its properties and compounds was interpreted.

Within twenty years chemistry has been enormously developed upon its electrical side, both theoretically and practically. From a purely chemical point of view, probably the most important electrical phenomena are those of electrolysis. When a current of electricity passes through a compound solution, the latter undergoes decomposition, and the dissolved substance is separated into two parts which move with unequal velocities in opposite directions. The conducting liquid is called an electrolyte, and the separated parts, or particles, of the compound in solution are termed its ions. One ion is positively, the other negatively electrified, and hence they tend to accumulate around the opposite poles. Under suitable conditions, the separation can be made permanent, and this fact is of the greatest significance in the different processes of electrometallurgy.

The modern science of physics has its basis in the doctrine of the conservation of energy. This doctrine as stated in the words of Maxwell is: "The total energy of any material system is a quantity which can neither be increased nor diminished by any action between the parts of the system, though it may be transformed into any of the forms of which energy is susceptible." A little more than a half-century ago, our knowledge of

physics consisted in the main of a large mass of facts loosely tied together by theories not always consistent. Between 1845 and 1850 the labors of Mayer, Joule, Helmholtz, and Sir William Thomson had placed the theory of the conservation of energy upon firm ground, and for the last half-century it has been the basic law for testing the accuracy of physical experiments and for extending physical theory. To the presence of such a highly defined and consistent theory is due the great development which our generation has witnessed.

The most remarkable development of the half-century in the domain of physics has gone on in that field included under the name radio-activity, a development which bids fair to affect the whole theory of physical processes. By radiation is meant the propagation of energy in straight lines. This is effected by vibrations in the ether which fills all space, both molecular and inter-stellar. This theory is based upon the conception that the vibrations are due to oscillations of the ultimate particles of matter.

Experiments in vacuum tubes by various investigators led to a long series of most interesting results, culminating in the discovery by Roentgen in 1895 of the so-called X-rays. These rays have properties quite different from those of ordinary light. They are not deflected by a magnet and will penetrate glass, tin, aluminum, and in general metals of low atomic weight. In 1896, Becquerel discovered that uranium possessed the property of spontaneously emitting rays capable of passing through bodies opaque to ordinary light.

Shortly after the discovery of this property in uranium Madame and Professor Curie succeeded in separating from pitchblende two new substances of very high radio-activity, called radium and polonium, the latter named after her native land, Poland.

The radiations from these various substances are invisible to the eye, but act upon a photographic plate and discharge

an electrified body. A very active substance like radium will cause phosphorescent substances to become luminous.

If a magnetic field is applied to a pencil of radium rays the rays are separated out into three kinds, much as light rays are sifted out by passing through a prism. One set of rays is bent to the left, another to the right, and the third set keeps on in the original direction.

The emission of the particles which deviate to the left and right appears to proceed from explosions in some of the atoms of these substances. It is estimated that two hundred thousand millions are expelled from one gram of radium bromide every second, yet the number of atoms in a gram is so enormous that this rate of emission may continue some years without an appreciable wasting of the mass of the substance.

The discovery of these substances with their remarkable properties has not only led to interesting applications of the most novel kind, but has stimulated the imagination of investigators, and given rise to various new explanations of cosmic phenomena. For example, it has been suggested that the internal heat of the earth may be kept up by the heat emitted from radium and other radio-active matter. All such theories are yet in the speculative stage. It may be said in general that, while the phenomena presented by the radio-active substances have caused physicists to revise physical theory in respect to molecular energy, nothing has been discovered which is inconsistent with the fundamental law of the conservation of energy.

Progress no less real has been made in those sciences which deal with the study of the human body and the human mind. Physiology, during the last half of the nineteenth century, has gained nearly all our present knowledge of the chemistry of digestion and secretion and of the mechanics of circulation, while psychology has advanced from a branch of philosophy to the position of a distinctive science.

From whatever point of view one regards human progress, he will be led to realize that one of the greatest achievements of the race is the work of the army of scholars and investigators to whom is due the betterment in these fifty years of the theoretical basis of these two fundamental physical sciences, a basis which is not only intellectually sound, but intellectually fruitful. The roll of these names — chemists, physicists, biologists, inventors, investigators in all fields of human knowledge — is made up from all lands. It is a world's roll of honor in which not only individuals but nations have earned immortality. Of all the men whose names are here written, there are two whose work is so fundamental and far-reaching that the world is glad to accord to them a preëminence. These are the Frenchman, Louis Pasteur, and the Englishman, Charles Darwin.

The Differentiation of Science and the Development of Special Sciences.

Under the stimulus of the great fundamental theories which have tended to unify chemistry and physics, and also to direct attention to a vast field common to both and previously unexplored, a large number of special sciences, or divisions of science, have been developed. Once the law of chemical structure was ascertained and the possibilities were made evident which this law involved, and once the law of the conservation of energy was clear and the multiform transformations which might be made under such a law formulated, there was opened in every nook and corner of the physical universe the opportunity for new combinations and for new transformations. The result of this has been that in the last five decades physicists and chemists, having these threads in their hands as guides, have gone off into all sorts of by-paths. There has grown up through these excursions a great number of minor divisions of science, dependent on processes partly physical and partly chemical, but all related to one

another and to the fundamental sciences of chemistry and physics.

By means of that wonderful instrument, the spectroscope, has arisen the combination of the old science of astronomy with physics, known as astro-physics. There have been interesting gains in the older astronomy during this period, such as the discoveries of the new satellites of Mars, of Jupiter, and of Saturn, all by American astronomers; the discovery of some hundreds of asteroids with the unexpected form of some of their orbits; and the variation of the terrestrial latitude. All these discoveries are in the direction of the applications of gravitational astronomy upon the foundations laid by Newton, Laplace, and Gauss. The significant gains have come, however, in the new astronomy, which is really celestial physics, and are the outcome of the modern spectroscope and photographic plate. The motion of stars and nebulae in the line of sight, the discovery of invisible companions by the doubling of the lines of the spectrum, and above all, the determinations of the physical constitution of the distant suns and nebulae have thrown a great light not only upon cosmic evolution, but upon the probable history of our own planet. Perhaps no one result of the whole study is so significant at this: In the far-distant suns which shine upon us, as well as in our own sun, we find only those same elements which exist in our own soil and in our own atmosphere. Just as the law of the combination of chemical elements and of the conservation of energy points to a uniform physical law on our planet, so also the unity of material composition throughout the universe of stars seems to point with equal significance to a physical unity of the whole universe.

Early in the seventeenth century, certain "animalculæ," as they were called, became recognized as the simplest form of life; but the modern science of bacteriology dates from the epoch-making investigations of Pasteur and Koch, conducted within the last thirty-five years.

One of the most important steps was the introduction by Koch of trustworthy methods for separating individual bacterial species. Since many distinct species are indistinguishable from one another by size and shape, it was obviously impossible by the older methods of study to separate one from the other. Koch suggested the use of solid materials as culture media, thereby representing the conditions so often seen when such organic matter as bread becomes mouldy. He demonstrated that the addition of gelatin to the infusions employed for the successful cultivation of bacteria converted them into practically solid culture media without robbing them of any of their useful properties; and by the employment of such media it was possible to separate as pure cultures the individual species that one desired to analyze. The introduction of this method for the isolation and study of bacterial species in pure cultures constitutes perhaps the most important stimulus to the development of modern bacteriology.

The studies made by Pasteur upon fermentation and the souring of wine, and upon the maladies of silkworms, together with Koch's studies upon the infections of wounds, and the appropriate methods of analyzing them, were rich in suggestion to the workers in this new field. Two of the most important results have been in the application of these studies to the problems of the sanitary engineer and to the work of preventive medicine.

The drinking water of our cities is purified to-day by the process of natural sand filtration, by the septic tank process, etc. In these methods the living bacteria are the instruments by which the results are obtained. The sand grains in the filters serve only as objects to which the bacteria can attach themselves and multiply. By the normal life processes of the bacteria the polluting organic matter in the water is used up and inert material given off as a result.

But even more important than this

work of sanitation is the contribution of bacteriology to preventive medicine. Early in the course of his work, Pasteur discovered that certain virulent pathogenic bacteria, when kept under certain conditions, gradually lost their disease-producing power, without their other life properties being disturbed. When injected into animals in this attenuated state, there resulted a mild, temporary, and modified form of infection, usually followed by recovery. With recovery the animal so treated was immune from the activities of the fully virulent bacteria of the same species. The development of this fruitful idea has not only resulted in the saving of millions of money, but it has resulted as well in the prevention of human disease, the greatest triumph of modern science.

A study of the laws of physics and chemistry in relation to living plants and animals led in a similar way to the discovery that the processes of the entire race history are reflected in the processes of the growth of the embryo, a result which created the new science of embryology.

Similarly, in the studies of energy differentiations have gone on. Fifty years ago, our colleges had a single professor of what was called at that day natural philosophy. To-day, a modern college will divide this field among a corps of teachers and investigators, one devoting his attention to mechanics, another to heat, another to electricity, another to magnetism, and another to sound and light. In turn, electricity will be subdivided, the investigator concerning himself with a constantly narrowing field of phenomena, with the expectation of working out completely the problem whose solution is sought. All these departments of physical science, with their numerous subdivisions, are the offspring of the fundamental sciences chemistry and physics. No contrast is more striking in comparing the science of to-day with that of fifty years ago than this differentiation, unless it be the even more significant fact

that, notwithstanding this differentiation and division of labor, the essential unity of science is more apparent than ever before. Astronomy, geology, and biology were, fifty years ago, separate, and to a large extent unrelated, sciences. To-day they are seen to flourish in a common soil.

The Application of Science to the Arts and to the Industries.

In no other way has the march of science in the last half-century been so evident to the eyes of the average intelligent man as in its practical applications to the arts and industries. Modern life to-day is on a different plane from that of fifty years ago by reason of applied science alone. Whether this has added to the joy of living, and to the general happiness of mankind, is another question; but that it has raised the standard of health, that it has added enormously to the comfort and to the conveniences of man, no one can dispute. The house of fifty years ago lacked the facilities of pure water; it was illuminated, at the best, by imperfect gas jets; it was warmed by the old-fashioned stove; and if situated in an isolated place, communication was possible only by messenger at the expense of time and labor. The modern sanitary water service, electric lighting, modern means of construction, and the telephone, make the dwelling-house of to-day a wholly different place from the dwelling-house of fifty years ago.

Steam transportation had already begun its marvelous work before the epoch at which we start, but its great application has been made in the last half-century. Just as the fruitful theories of physics and chemistry have advanced physical science in all its applications, so also the elementary development and applications of steam have blossomed in the last half-century into a transportation system which makes the world of to-day a wholly different world from that of fifty years ago.

Perhaps the fundamental application

of science which has done the most to change the face of the civilized world is the invention by Sir Henry Bessemer of a cheap means of manufacturing steel from pig iron. On August 13, fifty-one years ago, he read before the British Association at Cheltenham a paper dealing with the invention which has made his name famous. His paper was entitled "The Manufacture of Malleable Iron and Steel without Fuel," and described a new and cheap process of making steel from pig iron by blowing a blast of air through it when in a state of fusion, so as to clear it of all carbon, and then adding the requisite quantity of carbon to produce steel. Not one man in ten thousand knows who Sir Henry Bessemer was or what he did, but every man who touches civilization leads to-day a different life from that which he would have led, by reason of Bessemer's invention. Cheap steel is the basis of our material advancement.

One of the most interesting applications of chemistry is that involved in the manufacture of aniline colors. Up to the time of the investigation of Sir William Perkin in 1856, commerce had depended on vegetable colors, which had been obtained at great cost and difficulty. That these rainbow hues could ever be procured from so insignificant a substance as coal tar seemed as improbable as anything which one could imagine, and yet from the labors of the chemist there have come in the last thirty years colors surpassing in beauty anything produced by nature. The manufacture of such colors has come to be a great industry, employing thousands of men and enormous capital, and this too out of a waste product which manufacturers were once quite ready to throw away.

One of the most interesting combinations of chemistry and physics is that shown in the modern photograph. Photography as an art had reached a considerable stage of development by the early fifties, but the wet collodion process, as it was called, while possible for the professional, was difficult for the amateur.

Plates had to be prepared and finished on the spot, transportation was difficult, and there was a demand for a process which could be used in the field as easily as in the office. The first step came in 1856 in the invention of what was called dry collodion, followed rapidly by similar inventions which did away with the troublesome preparation of the plate in the silver bath. Out of the process has grown the modern photographic dry plate, and the modern camera, an instrument so convenient and easy of transportation, and yet so safe and sure in its results, that on the wildest expeditions the most perfect photographs can be taken.

To-day the word which best represents to the popular mind the triumphant application of science is the word "electricity." The fruitful idea that electricity, like light, was only a form of energy, lies at the base of the great inventions which have been made. The moment that electricity was produced by transforming other forms of energy, there became possible all sorts of machines which could not be imagined under any other hypothesis. It was in the development of this idea that the inventors have perfected during this half-century the electric motor, the electric light, the telephone, and the thousand separate devices by which mechanical energy is transformed into electric energy, and this again into heat or light. It is the machines for these marvelous transformations which have been invented in the last generation that have made the greatest difference in our modern life. The storage battery, the arc light, the incandescent light, and the telephone have all come in as actual parts of our every-day life within the memory of men of middle age, and, as a crowning exploit of the century, telegraphy without wires brings us messages from ships in mid-ocean. In every department of domestic life, in every line of transportation, in almost all methods of communication between men and cities, the application of electricity has come to play a great rôle. So numerous are these applications, so

important are they to our comfort and to our well-being, that we have ceased to wonder at them, and year by year new applications are made which a few decades ago would have called forth astonishment, but which we receive as a part of the day's work. So great is this field, so promising are the applications which we may hope to see made, that no man can foretell what the inventions of the future may be.

To-day we are interested not less in the applications of electricity than in its supply. So well is the law of transformation of energy now understood and so sure are the results of our inventors, that we may confidently expect that the applications of electricity to the arts and industries will reach almost any point of perfection. A vital question is, can a supply of energy be found which can be efficiently and cheaply transformed into electric energy?

At present our chief source of electricity is coal, and the century just closing has given no particular indication of a possible rival to coal, unless it be water power. Over a large part of the earth's surface, however, neither coal nor water power is accessible. Furthermore, the supply of coal is limited. It is likely to become in the near future more and more expensive, and one of the great problems which the inventors of our day face is the problem of devising a cheap and effective source of energy for the production of power.

There is one source to which all minds revert when this question is mentioned, a source most promising and yet one which has so far eluded the investigator. The sun on a clear day delivers upon each square yard of the earth's surface the equivalent of approximately two horsepower of mechanical energy working continuously. If even a fraction of this power could be transformed into mechanical or electrical energy and stored, it would do the world's work. Here is power delivered at our very doors without cost. How to store the energy so gen-

erously furnished, and keep it on tap for future use, is the problem. That the next half-century will see some solution thereof, chemical or otherwise, seems likely.

Perhaps in no way have the applications of science so ministered to human happiness as in the contributions of the last fifty years to preventive medicine, surgery, and sanitation. Within this half-century Pasteur did his great work on spontaneous generation and in the development of the theory of anti-toxins. Following in his steps, Lister applied the principles which Pasteur had enunciated, in the treatment of wounds and sores. The whole outcome has been a splendid step forward, not only in such matters as the treatment of diphtheria, yellow fever, and malaria, but also in the direction of preventive medicine. The scientific world is organizing for a fight to the death with tuberculosis, that worst malady of mankind, and if there is any such advance in general education and in general knowledge during the next fifty years as in the last, it is not too much to hope that this dread scourge of humanity may be vanquished. In no direction in which science touches life is there a greater contrast between the life of fifty years ago and that of to-day than in these matters of preventive medicine, of surgery, and of sanitation; and it is worth recalling that these advances have come, not through the professional physician or surgeon, but through the laboratory investigations of the chemist and of the physicist. Applied chemistry and physics are the sources from which our sanitary and surgical gains have resulted.

A no less striking application of science in this half-century is to be found in those matters which affect transportation, whether on land or sea. Within this brief span of a generation and a half, steam transportation has been so enormously advanced that the transit of the largest oceans has become little more than a pleasure trip. Within this period the first electric car was set rolling over the earth's surface, and the whole development of

modern transportation, including the automobile, belongs to this half-century.

Equally impressive, but not so often referred to, are the applications of science in the transmission of intelligence. Fifty years ago the land telegraph was in its infancy, and its use was restricted to messages of pressing business importance. Within the span of time of which we are speaking, the telegraph has been developed into an indispensable adjunct of every civilized man's business. Submarine cables extended under the sea connect all the continents of the earth. Not only have these enormous changes come, but the invention of the telephone makes it possible to transmit the human voice across the space of hundreds of miles; and finally, as a first fruit of the twentieth-century inventor's work, wireless telegraphy sends its messages through the air from the distant ship to the shore. These applications, which enable each civilized man to know the business of all the rest, are to have an effect on our mode of life, on our relations with other nations, and on the general culture of the civilized world, such as we perhaps cannot even to-day imagine. One of the results of this development in America is the modern newspaper, filled with news from the ends of the earth. The ease of transmission makes it possible to report not only the important things, but the scandal and the gossip, each item of which ought to die in its own cradle. The modern sensational paper is one of the unripe fruits of the scientific applications of our age. Social development in the last half-century has lagged behind scientific progress and application. The education of the American people in obedience to law and in framing effective legislation for the distribution of the proceeds of production are far behind the scientific efficiency of the age. A serious question of civilization is, "How may the nation be rightly educated and wisely led, to the end that the tremendous productivity of applied science may ennoble and enrich, rather than vulgarize and corrupt it?"

The Effect of Modern Scientific Research on the Religious Faith and the Philosophy of Life of the Civilized World.

It is not too much to say that the development of science in these last five decades has produced a greater effect upon the beliefs and the philosophy of civilized man than that of all the centuries preceding. Fifty years ago the scientific world stood upon the brink of a great philosophical conception as to the origin of the system of nature which we see about us. The epoch-making work of Laplace and his contemporary mathematicians upon the development of the solar system, the researches of Lyell concerning the history of our own earth, the work of Buffon and Lamarck, the reflections of the earlier thinkers, like Leibnitz, Schelling, and Kant, all served in their respective branches of science to prepare the world for some generalizations as to the origin of life and the variations of living forms. In human history there had been recognized an evolution, one form of institution growing out of another, one race out of another, one language out of another. The evidence was beginning to be cumulative that the present is the child of the past, and that the living creatures which we see about us have been evolved, being descendants of ancestral forms on the whole simpler; that those ancestors were descended from still simpler forms, and so on backward. What was needed in 1857 was some well-grounded, intelligible explanation of the variation of species. This explanation came in 1859 in the publication of Charles Darwin's epoch-making book, *The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection*. Darwin showed that in natural selection, or what has also been called "the survival of the fittest," is found a natural process which results in the preservation of favorable variations. This process leads to the modification of each creature in relation to its organic conditions of life, and in most cases the change may be regarded as an advance in or-

ganization. "Darwinism" is not to be confused with "evolution." Darwin's name has been given to one particular interpretation of the process of evolution. The actual fact of development is proved from so many converging lines that there can be no doubt of the fact itself, although the future growth of our ideas may largely modify the explanation that Darwin has given of it.

Perhaps no single work has produced so great an impression upon the spirit of any age as has Darwin's memorable book upon the intellectual life of Europe and America. The book became at first the centre of a fierce intellectual discussion. Scientific men themselves were divided in their estimate of its importance and its soundness. In Boston, before the American Academy of Science and Arts, there went on during the winter of 1859 and 1860 one of the most spirited scientific debates which our country has ever known, between Professor Louis Agassiz in opposition to Darwin's theory and Professor William A. Rogers in favor of it. Both were eloquent men, both were eminent in science, and perhaps no series of discussions before a scientific body has been more interesting than those which these two great men carried on at this time.

The outcome of the work of Darwin and his successors has been the practical acceptance by civilized men of the general theory of evolution, however they may differ about the process itself. While the work of the scientific men who have built up the doctrine of evolution, which to-day stands more firmly than ever as a reasonable interpretation of organic nature, was a scientific one and had nothing to do with ultimate problems, nevertheless it was inevitable that such a theory should excite the strongest opposition on the part of the theology of that day. The acrimony of that discussion has long since worn away. Men have had in fifty years a breathing time sufficient to see that however opposed such an explanation of nature may be to the then

accepted orthodox theory of creation, neither one nor the other was necessarily connected with true religious life. To-day, in one form or another, nearly all educated men accept the general theory of evolution as the process by which the universe has been developed.

The chief effect, however, of the advance of science during these fifty years upon religious belief and the philosophy of life has come, not so much from the acceptance of the theory of evolution, or the conservation of energy, or other scientific deductions, but rather from the development of what is commonly called "the scientific spirit." To-day a thousand men are working in the investigations of science where ten were working fifty years ago. These men form a far larger proportion of the whole community of intelligent men than they did a half-century ago, and their influence upon the thought of the race is greatly increased. They have been trained in a generation taught to question all processes, to hold fast only to those things that will bear proof, and to seek for the truth as the one thing worth having. It is this attitude of mind which makes the scientific spirit, and it is the widespread dissemination of this spirit which has affected the attitude of the great mass of civilized men toward formal theology and toward a general philosophy of life. The ability to believe, and even the disposition to believe, is one of the oldest acquirements of the human mind. On the other hand, the capacity for estimating evidence in cases of physical causation has been a recent acquisition. The last fifty years has added enormously to the power of the race in this capacity, and in the consequent demand on the part of all men for trustworthy evidence, not only in the case of physical phenomena, but in all other matters. This spirit is to-day the dominant note of the twentieth century. It is a serious spirit and a reverent one, but it demands to know, and it will be satisfied with no answer which does not squarely face the facts.

This intellectual gain is the most noteworthy fruitage of the last fifty years of science and of scientific freedom.

A direct outcome of this development of scientific spirit has been the growth of what has come to be called the higher criticism. The higher criticism is a science whose aim is the determination of the literary history of books and writings, including inquiries into the literary form, the unity, the date of publication, the authorship, the method of composition, the integrity and amount of care shown in any subsequent editing, and into other matters, such as may be discovered by the use of the internal evidence presented in the writing itself. It is termed the higher criticism to distinguish it from the related science of lower, or textual, criticism. This science is almost wholly a child of the last half-century, and in particular is this true so far as Biblical study and criticism are concerned. The development of this school of study along scientific lines has, in connection with the wide spread of the scientific spirit itself, had an enormous effect on the attitude of civilized man toward formal theology and toward formal religious organizations.

What the outcome of this intellectual development will be, whether it will result in a change of the organizations themselves or the evolution of new organizations for religious teaching along other lines than those which now exist, no one to-day can say. Of this much, however, we may be fairly sure: that although the work of the evolutionists and the higher critics may have affected formal theology, there is no reason for belief that the innate religious spirit of mankind has been weakened. True religion is a life, not a belief; and the religious life of the twentieth century promises to be as deep and genuine, and perhaps more satisfactory, than that of the century before. To-day the figure of Jesus Christ looms larger to the world than it did fifty years ago, and partly for the reason that his life and work are

being studied apart from formal theology and independently of formal religious organization.

The general effect of the whole evolutionary development of the last fifty years upon the philosophy of life of civilized man has been a hopeful one. The old theology pointed man to a race history in which he was represented as having fallen from a high estate to a low one. The philosophy of evolution encourages him to believe that, notwithstanding the limitations which come from a brute ancestry, his course has been upward, and he looks forward to-day hopefully and confidently to a like development in the future.

One who looks over this half-century of development of science cannot but feel something of this hopefulness as he looks forward to the half-century just begun. So little do we know of nature and of nature's laws, so large is their intent in comparison, that we may confidently expect the discoveries of the next half-century to more than equal those of the half-century just passed. The applications of chemistry and of physics are now being pushed by thousands of men better trained for research than in any generation which preceded. Organized effort in scientific research is begun; transportation, already so highly developed, will become still more convenient. Preventive medicine may well be expected to make enormous strides in the struggle with the great plagues of mankind. The whole scale of human living, so far as comfort and convenience are concerned, we may confidently expect to improve as rapidly as it has in the fifty years gone by. The house of 1950 will be as much superior in comfort and convenience to our homes of to-day as these are to those of a half-century ago.

Finally, we may be sure that during the next fifty years, as during the past, that question which will most interest man is the old one, What is life and how came it to be? This question has not yet been answered by any fruitful hypo-

thesis like those of Darwin or Lamarck, which have been such effective tools in the hands of investigators. In the aid of the solution of this problem all scientific men are working, either consciously or unconsciously. Much of what they do seems trivial and dry in the eyes of those who are occupied with other thoughts. The man who is engaged in accumulating a million dollars may not easily understand how a student will toil patiently in a laboratory, laboriously gathering together minute data, in order that the generalizers of science may go a step farther in the solution of the great pro-

blem. To-day the world stands firmly convinced of the universal force of the principle of evolution, and on the other hand looks forward to the realization of independent life and action in the separate cell. Whether in the next half-century science may be able to vanquish the difficulty presented by that atom of living potential protoplasm, the cell, we cannot say, but we may feel sure that great steps toward its solution will be made, and that these steps will be taken in the service of the truth for the truth's sake, which is the watchword of the science of to-day.

ART

(1857-1907)

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABLE

IN 1836, one year before the appearance of the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Emerson published that penetrating analysis of national character, *English Traits*, and made it clear that Americans had begun to take account of the Old World from their own point of view; and it must be conceded that their judgment was both shrewd and ripe. It was singularly well-balanced, taking their isolation into the reckoning, and it went home to the bottom facts with uncompromising but not unsympathetic directness. Four years later, in the *Conduct of Life*, he discussed such matters of the higher civilization as Culture, Manners, Behavior, Beauty, with a historical sense of their values as sensitive as his insight into their essential, as contrasted with their conventional, meaning was fresh and authoritative. If there was a certain feeling of detachment in the attitude of the essayist, there was also an easy familiarity with his themes, which hinted at a long intimacy with them.

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Charles Dudley Warner speaks somewhere of the peculiar charm of highly bred Englishmen as a great simplicity of nature against an opulent background; the note of old New England was personal idealism in surroundings meagre to the verge of poverty in the elements of that organized beauty we call art. In his biography of Hawthorne Mr. James brought into painful distinctness the hard surface, the absence of shading, the rigidity of line and bareness of structure, which the youth who was to write *The Marble Faun* saw about him on all sides during the years of his brooding apprenticeship; and yet there was something in the soil, the air, the spiritual inheritance, which touched the imagination not only to the most subtle vision, but with a shadowy splendor beyond the reach of his contemporaries over sea. It was true, as Americans have said so often that they have come to believe it, that this was a new country, and therefore full of rawness and crudeness; but

they have forgotten that they were an old people, and that it is ripeness of knowledge of life, and not of landscape, that counts in reckoning with spiritual forces and products.

The colonists North and South did not come empty-handed to a new country; they brought with them the accumulated wealth of instinct, training, knowledge, and manners of the most highly developed countries of the Old World. There were excellent scholars in New England from the start; there were agreeable men and women in the middle colonies, who knew the finer habits of life; and there were charming manners and no little stateliness of habit in the South. The colonists were isolated, however, from a background which would have kept them in touch with the language of art in all its various dialects, and as time went on detachment bred a certain indifference. There were so many new and difficult things to be done, and done at once, that art had to wait for a more convenient season. The necessities of the new venture were so pressing that adaptation became the highest form of originality.

For many decades the men and women who inherited the riper conditions of living set the pace and kept the lead. The boisterous democracy which poured into Washington with President Jackson, and stood on the sofas of the White House in muddy boots, had not yet taken building and sculpture into its own hands. There were churches which charmed the eye and conveyed a sense of their uses to the mind in Portsmouth, Newport, New York, Wilmington, Charleston; and there were houses which happily harmonized material and form, and were suggestive of social background and vistas of an older social order, in Salem, Boston, Providence, Bristol, Newport, New York, Philadelphia, Germantown, Annapolis, Richmond, Charleston, and smaller towns. Colonial architecture at its best suggested a good tradition and expressed an honest fact; it expressed

history and a sound relation to the soil. It had that ultimate elegance, entire simplicity, which was characteristic of the best colonial life, and that dignity which was the stateliness of the Old modified by the conditions of the New World. The churches built under the inspiration of Sir Christopher Wren, and the fine old homes of which the Sherborne house in Portsmouth, the Jumel mansion in New York, and Mount Vernon may serve as examples, bore the impress of a certain distinction of taste and form which were the heritage of the few, but of inestimable importance to the many, as examples of true American architecture. They were as vitally related to their surroundings as are the gray old great houses of England and the square-towered country churches to the low skies and deep foliage of the ripe and mellow landscape. They constituted, with the Capitol at Washington and a little group of public buildings like Independence Hall in Philadelphia, a native order of building, adapted, it is true, but not imitative. They stood for Provincial America, with its face turned eastward, and still bound to Europe by kinship if not by identity of standards and interests.

Architectural chaos came much later, but the empire of the commonplace had been established in all parts of the country for several decades before the *Atlantic* began to stir the waters of national consciousness. American writers had been telling the truth for many years before later American builders began to do anything more radical than mumble a few commonplaces; when they started out to speak for themselves they made sad work of it. To begin with, they did not speak the truth; they were ungrammatical; worst of all, they were vulgar. During the period which followed the Civil War, and has been aptly called the reign of terror in American architecture, crimes against stone, wood, iron, and form of every kind were perpetrated, which still cry aloud for vengeance. It was in this period that post-offices and

other federal buildings were sown broadcast over a helpless land, and ugliness in almost unbroken monotony was set up as the symbol of public life. There were a few redeeming exceptions, but for the most part the state buildings of this period were monstrous offenses against public morals and public taste. This was the period, too, of the so-called reconstruction policy, which was such a shocking parody of the sublime tragedy of the Civil War; and it is significant that shining deeds of valor, and heroes whom youth and death had touched with a double beauty, were commemorated at this time with monuments and statues, of many of which it is merciful to write that they were executed not in malice, but in ignorance. Never before, perhaps, has a great sacrifice found such meaningless expression in monumental form; and it will be the pious task of a later generation to raze many of these monuments to the ground, and worthily commemorate a sublime chapter of national history.

During this lawless period all sorts of hybrids were brought to birth, and many still remain to remind us of our mortality: houses so entirely made with hands that no suggestion of mind flows from them; Italian villas (pronounced with a long I); stone castles with colonial additions; Elizabethan mansions with late Victorian piazzas and verandas; structures of no order but with vast cupolas; and, worst of all, riotous variations of that shamefully abused Queen Anne house, which, in its proper form and place, has a real relation to domestic life and to beauty of adaptation.

This outbreak of anarchy in building, this fierce passion for extreme individualism in construction, need not discourage the American who has seen the imperial palace at Strasburg, the atrocities of the *art nouveau* in the streets of Berlin, the bizarre villas which rival the zebra in the sunny fields of contemporary France, and the new government building on Whitehall in London. What we did in our ignorance Europe is now

doing in the presence of the noblest examples of the art of building. We, meantime, have repented our sins and, sitting in sackcloth and ashes, are beginning to understand that architecture is not a highly decorated front wall, attached to a structure to which it bears no more relation than the mask of a Greek actor bore to the man, but the art of building honestly, intelligently, with a sense of mass, proportion, surface, and shadow. It is true we are building the Tower of Babel again in many places, and a confusion of tongues has fallen upon us, so that the owner does not understand the architect, and the architect does not understand the opportunity, and the crowd of passers-by spend their energies in trying to count the stories and keep their hats on their heads while they are doing it. The task is a gigantic one, imposed by the enormous value of land in great centres, and by the pressure of population; but it is novel only in the new conditions it presents, not in unprecedented problems of altitude. One need only recall the wynds of Edinburgh and the beautifully decorated front of the old house of the Butchers' Guild in the square of Hildesheim to be made aware that the skyscraper is no modern nightmare of frenzied commercialism. Here and there one sees solutions of these problems, which are not mere masses of masonry for the housing of business, but highly organized structures, with new suggestions of the majesty of an art whose great function is to assert the sovereignty of the builder over every form and mass of materials. In all the larger cities there are private houses of a beauty and fitness which make one aware that wealth of the newest kind has learned where to go for direction; and the sense of public outrage created by the attempt to reproduce a log house in stone in New York, and to raise it to a height of seven or eight stories, bears eloquent testimony to the education of taste, which has led us out of the reign of terror into a kind of anticipatory reign of righteousness.

There was admirable building in the colonial and sub-revolutionary period; then came the age of the commonplace and the monotonously undistinguished; to be followed, after a great national crisis, by an outbreak of self-assertion, which was anarchistic in its wild and truculent disregard of authority, principle, and law; a flamboyant declaration of the right of the free American citizen to make his country as ugly as he chose; a riot of ignorance, bad taste, extravagance, and crude independence.

Meanwhile the *Atlantic* was printing prose and verse of an order which showed that in literature Americans not only had something to say, but knew how to say it. Lowell was an invaluable asset in the general exploitation of bad grammar and slang in popular architecture; and a large group of writers of fiction, North and South, were dealing with the realities of life with the sympathetic insight and sense of form which showed again how near to art are the common things of experience when they are sincere, unaffected, and unconscious.

Nor must it be forgotten that in the darkest days of marble palaces with painted iron columns, and of bastard Queen Anne cottages rising sanguinary and ostentatious above diminutive lawns, builders who were also architects, or architects who were also builders, as in the "elder days of art," were patiently trying to persuade their clients that building was an ancient art and not a local job; and that an increasing number of those who were teachable in those matters made life more tolerable in prosperous communities. The remnant of the elect increased not only in knowledge, but in influence, and the statement by a well-known architect that American architecture is the art of covering one thing with another thing to imitate a third thing, which, if genuine, would not be desirable, began to lose point. Upjohn, Renwick, Hunt, Richardson, Root, and White suggest a movement in education, and a genuine achievement in an art

which more than any other ought to have in this country a hand as free as its opportunity is great. If vagaries are still seen in stone, wood, and iron, and if the ready adapter and servile imitator are still in the land, there are increasing evidences of the presence of the artist and of the patron who is wise enough to give him his chance.

American painting has passed through gray and uneventful years, but it has never known a reign of terror. The patron rarely orders a picture in advance; he buys the finished product, or he leaves it in the studio as he chooses. The painter is not indifferent to the taste, or lack of taste, of his possible purchaser; but he is not compelled to stand, brush in hand, and put another man's ideas on canvas. This is precisely what the architect had to do in the rowdy and swagger period of building in this country; he was not without responsibility, but he was the victim of a general condition. The painter might be and often was feeble, but he was not compelled to violate the canons of his art to make the most sensational use of the money at his command. Like the architect, he began to practice his craft for a group of people who gave the community its standards of taste, and who had a very respectable standard to give their less cultivated neighbors. He did not develop a new and admirable manner, as did his fellow craftsman in wood and stone; but he gained such use of his materials that he established himself on a fraternal basis with the painters in London and Paris. It is true, the earlier painters were English rather than American, and it is also true that they did not rank with the best; but the best, it ought to be remembered, were Reynolds and Gainsborough. Copley and Stuart made places for themselves in the history not only of American, but of English art; though their rank in the colonies was much higher than in the mother country. To them and to their pupils we owe not only a tradition of sound workmanship, but a large group of portraits which are

of immense social and historical interest. They were the most graphic and vital historians of the older American society. It was inevitable that they should be English in taste and manner, since they were dealing almost entirely with English faces at a time when Americans were still Englishmen in new surroundings; the best service they could render to their contemporaries was to make them familiar with good work. Less fortunate artists who began by painting signs ended in several cases by painting good portraits and miniatures. John Wesley Jarvis, who was born in England and named after his famous uncle, was taken to Philadelphia at an early age, and got his education in the irregular manner of a country in which the value of art schools was a matter of remote future discussion. "In my school days," he writes, "the painters of Philadelphia were Clark, a miniature painter, and Galagher, a painter of portraits and signs; he was a German who, with his hat over one eye, was more *au fait* at walking Chestnut Street than at either face or sign-painting. Then there was Jeremiah Paul, who painted better and would hop farther than any of them; another who painted red lions and black bears, as well as beaux and belles, was old Mr. Pratt, and the last that I remember of that day was Rutter, an honest sign-painter, who never pretended or aspired to paint the human face divine, except to hang on the outside of a house; these worthies, when work was plenty, flags and fire-buckets in demand, used to work in partnership, and I, between school hours, worked for them all, delighted to have the command of a brush and a paint-pot. Such was my introduction to the fine arts and their professors." Copley, West, Stuart, Peale, Trumbull, and Allston were court painters in ease of condition compared with some of their obscure fellow craftsmen in the country; and, taking into account their limitations of temperament, they were not unequal to their opportunities.

There were commonplace painters be-

tween the later pupils of West and the generation of Kensett, Whittredge, and Gifford; but neither during that period nor later was there a reign of terror in American painting; there was, on the contrary, a more or less steady gain in craftsmanship and originality. Whatever may have been the limitations of the group of gifted men who are popularly regarded as belonging to the Hudson River School, they were trained in good traditions, and they interpreted the landscape of the country for the first time with deep feeling and sympathetic knowledge. They were men of generous and enthusiastic nature, and the breadth and wildness of American scenery moved them to large artistic endeavors. Their work was done out of doors, in a spirit of resolute fidelity to what they saw, and with simplicity of method. In the work of Mr. Worthington Whittredge, who has survived all his earliest contemporaries, to be in a sense the custodian of their traditions, and to be held in great honor by his successors, the feeling for depths of shadow in the hidden places of the forest, with just light enough sifting through the foliage to make the scene visible, is expressed with the utmost sincerity.

If the vastness of scale of American scenery appealed to Church and Bierstadt, its poetry was felt by Inness, Martin, and Wyant, whose development was contemporaneous with the early decades of the life of the *Atlantic*, and in whose work there was an individuality of insight and of expression which showed that the apprentice period in American painting was at an end, and the day of distinctive achievement at hand. Mr. Vedder reached his majority in 1857, and with him enters the element of mystery, the suggestion of fate, into American painting. There was nothing esoteric in his interpretations of figures and faces; no pretense on the part of the artist to the possession of a secret cipher, an occult knowledge, which his art implied but did not betray; on the contrary, its most potent suggestiveness is the feeling it

conveys that the artist saw and painted something as essentially unknowable to him as to his most intelligent student. When the illustrations to the *Rubáiyát* appeared in 1887 Mr. Vedder's work was well known by a few lovers of art, but that vague and cold collective person, "the general public," successor of the "gentle reader," had no acquaintance with it. The suggestiveness and power of the pictorial interpretation of Omar Khayyám deeply impressed the imagination of the country, not only because the manner was novel and the matter in striking contrast to the prevailing mood, but because the form was at once simple and fundamentally unified, and obviously and broadly beautified. The work was almost classical in its definiteness, but the richness of its texture, the solidity of its presentation, the liberal use of emblems and symbols, gave it a quality remote from familiar things, and kept the painter well in front of the philosopher. In the work of Mr. Vedder, as in that of Inness and Martin, the imagination began to move along original lines and to disclose a fresh and powerful impulse.

Five years after the birth of the *Atlantic* William Morris Hunt settled in Boston, and began a career which was too short to fulfill the hopes it awakened. If there was something lacking in mastery of technique, there was, in *The Bathers*, in *the Boy and the Butterfly*, in the decorations which gave distinction to the Albany Capitol and were sacrificed, — as art always is when it is innocently involved in a political job, — and in many of the portraits, a rich language of temperament, a luminousness, a command of tones full of ardor and passion, which revealed the presence of a genius trained in the Old but reveling in the freedom and audacity of the New World.

Whistler and Mr. La Farge came of age close upon the appearance of the *Atlantic*, and, in very diverse ways, exhibited that happy coming together of genius and culture which precedes fertility of high-class work in all the arts,

and which, in the case of these two painters, gave American painting secure place in the critical opinion of the world. The work of both craftsmen was saturated with feeling, with personality of rare quality, and irradiated again and again by the magic of inspiration. Happily one still writes of Mr. La Farge in the present tense, but the completeness of the disclosure of his gifts in the comparatively small mass of his work makes it proper to speak of it as a complete achievement. It may be said of him with safety, as of Whistler, that he has never sacrificed art to any kind of expediency, nor shaped his work to any passing interests; but, with the unswerving fidelity of a man of deep artistic instincts, has served his country by regarding not what it craved, but what alone could finally satisfy it. The note of distinction in his work, as in that of Whistler and of a considerable group of younger painters, has been an immense consolation to those who have feared that the price for the obvious material comforts of democracy might be a loss of fineness of feeling, of a certain elevation, dignity, and superiority of ideal and manner never lacking in the greater achievements of art.

Whistler published the Normandy etchings the year after the *Atlantic* was born; four or five years later his portraits of his mother and of Carlyle appeared; to be followed in the next decade by the incomparable etchings of Venice, of the Thames, of glimpses of the sea, of those odds and ends of buildings whose decay the twilight or the distance touched with a charm incommunicable by a hand less sensitive, subtle, and sure. Against an English background the audacity and brilliancy of Whistler's mind and temperament, his amazing skill in the dialects of verbal warfare, the flash and sting of his repartee, were immensely heightened, and prove him the alien he always claimed to be. His skill in expression was little short of magical; and if, in the dispassionate judgment of his work by future generations, it shall seem to lack

fundamental power, there can be no skepticism touching its beauty, subtlety, delicacy, — the specific qualities which many critics have agreed must perish under the blight of democracy.

American painting had ceased to be isolated and provincial long before the United States had been forced out of a seclusion from the affairs of the world, which it cherished as a historic policy after the conditions of modern civilization had entirely changed and the endeavor to separate privilege from responsibility had become as futile as it was selfish. Men whose work bore the marks of locality as distinctly as that of Eastman Johnson and of Winslow Homer; of personal idealism ascending at times to the height of vision, as that of Fuller among the older and Thayer among the younger men; of brilliant and audacious character reading and brush work, as that of Sargent; of forceful or charming individuality of observation of nature and of the human face, as that of Tryon, Brown, Foster, Brush, Walker, Beckwith, Alexander, Cecilia Beaux, — to select a few out of many representative names, — by a common sincerity of feeling, by great diversity of gifts, and by high seriousness of spirit, emancipated American painting from provincial tastes, local standards, and national complacency.

When the *Atlantic* was born American sculpture was a matter of a few names, a few pieces of well-cut marble, and a considerable mass of pretty and meaningless reminiscences of Italian *ateliers*. Ignorance of the art was widespread, and where ignorance ended prejudice began. There was a chilling suspicion of the decency of sculpture, and the unhappy artist who hinted at the existence of the human form under clothes was regarded as a dealer in immorality. In Philadelphia, twelve years before the appearance of the *Atlantic*, a few casts from the antique created something very like a public scandal; and when, at an earlier period, Greenough's Chanting Cherubs, the first group by an American sculptor,

was exhibited, a storm of condemnation enveloped the undraped figures; nude babies were familiar in American homes, but their appearance in public shocked the moral sense of the whole community. This was in New York where, still earlier, gentlemen who lived by piracy had been influential members of society. The symbolism of Powers's Greek Slave, and the passionate sympathy with the Greek struggle for freedom, diverted attention from the nudity of the figure to the pathos it expressed; but it was thought necessary, in the interests of public morals, that the fair captive should be examined by a committee of experts. Accordingly a group of clergymen in Cincinnati sat as a jury and, after a critical examination of the figure, issued a kind of license for purposes of public exhibition. The humor of submitting the statue to the inspection of a committee of clergymen does not seem to have occurred to any save a few Americans who had been corrupted by familiarity with foreign galleries; nor does any one appear to have realized that the real immorality was not in the timid slave but in the public opinion which hailed her effigy as the greatest work of art in the history of the world!

These significant facts explain the eager haste with which Greenough, Powers, and Crawford fled to Italy and remained in that more genial clime. The sin of self-consciousness which made Americans blush when the human form was mentioned in polite conversation, the lack of public interest, the dense ignorance of public taste, and the absence of examples of the art and of fine marble, drove the little group of sculptors into life-long exile. Houdon, the Frenchman, and Cerrachi, the Italian, had done some interesting work in this country; Rush and Augur had been timidly prophetic in wood and stone; there were Italian carvings in some of the old colonial homes; but it was still very early dawn in American sculpture when Greenough, Powers, and Crawford became professional sculptors. Greenough and Crawford,

despite the unevenness of their work and their partial success in large undertakings, made contributions of lasting artistic and historical value to the art that they practiced with passionate fidelity. Powers lacked temperament, vigor, the creative imagination; he never escaped the trammels of the Italian tradition, and set his hand boldly and strongly to original work; but he carved some admirable portrait busts, full of character, firm in manner, and faithful in likeness.

How far the country had yet to go in understanding and appreciation of sculpture is brought out by the fact that five years after the appearance of the *Atlantic* the National Congress commissioned a girl of fifteen, after an education in her art which lasted a twelvemonth, to execute a statue of Lincoln, which now stands in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, among other effigies of departed statesmen whose enforced absence alone secures the safety of the collection. In that melancholy hour the country was standing, however, on the threshold of that day of free and varied creativeness which has given contemporary American sculpture a place of the first importance in the interest of the artistic world. In no art was there for the first seventy years of the national life so little promise; in none has there been so great an achievement.

In the *Atlantic* year, 1857, Mr. Ward first modeled his Indian Hunter, which now stands, alert, alive, convincing, set low as if gliding through the shadows in the foliage of New York's beautiful park. Eleven years later Saint Gaudens, whose death falls like a shadow over the awakening love of beauty in America, received the commission for the statue of Farragut, which put him at the forefront of American sculptors, and made an immediate impression on monumental art in the country. No figure set up in any public place in America has spoken with such simplicity and humanness of speech to the mighty tides that stream

past it on the most crowded of American thoroughfares, nor has any more distinctly given a fresh and invigorating impulse to an art but lately emancipated from foreign influence and timidly venturing to give its soul play. The Lincoln in the Chicago park which bears its name has been accepted as the greatest portrait statue in the New World; the beautiful and baffling figure in the Rock Creek Cemetery in Washington, clothed with majesty of the mystery of death; the Shaw Memorial in Boston, with its moving column of negro soldiers fast upon the leader who rides, young and immortal, into the ranks of the dead; and, finally, the superb Sherman Memorial at one of the entrances to Central Park, New York, held securely on its pedestal, but moving, invincible, and alive, like its great fellow in Venice: these are achievements to be reckoned with, not only as forming an inspiring chapter in the development of American sculpture, but as a lasting contribution to the art of the world. What a distance these works register from tentative work of the earlier sculptors; from Palmer's charming ideal heads, and those graceful figures which did so much to awaken popular interest in sculpture; from Ball's impressive monumental work; from the varied and cultivated creations of Story, that fascinating and many-sided American, whose life was so full of interest and occupation, and who was fluent in so many languages of art that nothing he accomplished quite expressed his vitality or fulfilled his promise!

The fine poise and noble serenity of Mr. French's work, in which the skill of the craftsman and the power of revealing beauty and strength to men untrained in art, are happily united; the virile audacity and boldness of Mr. Macmonnies; the striking and forceful originality of Mr. Barnard; Mr. Bartlett's *Lafayette*, with its indefinable air of distinction, and his *Genius of Man* at the Pan-American Exposition; Mr. Boyle's *Stone Age*, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia;

Mr. Adams's gracious and unfailingly fascinating portrait busts; Mr. Elwell's figures of Ceres and Kronos at the Buffalo Exposition; Mr. Ruckstuhl's strongly conceived Spirit of the Confederacy; Mr. Partridge's meditative study of Tennyson; Mr. MacNeil's Sun Vow; Mr. Lopez's Sprinter; Mr. Pratt's Andersonville Prisoner Boy; Mr. Dallin's Signal of Peace; Mr. Bringham's Kiss of Eternity; Mr. Taft's Solitude of the Soul — to select a few representative works out of a great multitude — show how far the art of sculpture has gone in mastery of tools, courage of individual taste, variety and freshness of manner and subject, since the days when Greenough, Powers, Crawford, and Story found in Italy a refuge from the ignorance and indifference of their fellow countrymen.

The record of the progress of music has not been unlike that of sculpture. If it could be recalled in baldest outline, touching only its points of new departure, it would show the same general features. It was, for obvious reasons, more widely appreciated in the earlier times than sculpture, but its intelligent students were few, in spite of the fact that the old-fashioned schools for young women placed the study of music side by side with needlework, "elegant deportment and polite conversation." There was a great deal of that kind of music which Dumas called "the most expensive form of noise." A musical people could not and would not have accepted the *Star-Span-gled Banner*, with its terrible interrogatory "Oh, say," as a national anthem. There were homes, and even communities, in which singing and instrumental music were matters of taste and skill as well as of heart; but the country at large was a barren wilderness so far as the "concourse of sweet sounds" was concerned. To-day, in many large cities, it is impossible to make use of musical opportunities, so many and so interesting are they. In no art has there been so rapid and so wide a growth of intelligent interest during the last fifty years.

In nearly all the large cities orchestras of thorough training are to be heard, and permanent organizations of highly educated musicians are fast becoming a feature of life in the large centres. New York supports two houses devoted to grand opera, and musical programmes of every sort and kind are rendered to crowded audiences. It is true, all the other cities in the country are agreed that this musical interest is a fad, but it is equally true that it is so persistent and discriminating that it deceives the elect leaders of the Old World who conduct the New York orchestras from time to time, and are deluded into the belief that the metropolis is a musical city. Boston listens without impeachment of her intelligence to her admirable orchestras, and educates an almost innumerable host of students in music. Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, Cincinnati, have the most substantial claims to consideration as centres of interest in musical matters; while the growing enthusiasm for musical festivals in such towns as Worcester, Montclair, and many other communities may be safely taken as indicative of a steadily widening area of knowledge and appreciation. Music is taught in some of the older colleges by teachers who are also composers, while in the young and vigorous institutions of the Central West the love of the art is a popular movement.

Side by side with an immense amount of vulgarity in sound, of hideous "rag-time" profanity, there is a growing critical sense in music. Stephen Foster's touch on the springs of emotion in "The Old Kentucky Home," "Old Folks at Home," "Nellie was a Lady," and other melodies which the whole continent sang or hummed sixty years ago, was a prelude to a very considerable production of popular music, lacking in classical quality, but with a certain naïve originality and significance in our musical development, as Dvorak was quick to see when he composed the New World Symphony. Such teachers as Professors

Paine and Parker, who have been creators in the field in which they have long been conspicuous leaders in thoroughness of education: such composers as McDowell, Chadwick, Hadley, Foote, Kelley, and Converse, and such conductors as Thomas, the elder Damrosch, Seidl, and Gericke, have brought Americans out of the desert of the mediocre and cheap in an art which has, perhaps more than any other, given freest and deepest expression to the modern temper and attitude, into a land of abundant and increasing fertility and refreshment.

In every art save that of writing there has been a notable advance in the last half-century, and in the matter of writing we must not be blinded by the light of the few names which sum up the substance of our early literary achievement. If there has appeared no peer of Hawthorne, Poe, or Emerson, there has appeared a large group of writers who have reported American local conditions, and rendered American character, with an insight and delicacy of feeling, and an art at once so sincere and so beautiful, that in their field they are likely to be placed by later judgment quite on a level with their predecessors. Nor must it be forgotten that American literature, which, half a century ago, was the possession of the Atlantic seaboard and chiefly of a single section, is now the possession of the whole country, and draws its material from every locality and its subjects from every class. It has made immense gains in range of sympathy, breadth of feeling, and that quick interest in men as men, without regard to the accidents of condition, which is the very spirit of democracy. It has lost nothing in refinement of feeling or purity of taste; and it is dealing more boldly and fundamentally with the facts of life. The vitality and grip of actualities of such work as that of Frank Norris were not directed and sustained by adequate art, but they point the way to future achievement.

The majority of the men and women who gave American life its form and

direction were not the children of an artistic race, though they were the heirs of a great literature. They descended from a people who have never pursued art as an end, and whose first instinctive expression in meeting great experiences has never been artistic; but who have never divorced action from vision, nor failed, in the long run, to match power in action with some kind of beauty in speech. From its English ancestry the country has inherited an ingrained and ineffaceable idealism of nature, which enormous tasks and hitherto incredible prosperity have at times smothered and blighted, but never destroyed. From other races have come richer temperament, quicker sensibilities, craving for joy, and love of beauty for its own sake, which have already immensely enriched American art and are sub-soiling American life.

There was a certain thinness about the earlier literature, as there was a certain lack of blood in the American physique; there was a preponderance of nervous energy and activity; a self-consciousness not without noble moral antecedents, but destructive of the spontaneity of feeling, joy of spirit, and capacity for detachment which prepare the way for a rich growth of art. The American physique has lost its angularity; the American conscience no longer torments itself by the endeavor to close the books of immortal account every night and strike a balance between good and evil; the American mind is fast discovering that life is measured not by quantity, but by quality, and that energy without adequate ideas is a mere turning of wheels in the air. The idealism which took one form in early New England and another in the Old South has taken still another in the Central West; but everywhere it persists. It has been so far chiefly a matter of life; but it will inevitably become a matter of art. It has often taken forms so uncouth or so humorous that those who look only at the surface and never see the flower until it is in full bloom have entirely failed to recognize it; and have fallen into the error of call-

ing a very impressionable and essentially idealistic people, swayed by sentiment in the most important matters, and instantly responsive to every appeal to their generosity, "materialistic money-makers."

Taking into account the pressure of unescapable tasks, the temptations of unprecedented opportunities, the heroic toil of ordering a new world, the history of

art in this country during the half-century since the birth of the *Atlantic* justifies the prediction made long ago by Colonel Higginson: "Between Shakespeare in his cradle and Shakespeare in *Hamlet* there was needed but an interval of time; and the same sublime condition is all that lies between the America of toil and the America of art."

POLITICS

(1857-1907)

BY WOODROW WILSON

WE are separated from the year 1857 as men of one age are separated from those of another. We live amidst scenes and circumstances to which the events of that day can hardly be made to seem even a prelude. A stupendous civil war and the economic and political reconstruction of a nation have been crowded into the brief space of fifty years, — one era closed and another opened, — and it hardly seems possible that men now living can recollect as the happenings of a single lifetime events which seem to have wrought the effect of a couple of centuries. It was in fact the completion of one great process and the beginning of another. The process by which a nation was created and unified came at last to an end, and a still more fateful process began which was to determine its place and example in the general history of the world. Whether the new century we have entered upon will carry us to the completion of another phase of our life remains to be seen.

So far, a century seems to have been our dramatic unit: one century, the seventeenth, we spent upon the processes of settlement; another, the eighteenth, in clearing the continental spaces we had chosen for our own of all serious rivals,

the Spanish, the Dutch, the French, and in making ourselves free of oversight and interference from over sea; a third in constituting a nation, giving it government and homogeneity of life and institutions; and now we have entered upon a fourth century, and are sometimes in doubt what we shall do with it. We have for the nonce no clear purpose or programme. We are finding ourselves in a new age, amidst new questions and new opportunities, and shall have a clear vision of what we are about only when common counsel shall have further steadied and enlightened us.

If assessed by events, the year 1857 was not a year of particular significance. It was rather a year between times, when the sweep of events seemed to pause, and some were tempted to interpret the signs of the times as signs of peace, it seeming on the surface as if old issues were in some sort concluded and a time of settled policy at hand. Men who looked beneath the surface could, of course, see that no peace or settled mode of action could come out of opinions and policies constituted as were the opinions and policies they then saw to be the ruling elements of politics. Such, among others, were the men who founded the *Atlantic Monthly*.

And yet it was at least a year quiet and undisturbed enough to afford the historian an opportunity to look about him, and take stock of what had come and was coming. It was a year in which one chapter may close and another open, as if at a pause or turning-point in the narrative.

The year 1856 had witnessed a presidential election, and in March, 1857, Mr. Buchanan became President in the place of Mr. Pierce, Democrat succeeding Democrat; but some significant things had taken place within the Democratic ranks within the four years that had elapsed since Mr. Pierce was elected. In 1848, Mr. Polk, the Democratic candidate, had carried fifteen out of the twenty-six states that then constituted the Union; in 1852 Mr. Pierce had received the electoral votes of every state except Vermont, Massachusetts, Tennessee, and Kentucky; but Mr. Buchanan had received the support of no states outside the South except Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana, and Illinois. His party, from being national, had seemed amidst the new ordering of affairs to become of a sudden little more than sectional, and, in spite of its success and its apparent confidence, seemed touched, as other parties were, with change and decay. The Democratic party had had its easy successes at the last three presidential elections largely because other parties were going to pieces and it held together unbroken and with definite purpose with regard to the main issues of the day; but at last its own followers were yielding to the influences of divided opinion, and few besides its southern adherents remained steadfast of purpose.

The slavery question had proved an effectual dissolvent of parties, — not the question of the continued existence of slavery in the Southern States, but the question of the extension of slavery into the regions of settlement where new territories and states were being erected. It seemed a question impossible of definitive settlement until the ceaseless movement of population should come naturally

to an end and the spaces of the continent should have been filled in everywhere with communities which had chosen their own order of life. Attempt after attempt had been made to determine it beforehand. The great Ordinance of 1787, contemporaneous with the making of the Constitution itself, had excluded slavery from the broad Northwest Territory which the States had ceded to the Union as a nursery of new commonwealths; the Missouri Compromise had excluded it from so much of the territory embraced within the Louisiana Purchase as lay north of the southern boundary of Missouri extended; and the extensive State of California, a small empire of itself, cut out of the vast territories snatched from Mexico, had been admitted as a State with a constitution of her own making which excluded slavery, thus determining the critical matter for the only portion of that great region with regard to which the movement of population rendered its immediate settlement imperative. Settlers by the tens of thousands had rushed into California upon the discovery of gold. The discovery had been made the very month the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo was signed (February, 1848), and before Congress was ready to legislate for the new possessions, California had become a self-governing community of the familiar frontier pattern, with ruling spirits to whom it was impossible to dictate laws they did not like. The gold-hunters and the tradesmen who went with them neither had slaves nor wanted them, and Congress had no choice but to admit them as a state upon terms of their own making. And the rest of the Mexican cession it left open to be taken care of by the fortunes of settlement and the preference of its first occupants, after the same fashion. Such had been the terms of the famous Compromise of 1850, which also shut the odious slave trade out of the District of Columbia and provided southern slave-owners with a stringent Fugitive Slave Law which enabled them to recover their runaway slaves by simple

and effective process through the action of the local officials of the federal government itself. That great Compromise, upon which Mr. Clay had spent the last years of his life and power, — that latest "settlement" of the irrepressible question, — was but six years old when Mr. Buchanan was chosen President.

But each successive handling of the critical matter seemed rather to unsettle than to determine it; and this last attempt to deal with it proved the least conclusive of all, — seemed, indeed, purposefully to leave it open with regard at any rate to so much of the Mexican cession as was not included within the boundaries of the new State of California. Mr. Calhoun had explicitly denied the right of the federal government to exclude slaves, the legal property of such settlers as might come from the South, from the territories of the United States, and had declared it as his opinion, and that of all southern men who thought clearly of their rights under the partnership of the Union, that the people of the several territories, wherever situated, whether on the one side or the other of compromise lines, had the constitutional right "to act as they pleased upon the subject of the status of the negro race amongst them, as upon other subjects of internal policy, when they came to form their constitutions," and to apply for admission to the Union as states. The Compromise of 1850 had been framed upon that principle; and that compromise was not four years old, Mr. Calhoun was not four years dead, before the new principle had been enacted into law, to the sweeping away of all former compromises and arrangements.

It had been an astonishing reversal of policy, brought about by a man of surprising vigor and directness, who for a little while seemed the leader of the country. Not Mr. Calhoun only, but Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay were dead; a new generation was on the stage, and its leader, while parties changed, was Stephen A. Douglas, since 1847 one of the senators

from Illinois. No man better fitted for confident and aggressive leadership in an age of doubt and confusion could have been found, even in the western country from which he came. He was but forty-one, but had won every step of his way for himself since he came a lad out of Vermont, and knew how to work his will with men and circumstances. His appearance bespoke what he was. He was short of stature, but gave the impression of mass and extraordinary vigor, carrying his square, firmly set head with its mass of dark hair with an alert poise that gave their right bearing to his deep-set eyes and mouth of determined line. His friends dubbed him the Little Giant, with affectionate familiarity; and his opponents found in him a candor that matched his fearlessness, a daring and readiness of wit that were the more formidable in contests before the people because he was a bit coarse-fibred and could be counted on to hold his own in any sort of debate. He had in a certain sense taken Mr. Benton's place in the Senate. His chief interest was in the development of the western country, the new communities constantly making to the westward, which were like the Illinois of his own youth, and carried so much of the vigor and initiative of American life; and he had by natural selection become chairman of the Senate's Committee on Territories. West of Iowa and Missouri stretched the great Platte country all the way to the Rockies, and across it ran the trails which were the highways into the far West. The western Indians had their hunting grounds there upon the plains, and the authorities at Washington had once and again thought of allotting to them an extensive reservation which should secure them in their hunting privileges. Mr. Douglas feared that something of that kind might throw a barrier across the main lines of the westward movement which he watched with such sympathy and interest, and had more than once urged the erection of a territory in the Platte country. In 1854 he had had his

will, and had quickened the approach of revolution by the way in which he chose to have it.

His measure, as finally submitted to the Senate, provided for the creation of two territories, one lying immediately to the west of Missouri and to be known as Kansas, and the other, to be known as Nebraska, stretching northward upon the great plains through which the Platte found its way to the Missouri. Both lay north of the southern boundary of Missouri extended, the historic line of the Missouri Compromise, established now these thirty-three years, but Mr. Douglas declared himself impelled by "a proper sense of patriotic duty" to set that compromise aside and to act upon the principle of the later compromise of 1850, legislation which had been framed but the other day to compose the agitation of parties. The bill which he introduced, therefore, explicitly declared the Missouri Compromise "inoperative and void," and left the matter of the extension of slavery into the new territories entirely to the sovereign choice of the people who should occupy them.

Mr. Douglas did not wish to see slavery extended; he was simply taking what seemed to him the straightest way to the settlement of a vexed question which apparently could be settled in no other way. He did not expect the settlers of the new country to accept or desire slavery; he expected them to reject it. But whether they accepted it or rejected it, he thought them the best judges of such a question, affecting their own life and social makeup; and he did not believe that in any case Congress could either successfully or constitutionally determine such a matter beforehand. There were men in the Senate who earnestly opposed what he sought to do: Seward, and Sumner, and Chase, and Fish, and Foote, and Wade were there, the representatives of a new party which had devoted itself to this very task of blocking the extension of slavery; but they did not avail against the confident Democratic majority, which

seemed to find a certain exhilaration in having obtained at last a leader who did not propose compromises but was willing to venture the open contests which only actual settlement and the direct action of the people themselves could conclude. It seemed clearly Democratic doctrine, this doctrine of "squatter sovereignty," and they accepted it with a certain zest and sense as of relief.

They must have seen how direct a challenge it was to the rival interests, pro-slavery and anti-slavery, to attempt a conquest of the new territories. Not that there was any question about Nebraska. That lay too far north to be available for the extension into it of the southern system. But that system had got its established foothold already in Missouri, and Kansas lay close neighbor to slave territory within the same parallels of latitude; and so far as her lands were concerned the challenge was accepted, — accepted in a way that held the attention of the whole country. It was a very tragic thing that ensued. Settlers out of the slave-owning states just at hand were naturally the first to enter the new territory, taking their slaves with them; but there presently began a movement of settlers out of the North which was of no ordinary kind. Nothing could have stimulated active opposition to the extension of slavery more than what Mr. Douglas had done. He had notified the country that law was neither here nor there in such a matter; that there was no legislative body that had the authority to say beforehand whether slaves could go with the settlers who entered the new lands of the national domain or not; that the predominance of men who wished slavery or did not wish it — their predominance, not in the nation, but in the territories themselves — must determine the question. In brief, he had made it a question of numbers, a question of conquest, of prevailing majorities on the one side or the other. Kansas therefore began to be peopled as no other territory had been. Settlers were sent there by organized effort. Individ-

uals and societies in the North set themselves to work to find the men and the means to take possession of it, and the new settlers came prepared for anything that might prove to be necessary to establish themselves or their principles in the new territory, whether legal or illegal, understanding that it was not to be a process of law but an act of choice made in any form of fact. It was an opportunity for desperate men, as well as for peaceful immigrants who wanted homes and came to till the broad, level acres of the prairie; and desperate men availed themselves of it. Kansas became a veritable battlefield. Men stopped at no violence to prevail, and flames of partisan warfare burst forth there which threatened, as every one saw, to spread to the whole Union.

Mr. Douglas's principles were put to the test the very year Mr. Buchanan became President. Until that year the pro-slavery men who had come out of Missouri and the farther South had predominated in numbers in Kansas, and had pressed their advantage with characteristic energy and initiative. Before they had lost their majority by the pouring in of settlers coming faster and faster out of the North, they had called a constitutional convention, and had submitted to the people of the territory an instrument which established slavery by organic law. One of the first things it fell to Mr. Buchanan to do was to submit to Congress their application for admission to the Union as a state under that instrument. But Mr. Douglas would not vote to accept the new state on those terms, and there were men enough of his opinion in the Democratic ranks to exclude it. He knew that, even at the time the constitution which was submitted with the application was in process of being drawn and submitted, the weight of opinion in the territory had shifted, and that when the popular vote upon it was taken the majority of the voters of the territory were against it. Multitudes had refrained from voting upon the question of its acceptance at all, because they had

felt that they were being tricked. The instrument was not submitted to them to be accepted or rejected, but to be accepted "with slavery" or "without slavery," — all other provisions contained in it in any case to go into effect; and it was clear from the text of it that to vote for it "without slavery" would not in fact exclude slavery; because clauses which were quite independent of the organic provision in question threw effective safeguards about the ownership of slaves, which would in all probability in any case indirectly secure it. This was not "squatter sovereignty." Whatever might be said of Mr. Douglas's doctrine, he held it candidly and in all sincerity, and would not consent to deal falsely with it; and at the certain risk of losing the confidence of the southern wing of his party, now its chief and controlling wing, he voted against the admission of Kansas under a pro-slavery constitution, notwithstanding the fact that the President backed it with his recognition as, in form at any rate, the legally expressed wish of the people of the territory.

And so things stood in the year 1857, a very doubtful face upon them, — a vast deal undone that had seemed at least to give definite form and security to the movements of politics, and nothing done by way of new definition or settlement. And then, as if to complete the confusion and destroy even Mr. Douglas's principle of action, came the Dred Scott decision, and the country learned that in the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States the people of a territory had no more right than Congress to forbid the holding of slaves as chattels within their boundaries. Dred Scott was a negro of Missouri, whose master had taken him first into one of the States from which slavery was excluded by local law, and then into one of the territories from which slavery had been excluded by the congressional legislation of 1820, the famous Missouri Compromise. After his return to Missouri and the death of his master, Scott sought to obtain his freedom on the

ground that his temporary residence on free soil had operated to annul his master's rights over him. The court not only decided against him: it went much farther and undertook a systematic exposition of its opinion with regard to the legal status of slavery in national politics. It declared that in its opinion slaves were not citizens within the meaning of the Constitution of the United States, but property, and that neither Congress nor the legislature of a territory — the power of a territorial government being only the power of Congress delegated — could legislate with hostile intent against any species of property belonging to citizens of the United States; that the compromise legislation of 1820 had been *ultra vires* and had no legal effect; and that under our constitutional allotment of powers only states could make valid laws concerning property, whether in slaves or in anything else. The repeal of the compromise measures of 1820 by Mr. Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska Bill of 1854 had not been necessary. They had been legally null from the first. The Dred Scott decision was uttered two days after Mr. Buchanan's inauguration.

As if there were not grounds enough of uneasiness, financial distress was added, — not because of the political fears and disquietude of the time, though they no doubt played their part in disturbing the minds of men of business and clouding their calculations of the future, — but because of the operation of forces familiar enough in financial history. An era of extraordinary enterprise had followed the rapid extension of railways and the successful establishment of steam navigation on the seas, and the discovery of gold in California had added excitement to enterprise when stimulation was not necessary and excitement was very dangerous. It was hard at best to give solidity and prudent limit to industrial and commercial undertakings which sought to keep pace with the growth of a new nation, to follow a people constantly moving everywhere into new lands, spreading their

thin and scattered settlements far and near upon the practically unlimited spaces of a great continent. It was a speculative process in any case, based upon necessarily uncertain calculations as to the movement of population and the development of industry. The very railways which facilitated enterprise were themselves hazardous pieces of business, and had been pushed so fast and far through sparsely settled districts as to give those who invested in them scant return for their money, when they gave them any return at all and did not prove utter financial failures, so far as those were concerned who met their first cost. The speculative element in business, necessarily present everywhere, had grown larger and larger until, added to mere waste and bad management and flat dishonesty, there had come an inevitable crash of credit, and in the reaction business was prostrated. The crisis came in the winter which followed the presidential election of 1856, and Mr. Buchanan's term of office began when its effects were freshest and most depressing. It did not wear the features of panic, after the first crash had come, so much as of mere lethargy. Enterprise was at a standstill: the face of all business was dead; men not only did not venture, they did not hope: they were stunned, and the spirit taken out of them.

It was one of the significant signs of the times that no particular political importance was attributed to these financial disturbances. No one sought to make political capital of them. No doubt the uneasiness of the time, the removal of old political foundations by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the apparent transformation of the process of settlement into a process of civil war in Kansas, the rising passion of conviction that the contest of parties upon the question of slavery must presently come to some hot issue, contributed to confirm merchants and manufacturers and bankers and transportation companies in the opinion that nothing was safe that depended upon calculations of future advantage; but

such matters lay apart from what politicians were chiefly thinking of, seemed to belong among the ordinary interests of the country's every-day life, and not among the extraordinary interests they were called on to handle, interests that loomed bigger and more ominous the more closely they were approached, the more intimately they were dealt with. Nothing financial was for the time being of party significance or interest. It was even possible to revise the tariff without party contest, in the interest of business instead of in the interest of politicians. It seemed to men of all parties that the tariff as it stood contributed to the financial distress of the time. It was steadily drawing into the Treasury a surplus of funds which the government did not use and which it was at that time especially inconvenient to withdraw from circulation. It was agreed, therefore, to put many of the raw materials of manufacture, hitherto taxed, on the free list, and to reduce the general level of duties to twenty-four per cent. Not since the War of 1812 had it been possible to arrange such a matter so amicably, with so little debate, with such immediate concert of action. The interest of parties was evidently withdrawn to other things.

These friendly debates, Mr. Buchanan's decisive majority in the electoral college, and the apparent dispersion of all organized elements of opposition, might give to the year 1857, as we look back to it, a deceptive air of peace. Even the radical views of the Supreme Court in deciding the Dred Scott case, and the uncomfortable matter of determining the right of Kansas to enter the Union with a pro-slavery constitution, might be made to look like the end of a process of change rather than the beginning of things still more radical and doubtful of issue, if one were seeking signs of accommodation and were satisfied to look no deeper than the surface. Undoubtedly 1857 was a year of pause, when the strains of politics were for the moment eased. It seemed a year of peace and settled policy.

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It was in fact, however, the pause which precedes concerted and decisive movements of opinion upon matters too critical to form the ordinary subjects of party contest. Parties will join issue as hotly as you please upon any ordinary question of the nation's life, even though the elements of that question cut perilously deep into individual interests and involve radical economic or political changes; but they waver, postpone, and evade when they come within sight of questions which cut as deep and swing through as wide a compass as did that which divided North and South, and seemed to involve the very character and perpetuation of the Union of the States. The Democratic party had held a steady enough course upon the question of slavery. No doubt it was the easier course to maintain, — the course which seemed only a fulfillment of the older understandings of our constitutional system, only a working out of the policy of the country on lines long established and, it might be, inevitable. No doubt, too, the definite principles and undeviating purposes of the Southern men who constituted so important an element of the strength of the party, and who furnished from the ranks of their politicians so many men who had the capacity and the desire to lead, gave the party a leadership and a motive for framing definite programmes which the party of opposition lacked; and in a time of vacillation and doubt the confident party, with a mind of its own, has always the advantage. But, for whatever reason, the Democrats had so far remained for the most part of one mind and purpose, and other parties had gone to pieces. Only within the year had it begun to look as if a party ready to face the Democrats with resolute purpose and determined programme would at last form. The Whig party had finally gone to pieces in the presidential campaign of 1852. It had never been a party to declare its principles very strongly at critical moments or to espouse a cause very definitely in a time of doubt. It had had splendid

leaders. The annals of the country have been made illustrious by few greater names than those of Webster and Clay, and their steadfast endeavor to keep the government to clear lines of thoughtful policy it must ever be the pleasure of the historian to praise; but the party had too often gone into presidential campaigns depending upon some mere popular cry, some passing enthusiasm of the people for a particular hero. The only Whig Presidents had been successful soldiers, General Harrison and General Taylor, both of whom died in office, to be succeeded, the one by Mr. Tyler who was not a Whig but a Democrat, the other by Mr. Fillmore who followed the leaders of his party, and counted for little in the formation of policies. Mr. Clay himself had shifted very uneasily from Yes to No in 1844 on the question of the annexation of Texas, when pitted against Mr. Polk, and the confident programme of the Democrats for "the reoccupation of Oregon and the reannexation of Texas," to the great loss of personal prestige; and the "Liberty Party" which then drew discontented Whigs from Mr. Clay's following had found successors in parties which showed more and more powerful as the number of voters grew who found the Whigs without courage or purpose on the chief issue of the day.

It was easy, with the machinery of nominating conventions open to everybody's use, as it had been since General Jackson's day, to bring new parties into the field from season to season, though it was by no means so easy to give them strength and coherency amidst shifting opinion; and independent nominations had more than once diverted votes from the ruling party at critical moments. There was little doubt but that the sixty thousand votes cast for the candidate of the Liberty Party in 1844 had been chiefly drawn from the Whig ranks, and had cost Mr. Clay the election. In 1848 a "Free-Soil" convention had nominated Mr. Van Buren, and a strong faction of Democrats in New York, displeased with

the attitude of their party on the question of slavery in the Mexican cession, had followed their example, with the result that the Whig candidate won and the Democrat lost. The opposition to the extension of slavery was strongest among men of Whig connections, but it showed itself also in the Democratic ranks and rendered party calculations most uncertain. Mr. Wilmot, whose proviso against slavery had made such difficulty in the debates on the Mexican cession, was a Democrat, not a Whig, not a professed partisan of the new men of Mr. Seward's creed, who were slowly making their way into Congress. The Free-Soil men held another convention in 1852, when the Whigs went to pieces, and spoke to the country with a ringing platform of "no slave states, no more slave territories, no nationalized slavery, no national legislation for the extradition of slaves," and again made their own nomination for the presidency; but opinion was shifting again; the Compromise of 1850 had disposed voters for the time to let critical matters alone; restless men were turning in other directions, and the Free-Soilers reaped no apparent advantage from the break-up of parties. It was not until Mr. Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and the pitiful spectacle of the struggle in Kansas which followed, had drawn men sharply from thought to action, that the Republican party emerged and showed the strength of a party that would last and win its way to power; and even then it felt obliged to compound a singular Free-Soil-Anti-Nebraska-Whig creed and nominate a Democrat for the presidency.

Meantime there had been witnessed an extraordinary diversion in the field of parties. The Know-Nothing party had sprung into sudden importance, with a programme which had nothing to say of slavery one way or the other, but concentrated attention upon the formidable tide of foreigners pouring into the country, because of the famine in Ireland and the political upheavals of 1848 in Europe, and urged upon the country the necessity

of safeguarding its institutions against alien influences, of confining its gifts of political office to native Americans, and of regulating very circumspectly the bestowal of the suffrage. Voters turned to this new party as if glad to find some new current for their thoughts, some new interest touched at least with a common patriotism. In the autumn of 1854 the Know-Nothings elected their candidates for the governorship in Massachusetts and Delaware, and sent nearly a hundred members to the House of Representatives. In the autumn of 1855 they carried New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Kentucky, and California, and fell but little short of winning majorities in six of the Southern States. The House of Representatives which met in December, 1855, was an extraordinary medley of Democrats, Anti-Nebraska men, Free-Soilers, southern pro-slavery Whigs, northern anti-slavery Whigs, Know-Nothings who favored the extension of slavery, and Know-Nothings who opposed it. Nothing was certain of that assembly except that the Democrats had lost their majority in it. Even in 1856, when the elements of opposition began to draw together into the Republican party, there were still in the field a remnant of Whigs and a remnant of Know-Nothings. The four years of another administration were needed for the final formation of parties as they were to enter the conclusive contest of 1860. And so the year 1857 was a year between-times, when the country had not yet consciously drawn away from its past, had not yet consciously entered its revolutionary future.

It was indeed a revolution which ensued. Changes more complete, more pervasive and radical than those which were wrought by the war between the States, by the "Reconstruction" of the southern States, and by all that has followed of social and economic transformation, could hardly be imagined. The nation of 1907 is hardly recognizable, socially, politically, or economically, as the nation of 1857

or of 1860. The generation that wrought that extraordinary revolution left the stage but yesterday. We have all known and familiarly conversed with men who belonged to it and who performed its tremendous tasks. Some of the soldiers who officered the armies of that war of transformation are still among us. But we do not think their thoughts; it requires an effort of the imagination to carry our minds back to the things which are for them the most vital facts and recollections of their lives. Even they are now unconsciously dominated by influences which have lost all flavor of the days they remember. They have come to think our thoughts and see the world as we see it: a nation not made apparently by the forces they handled, but by forces new and of a modern world, — by vast economic alterations and unforeseen growths of enterprise and endeavor; by the opening up of the Orient and the new stir of affairs upon the Pacific; by an unlooked-for war which has drawn us out of our one-time domestic self-absorption into the doubtful and perilous field of international politics; by new influences of opinion and new problems of political organization and of legal regulation. Nothing remains of that older day but the irreparable mischief wrought by the reconstruction of the southern States. That folly has left upon us the burden of a race problem well-nigh insoluble, which even the alchemy of these extraordinary fifty years has not transmuted into stuff of calculable human purpose. That is of the old world; all else is of the new. We see what has gone by only across a gulf of unfamiliar things.

And so we stand in the year 1907 as if in a new age, and look not back but forward. It would perhaps be too fanciful to pretend to find in 1907 a close parallel of circumstances with the far year 1857, which lies so long a half century away from us; but there is this particular feature of resemblance, that this, like that, is a brief season between times, when

forces are gathering which we have not clearly analyzed, and tasks are to be performed for which we have not formed definite party combinations. Parties are in partial solution now as then, and for the same reason. The issue of the day is clearly enough defined in our thoughts, as was the issue with regard to the extension of slavery in the thought of all observant men in 1857; but parties have not yet squarely aligned themselves along what must of course be the line of cleavage. It is manifest that we must adjust our legal and political principles to a new set of conditions which involve the whole moral and economic make-up of our national life; but party platforms are not yet clearly differentiated, party programmes are not yet explicit for the voter's choice. Let us hope that we are on the eve of a campaign of sharp definition.

There are many things to define, and yet there is only one thing. It is easy enough to point out the perplexing complexity of our present field of choice in every matter that calls for action. Our new business organization is so different from our old, to which we had adjusted our morals and our economic analyses, that we find ourselves confused when we try to think out its problems. Everything is upon a gigantic scale. The individual is lost in the organization. No man any longer, it would seem, understands the whole of any modern business. Every part of every undertaking demands special knowledge and expert skill. Individuals play their parts in subordination to the organizations which they serve, and we are made to doubt their moral responsibility beyond the limits of the mere tasks they are set to do; and yet the morality of the machine itself we do not know how to formulate. If we cannot formulate its morals, we cannot formulate the legal principles upon which we are to deal with it; for law is only so much of the moral understandings of society, so much of its rules of right and of convenience as it has been possible to reduce to principles

plainly suitable for general application without too much doubt or refinement. Our thinkers, whether in the field of morals or in the field of economics, have before them nothing less than the task of translating law and morals into the terms of modern business; and inasmuch as morals cannot be corporate, but must be individual, however ingeniously the individual may seek covert, that task in simple terms comes to this: to find the individual amidst modern circumstances and bring him face to face once more with a clearly defined personal responsibility.

And that is the one thing which the politician, as well as the moralist and the economist, must make up his mind about. It is easy to state the matter in a way that makes it sound very subtle, very philosophical, a thing for the casuist, not for the man of affairs. But it is a plain question for practical men after all. And practical men are very busy just now, in confused and haphazard ways, perhaps, but very energetically, nevertheless, in settling it for better or for worse. We state our problem for statesmen by saying that it is the problem of the control of corporations. Corporations are, of course, only combinations of individuals, but the individuals combined in them have a power in their respective fields, an opportunity of enterprise, which is beyond all precedent in private undertakings and which gives them a sort of public character, if only by reason of their size and scope and the enormous resources they command; some of them seeming, if it were possible, rivals of the government itself in their control over individuals and affairs. Lawyers have always spoken of corporations as artificial persons, but these modern corporations seem in the popular imagination and in the minds of law-makers to be actual persons, the colossal personalities of modern industrial society.

One school of politicians amongst us, one school of lawyers and of law-makers, accepts the prodigy as literal fact, and

tries to deal with it as with a person. It is a new doctrine of "squatter sovereignty." Mr. Douglas maintained that those who formed the great corporate bodies of the West which we have called territories could not by any rightful legal principle be dealt with as citizens, but must be suffered corporately to form their lives and practices as they pleased, and then dealt with as states; his modern counterparts tell us that corporations must contrive their ways of business at their pleasure and peril, and that law cannot deal with them as a body of citizens but only as an organized power to be regulated in its entirety and handled as a corporate member of our new national society of corporations. Corporations, we are told, have grown bigger than States, and must take a sort of precedence of them in the new organism of our law, being made participants in a federal system of legal regulation which States cannot negative or tamper with. The only way in which to meet such amazing — I had almost said amusing — ideas, is to meet them as the older doctrine of squatter sovereignty was met: by a flat denial that there is or can be any such thing as corporate morality or a corporate privilege and standing which is lifted out of the realm of ordinary citizenship and individual responsibility. The whole theory is compounded of confused thinking and impossible principles of law; and the political party that explicitly rejects it and substitutes for it plain sense and feasible law will bring health and the exhilaration of comprehensible policy into affairs again.

The present apparent approach of the two great parties of the nation to one another, their apparent agreement upon the chief questions now of significance, is not real, it is only apparent. At any rate it is plain that if it is in fact taking place, it does not truly represent the two great bodies of opinion that exist in the nation. There is a great and apparently growing body of opinion in the country which approves of a radical change in the character of our institutions and the ob-

jects of our law, which wishes to see government, and the federal government at that, regulate business. Some men who entertain this wish perceive that it is socialistic, some do not. But of course it is socialistic. Government cannot properly or intelligently regulate business without fully comprehending it in its details as well as in its larger aspects; it cannot comprehend it except through the instrumentality of expert commissions; it cannot use expert commissions long for purposes of regulation without itself by degrees undertaking actually to order and conduct what it began by regulating. We are at present on the high road to government ownership of many sorts, or to some other method of control which will in practice be as complete as actual ownership.

On the other hand, there is a great body of opinion, slow to express itself, sorely perplexed in the presence of modern business conditions, but very powerful and upon the eve of an uprising, which prefers the older and simpler methods of the law, prefers courts to commissions, and believes them, if properly used and adapted, better, more efficacious, in the end more purifying, than the new instrumentalities now being so unthinkingly elaborated. The country is still full of men who retain a deep enthusiasm for the old ideals of individual liberty, sobered and kept within bounds by the equally old definitions of personal responsibility, the ancient safeguards against license; and these men are right in believing that those older principles can be so used as to control modern business and keep government outside the pale of industrial enterprise. The law can deal with transactions instead of with methods of business, and with individuals instead of with corporations. It can reverse the process which creates corporations, and instead of compounding individuals, oblige corporations to analyze their organization and name the individuals responsible for each class of their transactions. The law, both civil

and criminal, can clearly enough characterize transactions, can clearly enough determine what their consequences shall be to the individuals who engage in them in a responsible capacity. New definitions in that field are not beyond the knowledge of modern lawyers or the skill of modern law-makers, if they will accept the advice of disinterested lawyers. We shall never moralize society by fining or even dissolving corporations; we shall only inconvenience it. We shall moralize it only when we make up our minds as to what transactions are reprehensible, and bring those transactions home to individuals with the full penalties of the law. That is the other, the greater body of opinion; one or other of the great parties of the nation must sooner or later stand with it, while the other stands with

those who burden government with the regulation of business by direct oversight.

Such a season between times as this in which we live demands nothing so imperatively as clear thinking and definite conviction: thinking clear both in its objects and in its details; conviction which can be satisfied only by action. The *Atlantic Monthly* has enjoyed the great distinction of supplying the writing of conviction throughout the deep troubles and perplexities of a half-century of contest and reconstruction; it enters now upon a second half-century which is no less in need of similar tonic. Our very political ideals are now to be decided. We are to keep or lose our place of distinction among the nations, by keeping or losing our faith in the practicability of individual liberty.

ATLANTIC DINNERS AND DINERS

BY ARTHUR GILMAN

THE *Atlantic* dinners to which I purpose giving attention date back, the last of them, twenty-five years, for since June, 1882, though there have doubtless been as many dinners as diners, none have occurred that demand public investigation. The now ancient magazine was sweet sixteen when I began to ask of some of the first diners the nature of the dinners that I had heard of their taking together in Cambridge. Mr. Lowell was living, and Dr. Holmes, as well as others who were present at the birth. Cambridge seemed to be the place appropriate for such festivals, for an examination of the catalogue of *Atlantic* writers will show a large minority, at least, of names associated with Harvard, although, in the process of time, and owing to the widening of the scope of the magazine, the whole world is now laid under obligation to supply the demand; in spite, also, of

the fact that it was the original intention to give a somewhat international character to the venture, and that the first number opened with an article by an Englishman on an English subject.

Reference to the *Atlantic* dinners will be found in the first number of the magazine. Mr. Lowell made it himself. "It was said long ago," he writes, "that poets, like canaries, must be starved in order to keep them in good voice, and in the palmy days of Grub Street, an editor's table was nothing grander than his own knee, on which, in his airy garret, he unrolled his paper parcel of dinner, happy if its wrapping were a sheet from Brown's last poem and not his own. Now an editorial table seems to mean a board of green cloth, at which literary broken victuals are served out with no carving but that of the editorial scissors. La Maga has her table, too, and at fitting

times invites to it her various Eminent Hands. It is a round table — that is, rounded by the principle of rotation — for how could she settle points of precedence with the august heads of her various departments without danger of the dinner's growing cold? Substantial dinners are eaten thereat with Homeric appetite. . . . At these feasts no tyranny of speechmaking is allowed, but the bon-bons are all wrapped in original copies of verses made by various contributors, which, having served their festive turn, become the property of the guests. Reporters are not admitted, for the eating is not done for inspection like that of the hapless inmates of a menagerie."

We are permitted to go a little farther back than Mr. Lowell, in his modesty, allowed himself to go, for before the *Atlantic* was begun, before any one knew that it was to be, there was a notable dinner, given by the publishers, at the new hotel of Harvey D. Parker on School Street, in Boston. It is not necessary for a sound institution that it should begin with a constitution and by-laws, and a good dinner seems to serve as a basis for permanence! At any rate, the publishing house under the auspices of which the *Atlantic* began, thought that a dinner was well!

Who were present on this occasion, for which we should be so grateful? A dozen literary gentlemen had been asked to come, and at the head of the table, as we should have read in the *Boston Advertiser* the following morning, had reporters been admitted, sat Mr. Phillips, of the publishing firm. At the foot was Mr. Underwood, "literary adviser," who had pressed the matter to a fruitful issue. Mr. Longfellow, then fifty years of age, Dr. Holmes, two years younger, the historian Motley, five years younger, Mr. Lowell, only thirty-eight, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and John Eliot Cabot were there. Pretty good names to conjure with! Mr. Underwood told me that Harriet Beecher Stowe was the person whose urgency had effectually influenced Mr. Phillips, but

neither she nor any other lady was present at this initial dinner.

We know that after the dinner came to an end, there was serious discussion of the establishment of an "organ" — perhaps that business word was used — worthy of Boston's reputation. Had not New York boasted its genial *Knickerbocker*, its worthy *Harper's*, in whose Easy Chair Boston's Curtis long afterwards sat, and *Putnam's*, with a growing reputation well sustained? Boston had long sustained its *North American Review*, which had absorbed Tudor's *Monthly Anthology*; and there had been a succession of *Polyanthuses*, and *Ordeals*, and *Monthly Chronicles*, and there was once upon a time *The Dial*, with Mr. Emerson, Mr. Alcott, and Margaret Fuller at the helm. Mr. Lowell, Edward Everett Hale, W. W. Story, and E. P. Whipple had found place for their literary "output" in the *Boston Miscellany*, a magazine about the size of *Harper's*, with a dark and repellent chocolate cover. Bunker Hill monument was roughly depicted on it, and in the foreground was a comfortably dressed Cupid who had just thrown aside his bow and arrows, while his young eyes gazed curious at the obelisk, the meaning of which he seemed unable to guess. Lowell had himself edited, with Robert Carter, *The Pioneer*; and Charles Hale had tried to establish a literary journal entitled *To-day*, five years before the *Atlantic* began; but none of these satisfied Boston, and so this dinner and this discussion.

Unexpectedly to himself, Mr. Lowell was now nominated as editor of the magazine to be, but he accepted the responsibility, with several provisos. He demanded that Dr. Holmes should contribute, that George Nichols, of Cambridge, should read proofs — and that did not mean what is usually meant when proof-reading is spoken of, for Nichols, publisher of Lowell's early poems, careful successor of Charles Folsom, could correct authors who misquoted authorities or fell into any other inaccuracy. Mr.

Lowell meant to secure vivacity and correctness. Next he asked that Longfellow, Motley, Emerson, Whittier, and others whose names "blazon our provincial scroll," as Holmes says, should support him, and this, of course, meant that the publishers should support *them*! Thus the first dinner ended in complete harmony, and a nameless magazine was ensured.

The magazine was nameless, though Mr. Emerson thought it might be called *Town and Country*, and other titles had been suggested, but none proved at once satisfactory. Dr. Holmes told me that one day, after he had retired to "his virtuous couch," he suddenly roused himself and exclaimed to his wife, "I have it! It shall be called *The Atlantic Monthly Magazine*! Soon you'll hear the boys crying through the streets, 'Here's your *Atlantic*, '*lantic*, '*lantic*, '*lantic*.'" *Atlantic* it became, but the publishers dropped the word magazine, and were sufficiently upbraided by the word-mongers for their stupidity in making a noun of an adjective, although "monthly" had been used in England, perhaps for a hundred years, in the same way.

After the magazine had been launched, after the critics had exhausted themselves in discussing Emerson's "Brahma," which appeared in the first number, some of the contributors conceived the idea of dining by themselves, with no publisher in the room. They chose for the purpose Porter's Tavern, in Cambridge, situated not too far from Harvard Square and the College, — a suitable walk for a literary man before or after dinner. It was a place that Mr. Lowell once told me was the best in the world for a good dinner, and Dr. Holmes assured me that if Lowell thought it the best place it certainly was, "for," he added, "Lowell knows." The third number had just appeared. It was towards the end of December, 1857. Mr. Emerson was present. He was older than the others, being fifty-four.

It would not do to give imagination

play, and picture to ourselves the scene and the flow of wit. Dr. Holmes gives us the only light on the subject that I know of. With his help we may, indeed, imagine the scene and listen to the conversation. The avenue on which Porter's Tavern was situated runs from Harvard Square to Lexington, and at the time was called "North," in respect to the direction that it took when it left the vicinity of the College. It has since been greatly lengthened, and out of respect to the state is called Massachusetts. The evenings in December are cool, and a slight fall of snow whitened the sidewalk as the diners sat around the table. Mr. Porter was in attendance, a slight man, one of the old-time hosts who used to cut the joint themselves, stand behind the chairs of the guests, and ask them if the game was rightly cooked. He had culinary wisdom, and delighted in expressing it in aphorisms. He was accustomed to tell his guests that game to be properly cooked should be carried slowly through a warm kitchen, and when asked what was the best part of a goose after the breast, he replied, "You may as well give the rest to the poor."

There was lively conversation at this dinner. Doubtless there was game on the table, and there may have been some sort of spirituous liquor, for Cambridge was not at that date a no-license city. The following year the Autocrat made some remarks on the subject of temperance that seem to bear on his experience that December evening. "I believe in temperance," he said, "nay, almost in abstinence, as a rule for healthy people. I trust I practice both. But let me tell you, there are companies of men of genius in which I sometimes go where the atmosphere of intellect and sentiment is so much more stimulating than alcohol that if I thought fit to take wine, it would be to keep me sober." Dr. Holmes recollected that particular dinner so well that he testified years afterwards that some of the tracks made in the snow on the way to Harvard Square late that evening were

not in lines that the mathematical professor at Harvard would have called straight. The conclusion is forced upon us that there was no wine on the table, and that the essence of intellect and sentiment was very potent.

Later still, in 1883, Dr. Holmes reported something of the dinners at Porter's in verse, reading it in New York before a collection of physicians, and taking advantage of the poet's license to vary his previous account slightly, and to throw the burden of divulging the secrets of the banqueting hall upon "some reporting spy," forgetting that Mr. Lowell had emphatically asserted that reporters were never present.

What Landlord Porter — rest his soul! — once said.

A feast it was that none might scorn to share;
Cambridge and Concord's demi-gods were there —

"And who were they?" You know as well as I.

The stars long glittering in our eastern sky —
The names that blazon our provincial scroll
Ring round the world with Briton's drumbeat roll!

Good was the dinner, better was the talk;
Some whispered, devious was the homeward walk;

The story came from some reporting spy —
They lie, those fellows — O how they *do* lie!
Not ours those footsteps in the new fallen snow —

Poets and sages never zigzagged so!

Now Landlord Porter — grave, concise, severe,

Master, nay, monarch in his proper sphere,
Though to belles-lettres he pretended not —
Lived close to Harvard, so knew what was what;

And, having bards, philosophers and such
To eat his dinner, put the finest touch
His art could reach those learned mouths to fill

With the best fruits of gustatory skill;
And, finding wisdom plenty at his board —
Wit, science, learning — all his guests had stored,

By way of contrast, ventured to produce,
To please their palates, an inviting goose.
Better it were the company should starve

Than hands unskilled that goose attempt to carve;

None but the master artist shall assail
The bird that turns the mightiest surgeon pale.

One voice arises from the banquet hall.
The landlord answers to the pleading call;
Of stature tall, sublime of port he stands,
His blade and bident gleaming in his hands;
Beneath his glance the strong-knit joints relax
As the weak knees before the headsman's axe.

And Landlord Porter lifts his glittering knife
As some stout warrior armed for bloody strife;
All eyes are on him; some in whispers ask,
What man is he who dares this dangerous task?
When lo! the triumph of consummate art,
With scarce a touch the creature drops apart!
As when the baby in his nurse's lap
Spills on the carpet a dissected map.

Then the calm sage, the monarch of the lyre,
Critics and men of science all admire,
And one whose wisdom I will not impeach,
Lively, not churlish, somewhat free of speech,
Speaks thus: "Say, master, what of worth is left

In birds like this, of breast and legs bereft?"
And Landlord Porter, with uplifted eyes,
Smiles on the simple querist, and replies:
"When from a goose you've taken legs and breast,

Wipe lips, thank God and leave the poor the rest!"

A particular article in the number of the *Atlantic* under discussion impressed Dr. Holmes and some of the other diners. It was entitled Mamoul (Usage), and was discussed as the party walked towards Harvard Square. It was by Dr. J. W. Palmer, who wrote about Indian subjects at the time in an original style. Some of the men were heard to murmur in quotation, —

This is a Rajah!
Putterum!
Very small rajah!
Putterum!
Sixpenny rajah!
Putterum!
Holes in his elbows!
Putterum!

The article described a scene in Calcutta, opening in a street called Cossitollah, and exhibited in a lively way the habits of impudent bearers of palkees, who, in

this case, thought when they started that they were carrying a "sixpenny rajah," but who concluded before "they turned down Flagg Street," that they had made a grievous mistake in their estimate. Their tune changed suddenly and they went on crying "Jeldie jou, jeldie!" (that is, trot up smartly), —

He is a Rajah!
Putterum.
Rich little Rajah!
Putterum.
Fierce little Rajah!
Putterum.
See how his eyes flash!
Putterum.
Hear how his voice roars!
Putterum.
He is a Tippoo!
Putterum.
Capitan Tippoo!
Putterum.
Tremble before him!
Putterum.

The earliest of the *Atlantic* dinners were brought about by invitation of the publishers. The next, as we have seen, were eaten without the presence of their "natural enemies," by the contributors alone.¹

When the magazine was sixteen years of age, it passed into the hands of its present owners, and the fact was emphasized a little later by another dinner at Parker's, to which a few of the contributors were invited by the publishers. Again it was just as the number for January had appeared, — it was rather early in those days, — and December 15, 1874, was the date. Again, too, there were no reporters present; but the press heard of it notwithstanding, for George P. Lathrop, at one time assistant to Mr. Howells in editorial work, wrote an account of it for the *New*

York Evening Post, and there were other journals that mentioned it. We were twenty-eight as we sat at table, at the ends of which sat Mr. Houghton and Mr. Howells. Of the company, fifteen, more than one-half, are now gone. Among them are Aldrich, Cranch, George E. Waring, E. P. Whipple, James Freeman Clarke, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Houghton himself, and the Reverend William M. Baker, author of *Mose Evans*, a novel pretty well known at the time. The dinner was a good one, of course, and the speeches also were good. There were notable absentees — Longfellow, Whittier, and Emerson, of former dinners, Bryant and Stedman and John Hay, who had been invited to represent New York and parts adjacent, who would have come had they been able. Reminiscences were in order, and Dr. Holmes was asked to tell of the days when Porter's Tavern was the dining-place. After saying that he was greatly "embarrassed" by being called up, Dr. Holmes made brief reference to Porter's and then drew forth a manuscript which, he said, would serve as a breast-work from behind which he could speak. The poem seemed to be a *tour de force* in the use of uncommon rhymes. Here are a few of them: —

I suppose it's myself that you're making al-
lusion to,
And bringing the sense of dismay and confu-
sion to.
I'm up for a — something — and since I've
begun with it,
I must give you a toast before I have done
with it.
Let me pump at my wits as they pumped the
Cochituate
That moistened — it may be — the very last
bit you ate.
As for thoughts, — never mind — take the
ones that lie uppermost,
And the rhymes used by Milton and Byron and
Tupper most.

You call on your victim for things he has
plenty of, —
Those copies of verses no doubt at least
twenty of; . . .
You think they are scrawled in the languor of
laziness —

¹ Readers of Colonel Higginson's *Cheerful Yesterdays* will recall his vivacious description (pp. 178-180) of the *Atlantic* dinner at the Revere House, July 9, 1859, at which Mrs. Stowe and Miss Harriet Prescott (now Mrs. Spofford) were the guests of honor. Longfellow's *Journal* mentions that "Mrs. Stowe was there with a green wreath on her head, which I thought very becoming.

I tell you they're squeezed by a spasm of
craziness,
A fit half as bad as the staggering vertigos
That seize a poor fellow and down in the dirt
he goes!

He sat down, after expressing a hope that the magazine would help to humanize the world, that people would worship the true and the pure and the beautiful,

And preying no longer as tiger and vulture do,
All read the *Atlantic*, as persons of culture do.

Of course, Mr. Howells spoke, and John T. Trowbridge, and James Freeman Clarke. Frank Sanborn, who might have enlivened the occasion, did not speak, so far as I recollect, but Cranch chanted one of his own songs and W. F. Apthorpe gave an operatic air. Mr. Aldrich was inquired of as to his theory of short stories. He gracefully replied that the conductors of the *Atlantic* wisely tried to get each writer to do what he could do best, and as his special forte, he said, was listening, he sat down, giving thus a new exhibition of the ability which he possessed in such a remarkable degree of making his dénouement a surprise. Mark Twain was called upon to respond for "The President of the United States and the Female Contributors of the *Atlantic*." Professing to be staggered by the greatness of the subject, he asked permission, with the utmost apparent solicitude, to attack it in sections. He thereupon began to talk on quite other matters. He expressed his reluctance to accept an invitation to "a publisher's dinner," and his surprise when he found that the publishers before him acted in the present instance as though they really wanted to conciliate their menials. The dinner he pronounced "nice," in fact, "really good," "an admirable dinner," "quite as good as he would have had if he had stayed at home!" The most brilliant speeches were those made quietly, as guest met guest and chatted informally, and they cannot be reported; but in this trait the dinner differed but in degree from many another one.

Publishers and authors considered the dinner of 1874 a success, but it was three years and two days before the success was repeated. In 1877, John Greenleaf Whittier became seventy years of age, and the *Atlantic* sought to honor him on his birthday, December 17. The occasion was this time fully reported, and I find that the press pronounced the company the "most notable that had ever been seen in this country within four walls." It was doubted if the poet's well-known diffidence would permit him to attend the dinner, especially as he had a slight hoarseness that would afford him a fair excuse for absence. On the morning of the day, it was my fortune to call at the office of the publishers, for some reason, and to meet Mr. Whittier as I was going out, who asked me if I could tell him the hour of the dinner! It was evident that he had come to Boston for the purpose of being present, as, indeed, he soon let the publishers know, greatly to their relief. He had, however, sent to Mr. Longfellow a letter saying that he should not be present, as we shall soon see.

The table was set this time in the east room of the Brunswick Hotel. Before the doors were opened there was an hour of friendly talk, during which many a contributor became acquainted with some of the men of note with whom he was to dine. As he entered the dining-room, each guest received a diagram of the table, and at once saw where he was expected to sit. He saw, too, that there were six seats, at the head of the table, reserved for Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Howells, and Holmes, who sat on one side and the other of Mr. Henry O. Houghton, the head of the firm that published the magazine, and still publishes it, though he is gone. The scene was one to be remembered when the contributors had seated themselves, and one saw Charles Dudley Warner, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, John T. Trowbridge, Colonel Higginson, Edwin P. Whipple, Mark Twain, John Boyle

O'Reilly, Richard H. Stoddard, Colonel George E. Waring, Luigi Monti, Professor John Trowbridge, and many another whom the world delighted to honor, but seldom had the privilege of seeing at short range and under festive circumstances.

As for the dinner, it was good again, as good, to say the least, as that other that Parker offered, and Mark Twain approved. It was made as memorable by its vinous offerings as that at Porter's was by its intellectual brilliancy, though it was by no means inferior in that respect also. Six different wines were mentioned on the neat menu that every guest was provided with, ranging from Sauterne to Burgundy, through the changes of Sherry, Chablis, "Mumm's Dry," Roederer Imperial, and Claret. Despite all this, it is not recorded by any "reporting spy" that a single guest was found making other than straight lines as he left the room after midnight to seek his home. There were no ladies at the table, but after the dinner had been properly discussed, a number of them were admitted, and some even sat at the devastated tables.

Reports of this feast were not wanting, and the great public was permitted to know at second hand of the flow of soul. Mr. Houghton opened this part of the entertainment by saying that the magazine had just completed its first twenty years, and by welcoming its contributors who had been "in the vigor of manhood when it began," and who were still giving it "the influence of their great names and well-earned reputations," not forgetting the "younger contributors," whom specially he addressed, giving them some encouraging historical information. His little speech was as entertaining as it was well filled with facts. He referred to the days when "pills and poetry, essences and essays, drugs and dramas, were disbursed over the same counter," and to the fact that Whittier's first publisher was "also the vendor of Brandreth's pills." He made a fortune, and Mr.

Houghton left us in doubt "whether it was from the pills or the poetry."

Mr. Houghton introduced the poet in whose honor we were gathered, and Mr. Whittier was received with rapturous applause when he arose, to respond, as was expected, the entire company rising and giving cheer upon cheer. Mr. Whittier diffidently thanked his friends for their reception, and said that his voice was like a certain hero's conscience, which was "of a timorous nature and rarely heard above her breath." He then sat down after asking Mr. Longfellow to read a letter that he had written when he thought that he could not be present. Mr. Longfellow said that he did not know why it was impossible for him to make a speech, and that he was glad that Friend Whittier had come to his assistance. He then proceeded to read Mr. Whittier's letter, which had a touch of humor when read with assumed gravity in the presence of its writer. He also read the poem that it inclosed:—

Beside the milestone where the level sun

Nigh unto setting, sheds its last, low rays

On word and work irrevocably done,

Life's blending threads of good and ill out-spun,

I hear, O friends, your words of cheer and praise

Half doubtful if myself or otherwise,

Like him who, in the old Arabian joke,

A beggar slept and crowned Caliph woke.

Thanks not the less. Not with unglad surprise

I see my like-work through your partial eyes;

Assured, in giving to my home-taught songs

A higher value than of right belongs,

You do but read between the written lines

The finer grace of unfulfilled designs.

After asking Mr. Emerson to speak, Mr. Houghton passed the further responsibility of the evening to Mr. Howells. The Sage of Concord said that as soon as he knew that something was expected of him he determined to read Whittier's "Ichabod," characterizing it as unique and striking, and saying that he hardly knew any poem written in America of equal merit. He read the denunciation of Webster so feelingly that it seemed to

be the anathema of a Hebrew prophet.

The Editor, who now removed from the side of Dr. Holmes to the other end of the room, called upon the Autocrat, distinguishing him from those authors who had been floated by the *Atlantic* as the one who floated the *Atlantic*, as Mr. Lowell used often to say that he did. Dr. Holmes was ready, as usual, with his manuscript, and in his offering spoke of Mr. Whittier as

So fervid, so simple, so loving, so pure,
We hear but one strain, and our verdict is
sure —
These cannot elude us, — no further we
search, —
'Tis holy George Herbert, cut loose from his
church!

Mr. Howells then eulogized Lowell, the first editor, and asked Professor Charles Eliot Norton to respond for him. Mr. Norton praised Lowell as "the humorist, the wit, the wise thinker, the poet, the sage, the scholar, the friend," in one of the most exquisite of his vignettes, with which those who know him have long been familiar, and assured us that our castles in Spain would be secure so long as James Russell Lowell remained ambassador to the land of Don Quixote.

There were so many other good speeches that the clock struck the midnight hour before the guests could make their way homeward. Among these was a characteristic one by Mark Twain, told in his characteristic style, of an experience of a "literary feller" in the hut of a miner in the wilds of Nevada. The six lights at the head of the table, not being "humorists," were a study while this speech was making. So far as I recall, the Sage of Concord was the only one among them who smoked the excellent cigars that the hosts provided, and, as he performed that restful function, he seemed to make an effort to understand what it all meant, and to fail! It was evidently something not dreamt of in his philosophy. Dr. Holmes, who was mentioned in the speech, covered his blushes with the manuscript from which he had

just read, and Mr. Longfellow assumed his usual amiable countenance, as much as to say, "I understand it all, and am amused!"

Time fails me to speak of what was said by Colonel Waring, Colonel Higginson, Mr. Underwood, Charles Dudley Warner, and the rest. It was a severe strain on the sensitive, shrinking poet in whose honor it was all done, especially as he was suffering from his cold. He retired before the exercises concluded. Of the fifty-seven men who sat at the board, Waring and O'Reilly, and Stoddard and Fiske, and Whipple and Scudder, are no more.

The lights are out, and gone are all the
guests
That thronging came with merriment and
jests.

The next *Atlantic* "dinner" was a breakfast, but it was eaten at noon, still the dinner hour of some literary folk. It was in honor of the seventieth birthday of the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, but as the birthday occurred on the 29th of August, in 1809, it was considered best to postpone the cheerful celebration until winter had brought the poet's friends back from their hot weather vacations. December 3 was chosen, and again the Brunswick was the place. The numbers asked this time were greater than ever before, — they had been increasing, in fact, ever since the first dinner given by Mr. Phillips at Parker's. When the day arrived, more than one hundred sat together around six large tables. A remarkable change is found in the fact that more than one-third of the company were ladies! There were two tables at the ends of the room, at one of which sat Mr. Houghton, with Dr. Holmes on one side and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe on the other. There sat, also, President Eliot, and Mr. Whittier, Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. Wister, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, Phillips Brooks, Mrs. James T. Fields, and Charles Dudley Warner. At a corresponding table at the other end of the

room Mr. Howells was flanked by Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Mifflin, Mrs. Howells, Rose Terry Cooke, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, James T. Fields, and Mr. Aldrich.

James R. Osgood sat at one of the four other tables intermediate, with Sarah Orne Jewett on one side, and that Miss Sprague whose *Earnest Trifler* was the latest literary sensation, on the other. Governor Rice, Mr. Burlingame, of *Scribner's Magazine*, Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, Dr. Freeman Clarke, and Senator Lodge were directly under his eye. Opposite this table were Colonel Higginson, with Clara Erskine Clement, Mrs. Moulton, Lucy Larcom, John T. Trowbridge, John Fiske, William Winter, Alexander Agassiz, and John Burroughs. Still another table seemed to be under the care of Dr. Bellows, of New York, with Kate Gannett Wells and Mrs. Aldrich at his sides, and Professor Norton, Dr. Angell, James Parton, and others near by. The last table to be mentioned was presided over by Mr. Mifflin, now head of the publishing house, with Francis Parkman, Mr. Stedman, Frank Sanborn, Mark Twain, the Reverend Dr. Wharton, and others.

As Mr. Houghton looked over the six tables, he must have felt proud of his growing family! It may be said in passing that during this dinner a telegram was handed to Mr. Osgood ordering a large number of *An Earnest Trifler*, the phenomenal sale of which was surprising the publishers, though the orders would not to-day be considered startling, so great has the country become, and so largely has the circle of readers increased.

The conventional order was followed after dinner, — Mr. Houghton began, and Mr. Howells followed in guiding the flow of eloquence and poetry. The presence of ladies was something to be accounted for, and Mr. Houghton said that they had always been wanted, but that the publishers had been "too bashful" to invite them up to that time, leaving it to be understood that, the magazine

being twenty-two years of age, additional strength of nerve had been developed. He called upon "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, O King, live forever!"

Dr. Holmes rose and after giving some reminiscences of the beginning of the magazine, read the poem entitled *The Iron Gate*, which seemed like a farewell. It gave the title to the next volume of Holmes's verse; but the last farewell was not to come for a decade. He said, —

Time claims his tribute; silence now is golden;
Let me not vex the too long suffering lyre;
Though to your love untiring still beholden,
The curfew tells me — cover up the fire.

And now, with grateful smile and accents
cheerful,

And warmer heart than look or word can
tell,

In simplest phrase — these treacherous eyes
are tearful —

Thanks, Brothers, Sisters, — Children, —
and farewell.

Mr. Whittier had retired from the room, but again he had left a poem, this time to be read by Mr. James T. Fields. Then it was that Mr. Houghton, apologizing for the absence of the editor, whom he described as "tall, cadaverous, and grave," using a sharp knife to cut out the brilliant passages and to reduce the articles to the standard *Atlantic* length, introduced Mr. Howells as his representative. Mr. Howells accepted the situation, and said that he was not the author of a printed letter that some of those present might possibly have seen "in the hands of their friends," informing him that the editor regrets that he "cannot use the inclosed contribution," but thanks the author for the opportunity of reading it. On the contrary. Mr. Howells asserted that he was the person who urged the author of a ten-page article to make it twenty, or, better, to extend it into a series, and that the cheques that the authors present had all been in the habit of receiving were from his personal bank account. Of course, he eulogized Dr. Holmes as the one who had made the *Atlantic*. He asked Mrs. Julia Ward

Howe to respond for "The Girls we have not left behind us." Mrs. Howe related her experience in endeavoring to attend in Paris a meeting of *gens de lettres*, and finding that women were not of that class. After saying that the present banquet looked much better in her eyes for having ladies at the table, she read a poem in honor of Dr. Holmes. Charles Dudley Warner followed with expression of the feelings of all for the guest, and then he read a poem by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, in which she wove the titles of Dr. Holmes's poems:

His "Last Leaf" flutters not to fall,
But fifty sunny springs to learn;
His "Comet" speeds across the sky,
But year by year will swift return.

The president of Harvard University had never been heard at the *Atlantic* dinners, but now he was present. He said, "How shall I interpolate my unprepared prose into this mass of poetical manuscript? . . . I see here only one or two representatives of the medical profession. It seems to me that it is my duty to remind all these poets, essayists, and story-tellers who are gathered here, that the main work of our friend's life has been of an altogether different nature. I know him as the professor of anatomy and physiology in the Medical School of Harvard University for the last thirty-two years, and I know him to-day as one of the most active and hard-working of our lecturers. . . . When I read his writings, I find traces of this life-work of his on every page. . . . Let us honor him to-day, not forgetting — they can never be forgotten — his poems, his essays, as a noble representative of the profession of the scientific student and teacher."

Mark Twain greeted Dr. Holmes as the first great man who had ever written him a letter, and as the first great literary man from whom he had ever stolen anything. He then related the story of how he had so thoroughly absorbed the dedication of *Songs of Many Keys* that when he wrote the dedication of his *Innocents Abroad*, he reproduced it, greatly

to his surprise! The story has lately been revived in the papers, after nearly thirty years. Mark said that he called upon Dr. Holmes to apologize, and that after he had received absolution, he authorized the Autocrat to "make perfectly free" with any of *his* ideas, and so, he said, "we got along right from the start."

After Mr. J. W. Harper, of the New York publishing house, had spoken, Aldrich was called upon, and he said that he was like Artemus Ward, who felt that he had the gift of oratory, but did not happen to have it by him. Nevertheless he gave a page from his experience. He said that probably five thousand rising poets had sent their books to Dr. Holmes and Dr. Holmes had written to every one of them a letter of kindly advice. Twenty years ago, he added, he sent a book of boyish verse to Dr. Holmes himself, — the first copy that came from the press, as though the doctor was anxiously waiting for it. In acknowledgment he received the "kindest note ever written by a celebrity to an obscurity," in which he was virtually told that he had better not write any more verses until he could write better ones!

E. C. Stedman made a brief speech, and read a poem of which a stanza was,

Whose swift wit like his, with which none dares
to vie,

Whose carol so instant, so joyous, so true?
Sound it cheerly, dear Holmes, for the sun is
still high,

And we're glad, as he halts, to be outsung
by you!

William Winter also came from New York. It is remarkable how well Artemus Ward is remembered. Mr. Winter began by saying that he had been attending a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. with Artemus, and as it did not close until three o'clock in the morning, they were late in reaching their hotel. Then Ward rang for a bell-boy and asked him if he could call up the landlord to receive an important message. The boy said that he could, but he did n't want to, whereupon Artemus insisted that he take the

message, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." The incident, Winter said, impressed him with the necessity of being always prepared for what might happen, and he had brought with him a little poem which he read. It was entitled "Hearts and Holmes." Mr. J. T. Trowbridge followed with a poem — "Filling an Order," and Mr. Howells asked Mr. Osgood to read letters from President Hayes, George Bancroft, George William Curtis, and John Holmes, who were unable to be present. Then Mr. Cranch read a sonnet to Dr. Holmes, after which Colonel T. W. Higginson spoke, as one who, he said, had not lately been a frequent contributor. Naturally he made reference to the presence of ladies for the first time, saying that it reminded him of a political poster that he had seen inviting an attendance at a gathering at which "Ladies, without distinction of sex," were promised a welcome. Colonel Higginson then gave some reminiscences of Dr. Holmes's father, which he was able to do, for he was born and brought up in the adjoining house. Mr. Howells read letters from many more who could not attend: from Carl Schurz, President Porter of Yale, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins, Richard Grant White, Henry Watterston, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Agassiz, D. G. Mitchell, Edward Everett Hale, Professor Child, and others, and the great Holmes breakfast was over. Its memories will not pass away, for it was a day of days.

The last *Atlantic* "dinner" was *al fresco*. It was called by the hosts a Garden Party, and was given in honor of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who owned that she was at least seventy years old on the 14th of June, 1882. The place was the beautiful grounds of the late Governor Claflin at Newtonville. The hour was one at which some literary persons still dine, being from three to six in the afternoon. On this occasion, the "literary exercises" were the chief feature. It is true that there were tables set in the

house, and there were sociable groups around them, but there was a tent outside and under that there were two hundred seats in front of a platform which proved to be the place of chief attraction. Any list of the men and women who occupied the chairs would seem like the index to the *Atlantic*, though, as Mr. Houghton intimated, there were many missing who had shared the pleasures of the former gatherings, — Longfellow and Emerson were specially mentioned, and in truth it seemed as though old times had passed away and a new generation was upon the stage. John T. Trowbridge, Edwin Percy Whipple, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Whittier, Frank Sanborn, Howells, and Aldrich remained, but they made a small minority, especially when the gathering was so much more inclusive than those of yore had been.

Over the platform were the numbers, 1812-1882, and in the midst of the group under them were Mrs. Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher and other Beechers, Mrs. Stowe's husband and son, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Whittier, Dr. Holmes, and Mr. Frank Sanborn, besides others. At about four o'clock Mr. Houghton made his graceful little speech in which he ranked Mrs. Stowe with "the Miriams, the Deborahs, and the Judiths of old, who now," he said, "shout back the refrain, when you utter the inspired song, — 'Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously, The Almighty Lord hath disappointed them by the hand of a woman.'"

Henry Ward Beecher responded for his sister, in a witty speech, saying among other things that when *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was written, some insisted that Mrs. Stowe did not do it, but that her brother Henry did; whereupon, said he, "I wrote *Norwood*, — that killed the thing dead." This launched the speaking, and Mr. Sanborn read a poem by Whittier, Dr. Holmes one of his own, and then one by Miss Phelps. In Dr. Holmes's poem was a stanza containing a Greek pun, —

When Archimedes, long ago,
Spoke out so grandly, "*dos pou sto*,
Give me a place to stand on,
I'll move your planet for you now," —
He little dreamed or fancied how
The *sto* at last should find its *pou*
For woman's faith to land on.

Mr. Whittier's tribute contained the following lines:—

Thrice welcome from the Land of Flowers
And golden-fruited orange bowers,
To this sweet, green-turfed June of ours! . . .
To her, at three score years and ten
Be tributes of the tongue and pen,
Be honors, praise and heart-thanks given,
The loves of earth, the hopes of heaven! . . .
Long ages after ours shall keep
Her memory living while we sleep;
The waves that wash our grey coast lines,
The winds that rock the Southern pines
Shall sing of her.

Letters were read from a number who were not able to be present, and remarks made by Judge Tourgee, author of *A Fool's Errand*, and by the Rev. Edward Beecher, and there was a poem by Mrs. James T. Fields, absent in Europe. Mrs. Stowe made a little address in response to the greetings, and the last "dinner" of the *Atlantic* diners was over! It was a very different occasion from those at Porter's, — even from the small gatherings at Parker's. The enlargement of the borders was like adding water to a cup of tea. There was a suggestion of the old times, but the strength of comradeship had been weakened. A quarter of a century had made a change in the men who remained of the first group of contributors, and the loss of those who had fallen by the way, while it awakened tender thoughts, also made the contributors to the first numbers look with strange feel-

ings at the young persons who seemed to be carrying things on in, perhaps, a doubtful way!

Twenty-five years have now passed since the last of the entertainments — memories of which I have been trying to summon from the vasty deep — occurred.

Fifty years ago the diners dined at the call of the publishers; next they sought no company but their own; and at last they were brought to their feast under the noble elms of Newton, with greatly increased numbers. At first, men only came; at last, the women were almost as many as the men. The first groups were small enough to allow every one to have intimate converse with every other one. Never did they go to the extreme of the afternoon teas as Dr. Holmes is said to have described them, — "Giggle, gabble, gobble and git!" but they came dangerously near to that limit, and then they passed away. The character of the feasts changed, and the men who met were not the same at the end of the quarter-century that they were at its beginning. The chapter ended and history makes its record. The Autocrat, you remember, hoped that the *Atlantic* would endure until an ideal state of society should be established. That time has not yet arrived, but the magazine is still doing its best to bring it on, and the world is better than it was at the end of the year 1857, though we must feel with Dr. Holmes that

There are no times like the old times, — they
shall never be forgot!

There is no place like the old place, — keep
green the dear old spot!

There are no friends like our old friends, —
May Heaven prolong their lives!

THE EDITOR WHO WAS NEVER THE EDITOR

BY BLISS PERRY

UPON the wall of the *Atlantic* office, among the portraits of former editors, there may be seen a fine open face, with striking eyes and a beard worn longer than is now the fashion. It is a fair likeness of Francis H. Underwood, the projector of the magazine. At least four years before the *Atlantic* came into being, he originated the plan, engaged the contributors, and but for the failure of a publisher would have enjoyed the full credit of the enterprise. When the magazine was finally launched, in 1857, Underwood was still the initiating spirit. It was he who pleaded with the reluctant head of the firm of Phillips, Sampson and Co. As "our literary man," in Mr. Phillips's comfortable proprietary phrase, he sat at the foot of the table among the guests at that well-known dinner where the project of the magazine was first made public. He visited England to secure the services of the first British contributors. Recognizing that Lowell's name was of the highest importance to the success of the new venture, Underwood loyally accepted the position of "office editor," as assistant to his more gifted friend. When the breaking up of the firm of Phillips, Sampson and Co., in 1859, threw the ownership of the magazine into the hands of Ticknor and Fields, Underwood went out of office, as did Lowell in due time. He had thereafter a varied and honorable, although a somewhat disappointed career, which has already been sketched in this magazine¹ by the sympathetic pen of J. T. Trowbridge.

A graceful writer, and a warm-hearted, enthusiastic associate of men more brilliant than himself, Underwood's name is already shadowed by that forgetfulness which awaits the second-rate men of a

generation rich in creative energy. For it must be admitted that his ability was not of the first order; as the slang of the athlete has it, he never quite "made the team." But he played the literary game devotedly, honestly, and always against better men; he became, in short, a model of the "scrub" player. The scrubs, as every one knows, get a good dinner at the end of the season, listen to the thanks of the coaches, and then are straightway forgotten.

Underwood, however, gave alms to oblivion by several useful volumes, and by keeping an extraordinary scrap-book.¹ In two huge leather-backed volumes are pasted hundreds upon hundreds of letters received during his forty years of correspondence with many of the foremost American and English writing men. There are a dozen or more from Lowell, many from Emerson, nearly forty from Holmes, and about fifty from Whittier. The letters are arranged alphabetically and run from Alcott and Allibone to Robert C. Winthrop and Elizur Wright; and in point of time they range from Richard H. Dana the elder, who helped found *The North American Review* in 1815, down to authors who are still struggling. Many of these letters throw light upon the unwritten history of the *Atlantic*, besides illustrating the literary conditions which prevailed in this country during Underwood's life. One of the earliest letters, for example, is from N. P. Willis, then a name of first rank in the literary profession. Underwood, who was born in Enfield, Massachusetts, in 1825, had left Amherst College without graduating, had gone to Kentucky, taught school, studied law, and married.

¹ Kindly loaned to me by its present owner, George F. Babbitt of Boston.

¹ "The Author of *Quabbin*," January, 1895.
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But he yearned for a literary career, and sent specimens of his poetry to Mr. Willis, who was then in Washington. The veteran's reply is interesting, and his bland phrase, "Your poetry is as good as Byron's was at the same stage of progress," betrays both a kind heart and a long editorial experience.

WASHINGTON, April 29, [about 1848]

MY DEAR SIR, — Your letter forwarded to me here is just received, and I hasten to comply with your request, tho' young poets ask advice very much as lovers do after they are *irrevocably engaged*. In the first place, however, I should always advise *against* adopting the literary profession, for at the best, it is like making waggon-traces of your hair — wholly insufficient for wants which increase as the power gives way. Your poetry is as good as Byron's was at the same stage of progress — correct, and evidently inspired, and capable of expansion into stuff for fame. But there are many men of the same calibre who would go on, and starve up to the empty honor of being remembered (first) when dead, were it not that they could turn their more common powers to account, and live by meaner industry. Poetry is an angel in your breast, and you had better not turn her out to be your maid-of-all-work. As to writing for magazines, that is very nearly done with as a matter of profit. The competition for *notoriety alone* gives the editors more than they can use. You could not *sell* a piece of poetry now in America. The literary avenues are all overcrowded, and you cannot live by the pen except as a drudge to a newspaper. Notwithstanding all this, you will probably try it, and all I can say is, — that you shall have my sympathy and what aid I can give you. If you should come to New York and will call on me, I shall be happy to say more than I have time to write.

Yours very truly
N. P. WILLIS.

Underwood's sojourn in Kentucky in-

creased his native hatred of slavery, and upon his return to Massachusetts in 1850 he enlisted in the Free-Soil movement. In 1852 he was appointed Clerk of the State Senate, Henry Wilson being its President. His acquaintance with public men grew rapidly, and by 1853, when he was but twenty-eight, he conceived the notion of a new magazine. Some such project had long been in the air, as is evident from the letters of Emerson, Alcott, and Lowell, but Underwood was the first to crystallize it. It was to be anti-slavery in politics, but was to draw for general contributions upon the best writers of the country. He succeeded in interesting J. P. Jewett, who had undertaken the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* after the over-cautious Phillips had rejected it, and who was also the publisher of Whittier's poems. With characteristic eagerness Underwood then wrote to desirable contributors, sketching the proposed magazine, and soliciting their coöperation. In selecting some of the letters received in reply, the anti-slavery men shall be heard first. Wendell Phillips was dubious: —

LYNN, Aug. 4th. [1853]

DEAR FRIEND, — I have given your idea the best consideration in my power, and am obliged to come to a different conclusion from Messrs. May and Garrison. I believe the plan has been tried thrice within my time (I mean my anti-slavery life) and has each time failed. I cannot think, therefore, there is much chance for the periodical sketched in your excellent letter. At the same time I am aware my judgment on such a point is worth little; and that an experiment so useful to the general cause of Reform may not be lost, if practicable, I have enclosed your letter, with a few lines, to Theodore Parker, asking him to communicate to you his mature opinion on the subject.

Believe me
very truly yours,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MR. F. H. UNDERWOOD.

Theodore Parker was no more encouraging:—

Boston, 11 Oct., 1853.

MY DEAR SIR, — The more I think of your enterprise the less likely it seems to me to succeed at present. You know how the *Commonwealth* struggled along, paying nothing and hardly enabling Mr. Wright to live. I fear this undertaking would meet with the same fate — at first. Of its ultimate triumph I have little doubt. I laid the matter before the gentlemen I spoke of Sunday night, and that seemed to be their opinion.

Mr. Phillips and Dr. Howe know much more about such things than I do, and their opinion would be better than mine. I am sorry to seem to pour cold water on your scheme, for I should be glad to see it succeed — and to help it forward if possible.

Yours faithfully,

THEO. PARKER.

MR. UNDERWOOD.

John G. Palfrey thought better of the idea, although in the first of the two letters to be quoted, he speaks of the new periodical as "a weekly newspaper." The second letter shows a clearer understanding of the project.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 10, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have with great pleasure heard from you of your project of a weekly newspaper, to be devoted to the exposition and defence of anti-slavery principles. I believe that there is an opening for a paper of this description, and I have full confidence in your ability, and that of your proposed coadjutor, to conduct it to the acceptance and advantage of the public.

With great regard, I am,

Dear Sir, your friend and servant,

JOHN G. PALFREY.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 22, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am much gratified to hear that there is a prospect of a speedy accomplishment of your plan of a literary and anti-slavery Monthly Magazine. I shall be very happy to contribute to the

work whenever it is in my power. I have little hope, however, of doing so this winter, my time being pretty strictly appropriated till next May.

With great regard, I am,

Dear Sir, your friend and servant,

JOHN G. PALFREY.

James Freeman Clarke was also optimistic:—

Boston, November 23, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR, — I received yesterday your favor of the 21st, in reference to the new Magazine about to be published by J. P. Jewett and Co. The plan appears to me an excellent one, and I am especially glad that it is to be started by Publishers whose business energy will place the publication part on such a basis as will, I trust, ensure success to the enterprise.

I shall be happy to be one of the Contributors to such a Magazine, and to write both for the Reformatory and Miscellaneous Departments. . . .

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

F. H. UNDERWOOD, Esq.

The next three letters will serve to illustrate the attitude of the New York writing men.

Tribune Office,

NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1853.

DEAR SIR, — Your favor of the 18th is received. It will not be in my power to furnish an article for the first number of your proposed periodical, as I have a number of extra engagements now on hand. If it suits your purpose to receive a monthly letter from New York, giving an off-hand summary of the literature, art, and social gossip of New York, I might incline to furnish it. I will communicate your note to Dana and Fry, and am truly yours,

GEORGE RIPLEY.

F. H. UNDERWOOD, Esq.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24th. [1853]

MY DEAR SIR, — Although I have had so much experience in the starting of new periodicals as to be now habitually doubt-

ful of the success of any, I am still pleased with your project, because I think the country wants an out and out independent and freespoken organ of the kind you propose. *Putnam's* is capital in its way, but is necessarily limited in its range of topics. I cannot however promise to write you anything at present, as my engagements are so many and exacting. Nor have I anything on hand, except a few light travelling sketches which would not perhaps suit your purposes.

Mr. Bryant desires me to say that he is already engaged to write for certain periodicals only, and regrets his inability to lend you his name. Mr. Bigelow is not in the city.

With many wishes for your success I have the honour to be

Your obt. Servant,

PARKE GODWIN.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.,

Nov. 24th, '53.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your favor of the 19th, which was sent after me from home, has just reached me. It would give me great pleasure to accede to your request, but it is impossible. My engagements and occupations are such that I could not possibly assist in your enterprise and while I am honored by your application, and should be flattered by the announcement of my name as a contributor, it would be a promise which I could not perform.

I am compelled to decline, but assure you that I attach the *weightiest* significance to the refractory sentence of your letter, and am

Very truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

MR. UNDERWOOD.

For the model of an exact, business-like reply, however, demanding the "rate per page (*describing the page*)," we must turn to one of the Concord dreamers.

CONCORD, Nov. 22d, '53.

DEAR SIR, — If you will inform me in season at what rate per page (*describing the page*) you will pay for accepted

articles, — returning rejected within a reasonable time, — and your terms are satisfactory, I will forward something for your magazine before Dec. 5th, and you shall be at liberty to put my name on the list of contributors.

Yours,

HENRY D. THOREAU.

Apparently Underwood's rejoinder was satisfactory, for Thoreau's next letter was accompanied by an actual manuscript.

CONCORD, Dec. 2d, 1853.

DEAR SIR, — I send you herewith a complete article of fifty-seven pages. *Putnam's Magazine* pays me four dollars a page, but I will not expect to receive more for this than you pay to anyone else. Of course you will not make any alterations or omissions without consulting me.

Yours,

HENRY D. THOREAU.

The plan was to issue the first number early in January, 1854, and the contributors, as Thoreau's first letter indicates, were asked to send copy by December 5.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, then a young minister in Worcester, has printed in his *Old Cambridge* the letters which he received from Underwood. The first one ran: —

BOSTON, November 21, 1853.

DEAR SIR, — Messrs. J. P. Jewett and Co. of this city propose to establish a Literary and Anti-Slavery magazine — commencing probably in January. The publishers have energy and capital, and will spare no pains to make the enterprise completely successful. They will endeavor to obtain contributions from the best writers, and will pay liberally for all they make use of. Politics and the "Humanities," though, of course, prominent as giving character to the Magazine, will occupy but a small portion of its pages. Current literary topics, new books, the Fine Arts, and other matters of interest to the reading public will receive the most careful attention.

I am desired to request you to become a contributor. If you are disposed to favor the project, and have anything written at this time, please forward the MS. with your reply.

If not, please state whether we may expect to receive an article soon — if before December 5th it will materially oblige us. If permitted, we shall announce you as a contributor, in the prospectus. The articles will all be anonymous, as in *Putnam's Monthly*.

Your early attention is respectfully solicited. With high regard,

Truly yours,

FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD.

The scrap-book preserves Higginson's reply, — a letter characterized by the prompt helpfulness which the successive editors of the *Atlantic* have happily experienced for more than half a century.

WORCESTER, Nov. 21, 1853.

DEAR SIR, — I hear with great interest of the proposed magazine, though I have grown distrustful of such enterprises, especially when of Boston origin. The publishers you name are in a position to do it, if any are. I gladly contribute my name to the list of writers — and any counsel I can ever give, when needed.

As to the positive amount of literary aid to be expected from me, I must speak very cautiously. I am very much absorbed by necessary writing, speaking and studies, and it is hard to do collateral work; I have been engaged some four months to write an article for the *Christian Examiner* on Collier's Shakespeare; have all the books collected and yet have done about nothing and finally given up that undertaking.

Besides, I have access to *Putnam* for anything of a literary character in prose and verse, — a better paymaster, I suspect, than the new magazine can be expected to be. To be sure, *Putnam* is not . . . reformatory, and I should feel much more interest in yours. But then again I suspect Mr. Jewett would be much more

keen on the scent of any theological heresy, however latent, than the Editors of *Putnam*.

But I know I shall have something, in time to offer, tho' I have nothing now at hand — nor can I before Dec. 5. I have in mind especially an essay wh. will actually give a new aspect of the slavery subject! — called "The Romance of Slavery or American Feudalism," grouping the points of analogy between Mediæval slavery and southern. Of Hebrew and Roman slavery there has been an excess of discussion: — of Mediæval serfdom hardly anything is known and yet the analogy is more picturesque and more thorough. I read a lecture on this subject at Salem this winter, but it will not be in condition to print, for a month or two. It will be, in that time, unless I decide to keep it for a lecture.

However it is a new matter to me (your magazine) and these are only first impressions. I answer thus promptly, partly to express my good will and give my name, and partly to suggest some other names, as follows: Rev. D. A. Wasson of Groveland, minister of an Independent Church — a man of rare and growing intellect — author of several verses and a remarkable article on Lord Bacon in the *New Englander*.

Miss Anne Whitney of Watertown, Mass., author of two remarkable poems in my *Thalatta*; I know of no American woman with so much poetical genius, now that Mrs. J. R. Lowell is gone.

Miss Eliza Sproat of Philadelphia, author of the original and admirable "Stories for Children and Poets" in the *National Era*.

But especially and above all, *William Henry Hurlbut* of Cambridge, Mass., author of those brilliant letters fr. Cuba in *National Era* and of some fine articles (a few years ago) in *N. A. Review* and *Chr. Examiner*. He is a young man of the most versatile talent, great industry and (except Theo. Parker) the most universal scholar I know. He is a native of Charleston, S. C., but understands

slavery thoroughly and is (between ourselves) *the* man to edit the magazine. I say this with the utmost delicacy of opinion — not knowing whether you yourself are to be financier or Agent or Editor of the concern.

I suggest the names of these contributors, not for their sakes, but for that of the magazine to which they would all prove valuable auxiliaries. But perhaps you think I have been quite too officious already.

Cordially yours,

T. W. HIGGINSON.

To this Underwood replied with the second of the letters printed in *Old Cambridge*:—

BOSTON, November 25, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR, — Our Magazine is not yet *definitely* determined upon. *Probably*, however, it will be commenced. The letters I wrote for the enlistment of contributors have been mostly answered favorably. We have already a very respectable list engaged. We are waiting to hear definitely from Mrs. Stowe, who we *hope* will be induced to commence in the Feb. no. a new story. We are thankful for the interest you manifest by sending new names. I shall write to Mr. Hurlbut at once, and to the others in a day or two. Those who have already promised to write are Mr. Carter (formerly of the *Commonwealth*) who will furnish a political article for each number, Mr. Hildreth (very much interested in the undertaking), Thos. W. Parsons, author of an excellent translation of Dante, Parke Godwin of the New York *Evening Post*, Mr. Ripley of the *Tribune*, Dr. Elder of Phila., H. D. Thoreau of Concord, Theodore Parker (my most valued friend), Edmund Quincy, James R. Lowell (from whom I have a most exquisite gem).

Many to whom I have written have not replied as yet.

I shall have the *general* supervision of the Magazine, — intending to get the *best* aid from professed litterateurs in the

several departments. We *do* expect to pay as much as *Putnam* — that is at the rate of three dollars for such pages as *Putnam's*, though it is probable that we shall use a trifle larger type than our New York contemporary. Poetry, of course, we pay for according to value. There are not above six men in America (known to me) to whom I would pay *anything* for poetry. There is no medium; it is good or it is good-for-nothing. Lowell I esteem most; after him Whittier (the last I confidently expect to secure).

The first no. will probably be late — as late as Jan. 5, or even 10th. It is unavoidable. But in Feb. we shall get before the wind.

Mr. Jewett will be liberal as to heresy. Indeed he is almost a heretic himself. For myself I am a member of Mr. Parker's society; but as we must get support moral and pecuniary from the whole community we shall *strive* to offend neither side. In haste,

Most gratefully yours,

FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD.

Whittier, who was on cordial terms with his publisher Jewett, writes with enthusiasm:—

AMESBURY, 25, 11 Mo., 1853.

DEAR FRIEND, — I am delighted with the prospect of a *free* magazine. It will go: the time has come for it and Jewett is the man for the hour.

I will try and send something on or before the 5th. At any rate I shall be glad to write for it, if my health permits.

Wilt thou say to Jewett that I thank him for his capital getting up of my "Sabbath Scene." The illustrations are admirable — the best of the kind I ever saw. They do great credit to the artist.

Thine truly,

J. G. WHITTIER.

In view of his later relations with the magazine, Lowell's letter — written on the same sheet as the manuscript poem which accompanied it — is of peculiar interest. The allusion in the first para-

graph is to the death of Mrs. Lowell, which had taken place a month earlier. The poem, which then bore the title "The Oriole's Nest," with its sad December "Palinode," remained unpublished until Lowell himself, as editor of the *Atlantic*, printed it under the title "The Nest" in March, 1858. It was not included in any volume of his verse until the publication of *Heartsease and Rue* in 1888.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have made an effort for you, for I did not wish merely to say that I wished you well. This is an old poem, and perhaps it seems better to me than it deserves — for an intense meaning has been added to it.

I might promise you something for February if Mr. Jewett would like an expensive contributor so soon again. I have once had an essay upon Valentines in my head, and I could recreate it. It would suit that month.

I should be very happy to see you some evening to talk over your undertaking. Meanwhile, thanking you heartily for the kind note which you wrote some time ago and wishing you every success,

I remain heartily yours,

J. R. L.

F. H. UNDERWOOD, Esq.
23rd Nov., 1853.

I take it for granted that articles will be anonymous as in *Putnam*?

Then came, alas, the hour of bitter disappointment. J. P. Jewett and Co. failed, and the magazine plans were abandoned. On the very day when the copy for the January number was to be ready, Lowell is writing to Underwood:

ELMWOOD, 5th Dec. 1853.

MY DEAR SIR, — I cannot help writing a word to say how truly sorry I was to hear of the blowing-up of your magazine. But it is not so irreparable as if it had been a powder magazine, though perhaps all the harder to be borne because it was only in *posse* and not in *esse*. The explosion of one of these castles in

Spain sometimes sprinkles dust on all the rest of our lives, but I hope you are of better heart and will rather look upon the affair as a burning of your ships which only makes victory the more imperative. Although I could prove by a syllogism in *barbara* that you are no worse off than you were before, I know very well that you *are*, for if it be bad to lose mere coin, it is still worse to lose hope, which is the mint in which most gold is manufactured.

But, after all, is it a hopeless case? Consider yourself to be in the position of all the world before the Mansion of our Uncle Thomas (as I suppose we must call it now — it has grown so respectable) was published, and never to have heard of this Mr. Jew-wit. I think he ought to be — that something ought to be done to him, but, for that matter, nearly all booksellers stand in the same condemnation. There are as good fish in that buccaneering sea of Bibliopoly as ever were caught, and if one of them have broken away from your harpoon, I hope the next may prove a downright Kraaken on whom, if needful, you can pitch your tent and *live*.

Don't think that I am trifling with you. God knows any jests of mine would be of a bitter sort just now, but I know it is a good thing for a man to be made to look at his misfortune till it assumes its true relation to things about it. So don't think me intrusive if I nudge your elbow among the rest.

I shall come and see you some evening this week, when I feel myself not too dull to be inflicted on anybody, and till then

Believe me with sincere interest

Yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

Whittier's note, written the next day, wasted no words: —

AMESBURY, 6th 12 Mo, 1853.

DEAR SIR, — I regret the failure of the magazine project. I was quite sure of its success.

I sent thee a poem, care of J. P. J. and

Co., which I will thank thee to return to me immediately, and thereby greatly oblige
Thine truly,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Whatever publicity may have been given to the failure of Underwood's scheme, Longfellow apparently knew nothing of what had happened, as the date of the following dilatory note will show: —

CAMBRIDGE, February 17, 1854.

DEAR SIR, — I hope you will pardon me for having left so long unanswered your letter about a New Magazine or Literary Paper. The fact is, I could not say "Yes," and did not want to say "No;" and therefore said nothing.

Between the two forms proposed, a Magazine, monthly, and a weekly newspaper, I should have no hesitation in deciding. I very much prefer the latter. You can fire much faster and do more execution.

As to being a contributor to either, it would not at present be in my power. I have already more engagements on hand than I can conveniently attend to, and should feel any addition a burden and a vexation.

I remain, with best wishes for your success,
Very truly yours,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

By the time Longfellow's letter was written, however, Underwood had entered the counting-room of Phillips, Sampson and Co. Here he lost no opportunities of cultivating the acquaintance of literary men, and in the course of the next two or three years he became prominent in the social gatherings of the Cambridge and Boston writers. He was one of the leaders of that loosely organized group of diners who after 1857 used to meet under the name of the "*Atlantic*" or the "Magazine" Club, — a gathering often confused with the Saturday Club, although Longfellow's *Journal* and many other contemporary writings clearly make the distinction.

The following letter from Professor Felton gives an agreeable picture of the cordiality which characterized the group of men who were so soon to become fellow contributors to the long-deferred magazine.

CAMBRIDGE, Friday, Feb. 13, 1856.
in bed

MY DEAR MR. UNDERWOOD, — I am much obliged to you for taking the trouble of informing me of to-morrow's dinner — but it is like holding a Tantalus' cup to my lips. I returned ill ten days ago from Washington, having taken the epidemic that is raging there at the present moment, and have been bed-ridden ever since, living on a pleasant variety of porridge and paregoric. Yesterday I was allowed to nibble a small mutton-chop, but it proved too much for me and — here I am, worse than ever. I have no definite prospect of dining at Parker's within the present century. My porridge is to be reduced to gruel and paregoric increased to laudanum. I am likely to be brought to the condition of the student in Canning's play, —

Here doomed to starve on water gruel
never shall I see the University of Göttingen,"

and never dine at Parker's again! I hope you will have a jovial time; may the mutton be tender and the goose not tough: May the Moët sparkle like Holmes's wit: May the carving knives be as sharp as Whipple's criticism: May the fruits be as rich as Emerson's philosophy: May good digestion wait on appetite and Health on both — and I pray you think of me as the glass goes round. . . .

Horizontally but ever cordially

Your friend,

C. C. FELTON.

The following note of regret from Emerson likewise refers to another Saturday dinner arranged by Underwood.

CONCORD, 26 August, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR, — I did not receive your note until the Boston train had already gone on Saturday. I am well contented

that the Club should be solidly organized, and grow. I am so irregularly in town, that I dare not promise myself as a constant member, yet I live so much alone that I set a high value on my social privileges, and I wish by all means to retain the right of an occasional seat.

So, with thanks, and best wishes,

Yours,

R. W. EMERSON.

MR. UNDERWOOD.

Underwood now thought that the time was ripe for bringing the magazine project to the front once more. Mr. Phillips was slow to take an interest in it, but finally agreed to consult Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. He had published her *Dred* in 1856, although he had previously rejected *Uncle Tom's Cabin* through fear of alienating his Southern trade. Mrs. Stowe was instantly enthusiastic over the proposed magazine, and promised her support. It was this fact, as Underwood often said in later years, which decided the wavering mind of the publisher. Then came the famous dinner given by Mr. Phillips on May 5, 1857, to the men whose coöperation was thought to be essential. Although Mr. Arthur Gilman's article, printed in the present number of the *Atlantic*, describes this dinner, it may be interesting to quote Mr. Phillips's own letter about it, as given in Dr. Hale's *James Russell Lowell and His Friends* (p. 157).

[May 19, 1857.]

"I must tell you about a little dinner-party I gave about two weeks ago. It would be proper, perhaps, to state that the origin of it was a desire to confer with my literary friends on a somewhat extensive literary project, the particulars of which I shall reserve until you come. But to the party: My invitations included only R. W. Emerson, H. W. Longfellow, J. R. Lowell, Mr. Motley (the 'Dutch Republic' man), O. W. Holmes, Mr. Cabot, and Mr. Underwood, our literary man. Imagine your uncle as the head of

such a table, with such guests. The above named were the only ones invited, and they were all present. We sat down at three P. M., and rose at eight. The time occupied was longer by about four hours and thirty minutes than I am in the habit of consuming in that kind of occupation, but it was the richest time intellectually by all odds that I have ever had. Leaving myself and 'literary man' out of the group, I think you will agree with me that it would be difficult to duplicate that number of such conceded scholarship in the whole country besides.

"Mr. Emerson took the first post of honor at my right, and Mr. Longfellow the second at my left. The exact arrangement of the table was as follows:—

MR. UNDERWOOD

CABOT	LOWELL
MOTLEY	HOLMES
LONGFELLOW	EMERSON

PHILLIPS

"They seemed so well pleased that they adjourned, and invited me to meet them again to-morrow, when I shall meet the same persons, with one other (Whipple, the essayist) added to that brilliant constellation of philosophical, poetical and historical talent. Each one is known alike on both sides of the Atlantic, and is read beyond the limits of the English language. Though all this is known to you, you will pardon me for intruding it upon you. But still I have the vanity to believe that you will think them the most natural thoughts in the world to me. Though I say it that should not, it was the proudest day of my life."

"In this letter," continues Dr. Hale, "he does not tell of his own little speech, made at the launch. But at the time we all knew of it. He announced the plan of the magazine by saying, 'Mr. Cabot is much wiser than I am. Dr. Holmes can write funnier verses than I can. Mr. Motley can write history better than I. Mr. Emerson is a philosopher, and I am not. Mr. Lowell knows more of the old poets than I.' But after this confession he said, 'But none of you knows

the American people as well as I do.'"

Exactly what Underwood thought, as he listened to this self-satisfied speech of his employer, is not recorded in his scrap-book. Nor do the letters of the next few weeks throw any light upon the now familiar story of Lowell's accepting the editorship of the new magazine upon the condition that Holmes should become a contributor, and of Holmes's suggestion that it should be christened "*The Atlantic Monthly*." Who chose John Winthrop's head as a design for the brown cover does not appear.

Underwood, meanwhile, had sailed for England in June to secure contributors. He enjoyed his mission, and his scrap-book contains many hospitable notes from Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, John Forster, A. H. Clough, and other English writers. Reade was anxious to become acquainted with "any honest publisher who can be brought to see that I am worth one third as much as Thackeray, or more. . . . *White Lies* is my best story." In reply to Underwood's promise that the *Atlantic's* rate of payment would be equal to that offered by the English reviews, James Hannay replies:

"With regard to the remuneration, as you intimated that it was to be regulated by the best pay here, I may mention that that is a guinea a page, or sixteen guineas a sheet."

Encouraged by promises of contributions, Underwood sailed for home, leaving the manuscripts to follow. Some of them, as Mr. Norton relates elsewhere in this number, disappeared forever with Mr. Norton's unlucky trunk. A pleasant note from Shirley Brooks, of the staff of *Punch*, refers to the loss of his manuscript:—

The Garrick Club,
LONDON, Oct. 28, '57.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been away from London, or your letter would have been answered long ago. I should be ashamed to look at its date but for this, and you will have been sure that the delay was caused in some such manner.

The mishap to which it refers, (your note, I mean) you will almost have forgotten by this time. I have no copy of the article I sent, and whether I can wind myself up to the point of doing it, decently, twice, I hardly know. I seldom can manage that. But as soon as I have my hands a little free I will send you something. In the meantime pray consider that there is no pecuniary matter between us—accept the intention to serve the new magazine—and let us start fresh. Only, if you notice in any of the New York or other papers an article called "My Ghost," do you lay hands on the pirate—the N. Y. *Herald* tells us there are *no police* in that city, or virtually none, but by that time things may be better.

If you can forward me a copy of the magazine to the above address, I shall receive it with pleasure, and will do anything I can to promote its interests here. I trust that none of the catastrophes in your financial world have affected anybody whom you care about. Believe me,

My dear Sir, Yours very truly,

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

F. H. UNDERWOOD, Esq.

By August Underwood was at his desk again, soliciting articles from American authors. Herman Melville, the author of *Moby Dick* and *Typee*, writes:—

PITTSFIELD, Aug. 19th, 1857.

GENTLEMEN,—Your note inviting my contribution to your proposed magazine was received yesterday.

I shall be very happy to contribute, though I cannot now name the day when I shall have any article ready.

Wishing you the best success in your laudable enterprise, I am

Very truly yours,

H. MELVILLE.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.
Boston.

Horace Mann, to whom Underwood had written for articles in 1853, replies to a new invitation: "I have no *specific* topic in my mind, but I could not write

on anything outside of your 'cause of Freedom and advancement of sound literature.'"

Very characteristic is this note from William Douglas O'Connor, later the author of *The Good Grey Poet*.

Office *Saturday Eve. Post*,
PHILADA., Aug. 20th, '57.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have been striving very hard to make kosmos out of the chaos of a MS tale I have for some time had on hand—a thing of shreds and patches it is, at present, existing only in stray sheets, scraps and memoranda—but to save my life I cannot get time enough to build this little world of mine, I have to give so much to the affairs of this other world—the *Post*—of which I am in effect, the governor, and all the more so now since the ostensible chief is away, and everything devolves on me. I am secretly chagrined to think that my little star will not be visible this month in the march of your galaxy, for, dropping similes, I wanted very much to have a paper of mine in your first number. However, man proposes and the *Saturday Post* disposes, so I submit, as you will find less disappointment in doing.

I shall still endeavor to give you a story—for the second number if possible, or if not, for a later number—but I beg of you to expect nothing of me, for though my promises are words of fate, I am unable to make them now, my time being already engrossed so much as to make it difficult even to attend to my casual correspondence. And then, besides, when you do get a MS of mine, it is quite likely you will not like it, the revolution and the radicalisms running so naturally to my pen, and my tales being my only present means of securing to myself the luxury of my individual views and opinions.

With many regrets and hopes, and with twice as many good wishes for the prosperity of the coming magazine, I remain very

Truly yours

WM. D. O'CONNOR.

F. H. UNDERWOOD, Esq.

J. T. Trowbridge's note, accompanying his contribution to the first number, shows that he thought that the name of the magazine was not yet determined upon:—

OGDEN, Aug. 24, 1857.

MY DEAR U——, I send you a sketch. I don't know whether it is good or bad. It is a subject I have long wished to write upon; and on the rec't of your letter, I dashed off the history of John Henry Pendlam. I can swear that he is a true type of a certain class of reformers; I have avoided burlesque and exaggeration. But whether the story is suitable for the Magazine, you must determine. Do not use it, if it is not up to the mark.

How about the name? If the "American Monthly" will not do, what do you say to "The Anglo-American"?

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

P. S.—I have written to R. H. Stoddard to send you a story.

Address me at Wallingford, Vermont.
PAUL.

Here too, is the first of several girlish letters from a woman whose stories gave keen pleasure to the early readers of the magazine, and whose achievement as a pioneer in the field in which Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, and Miss Alice Brown have since wrought so notably still awaits due recognition by the critics:—

HARTFORD, August 20th, 1857.

MR. F. H. UNDERWOOD.

DEAR SIR, — I regret that my absence from home prevented my receiving your letter of the 25th until to-day. I have been idle all summer, because I am not strong, and was forbidden to write, so I have nothing to offer you that is very fresh, or that I should choose to make a "first appearance" in. I have a little sketch of New England life called "Turkey Tracks," not copied: a romance Mr. Curtis had accepted for Putnam, "Maya, the Child of the Kingdom," which I have sent for: and a story partly written—"Rachel's Refusal:" any one of these I could send you within a week from date,

if you let me know directly. I hope by and by to do something better for you, when I shall have time and strength to fulfill other and previous engagements.

Be so good as to give me a definite address for the MSS., and let me know your decision as soon as is quite convenient. Letters will most securely reach me directed to the care of Mr. H. W. Terry. With the best wishes for your success I remain

Yours very truly

ROSE TERRY.

I ought perhaps to say that the romance is considered by one of my critical friends the best thing I have ever written. I cannot judge of these things myself.

We have been long in reaching the actual first number of the *Atlantic*. The financial stress of 1857 harassed Messrs. Phillips, Sampson and Co., and publication was nearly suspended, after all. But in October the first issue appeared, under date of November. Underwood's scrap-book contains this highly interesting note from Emerson, concerning editorial suggestions upon two of the four poems which he contributed, in addition to the prose essay on "Illusions," to the initial number. If Lowell suggested, as he apparently did, the substitution of

"If, on the heath, *beneath the moon*,"
for

"If, on the heath, under the moon,"
in the fourth stanza of the "Romany Girl," he certainly proposed "a new cacophony" where there was undoubtedly an "old one." Emerson changed the line in later years to

"If, on the heath, below the moon."
But it is clear from this note that we owe the present form of the superb opening line of "Days," —

"Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,"
to the editor, who had objected to "hypocritical."

CONCORD, Sept. 24, 1857.

DEAR SIR, — I return the proof in which I have no correction to make. Mr.

Lowell showed a bad rhythm, but I do not quite like the new word he offered me —

"beneath the moon,"

where the new cacophony troubles my ears as much as the old one; and for the second suggestion about the word "hypocritical," he is right again, but I cannot mend it to-day. If he will alter them, as he proposed before, or otherwise, he has my thankful consent.

Yours,

R. W. EMERSON.

MR. UNDERWOOD.

It is well known, also, that Lowell suggested to Whittier the peculiar form of the refrain which adds so greatly to the effectiveness of "Skipper Ireson's Ride." In Lowell's *Letters* we read: —

CAMBRIDGE, November 4, 1857.

MY DEAR WHITTIER, — I thank you heartily for the ballad, which will go into the next number. I like it all the better for its provincialism — in all fine pears, you know, we can taste the old *pucker*.

I knew the story well. I am familiar with Marblehead and its dialect, and as the burthen is intentionally provincial, I have taken the liberty to print it in such a way as shall give the peculiar accent — thus —

"Cap'n Ireson for his horrd horrt
Was torred and feathered and corried in a
corrt."

That's the way I've always "horrd it" — only it began "Old Flud Ireson." What a good name Ireson (son of wrath) is for the hero of such a history. . .

The scrap-book contains Whittier's reply: —

AMESBURY 6th, 11th Mo., 1857.

DR. FRIEND, — I thank thee for sending the proof of Cap Ireson, with thy suggestions. I adopt them, as thou wilt see, mainly. It is an improvement. As it stands now, I like the thing well — "hugely" as Capt Shandy would say.

As to the pecuniary allusion of thy note, I am sorely in want of money, (as

who is not at this time) — but of course will await your convenience.

The magazine *will, shall, must* succeed. The election of Banks is a good beginning for it. Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

That the ballad made an immediate impression is seen in this note from Fitz-James O'Brien, who writes about the acceptance of his brilliant story "The Diamond Lens:" —

Harper's, FRANKLIN Sq'EE,
Nov. 28th. [1857.]

DEAR SIRS, — I am much pleased that my story has met your approval, and shall be glad at some future time to present you with other articles.

I have not calculated the number of pages which the "Diamond Lens" will make, and will thank you to have the computation made and remit to me the amount according to whatever scale of prices you see fit to include it in.

It will be in a great measure a labor of love to write for a magazine of so high a tone as the *Atlantic*. I have long felt the want of a channel in which to place articles on which I might bestow labor and thought. Here in New York we are far too apt to neglect the higher aims.

Will you permit me to express the great pleasure I have experienced in reading "Skipper Ireson's Ride" in your last number. It abounds in lyrical fire, pathos and strength.

Yours truly,

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

Messrs. PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.

This reminds me that Thomas Bailey Aldrich, writing in 1897 to a member of the *Atlantic's* staff who had prepared a sketch of the first forty years of the magazine, referred thus to O'Brien's story: —

" . . . I am sorry that the *Atlantic* did not put in its claim to being the father of the short story. Of course there were excellent short stories before the *Atlantic* was born — Poe's and Hawthorne's

— but the magazine gave the short story a place which it had never before reached. It began with "The Diamond Lens" of Fitz-James O'Brien, and ended with — well, it has not ended yet."

The praise elicited by the early numbers is fairly represented by this note from Henry Ward Beecher: —

BROOKLYN, Oct. 31, '57.

MY DEAR SIR, — The *Atlantic* has a good look — robust and bold. I hope for it a historic reputation. As New England has been the Brain of America, it would be a pity if her mouth did not speak worthy of her head and heart.

Very truly yours,

H. W. BEECHER.

Although the authorship of the articles was supposed to be kept secret, a privately printed list of the authors in each number was soon sent out to newspaper reviewers and other friends of the magazine. It was not until the tenth volume, however, in 1862, that an index of authors was printed at the completion of each volume. The first signed articles to appear were Harriet Hosmer's "Process of Sculpture" and Goldwin Smith's "England and America," in December, 1864. Occasional signed articles followed, such as William M. Rossetti's in 1866 and George Eliot's in May, 1870, but it was not until July, 1870, that signatures were regularly used. Inasmuch as the names of the more prominent contributors engaged were printed in the initial advertising pages, it was not difficult to guess the authorship of most of the articles. But even without this, discerning readers were at once aware of the singularly high quality of the new periodical.

Wilkie Collins wrote from London: —

11 Harley Place, Marylebone Road,
LONDON, December 30th, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR, — . . . Pray don't trouble yourself to answer this letter, until my contribution to the magazine reaches you — when I shall be glad to

hear of its safe arrival. I shall look out with great interest for the story to which you refer in the third number. Excepting the difficulties of finding good tellers of tales (sorely felt here, let me say, as well as in America), with such men as Longfellow and Emerson to head your list of contributors, I cannot think that you need fear the rivalry of any magazine in any region of the civilized world.

Believe me to remain

Very cordially yours,

WILKIE COLLINS.

F. H. UNDERWOOD, Esq.

Charles Reade, several of whose vigorous and pugnacious epistles were preserved by Underwood, wrote in the autumn of 1858:—

6 Bolton Row, MAYFAIR, Oct. 10.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge yours of date Sept. 28, and as requested answer by return mail. I will never under any circumstances submit a MS. of mine to the chance of any other writer comprehending it and seeing its merit. If therefore *that* is an absolute condition, you will never see a line of mine in the *Atlantic Monthly* while I live. The stories you do publish in the *Monthly* could never have been selected by any judge competent to sit in judgment on me. We had better wait a little. You will find that every word of fiction I produce will succeed *more or less*; this in a world crammed with feeble scribblers is a sufficient basis for treaty. As to the exact *manner* of success no man can pronounce on it before-hand.

"White Lies" which you seem to think has failed has on the contrary been a greater success than "It is Never Too Late to Mend." At all events it is so represented to me by the Publishers and this not in complimentary phrases only of which you and I know the value but in figures that represent cash.

Yet, as you are aware it had to resist a *panic*. A truce to egotism, and let me congratulate you on the circulation and merit of your monthly. It is a wonder-

ful product at the price. Good paper, excellent type, and the letters disengaged so that one can read it.

Then as for the matter, the stories are no worse than *Blackwood's* and *Fraser's*, etc., etc., and some of the other matter is infinitely beyond our monthly and trimestral scribblers, being genuine in thought and English in expression. Whereas what passes for criticism here is too often a mere mixture of Cuck-oo and hee-haw. A set of conventional phrases turned not in English but in Norman French and the jargon of the schools.

After five and twenty years of these rotten old cabbage stalks without a spark of thought, novelty or life among them, I turn my nose to such papers as your "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" etc. with a sense of relief and freshness. . . . Success attend you, and when you are ripe for

Yours truly

CHARLES READE

let me know.

Meanwhile Underwood was unweariedly active, not only at his desk but in the pleasures of good fellowship with other musical, artistic, and literary spirits. His scrap-book contains many a charming whimsical letter from F. J. Child, who usually addressed him as "Sottobosco," and was wont to drop into French or Italian for a convenient word. Even the self-contained Emerson writes about the "luck which goes to a dinner" in anything but a transcendental vein:—

CONCORD, 21 Nov. [1857.]

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry I cannot come to town to-day, and join your strong party at dinner. I shall be in town on Tuesday, probably, and I will not fail to come to your Counting Room and I will think in the meantime what I can do. From what you say of the club dinner, I have no dream of any such self-denying ordinance as you intimate. There is always a good deal of luck goes to a dinner, and if ours was a heavy one, as you say it was, there is the more reason to believe the luck will turn and be with us next time.

But I was in the dark about it, and only regretted that I could not stay longer to hear the stories out. I can send you nothing for the *Atlantic* sooner than the end of the month, but of this I will speak when I see you.

Respectfully,
R. W. EMERSON.

MR. UNDERWOOD.

Emerson's next letter alludes to the famous dinner at Porter's Tavern, already described for this month's *Atlantic* by Mr. Gilman.

CONCORD, Friday Evening,
18 Dec. [1857.]

DEAR SIR, — I have been out of town for a few days and find your messages only now on my return to-night. I am sorry you should have deferred the good meeting on my account, for though I cannot help a feast, I hate to hinder one. But if Mr. Lowell and you have chosen that I shall come, I will not stay away on Monday at 5. You say at *Porters* which I suppose to be *Porters* at Cambridge. If not send me word. You are very kind to offer me a bed; but I shall have to go to my old haunts. So with thanks,

Yours,
R. W. EMERSON.

MR. UNDERWOOD.

After the appearance of the January number (1858) Whittier writes: —

DEAR FD, — A lady friend of mine, Mrs. Randolph of Philada. sends me the enclosed to hand over to thee if I think best.

I believe there is something due me — but I would not mention it were it not for the fact that, in common with most others, I am at this time sadly "out of pocket."

Dr. Holmes' "Autocrat" is thrice excellent and the little poem at its close is booked for immortality.¹

Very truly thy friend,

J. G. W.

Give us more papers like "N. E. Ministers."

¹ "The Old Man Dreams." Jan., 1858.

Of the February number Judge Hoar of Concord writes: —

Jan. 27, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am extremely flattered and obliged by your invitation to dine with the Magazine Club, and (as the French have it) inexpressibly desolated by my inability to accept it. I am attending a hearing before a Railroad Committee at the State House which is to go on at 3 P. M. and would leave no time for the dinner.

My best wishes attend the Magazine, its editors and contributors. May it never blow up! I think the February number surpassed any promises that were made for it — and that the Doctor's exquisite little "Nautilus" is in rather a finer strain than anything he has given us before.

Very truly yours,
E. R. HOAR.

F. H. UNDERWOOD, Esq.

Meanwhile Charles Eliot Norton was writing from Newport, December 25, 1857: "I am very glad to hear of the success of the *Atlantic*. The third number certainly shows no falling off. . . . If you care for this that follows from Ruskin you are welcome to have it published. . . . Mr. Ruskin says: 'I was delighted with the magazine and all that was in it. What a glorious thing of Lowell's that is, — but it is too bad to quiz Pallas. I can stand it about anybody but her.'"

A little later Mr. Norton, with a kindness which has not ceased during half a century, was commending a new English story writer to the *Atlantic's* attention, — no less a personage than "Mr. George Eliot!"

NEWPORT, Monday. [1858.]

DEAR MR. UNDERWOOD, . . . "Adam Bede" seems to me the best novel in point of artistic development of the story and clear drawing of character that we have had for a long time. It does not show so much imagination as Miss Brontë's books, — nor such fine feminine insight and tenderness of feeling as Mrs. Gaskell's.

But if you could get Mr. George Eliot to write a story for the *Atlantic* I think it would be sure to answer well. It would require a handsome offer to tempt him, — for his book is universally popular in England, and he can make his own terms with the publishers. . . .

Ever truly yours,

CHARLES E. NORTON.

That there were some thorns in the editorial cushions, however, is plainly indicated in some of Lowell's *Letters*, and Underwood had his share of them. Would-be contributors then, as now, studied the pages of the magazine and could not understand why their own articles were not better than those selected by the editors. Witness this sorrowful note from the author of *Bitter Sweet* and *Kathrina* :—

Republican Office,
SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 24, 1857.

DEAR SIR:— I am too old and too busy to make myself miserable over what in other circumstances would be a great disappointment to me. It is simply mortification, but I bow to the editorial right. The reason given for not publishing the "Talk with my Minister" I understand. The reason for declining the sketch, I find it hard to understand with the pages of the *Atlantic* before me. So of "My Children." You and the enterprise with which you are connected have my best wishes, and you will be relieved to know that I shall read the Monthly and trouble you no more. With regards to Mr. Phillips,

Very truly yours,
J. G. HOLLAND.

F. H. UNDERWOOD, Esq.

It is pleasant to see that Underwood pasted into his scrap-book another letter from Dr. Holland, twenty years later, and of a more agreeable kind:—

Editorial Rooms of *Scribner's Monthly*,
743 Broadway,
NEW YORK, October 10, 1878.

DEAR MR. UNDERWOOD, — Do you remember me? I used to write for you —
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a little. Now, by Dr. Holmes's suggestion, I am going to ask you to "return the compliment."

We are to have an illustrated biography of the brilliant doctor, and you are the man chosen to write it. Will you do it? About 8,000 words.

Yours very truly,

J. G. HOLLAND.

One contributor, at least, smarted under Lowell's exercise of the editorial functions. This was Parke Godwin, an able and opinionated man, who had written for the first number an article on "The Financial Flurry," — a subject not untimely, by the way, for November, 1907. He followed it with political articles in January and February, 1858, but to his eight pages on "Mr. Buchanan's Administration," in the April number, Lowell, apparently without consulting Mr. Godwin, added six pages of his own, expressing "contempt" and "humiliation" at the administration. The editor's portion of the article was indeed separated from the contributor's by a blank line, and the article was of course unsigned. But Godwin was very angry, as his letter to poor Underwood, who had apparently attempted an explanation, will show:—

NEW YORK, March 26, '58.

MY DEAR MR. UNDERWOOD, — The purport of your note, if I understand it, is, that "your publishers" do not like my articles, because a certain alleged want of "fervor" disappoints the newsvenders. As this is the first expression of opinion that I have had from anybody, connected with the magazine, I am glad to be enlightened.

The deficiency imputed to them, or any other deficiency, would have been a good reason for suppressing them, altogether: but it is not a good reason for mutilating them; nor does it justify any man in appending to them, without my knowledge or consent, several pages of his own remarks.

These articles were written after a

careful survey of the whole field of discussion, — from a pretty good knowledge of the state of public opinion: and in view of the yet nascent tendencies of parties. They were addressed to the reason and good sense of the American people rather than to the feelings and prejudices of factions. I constructed them also — particularly in the omissions — with reference to the near and probable future of Parties, so that the Cause of the Right would not be injured by any needless virulence, — and yet the truth be quite openly and roundly asserted. I did not hope to satisfy the “fervid” Abolition sentiment of New England: nor to write sensation articles for the newsvenders: but I did hope to make the Magazine gradually a power and an authority in the best minds of the country. It seems that I have made a mistake: and that my considerate sentences are unsuited to the “fervid” atmosphere of Boston.

Now, this is a mistake that I cannot, because I will not correct. I have never yet written for mere factions or localities. I have studied the politics of this country many years, with an average degree of intelligence, I hope: with the sincerity of a patriot, I know: and also in the large and thoughtful spirit of philosophy. I am therefore as a writer, no “thunderer” — as the gentleman who attempts to supply my deficiencies is, — perhaps, — and consequently, as thunder is needed, I willingly resign my place to him. I shall hereafter look with much interest towards the demonstrations of this new Love, — hoping that you too may be satisfied!

I learn from your note that Mr. Lowell was the person who took upon himself to curtail my article, and then to substitute his own matter. For Mr. Lowell’s general poetic and literary abilities I have a high respect: but I have never heard of him as a peculiarly competent political thinker or writer: and, however that may be, I must say frankly that I should prefer to put my writings before

the public without his “improvements.”

Under these circumstances I do not see how you can expect from me the promised article on the “Decadence of Democracy;” a part of what I reserved to say in that Mr. Lowell has anticipated, and the rest, I imagine, would be exposed to the same liabilities the former articles have been. The conditions are not accordant with my sense of self-respect. At the same time, as I may not have contributed my full number of pages according to our original agreement, I will endeavor to satisfy the terms of the contract in some other line.

The sketch entitled “Attilee” you do not refer to, — nor my offer of the history, — and I beg leave therefore to withdraw both from your consideration.

You speak of “conflicting interests and opinions,” — but let me say that I have had no conflict with anybody. I was solicited to write, and did so (often in too great hurry under your urgency): and since what I have written does not suit you, you have a perfect right to say so. I should have liked it better if you had been more direct and frank in your method of communicating the fact; but I certainly acquit you personally of an unkindness or unfriendliness in the premises. My sentiments as to Mr. Lowell’s proceedings are another affair.

Fred Correns and I had arranged to go and eat a dinner with you on Saturday: but as we are afraid that we should be found very cold and dull clods amid the fervid and glowing wits who surround Maga, our prudence has got the better of our valour: we shall instead warm up our heavy clay with some less Olympian brewages.

Yours truly,

PARKE GODWIN.

Other editorial embarrassments were of a slighter character. In a sketch of Thomas Bailey Aldrich which the present writer prepared for the May (1907) *Atlantic*, there was printed a dignified letter from the young Aldrich to Underwood,

May 25, 1858, refusing to make some suggested changes in the rhymes of his poem "Blue Bells" and consequently withdrawing the verses. Further search in the scrap-book reveals the fact that it was Lowell himself who had desired the alteration, and who was now wondering what had become of the poem. But the *Atlantic* never saw it again; although Aldrich ultimately adopted the editorial suggestion.

[1858.]

MY DEAR UNDERWOOD, — You will remember that I asked you to send the "Blue Bells" to Mr. Aldrich for an alteration in one of the stanzas. When that is made it shall go in. I think you have it.

I am going to make a gaol-delivery of verse in the next number.

Yrs. ever,

J. R. L.

One is tempted to quote all of Aldrich's inimitable notes to Underwood, as well as letters from Sainte-Beuve and other foreign writers, and many a friendly line from Holmes and Whittier. How characteristic of the Autocrat is the blithe "let her slide" of the following epistle, referring to the lines "The Living Temple" (May, 1858).

MY DEAR MR. UNDERWOOD, — If it is possible to change a word in my last poem I can get rid of a repetition I have just noticed. If it is too late, let her slide. Instead of

"But warmed by that mysterious flame"

Read

"But warmed by that unchanging flame."

Yours, O. W. H.

Monday evening.

But the end of Underwood's editorial work upon the magazine was at hand. Mr. Phillips's death in the summer of 1859, following the death of Mr. Sampson, led to the suspension and dissolution of the firm. A letter from a worried New York poet paints the situation: —

Debuture Room, Custom House,
NEW YORK, Sept. 7, '59.

DEAR SIR, — I wrote Messrs. Phillips and Sampson a business note two or three weeks ago, asking them to send me a check for a poem of mine in the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. No check has reached me; no notice has been taken of the note. As both members of the firm have "gone dead," I suppose it useless to write them beyond the Styx, so I trouble you. The *house* lives, I suppose, if the *men* die. I want the money for the poem, whatever it may be, or I want to know that I am not to have it, so that I may forget all about it, and turn to

"Fresh fields and pastures new."

Will you not see to the affair and oblige me? Have a check, or the money sent me (my direction is over leaf) or tell me for what sum to draw on Phillips and Sampson. At any rate answer this note, that I may know that it reaches you. Perhaps I had better tell you that the poem was printed under the head of "The End of All."

Respectfully, etc.

R. H. STODDARD.

F. H. UNDERWOOD, Esq.
Boston.

A kindly note from George William Curtis, two weeks later, is like the fall of the curtain: —

NEW YORK, 20 Sep., 1859.

MY DEAR SIR, — Will you send me all the unused MSS. of Mr. Cranch's that you have, and can you tell me the probable destiny of the plates of *Huggermugger* and *Kobbotozo*? Was the contract for a limited term, — I have forgotten.

The news of the suspension of your house fell heavily upon all of us who were interested in the publishing of good books and of the *Atlantic*. My constant employments have engaged me elsewhere, — but could not lead me beyond the heartiest sympathy with the spirit of the magazine and admiration of its excellence.

What will you do? Can I keep you here in New York?

Very truly yours,
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

The magazine itself was transferred to the house of Ticknor and Fields, in a fashion amusingly described in the Contributors' Club of the present issue. Both Lowell and Underwood lingered in office for a while, the former until May, 1861. J. L. Motley, writing to Underwood from London on November 11, 1860, in praise of the *Atlantic*, says "I am writing this under the impression that you are still editor of the magazine." But the happiest part of Underwood's life was over. He now moved from Cambridge to South Boston. For many years he served as Clerk of the Superior Court, devoting his spare hours to music and literature. His friends remained faithful, and the following polyglot note from Lowell, inviting him to an evening of whist with John Bartlett and John Holmes, is but one of many invitations which testify to the intimacy of such companionship.

ELMWOOD, Thursday.

MY DEAR UNDERWOOD, — Come early and come often. J'ai tout arrangé: les deux Jeans y seront de bonne heure, et nous en ferons une vraie nuit de vacances. Votre billet, tout cordial qu'il était, et plein de bonté à mon regard, m'a vraiment réchauffé le cœur. Vous trouverez un lit chez nous, et retournerez à la Cour Supérieure de bon matin, y portant un mal de tête des meilleurs, si le vieux Bourbon et les heures tardes n'ont pas perdu de force. Venite, dunque, a che ora vi piacerà, e sarete il benvenuto!

Affectionately yours,
J. R. L.

In 1871 and 1872 Underwood issued Handbooks of British and American authors, and the correspondence involved in these tasks, as well as in his biographies of Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell, is well represented in his scrap-book. There

are long letters, for example, from Parkman and Motley, setting forth their aims in the great historical undertakings to which their lives were so largely devoted.

One passage from a letter of Parkman attempts to explain why Underwood had not enjoyed a greater prestige. He was "neither a Harvard man nor a humbug"!

50 Chestnut St.,
April 15, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. UNDERWOOD, — . . . I wish that your connection with the *Atlantic* could have been continued long enough to give your literary powers and accomplishments a fair chance of just recognition. It is for the interest of us all that men like you should be rated for what they are worth. Harvard College and its social allies answer a very good purpose in defending us — to some extent — against the intellectual clap-trap and charlatanry which prosper so well throughout the country; but those who are neither Harvard men nor humbugs may be said to be the victims of their own merit, having neither the prestige of the one nor the arts of the other. . . .

With cordial regards,

Very truly yours,
F. PARKMAN.

Occasionally a former contributor would write him a cordial note. One of these letters, from Rose Terry, inclosed a charming girlish photograph, — the only photograph preserved in the scrap-book.

COLLINSVILLE, Nov. 28th, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. UNDERWOOD, — Your letter of October 24th only reached me yesterday, and I am afraid you have thought me very uncivil.

I am very glad to have the opportunity of doing even so little a thing for you, to whom I owe so much kindness and consideration during our mutual engagements with the old *Atlantic*, which after all seems to me far better than the new! I congratulate you on having "drifted" out of literature, it is "weariness to the flesh" and small satisfaction

to the spirit. The photograph I send you is one from a picture (an ambrotype) taken about the time when I first wrote for the *Atlantic*; I send it because it is the prettiest one I ever had: a feminine reason, but then I never was strong-minded. A picture now would be anything but pleasant, illness and anxiety for years are not beautifiers! I hope at least the face may express to you all the good wishes I have for you and yours; and be to you always the face of a friend even when its original has "gone over to the majority."

Yours very cordially,
ROSE TERRY.

Of the letters of congratulation received upon Underwood's appointment as United States Consul at Glasgow, in 1885, Whittier's is worth printing, as showing that he, like Motley, was under the impression that Underwood had been the *Atlantic's* first editor:—

HOLDERNESS, N. H.,
7th Mo. 27, 1885.

MY DEAR UNDERWOOD, — I have been away for some time trying to gain some strength from the hills, and have just seen a paragraph in the papers by which I am glad to learn of thy appointment as U. S. Consul at Glasgow. I am heartily rejoiced at it, and hasten to congratulate thee. President Cleveland has done a handsome thing in thus recognizing one of the "literary fellows" who had the honor of the first editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

I have been in Boston only once for the last year, and then only for a day or two. I wish I could see thee before thy departure for Glasgow, but that is not possible in my state of health. I must not leave here during this hot weather. I am glad our country and its literature is to be so well represented in the land of Burns and Scott.

God bless thee and prosper thee!

Thy old friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

These later notes from Whittier refer

to the biography upon which Underwood was engaged. They are vigorous, and very characteristic.

AMESBURY, 4 Mo. 14, 1883.

DEAR FD., — . . . Don't make too big a book, and don't try to account for everything I have written or not written, or done, or not done. A mere mention of the fact that I have written in my first attempts a great[deal] of prose and rhyme which I would not now insult the reader by reproducing, is enough. And do not forget that I have lived a hard life outside of my verse making. I am a *man* and not a mere verse maker.

Thine truly,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, 6 Mo. 14. [1883.]

DEAR F. H. UNDERWOOD, — . . . I see one of the chapters headed "Beginnings of Fame." I don't think at the time mentioned the word *Fame* is applicable. It is safe to say that there are now in the United States ten thousand boys and girls who can write better verses than mine at their age. The single fact is that my first scribblings are very poor and commonplace.

Thine truly,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ASQUAM, HOLDERNESS, N. H.,
7 Mo. 21, 1883.

DEAR FRIEND, — I am grateful for thy generous estimate of my writings in "Characteristics," but I fear the critics will not agree with thee. Why not anticipate them, and own up to faults and limitations which everybody sees, and none more clearly than myself. Touch upon my false rhymes and Yankeeisms: confess that I sometimes "crack the voice of melody and break the legs of time." Pitch into "Mogg Megone." That "big Injun" strutting round in Walter Scott's plaid, has no friends and deserves none. Own that I sometimes choose unpoetical themes. Endorse Lowell's "Fable for Critics" that I mistake occasionally simple excitement for in-

spiration. In this way we can take the wind out of the sails of ill-natured cavillers. I am not one of the master singers and don't pose as one. By the grace of God I am only what I am, and don't wish to pass for more.

I return the sheets, with this note. Think of my suggestions and act upon them if it seems best to thee.

Always thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, 1 Mo. 20, 1884.

MY DEAR UNDERWOOD, — I am very sorry to find thee lay so much stress on dragging to light all the foolish things written by me, and which I hate the thought of. For mercy's sake let the dead rest. (1) in regard to "Mogg Megone" (a poem I wish was in the Red Sea), — I know Benjamin had it, I thought in New York. It seems he was Ed. of the *N. E. Magazine* & published it there. (2) Abolition poem by Isaac Knapp. I know nothing of it. All my anti-slavery poems are in my collected works. I see no use in setting all the literary ghouls to digging for something I have written in my first attempts at rhyme. I detest the whole of it. . . .

Ever and truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Underwood's experiences in Great Britain, both at Glasgow and later at Edinburgh, — where he was Consul during Cleveland's second administration, — have already been touched upon by Mr. Trowbridge. Between the two consulships he wrote a novel, *Quabbin*, in which he described from that benign distance his native town. He received many social honors during his residence abroad, and the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Glasgow. He made friends, as always and everywhere, and the most brilliant of living English writers is represented in the scrap-book

by some letters inquiring into the value of certain American securities. To name these securities now might invoke the Comic Spirit.

Underwood never came home to that world which had more or less grown away from him. He died at Edinburgh in 1894. Versatile in gifts and genial in spirit, he was associated, as we have seen, with some of the best men of his day, but he himself never quite "arrived." There were Celts of old time who "always went forth to the fight, but they always fell." One likes them none the worse for that. During the Civil War, Underwood's fertile brain devised a curious project, which had no other result, apparently, than the creation of one more remarkable autograph for his scrap-book. He wished to start a saw-mill in Florida. Every magazine editor, as is well known, has his moments of keen desire to be running a saw-mill somewhere. But Underwood picked out an actual spot, then under occupation by Federal troops, and addressed a respectful letter to President Lincoln, setting forth the benefits to the nation which would accrue from the said saw-mill through the promotion of emigration to Florida. Here is the very document, thrown carelessly into the scrap-book, endorsed by leading citizens of Boston, with Ex-Governor Boutwell at the head, by Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, Senators from Massachusetts, by Major General Gillmore, then at Hilton Head, and by the President of the United States: —

I fully approve, subject [to] the discretion and control of the Commanding General.

March 26, 1864.

A. LINCOLN.

A saw-mill in Florida! What a castle in Spain, for this editor who was never the Editor!

UNBOUND OLD ATLANTICS

BY LIDA F. BALDWIN

IN a corner of the old sitting-room at home stood a tall, old-fashioned secretary, with two deep drawers in its lower part. In these drawers were packed away old numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Our father's subscription to the magazine began with its first number, that of November, 1857. This was in his early married life; in the course of years the old *Atlantics* had filled full the deep lower drawer, and were crowding out of the upper drawer, despite my mother's protest, the linen tablecloths and napkins that rightfully belonged there. Lowell's line in *The Cathedral*, "Poor Richard slowly elbowing Plato out," has in some odd way always recalled to me that home process of eviction. Although in this case it was, if anything, Plato who was elbowing out Poor Richard.

As we children grew up in the home those two deep drawers in the old secretary became to us a storehouse where we could always find something to read; a storehouse that we neglected when new books came, but constantly kept turning back to when the new book was exhausted. When *Little Women* came the drawer was neglected. When *Death Trailer, the Chief of the Scouts* shook in my excited hand (my sincerest thanks to Mr. Harvey for his defense of the dime novel in the July *Atlantic*), its bright yellow cover blotted out of my mind all memory of the duller yellowish-brown covers of the old *Atlantics*.

But *Little Women* and *Death Trailer* were only occasional, they came and went; and always there were the drawers full of the old magazines for us to fall back on. These were ready to welcome us at any moment; they were not resentful at our neglect, but were secure in their abiding power to charm.

It was on long Sunday afternoons that we most often turned to them. No picture of the old home life comes more often than that of the old sitting-room with one sister sitting cross-legged on the floor in the open space between the lounge and the old secretary, so that she could reach out her hand to the open drawer when she wanted a fresh magazine; and with the other sister stretched full length on the floor, with all the magazines that contained some one continued story collected around her.

We had our troubles with those continued stories, for often there was a number missing: if it was n't the final number we simply read on undisturbed; but if it was, then we made up out of our own heads an ending to suit ourselves. One of the missing numbers was that of April, 1861, which had in it the last installment of *Elsie Venner*. Since growing up I have often wondered what Oliver Wendell Holmes would have thought of the ending that the girl of twelve found appropriate for his psychological study. Her ending did n't have any psychology in it, and there was no "study;" she finished the story.

It was an understood law between the two sisters that if one was called away to finish some household task, her open magazine must not be taken by the other. Late one afternoon my sister had been called away to help about the supper, and I sat there selfishly rejoicing that she and not I had been called, and comfortably finishing my own story. When it was finished I sat down by my sister's open magazine, meaning just to glance at it. Ah, but the book lay open at "The Man without a Country;" and the glance grew into eager, absorbed reading. When my sister came back I could not give the book

up, so she let me read it with her. Then the two girls stretched out on the floor in the dusky sitting-room, with elbows firmly planted, and with chins resting on the palms of their hands, and read the story together by the firelight.

Do you who have read that way remember, if you were the quicker reader, having to wait for the other one to catch up before you could turn the leaf? Always the most interesting parts came at the bottom of the right-hand page. To this day I can remember just where in "The Man without a Country" came some of the places where I had to wait for a leaf to be turned in that old *Atlantic*.

That winter's evening in the dusky twilight the fire-illuminated page soon took on prismatic colors, seen through my fast-gathering tears. When we came to the place in the story where Nolan, reading aloud, had to read

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
'This is my own, my native land'!"

"the big round tears cours'd one another down my innocent nose," and from there on to the end of the story, the great tears of childhood splashed intermittently on the pages.

Several years ago the editor of one of the magazines had people send to him their lists of the ten best short stories. Of the thousands of lists sent in nearly every one contained "The Man without a Country." How could it have been otherwise, if to each one of the makers of those lists that story was an integral part of his own childhood? My own list had in it four of the old *Atlantic* stories; the three others were "My Double, and how he undid me," "In a Cellar," and "Marjorie Daw."

Not all my recollections of the old *Atlantics* have for their background the fire-lit sitting-room. In summer my favorite reading place was the old saw-mill. This stood by the river about four or five rods from home, and was so built that most of it stood out over the

running water. Between it and the house was the log yard, where the great logs lay waiting their turn at the saw. Going over to the saw-mill there was always room to find a pathway in amongst the logs; but I preferred the "overland route," jumping from one log to another.

One end of the long low building was open; and one lying here on the sunlit boards, looking up from one's reading, could see far off down the river where it swung in a great curve, with the hemlock trees climbing up to the top of its steep bank on one side, and with the low willows fringing the wide level meadow on the other side.

The floor of the old mill was not laid with matched boards, and through the great cracks between the boards, as one lay on the rough floor face downwards, reading, one caught the flash of the running water far beneath.

The water-driven, vertical saw, slowly slicing up the great logs into slabs, did not have the angry "zip, zip" of the circular saw, but a droning sound that blended with that of the rushing water, deepening the murmur.

The echoes of the Civil War had scarcely died away throughout the land, and the thrill of its courage and devotion stirred the responsive heart of childhood. I could dimly remember the home-coming of my father from the war, and had slowly learned to realize that the young uncle who had been our playmate and companion would never return. So the old *Atlantics* opened almost of themselves to Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie," Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and Longfellow's "The Cumberland."

Of them all the little girl liked "Barbara Frietchie" the best. Lying there reading on the sunlit boards, with the reflections from the running water below dancing on walls and ceiling, the girl consciously saw none of these things. She saw instead the streets of Fredericktown, with Stonewall Jackson riding at the head of the rebel troops, and The Flag flying

from the empty attic window over them.

But unconsciously she must have noted it all. Far in the dusky interior of the old mill aslant its dimness fell a shaft of motelit golden light from its one western window. The woman to-day finds herself unable to keep separate in her consciousness this real window of the mill from that attic window of the poem; and, in defiance of time and space, that shaft of golden dusky light falls on the upturned faces of Stonewall's men.

Both "Barbara Frietchie" and "The Cumberland" have in them one moment of high dramatic action. I do not think young children appreciate silent heroism; they like best the bold defiance of speech and of action: so Barbara Frietchie's "Shoot if you must this old gray head," and the commander of the Cumberland's "It is better to sink than to yield," found their true place in the girl's heart beside that one line of *Marmion*, "The hand of Douglas is his own."

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic" has in it no one speech of open defiance, but is full of deep, strong reverberations like those of distant thunder among low hills. It is said that no one has ever truly heard that poem who has not heard it sung by a regiment of armed men; the tread of their marching feet being its one true accompaniment.

I cannot tell, I have never so heard it; the poem repeats itself in my mind to the deep throbs of great masses of plunging water. Part of the old saw-mill was built out over the dam; and, when the river ran high in the spring, the volume of water was so great that it fell in one smooth unbroken wall from the top of the dam into the deep pool below. Even the great timbers of the old mill shook with its vibration. The flying spray flung up from the pool far below sometimes reached the girl, who on the outermost pile of lumber half read to herself, half chanted aloud, the Battle Hymn.

One other poem of the old *Atlantics*, Robert Lowell's "Relief of Lucknow," connects itself with those days, though

it had nothing to do with the Civil War except as all deeds of heroism naturally belonged with it. That poem seemed to pick out of the murmurous undertone of sound in the old mill, and take for its own, the sound of the steel teeth of the saw forcing their way through the great logs. I think the poem must have laid claim to the droning sound of the saw by virtue of the kinship between that sound and the sound of the bagpipes of the rescuers in the poem.

In one of the late *Atlantics* there is a poem, "The Book Lover," in praise of the all-sufficingness of a book. The author speaks of himself as perched in some window-seat, or as in the alcove of a great library, or as being seated by the home fireside. He says of himself in each and all of these places —

"For happiness I need not look
Beyond the pages of my book."

He even says that he would be happy stowed away on a shelf, if a beloved book were stowed away with him.

That may be true for Mr. Scollard, but for my own self, full half the charm of those poems in the old *Atlantics* came from the sights and sounds amongst which they were read. They would not stand for what they do in my life if it had not been for my reading-place in the old mill.

I still think there could have been no other reading-place equal to it. The sun came in at the open southern end, and lay warm and still on the rough board floor; cool breezes blew out of its dim interior from the far-away open northern end, bringing with them the drone of the saw and the clean smell of fresh lumber and fresh sawdust; and up from below and in at every side came the murmur and flash of running water.

The girl so loved this reading-place that she came out to it to read on the occasional sunshiny March day, when the branches of the willows that fringed the level meadow at the curve of the river were showing the coming of spring in their deepened yellow color; and she

kept coming until sometimes the page was darkened by a sudden flurry of November snow; and, looking up from her reading, she could not see the pointed tops of the hemlocks that crowned the river bluff.

There is convincing proof that the girl who read there was not a creature all compact of sensibility to poetry and to murmuring sound, but was indeed of most veritable flesh and blood. In one of the old *Atlantics*, opposite the page on which is "The Cumberland," there are unmistakable marks of bread-and-butter fingers, and there is also a dull brownish-red stain that must once have been jam. I only hope that that prosaic record enrolls me with Goethe's Charlotte, who, according to Thackeray, in the very crucial moment of the tragedy when Werther's body was borne past her, "went on cutting bread and butter." However that may be, no other page of the old *Atlantics* is so dear to the woman as the one that bears these childish marks.

Doubtless for grown-up people it is more convenient to have one's old *Atlantics* bound; but, if ours had been bound and had stood in a formal row on the book-shelves, instead of lying unbound in the old secretary, we children would never have so burrowed in amongst them, and have lived so intimately with them as we did. Heavy bound volumes would not so easily have lain open on the sitting-room floor, nor would they so readily have lent themselves to transportation across the logs to the saw-mill.

The years come and go, until the sisters now have come into the midst of their teens; but the contents of the drawers of the old secretary have neither been outgrown nor exhausted. The old familiar stories and poems are being read over and over again, and new treasures are being found in the old magazines. Now it is "Dorothy Q.," Stedman's "The Doorstep," Nora Perry's "After the Ball," that are being learned by heart and dreamed over. These new poems

have not driven out of our hearts the old war poems, but have fitted down beside these into their own true place in the widening life of girlhood. The old mill is still my reading-place, and despite the dignity of sixteen years, I go out to it by the old "overland route."

On warm midsummer afternoons when the water was so low that the mill could not run, the murmur of the shallow water from the shrunken bed of the river below hardly reached up to me; a slumberous stillness brooded over the whole place; and the smell of the newly sawed lumber in the hot sunshine seemed to fill full all the silent place, left empty of sound.

On such an afternoon, when I read in Helen Hunt's "Coronation" of those filmy nets of sun woven by the subtle noon at the king's gates, into whose drowsy snare the king's guards fell, before my very eyes in the old mill were those same subtle, yellow nets being woven, only no king's guards were being ensnared by them. They had caught and were holding all the forest odors that had been stored up in the great logs, and, having been set free by the saw, were now again imprisoned.

But we sisters now were beginning to read articles that were neither stories nor poems. One such article stands out in my mind as marking the destruction of a childhood's belief. Children are firm believers in the power of absolute justice: right is always triumphant in their creed. My first view of there being such a thing as triumphant injustice came to me through the old *Atlantic* article "The Fight of a Man with a Railroad."

As the result of that reading some of the foundations of the girl's thinking, some of her settled belief, gave way; a certain feeling of security went out of her life. She had never consciously known that she had these beliefs, they were so inherently a part of herself; but as she read the article, as the bitter knowledge that the power of a great corporation could make judges give unjust decisions, as the bitter knowledge that you might have

wrongs and you could get no redress of them, as the bitterness of weakness at the mercy of unrestrained strength, as these all came home to her, blank bewilderment came with them.

Her childhood conception of Law as being a great powerful something that kept any one from doing you an injury; or, if the injury had been done, punished the one who did it and kept him from doing it again, was doubtless very crude; yet it looks to the woman to-day as if the gist of the whole matter were in it. If men can feel that back of all their separate and often conflicting interests there is a power to which they may appeal to protect these interests in so far as they should be protected, and that this power is stronger than the strongest man or combination of men, and that its decisions are incorruptible, then you have the rock foundation on which society, civilization, and government may rest.

The girl read this article at home on a certain evening; by some irony of fate, at school on the morning of that very day, her English history lesson had been on the Magna Carta.

The barbarous mediæval Latin of the fortieth clause of the Great Charter, "Nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus, aut differemus rectum aut justitiam," took on strange interpretations read by the light of the facts in that article. There in her history textbook stood the fortieth clause of the Great Charter, "To none will we sell, to none will we deny, to none will we delay either right or justice;" and there in the old *Atlantic* stood the record of a law trial in an American court, with its bought judges, its delayed and denied justice.

It would need a larger brain than that of the sixteen-year-old girl to take in, within less than twenty-four hours, that clause and that law trial, and not have them jostle each other.

Was it Lowell who said, "The more we know of ancient literature, the more we are struck with its modernness"? Well, the more we read the old *Atlantics*,

the more we recognize that the questions raised there so long ago are the live questions of to-day. Here are two of the questions raised in that old article on the fight with the railroad: "Are the railroads and the courts the masters or the servants of the people who pay for both?" "Does the public intend deliberately to tax itself enormously through the railroads for a common service so that a few favored individuals may become inordinately arrogant and rich?"

If these two questions had appeared in any leading magazine or newspaper in this last month, all that would have excited surprise in the questions would have been the clearness with which they were put, and the directness with which they go at the heart of the problem; yet the *Atlantic* in which they appeared bears date of December, 1872.

Mr. Coleman, the author, speaking of the fight, says, "My fight is still going on, and I trust it will continue till the insolence of these railroad corporations is curbed, and they are taught their single and true function, that of common carriers for the sovereign people." One wonders if throughout the thirty-five years since the article was written Mr. Coleman has continued to fight the good fight and is to-day a veteran in the ranks; or did he long ago become discouraged at the difficulty of teaching the railroads that lesson and give it all up? or, for in thirty-five years much may happen, did he die in the midst of the battle, still fighting?

We hear now on all sides the term "robber barons" applied to some of the great capitalists. When it began to be generally so applied several years ago it had to my ears an oddly familiar sound. Suddenly it flashed upon me one day where I had heard it, and I turned to the old *Atlantics*. There stood this sentence in the issue for August, 1870: "The old robber barons of the Middle Ages who plundered sword in hand and lance in rest were more honest than this new aristocracy of swindling millionaires."

It is a little difficult for those who were brought up on the *Atlantic Monthly* not to have a half-resentful feeling when all the world comes round to adopting ideas and expressions which they and their magazine have shared together. One laughs at one's self for the feeling, one recognizes the inherent snobbishness and littleness of it, but it is there.

On the *lucus a non lucendo* principle the following incident belongs with this record, although the very point involved is, — the not being in an old *Atlantic*. The night before, my sister and I had been out to a party, and in the morning we were wakened by our father calling, —

"Slug-a-beds, are n't you ever coming down?"

To our laughing reply of "Never," came back "Then I'm coming up," and in a moment father came into the room with a magazine in his hand.

"This came last evening after you were gone, and I want you to hear this poem."

Then father began to read aloud to us Longfellow's "Morituri Salutamus." On our ears fell, in our father's voice (I have never known any one who read aloud so well), that wonderful opening of the poem: —

"'O Cæsar, we who are about to die
Salute you!' was the gladiators' cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace."

When father finished reading, in the hush that followed I reached out my hand for the magazine, and — it was n't the *Atlantic*.

That Longfellow, or Holmes, or Lowell, or Emerson, or Whittier ever wrote for any other magazine had simply never occurred to me as being among the possibilities. If any one had suggested such a thing I would have indignantly denied it; but there before my eyes lay the evidence of Longfellow's treachery. During my father's reading I had felt the beauty and the pathos of the poem, but I never read it again until I read it in a regular edition of Longfellow's poems wherein no trace of that hated rival magazine appeared.

I, who to-day am older than my father was then, have learned by the years that lie between how noble the poem is in its courageous acceptance both of the work that the old may undertake and of the limitations of that work. And yet even now between me and the beauty of the poem lies the shadow of the fact that it did not come out in the *Atlantic*.

THE WRITER AND THE UNIVERSITY

BY WALTER H. PAGE

I

I WRITE this paper to show, if I can, why men and women who propose to write for a living ought to have the benefit of professional training, as men and women may now have professional training who propose to practice any other art; why post-graduate professional schools for writers at our universities would make good writing more common, by dignifying and improving the everyday practice of the art; why such schools of practice, vigorously conducted, would give new life also to the literary studies in our universities; and why they would, I think, make more common among the educated class a good use of both written and spoken language.

I may prevent confusion of thought by saying at the outset that I am not now writing about what the schoolmen usually call literature, nor about men and women of "genius." I am writing only about those who write every day or every week for their livelihood, and about what we generally call current literature. I pray you before reading farther, then, to set aside in a special class all young persons whose writings you are sure will be read with joy fifty years hence, or even five years hence; for they, I grant, may be pardoned for ignoring teachers. Nor have I anything to say about those persons who have contracted the divine afflatus, nor those for whom "professors of English" predict brilliant careers because they have written excellent undergraduate themes. I have in mind only the big volume of writing that is done every day in the United States by journeymen writers, and the need of training us to do our work better, us who regard our trade as an honest and diffi-

cult occupation at which we wish to excel.

Such journeymen's writing has now come to be an important trade for several reasons. In the first place, journeymen writers write almost everything that the American people read. They write our advertisements; they write our newspapers; they write our magazines; they write our novels; they write our scientific books; they write travels and adventures for us; they write our histories and biographies; they write our textbooks, — all our books of instruction from almanacs to encyclopædias. Leaving out the reading that is done by a small class and that done by students chiefly during the period of formal education, most of the writing that is read in the United States is written by persons who write for a living; most of it was written during the last few years, much of it within the last year, much of it, in fact, within the last month, and a good deal of it was written yesterday. The journeymen writers write almost all that almost all Americans read. This is a fact that we love to fool ourselves about. We talk about "literature" and we talk about "hack writers," implying that the reading that we do is of literature. The truth all the while is, we read little else than the writing of the hacks, — living hacks, that is, men and women who write for pay. We may hug the notion that our life and thought are not really affected by current literature, that we read the living writers only for utilitarian reasons, and that our real intellectual life is fed by the great dead writers. But our hugging this delusion does not change the fact that the intellectual life even of most educated persons, and certainly of the mass of the population, is fed chiefly by the writers of our

own time. Let us hope that the great writers of the past do set the standards whereby a few judge the writing of the present. But, even if this be true, it is still true also that the intellectual life of the American people is chiefly shaped by current writing.

And the writers' craft is now become a very large craft. In numbers it ranks perhaps second or third among the professions. There are more teachers and possibly more lawyers than there are persons who make their living wholly or in the main part by writing; and possibly there are as many physicians. But, if you could count the reporters and correspondents, the special writers for the newspapers, the makers of textbooks, the writers for magazines, the novelists, the playwrights, the writers of governmental and other public documents, and all the rest who make their living wholly or in the main part by writing, you would be astonished to see how large a company they are.

The craft has come to be a fairly well paid craft, too. No writers make such great fortunes as some lawyers, nor even such fortunes as some physicians and surgeons make; but many of them make more money than most lawyers and most physicians; and they are better paid than teachers and preachers. By sheer economic demand, therefore, writing as a career is attracting as capable men and women as most of the other professions and almost as many of them as any other. It is an interesting fact, too, that the earnings of writers during the last twenty years have increased faster than the earnings of most of the other professions. The writers of current literature, then, form a craft influential enough, big enough, and well enough paid to deserve as careful training as those who ply the other trades which we usually call professions.

Regarding the skill and character of current writers, it is probable that they fall below the level of lawyers in the excellence of their craftsmanship, but not in

the character that their work shows, and that they do no better than physicians and perhaps as badly as teachers and preachers. Of course they ought to do a great deal better than teachers or preachers, because they both teach and preach to all the people all the time, and not merely on Sundays or during the period of school age. Newspaper writing, of course, runs from very good to very bad. The most important part of it, which is the reporter's part, is generally very bad. Magazine writing is just shaping itself into a craft. Until a few years ago it was a side-product of scholars and men of action. Most of it was then very proper and stilted, just as much of it now imitates the vices of the newspaper. The American magazine is just finding its power and its opportunity, and shaping its character to definite ends. It is become the most influential form of current literature, and the chance that it offers for strong men is just beginning to be understood.

Concerning current book-writing, it is true, I suppose, that our best novelists are, as a rule, the best writers of our time, just as our worst novelists are the worst. The average quality of writing in current books is probably higher than the average was a generation ago, and surely a very much larger number of persons write reasonably well than ever before. But is it not fair to say that a general view of the whole mass of new books that come out year by year would show that as a rule our book writers do not do a high grade of work? The most common fault is a lack of form, of orderliness, and of construction. A certain verbal smartness is very common, but the careful construction of books is rare.

There are two great departments of current literature that are very badly written. One is what may be called the literature of reports and documents, — from commercial reports to governmental documents. The waste in printing these, if it could be saved, would be enough, I am sure, richly to endow a professional

school of writing at half the colleges in the land. So badly are governmental reports and documents written, as a rule, that the public seldom finds out what the government, municipal, state, or national, is doing. This is one cause of bad political conditions. Large amounts of money are spent to gather useful information which is so ill told that it remains practically unknown. The national government, for instance, through all its departments and bureaus at Washington, prints an incalculable mass of things at an enormous cost, which it cannot give away because they are so ill written that nobody wants them. Nothing is gained by this waste of labor and of paper, and yet nobody seems able to stop it or to change the "system," or even to induce those in authority to employ men to edit such of these reports as might be read if they were written with common intelligibility.

The other department of current literature that is such "tough" reading that much of it is valueless is the work of academic men, the publications of many societies, the monographs and "theses" and "studies" of teachers and students of our universities, — books on science, on historical subjects, even on politics and sociology, which fail of their purpose because they are written without form or style. Some of our academic men go on year after year piling up these unreadable things, as the government writers go on piling up their unreadable things; and the habit has become so fixed that they are even held in esteem for writing unintelligibly. The public is asked to believe that learning makes unintelligibility necessary.

A professor of English literature in one of our universities once brought to me to publish in this magazine such a learned piece of writing. It seemed to me a pretty dull thing and not important, according to my judgment, to anybody, and not possibly interesting to more than a handful of special students. I wrote him this opinion as politely as I could. He came to see me again and smilingly took me

into his confidence. "I hardly expected," he said, "that you would publish that 'study' that I offered you. In fact, I care little about it myself. I wrote it because my professional standing demands that I shall produce something at certain intervals. But now I have a piece of writing that I do take great pride in, and I want you to publish it without betraying the authorship to any living being. It would hurt my professional standing if it became known that I wrote this." It was a novel!

Well, Scott wrote novels, and Thackeray, and Goethe, and Turgénieff, and some great writers of every modern nation that has a literature. It is truly often a much debased form of literature in our day, but the most powerful living form for all that; and that a professor of English literature should assume an apologetic attitude toward it sets a plain journeyman to thinking. His dissertation was published in one of the learned organs of his university and duly catalogued by title, by subject, and by author in the library. His novel has, so far as I know, never been published. Of course any editor or any publisher could tell dozens of such experiences to illustrate how in a didactic and critical atmosphere a man is forced against his will to compile burdensome erudition that is of no value, and is permitted by the false feeling about him to try his imagination and creative powers only as a secret pleasure. The tragedy of it is, such a man does not become either a great scholar or a tolerable novelist. In the first place, he never learns even the fundamental graces of an English style.

To return to our poor craft of journeyman writers, — please regard us all as a class, as a craft, as a profession (call us what you will). Think of writers for newspapers, for magazines, writers of governmental reports, of advertisements, of novels, of books of information, poets, — all who make it their business to write and who earn all or part of their incomes by writing; think of us all, if you can, as you think of any other class of workers, —

physicians, or teachers, or architects, for examples. You will discover that there is one great difference between your conception of writers and your conception of physicians. Although you know that there are all kinds of physicians, good and bad, when I say that a man is a physician, that fact at once classifies him in your mind, no matter how many incompetent physicians there are. You take it for granted that he has been trained at a school of medicine, that he practices his profession in an orderly way, that he has a certain definite body of knowledge and a certain minimum degree of skill. He may be a skillful or an unskillful physician. But the bare fact that he is a member of the profession means something. But, when I say that a man is a writer, what does that convey to any mind? an impertinent newspaper reporter, or a gutter novelist, or a historian, or a professor in a university? You get no clear-cut notion at all; and you say that there is no such profession of writing as there is of physicking people, or of teaching them, or of preaching to them, or of building houses for them. Yet as many persons earn their livings by writing as by practicing medicine, and they serve society in quite as important ways. There was a time, not very long ago, when professional training was not thought necessary, or at least was not provided, for the other professions. The barber bled his patient. The young lawyer "read law" in the office of an older lawyer. The engineer learned his trade in any way he could. Even now the teacher is just coming to have a professional standing and consciousness. All these callings gradually came to have a definite relation to society and some dignity of position by special professional training. As soon as opportunities for such special professional training were given, a definite body of knowledge and a definite degree of skill were required of the best practitioners. Quacks and incompetents yet flourish, and they always will. Still, medical schools and pedagogical schools find justification,

and they keep raising the standard of knowledge and of skill. Professional writers have yet no standard or standing, as a class. Why could their profession not profit by the experience of these others?

The successful practice of the writer's craft, whether as a novelist, a reporter, an historian, a writer of advertisements or what not, surely requires a degree of experience and professional skill. Yet our educational institutions do not seem to be aware of this fact. For instance, a little while ago I received a letter from the president of a college asking me to give "magazine writing" to a gentlewoman of cultivation who had been overtaken by misfortune. If he had asked me to get her a place in grand opera, he would not have made a more absurd request. Every year a procession of young men and women comes from the colleges to the newspaper offices, the publishing houses, and the magazine offices, who wish to make their living by writing. Many of them bring pathetically simple letters from their professors of English. They are ready to begin to instruct or to amuse the nation, and the professors predict great things for them. Sometimes, in utter despair, we who work at current literature with hammers and anvils say to them, "Well, you wish to write?"

"Yes."

"Go and write, then; nobody will hinder you. We will buy your writing and publish it if it be good enough."

"Oh, but I wish to learn."

"Well, we are sorry, but we don't keep school. We must deal in finished products."

They must serve, of course, a long apprenticeship and then fall short of doing as well as they could have been taught to do; for the masters to whom they are apprenticed have no time, even if they have the skill, to teach them systematically. They pick up the tricks of the craft rather than learn its principles; and in this harum-scarum, untrained way they come in time to write perhaps half the matter that the American people

read. Then these same professors of English, and suchlike gentlemen, who do not themselves write, complain that our newspapers and magazines and novels are ill written.

Nor is even this the worst of it. Most of the young men who come thus raw into the trade come with high aims; they have literary standards; they have worthy ambitions. But they soon discover that the trade is not the making of "literature." They have not been prepared by a reasonable amount of practice even to understand what writing, day by day, means. They have their heads full of "literary" notions, which are, as a rule, very false notions. They are not prepared for the orderly practice of a useful art. They hope rather to do some great piece of work quickly. They are in a false relation to work and to life. When the inevitable disillusion comes, they either lose ambition and sink into hopeless drudgery, or they lose their bearings and run off into "yellow" journalism, where they can at least do spectacular jobs and earn (for a little while) more money.

Thus, although many capable and ambitious youths come to the doors of the writers' workshops, so few of them are properly prepared to begin work or even look upon it in a proper way,—as young physicians look upon their work, or as young lawyers, or as young architects,—so few come with proper preparation or in the proper state of mind, that the demand for honest, capable, trained journeymen writers is not supplied. Every editor of a magazine, every editor of an earnest and worthy newspaper, every publisher of books, has dozens or hundreds of important tasks for which he cannot find capable men: tasks that require scholarship, knowledge of science, or of politics, or of industry, or of literature, along with experience in writing accurately in the language of the people. The profession is yet a harum-scarum, rough-and-tumble business into which men and women come chiefly from our universities, with academic superstitions

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instead of principles; and every one has to blaze his own way. And this in a democracy where public opinion rules congresses and presidents and courts, and where the machinery for the proper training of men, one would think, would be especially adjusted to the training of those who are to write the public journals, adjusted to training at once the judgment and the style of men who are to write; for even style requires most excellent good judgment.

We complain, and we complain justly, of the commercialization of the press and, to a degree, of all current literature. And it would be strange if it had escaped commercialization in this rush of industrialism which is the most striking fact of our time; for all the professions have to some extent suffered the same misfortune. But, if the press is commercialized, it is not the writers who have commercialized it. They are the victims of this commercialization. We have left the writing to be done by those who lack the strength and the skill that come from good training, and the forces of commercialism have found many of them easy victims. For most men when they set out to write set out with high aims. The first impulse that drives men to their pens is usually a noble impulse. They wish to teach their fellows. They wish to win names for themselves. They wish to exert a good influence. When they succumb they succumb because they are weak rather than because they are depraved. Yet the strong man who can write well is the man of real power. He can capture and command the machinery of publicity. If, then, this great machinery of publicity is controlled and used too much by sheer commercial men, this has come to pass because strong men have not been trained as good writers. Is it not true, then, that our universities, which are justly offended at the commercialization of current literature, have failed of their duty to prevent it?

For the usual undergraduate practice of composition and study of the English

language and literature, good enough as far as they go, go little farther toward training a boy for writing than the usual undergraduate courses in mathematics go toward training him as an astronomer or as an engineer. Nor can undergraduate work do more. There is not time to do more. Nor has the undergraduate sufficient maturity to learn more than the rudiments of so difficult an art.

II

A proper course of practice and study for such a professional post-graduate school could be prepared only by men who are both good writers and good teachers, and only after some experience. But the general principles that should guide them are obvious. No student ought to be admitted who has not such a "general education" and such maturity as an A. B. degree implies; and only such students ought to be admitted as mean to make their living and their careers by writing, and only such as show some aptitude for the art, some facility of expression, some love of the right use of speech, and who get joy from its right use.

The teachers in such a professional school ought to be scholars in literature and men who have a good sense of right speech; men, too, who are themselves writers of some degree of skill, not mere lecturers, and not mere scholars. Writing is an art, and the teaching would be too theoretical if it were done by men who are not themselves practitioners of the art, just as the teaching of painting would be too theoretical that should be done by men who cannot paint fairly well themselves. No man can write well who has not written a good deal; and I doubt whether a man could be a successful teacher of good writing who had not written much.

The main work in such a school would be practice, just as the main work in a school for painters or sculptors or musicians must be practice. We should have to throw away at the gate the notion that

mere scholarship is a sufficient equipment for a successful writer. For scholarship alone never made a good writer; nor did reading alone ever make one, however close and loving communion a man may have with great writers. This fallacy lingers in our academic life as stubbornly as the dogma of the divine afflatus itself.

Suppose every student were required to write a thousand words a day,—for a time narrative, such as a biography or a bit of history; then description, then argument, then a novel, then a play, then for a time, instead of tasks in prose, a sonnet a day or practice in other forms of verse. A student who should write a thousand words a day would in a year of three hundred working days gain such practice as the writing of three books of the usual size of a novel would give. In three years he would have written as much as nine such books contain. Of course, his writing would every day have to undergo the criticism of his teacher and of his fellows. No teacher could properly have more than half a dozen students, and the teacher himself ought to write as much as any of his students. They ought, at times at least, to write together, and about the same subjects. Doubtless it would be helpful, as Robert Louis Stevenson found it helpful, sometimes to write in conscious imitation of great writers, one after another.

Of course, there must go along with this practice definite, well-planned courses of post-graduate study in language and in literature. In most post-graduate work that I know of in the United States such studies now take the direction given by the philologists or the historians. Theirs is a science, not an art. The results of philological study are necessary for a good writer; but, if he get himself deeply entangled in philology for its own sake, he may become a great scholar, but the chances are that he will never learn the art of writing. To the philologist a word is material for historical study. To a writer a word is an instrument of

expression, a tool. He must know his tools well to use them well, but he cannot give himself to the study of the history of tools. The same may be said of the historical study of literature. Of the great literature itself no writer who wishes to do his best can be ignorant. He must steep himself in it. He must continue to live with it; for no man can write his best who does not read great writers constantly. He will gain incalculably, too, if he can read the ancient as well as the modern.

By the time a young man, in such a post-graduate school, had written the equivalent of eight or ten books in prose and verse, under the guidance of a master who had himself written perhaps as much, and with the criticism of his fellows, and had in the meantime also constantly read masters of style, he would at least know whether the writing life is likely to offer the career that he seeks and whether the divine afflatus blows toward him. He would have shown some degree of earnestness; he would have worked out certain definite principles of the craft; he would have acquired a certain degree of skill as an artificer in words and in the orderly arrangement of thought; and he would be likely to begin the practice of the craft with a clearer understanding than he had when he began his professional training, of what the career that he has chosen demands of a man,—in resolution, in ideals, in practice, and in character. And this also surely is true: for them that are fitted by temperament and by capacity for such a calling, these years of training the productive faculties, these years of progressive effort at creation, would be happy and inspiring years. I have never known a successful and earnest writer of current literature who did not wish that he had had such training.

Indeed, it is hard to understand why such schools were not long ago opened at our universities. Those who write for their living are the only large class of skilled workmen for whom professional schools are not provided. Our universi-

ties train men not only for the old professions, but they train them to be dentists, pharmacists, foresters, veterinarians, and sociologists. Although nobody supposes that a boy as soon as he finishes his undergraduate life is prepared to begin work at any of these callings, he is supposed even by our educational masters to be prepared to begin work as a writer. These youth surely have as good a claim to professional training as those who wish to practice these other professions. Nor is there any doubt about the demand for such training. Any university that should open such a professional school with well-equipped teachers would have more applicants than the school could properly receive; and, after any one of our principal universities establishes such a school, others will soon follow the example. The demand for those young men, too, in the working world, who had creditably finished a three-years' course in such a school would far outrun the supply for many years to come.

III

There are other reasons for post-graduate, professional practice-schools for young scholars who wish to learn to write, and even stronger reasons than those that I have named. For so far I have written only of the needs of the writing craft. But do our universities themselves not need such schools for their own sake and for the better adjustment of their work and influence to our democratic society?

The dominant method of training in the university work of our time is by research. The higher academic degrees are given for research work. Men are chosen for college faculties who have won these higher degrees. Their mental habit and their methods of teaching are shaped by this method of training. This is the right method of acquiring facts and of acquiring skill in acquiring facts, for it is the scientific method. But, while it is the proper method for scientific work and

training, it is not the proper method for the teaching of an art. You cannot apply it to painting, to sculpture, to music, or to the great art of writing.

But the method of training by research has so dominated our university activity that the teaching of the arts has been neglected. Our higher teaching of English has run to philology; our higher teaching of literature has run to such tasks as the tracing of mediæval legends from one language to another. These are scientific pursuits; and one result of their domination of university methods is a neglect of the art of expression, even a sort of contempt for it. You will find this contempt in our schools of science. A scientific man who can write well, — write, I mean, in language that everybody can understand, — is looked at by his fellows with suspicion. He is considered a "popularizer," a man who plays to the galleries. It is not considered good form to write well. It is a mark of weakness to cultivate style, or to think about methods of expression, except to make sure of accuracy.

We can see how this neglectful attitude toward good writing has worked sad harm to many of our historical students, for example. There have been published during the last ten or fifteen years a large number of books about the history of the United States, most of them by historical scholars who work in our colleges and universities. They are historical investigators, scientific men. Their first aim — and it is properly the first aim of any man who has to do with history — is to make sure of accuracy, to trace every statement to an original source. So far so good. But when they come to writing history they come to a task of another kind. So long as they are investigating facts it is proper and necessary that every fact should be set down in a row in its proper relation to every fact that comes before and to every fact that goes after it, and then put into a chain. In investigation one fact is of as much importance as any other fact, and

a chain is no stronger than its weakest link.

But, as soon as the writing of history begins, one fact is no longer of as much importance as another fact. It is still necessary to be accurate, and no fact may be set down wrong. But sheer accuracy is not enough to make a good narrative. To make a good narrative is an art. The historical investigator must now become an artist. He must not give all his facts equal emphasis. He cannot even use all his facts. For a work of art is often made effective quite as much by what is left out of it as by what is put into it.

But many of our historical students hold the art of expression in almost as low esteem as other scientific men hold it. They think it a mark of weakness to try to write well. They regard it as their sole business to be accurate. They do not regard it as their business to be graceful. They do not understand that the task that they have in hand as writers of history is an artistic and not a scientific task. They do not see that they must now make pictures, — produce artistic effects. They ought not, as historical writers, to be making mere chains of their facts. They ought to group them, putting a strong emphasis on the big facts, a light emphasis on the little facts. They must have a strong light here, a shadow there. They must relieve their narrative by descriptions. They must put men into their procession of events. The reader must understand the historical characters that he reads about, and see them as clearly as we see men in the best portraits. He must hear them talk and come to know them. The writing of history is not a scientific pursuit: it is an artistic task.

Thus (I hope that I do not write too harsh a judgment) the art of writing well has come to be much neglected in our educational life; its value has come to be misunderstood. It has, to a degree, even come to be despised. So far from being cultivated, except in rudimentary undergraduate work, it is left almost to take

care of itself. The result is slovenly expressed erudition. The result is a too low value set on good speech or good writing even by the educated class. The result is a great gap between our scholars and the rest of the community. The result is that men of learning do not deliver to the people the knowledge that is gained by science and by historical study. The result is a detachment of our universities from the life of the people, and their loss of control and even of authority over the intellectual life of the nation; for the medium of communication is neglected.

We hear much of the cultural value of this study or of that. No subject has a very great cultural value that is studied in a dumb way; for is the art of expression not the basis as well as the medium of the best culture? If the best method of acquiring facts is the method of research, surely the best method of acquiring culture, of acquiring skill in any art, the best method of developing a man for creative (and not merely acquisitive) work is the method of practice, and not exclusively the method of investigation nor yet the method of criticism,—I mean that kind of criticism which men try to exalt into a department of literature, as it is not and never can be.

After a man has written a book and published it, criticism of it seldom helps him, unless he have made errors of fact that may be corrected. Helpful criticism is a personal and friendly and intimate service that can be best done in private; and public criticism usually hardens a writer in his wrong ways by arousing his resentment. The idea that mere criticism of literature will set up a standard whereby men will do their own work well is fallacious; for any standard so wrought out and set up soon becomes remote and theoretical, if it be disassociated from practice. It is at best a sort of secondhand knowledge. It does little to lift the level of the achievement of young men themselves. The time to criticise writing, for artistic improvement, is before it is published; and the

only criticism that helps a man to write better is his own criticism and that of fellow workmen while he is still writing. Yet it is chiefly by such criticism or by the criticism of literature in general that our universities seek to train youth in literature. If the energy and the subtlety that are given to the criticism of dead writers—in the vain effort to make criticism a living part of literature—were spent in efforts at production (teachers and pupils writing together and severely criticising one another as they write), a working and inspiring standard in production would be set up.

Moreover (and this is the most serious matter of all), where literature is taught by the historical method and by the critical method and by the method of research, to the practical exclusion of the method of severe and continuous practice in writing,—in such an intellectual atmosphere the feeling grows and becomes at last a conviction, that literature is a closed chapter of human experience, and that it has all been written; and men forget— young men do not even find out—that literature is a continuous expression of every phase of human experience in every period, that it must be continuous, that every generation must contribute to it, ill or well, whether it know it or not; that literature must be written in the present and in the future, and that no man can tell when a great outburst of it will come, or who will write it, or what forms it will take, or whether it will even be recognized when it appears. Youth in our training do not have that feeling of expectancy in literature, that bounding hope, which youth ought to have as a right of its eagerness of spirit; for we do not whet their minds for actual experiment with their own creative impulses. Do we not rather overawe them with the greatness of the past and discourage them by hopelessness of the present? Such is the inevitable intellectual result of exalting the function of those useful drudges, the commentator and the critic, over the creative impulse itself.

Vigorous efforts in the practice of any art are necessary to keep alive a keen appreciation of that art. Vigorous efforts to do good writing are necessary to implant and to keep really alive a proper appreciation of great literature. This is, in fact, the only way to teach or to study great literature so as to make it a vital and not a mere theoretical force in men's lives, — the only way to keep the stream of literature flowing clear and strong, the only way to keep alive the consciousness that it flows all the time, shallow or deep, muddy or clear, do what we will. For men study most lovingly and profoundly what they themselves wish to do or to imitate or to live by.

Thus a plea for the training of the poor, honest "hack" leads to a plea for a more vigorous and direct study of literature in our universities, study by sustained practice, which is the counterpart of the study of science by research. For the study of literature — of the "humanities" — does it not need invigorating? Is not the imitation by our teachers of literature of the more vigorous scientific men a confession of a lapse from the place that they once held in the training of youth? Have they not lost something of their rightful influence in making "educated" men cultivated men and in keeping alive among the educated class a proper appreciation of good literature? And has this loss of influence of the "cultural" studies not had much to do with the neglect both of good speech and of good writing by this generation of Americans? And has this in turn not made the way easier for all the spectacular quacks in current literature? And has this loss of literary power not come because our teachers of literature have forsaken the high laborious method of practice and substituted for it the scientific teacher's method of research?

I verily believe that vigorous post-graduate schools for the professional training of writers would attract a number of our most capable youth, would put a new life into literary study at our col-

leges, by setting up a high working standard instead of merely theoretical standards, would lift the practice and dignify the calling of the professional writer, and would bring our academic life into a more helpful relation to the production of literature and build up the speech of the people. It might again become the mark of an educated American gentleman that he should write well, and a test of an American scholar that he should be more than a vast, dumb Teutonic voracity, — be also a man of some gifts and graces in the democracy in which he lives, a democracy whose intellectual masters yet are masters of the people's speech.

IV

Of course there are objections and difficulties. Many educated men do not believe that good writing can be taught by any such direct effort. The style is the man. Therefore, as the man is, so will his style be. This is the same as to say that you need not bother with nature's handiwork. Those that are born to write need no teaching; those that are born unable to write cannot be taught. Old Divine Afflatus dies hard. Many contend, too, that the usual undergraduate theme work and the usual study of the old thing called Rhetoric are all that you can do in the way of direct aid to young writers. They maintain that you can teach men to write only by causing them to read the great masters of style. They think that it is wholly a question of intellectual breeding and association. Men who grow up with a knowledge of the great writers and learn to love good reading will, they say, learn to write well, at least as well as anybody could teach them. That objection is easy to answer. Simply gather your facts. Make a list of the best-read persons you know and set down opposite every name the writings of every one of them, and you will be surprised to find how few of them have written much, and even more surprised to find of how little importance to the world most

of the writing is that they have done.

The truth is, if the habit of merely acquiring knowledge be cultivated in the formative time of life, too much to the neglect of the faculties of creation and of expression, these faculties of expression become atrophied, and they are never used. We have all known scholarly men who talked all their lives of what they were soon going to write, and who went on acquiring but never wrote. I do not mean to say that the lives of such men were misspent; but I do mean to say that we cannot depend on such men to do our writing. Those whose acquisitive faculties only are used in their youth are likely to use only these same faculties in their manhood, and they seldom do creative work. They at best become commentators and expounders.

Another objection is that young men who are just out of college do not know anything to write about, that good writing requires knowledge and a good deal of experience of life. Yes, but these same young men who would gladly be trained to write will write without training; and surely a three years' course of practice and study would not leave them more ignorant of facts than it found them. It ought to strengthen their judgment and to train them in methods of acquiring facts while they are practicing their art.

It is said, too, that the teachers in such schools would come to be mere phrase-makers and rhetoricians. The man who teaches in such a post-graduate school ought to be the man of the greatest intellectual vigor that can be engaged; for of course he must teach not only writing but thinking as well, as every worthy

teacher of any subject must. This objection — that such schools will become schools of mere rhetoricians — means that both teachers and pupils will be weak and lazy. Why they should be weaker or lazier than the teachers and pupils of other schools is not plain.

But the most serious difficulty of all is that Americans lack the conception of writing as a teachable art, as the French, for instance, regard it. We regard the great writing of the past as the product of a sort of divine, unteachable gift, and the bad writing of the present as a poor utilitarian trade. We feel, therefore, that it is useless to try to train men who have supernatural gifts, if such men ever come again; and that it is beneath the dignity of universities, which train veterinarians and sociologists, to train men to do the slap-dash work of writing for a living. To change this point of view — that is the very gist of the problem.

The very purpose of such a proposal as I make is to cause young men to look upon writing as a useful art, an art in which men may be trained as they are trained in any other art, so that slap-dash journalism and all other bad writing may, at some time, cease to be tolerated, and so that those who write what all the people read shall be honestly trained craftsmen of the pen who do their work worthily. Then, I fancy, literature will really take care of itself. Surely it is true that whatever influence increases the skill and lifts the pride and the dignity of any craft, strengthens the character even of its strongest men and builds up the character even of its weakest men; and every such influence makes that craft a better force in the world.

ROSE MACLEOD¹

BY ALICE BROWN

IV

WHEN Peter went up the steps of his grandmother's house, he found Mrs. Grant still on the veranda, and Rose beside her. The girl looked at him eagerly, as if she besought him for whatever message he had, and he answered the glance with one warmed by implied sympathy. Until he saw her, he had not realized that anger made any part in the emotion roused in him by his imperial lady. Now he remembered how this gracious young creature seemed to him, so innocent, so sad. He felt a rising in his throat, as he thought of subjecting her to unfriendly judgment. Rose, in spite of the serious cast of her face and the repose of her figure, wore an ineffable air of youth. She had splendid shoulders and a yielding waist, and her fine hands lay like a separate beauty in the lap of her black dress. She had the profile of a coin touched with finer human graces, a fullness of the upper lip, a slight waving of the soft chestnut hair over the low forehead, and lashes too dark for harmony with the gray eyes. There were defects in her flawlessness. Her mouth was large, in spite of its pout, and on her nose were a few beguiling freckles. At that moment, in her wayward beauty, lighted by the kindled eye of expectation, she seemed to Peter to be made up of every creature's best. His grandmother smiled at him out of her warm placidity, and though Rose still drew his eyes to her, he was aware that she did not mean to question him.

"Electra has to go in town," he volunteered. "She won't be back. Perhaps not to-night."

"You must stay here with us, my dear," said Mrs. Grant. "Peter, have

her trunks moved into the west chamber."

Still the girl's eyes seemed to interrogate him, and Peter sat down in a chair and twined his long fingers in and out. He felt the drop in temperature ready to chill the voyager who, after the lonely splendor of the sea, returns to the earth as civil life has made it.

"We must remember she had n't heard of you," he assured Rose blunderingly, out of his depression.

"No. He had not written." She made the statement rather as that of a fact they shared together, and he nodded. "I am afraid it is unwelcome to her, the idea of me."

"She does n't know you," he assured her, in the same bungling apology. He expected her to betray some wound to her pride, but she only looked humble and a little crushed.

Grannie had apparently not heard, and she said now, with her lovely gentleness, —

"Don't you want to go upstairs, my dear, and be by yourself a little while? You have been traveling so far. We have noon dinner, you know. That will seem funny to you. Mary is getting it, but Peter will show you a room."

Peter found her bag in the wide hall, darkened from the sun, and went with her up the stairs. At the head she paused and beckoned him to the window-seat over the front door.

"Set it down there," she said rapidly, touching the bag with a finger. "Tell me, — how did she receive it?"

"What?"

"You know. The news of me."

"She was surprised."

"Naturally. But what else? She was shocked!"

"It was a shock, of course. In its suddenness, you know. You'd expect that."

She sank down in the window-seat and clasped her hands upon her knees, looking at them thoughtfully. Her brows were drawn together.

"Yes," she said, "yes. It was a shock. I see that. Well!" She looked up at him in a challenging directness before which he winced, conscious of the little he had to meet it with. "When am I to see her?"

"I am not sure when she is to be back."

"Ah! She won't come to me. Very well. I shall go to her." She laid her hand upon the bag, and rose, as if the interview were ended. Peter carried the bag in at the open door of her room, and after he had set it down, looked vaguely about him, as if arrangements might be bettered in the still, sweet place. She was smiling at him with an irradiating warmth.

"You're sorry, are n't you?" she said, from a comprehension that seemed a proffer of vague sympathy. "It makes you feel inhospitable. You need n't. You're a dear. Your grandmother is lovely — lovely."

Her praise seemed to Peter such a precious fruitage that the only thing, in delicacy, was to turn away and take it with him to enjoy. But she was calling him.

"Peter!"

He found her flushed and eagerly expectant, it seemed to him, as if his news had been uplifting to her. She looked at him, at the room, and rapidly from the window where the treetops trembled, all in one comprehensive sweep.

"Peter," she said, with conviction, "it's simply lovely here."

"It's a nice old place," responded Peter. He loved it from long use, but he was aware of its comfortable plainness.

"I never saw anything so dear. Those square worn tiles down by the front door, the fireplace, the curtains, — look, Peter, it's dotted muslin." She touched a moving fold, and Peter laughed outright.

"I like it," he said, "but there's nothing particular about it. If you want style, why, you'll have to look back at what you've left. When it comes to that, what's the matter with a château?"

"Yes, yes." She put the château aside with one of her light movements of the hands. "But here I feel as if I'd come home to something. You see it's so safe here, Peter. It's so darling, too, so intimate. I can't tell what I mean. If Electra would only like me — O Peter, I could be almost happy, as happy as the day is long!" As she said the old phrase, it seemed to her to fit into the scene. She looked not merely as if happiness awaited her, but as if she could almost put her eager finger on it. And there was Electra, not so many rods away, drawbridge up and portcullis down, inquiring, "Is she a grisette?" Afterwards it seemed to Peter as if his sympathy for the distressed lady went to his head a little, for he lifted her hand and kissed it. But he did not speak, save to himself, going down the stairs:—

"It's a damned shame!"

When he went out on the veranda, grannie made a smiling comment:—

"What a pretty child! Tom Fulton did well. He was a bad boy, was n't he, Peter?"

"Yes, grannie," said Peter, from the veranda rail where he sat picking rose leaves, "Tom was about the limit."

"Well! well! poor girl. Maybe it's as well he went while she knew only the best of him."

Peter was not sure she did know only the best, but he inquired, —

"Shall I have time to run down and see Osmond before dinner?"

"You'd better. He was here waiting when the carriage came. When he saw her, he slipped away."

"Rose?"

"Rose? Is that her name? Now is n't that pretty! Maybe you'll find him before you get to the plantation. I should n't wonder if he'd think it over and come back."

Peter did meet him in the lane lined with locusts on each side, walking doggedly back to the house. Some things the younger brother had forgotten about him, the beauty of the dark face that looked as if it had been cut out of rock, the extraordinary signs of strength, in spite of that which might have appealed to pity. Osmond had grown rugged with every year. His long arms, ending in the brown, supple hands, looked as if they were compact of sinewy potencies. And on his shoulders, heavier than Christian's burden, was that pack he must carry to the end of life. He saw his brother coming, and stopped, and Peter, as if to save him the sense of being looked at from afar, even by his own kin, ran to meet him. They did not take hands, but the older brother gave him a slap on the shoulder.

"Well, boy!" said he.

There were tears in Peter's eyes.

"Look-a-here," he cried, "I'm sniveling. Coming up to the house?"

"No. I've been there once this morning. You come back with me."

They turned about, and walked on through the lane. It led to the plantation; this was the nursery, here were the forcing beds, and all the beneficent growing things that had saved Osmond's life while he tended them, and also earned his bread for him, and Peter's bread and paints.

"Well, boy," said Osmond, "you've brought a girl with you. That was why I cut. Who is she?"

"Tom Fulton's wife, — his widow."

Osmond knew Electra very well. Some phases of her were apparent to him in his secluded life that her lover, under the charm of an epistolary devotion, had never seen.

"Does Electra know it?" he asked.

"I told her." Peter's tone added further, "Shut up, now!" and Osmond tacitly agreed.

"Coming down to dinner?" he asked safely.

"No, I must be back. I feel responsible for her — Rose. I brought her over.

In fact, I rather urged her coming. Grannie has asked her to stay with us until Electra is — at home."

"Is her name Rose?"

"Yes, — one of those creamy yellow ones. You must see her. She's a dear. She's a beauty, too."

"Oh, I've seen her, — one ear and a section of cheek and some yellow hair. Then I ran."

"For heaven's sake, man! what for?"

"She's one of those invincible Parisians. I've read about them."

Peter burst out laughing. Osmond's tone betrayed a terrified admiration.

"Do you eat down here with the men?" Peter was asking.

"Sometimes. I go up and eat with grannie once a day while she's alone. I shan't now."

"Why not?"

"You'll be here to keep her company, you and your Parisian. I've got to go on being a wild man, Pete. I shan't save my soul alive if I don't do that."

Peter put out a hand and laid it, for an instant, on his brother's arm.

"I don't know anything about your soul, old man," he said, with a moving roughness. "But if you like this kind of a life, you're going to have it, that's all. Who cooks the dinner?"

"Pierre. He came just after you went to France. There's a *pot-au-feu* to-day. I smelled it when I went by the kitchen. It's a good life, Pete, — if you don't want to play the game." His eyes grew wistful, something like the eyes of the dog that longs for man.

"If you don't play the game, I don't know who does."

"Well!" Osmond smiled a little, whimsically. "Maybe I do; but I play with counters."

Peter was not especially ready, save with a brush in his hand. He wanted to say something to the effect that Osmond was playing the biggest of all games, with the visible universe against him; but he hardly knew how to put it. It seemed, though, as if he might some time paint it

into a picture. But Osmond was recognizing the danger of soft implication, and bluffly turned the talk.

"Well, Pete, you've done it, have n't you?"

There was no possibility of affecting to misunderstand. Peter knew what he had gone to Paris for, five years ago, and why Osmond had been sending him the steady proceeds of the garden farm. He was to prove himself, take his talent in his hand and mould it and turn it about with a constant will, and shape a cup to hold the drink that makes the gods jealous and men delirious with adulation. Peter was to live at his ease in Paris, sparing nothing that would keep him well and strong of heart, so that he could paint the best portraits in the world. Peter knew he had begun to paint the best portraits in the world, because he had done many good ones and one actual marvel, and suddenly, as it sometimes is in art after we have been patient and discouraged, the whole task seemed to him a light and easy one. In his extraordinary youth he had the freshness of his brain, his quick eye and obedient hand, and he felt, lightly and gayly, that he was rich, — but rich in a world where there was plenty more of whatever he might lose.

"I guess so," he said, returning to the speech of his youth. "And I can do it twice, old man. I can do it a hundred times."

Osmond stopped and laid a hand on a boulder at the termination of their way, where the lane opened into ploughed fields. He looked off through the distance as if he saw the courts of the world and all the roads that run to fame. His eyes were burning. The hand trembled upon the rock.

"By George!" he said, "it's amazing."

"What is, Osmond?"

"It's amazing that the world can hold so much for one man. You would n't think there would be water enough in all the rivers for one man to drink so deep. What does Electra say?"

"About the painting? Nothing, yet."

"Did n't you speak of it? Why, you're covered with laurel, boy, like Jack-in-the-Green. She could n't help seeing it."

Peter, brought back to that amazing interview with the imperial lady, felt shamefaced in his knowledge of it.

"We did n't get to that," he said. "We were talking about Rose. Who do you think she is, Osmond?"

"Tom's widow. So you said."

"Yes, but what more? She's the daughter of Markham MacLeod."

He was watching Osmond narrowly, to weigh the effect of the name. But Osmond's face kept its impassive interest.

"You know who he is," Peter suggested.

"Yes, oh, yes! But that does n't mean anything to me. Nothing does until I see the man. He works with too big a brush. He is an agitator. He may be Christ or Anti-Christ, but he's an agitator. That's all I know. I can't give a snap judgment of a man that gets whole governments into a huff and knows how to lead a rabble a million strong. So he's her father?"

Peter, unreasonably irritated, pitched upon one word for a cause of war.

"Rabble? What do you mean by that? Labor?"

Osmond smiled broadly and showed his white teeth.

"I'm labor myself," he said. "You know that, boy."

"Then what do you want to talk so for? Rabble!"

"I only meant it in relation to numbers," said Osmond, again irritatingly, in his indifference to all interests outside his dear boy's home-coming. "I'll make it a rabble of kings, if you say so. Folks, Peter, that's what I mean, folks. He deals with them in the mass. That makes me nervous. I can't like it."

"He believes in the equality of man," Peter announced, as he was conscious, rather swellingly. "The downfall of kings, the freedom of the individual."

"There's the *pot-au-feu* smoking inside that shack," said Osmond, indicating a

shanty across the field. "Come and have dinner with labor."

But Peter turned. He shook his head.

"I can't, Osmond," he said. "I've brought this girl into the house, and I've got to see her through. Won't you come up to-night?"

"Not till your Parisian has gone over to Electra's. You come down here. Come down about dusk and we'll have another go."

As Peter hurried back, conscious of being a little late, he could have beaten his head against the locust trees for the stupidity of his home-coming. He had the shattered moment with Electra to remember, and now he had turned the other great meeting of the day into a fractious colloquy. Unformed yet vivid in his mind, for the last year, had been strong, determining anticipations of what would happen when he at last came home. He had known certainly what would happen when he saw Electra. She would still be the loveliest and best, and his would be the privilege of telling her so. And to Osmond, who had dug in the ground that Peter might work under the eye of men, he would return as one who has an account to give, and say, in effect, "You did it." But, laughably, neither of these things had happened. He forgot that he had in him the beginnings of a great painter in remembering that he had shown the obtuseness of an ass.

He did not see Electra that night. After the noon dinner he left Rose and grannie intimately together, — the girl, with a gentle deprecation, as if she brought gifts not in themselves worth much, talking about Paris, the air young Peter had been breathing, — and betook himself again to Electra's house. It was all open to the day, but no one answered his knock. He went in and wandered from parlor to library, the dignified rooms that had once seemed to him so typical of her estate as compared to his own: for in those days he had been only a young man of genius with scarcely enough money to live and study on, save as his brother earned it

for him. He sauntered in and out for an hour — it seemed as if even the two servants had gone — and then played snatches at the piano, to waken drowsy ears. But the house kept its quiet, and in the late afternoon he wandered home again. That evening he returned, and then there was some one to answer his knock. The maid told him Miss Electra had gone out; but though he waited in a fevered and almost an angry impatience, she did not return. Knowing her austere and literal truth, he could not believe that the denial was the conventional expedient, and in a wave of regret over the day, he longed for her inexpressibly. It seemed to him that no distance would be too great to bring him to her. He felt in events, and in himself also, the rushing of some force to separate them, and swung back, after his blame of her, into the necessity of a more passionate partisanship. When he went home, still without seeing her, he found his grandmother's house deserted. But the minute his foot sounded, there was a soft rush down the stairs. Rose stood beside him in the hall.

"Did you see her?" she asked breathlessly.

He strove to make his laugh an evidence of the reasonableness of what he had to answer.

"No. She was obliged to be away."

"Is n't she at home now?" asked the girl insistently. "She is there, and you refuse to hurt me. She won't see me!"

"She is not there," said Peter, in relief at some small truth to tell. "I have n't seen her since morning."

The girl stood there in the faint radiance of the hall lamp, her eyes downcast, thinking. She had dressed for dinner, though there was only high tea in the old-fashioned house, and delighted grannie beyond words. The old lady said it was as good as a play to her who never went out, to see a lovely dress trailing about the rooms. Peter, looking at the girl, felt his heart admonish him that here was beauty demanding large return of kindly

treatment from the world. Not only must justice be done her, but it must be done lavishly. This was for all their sakes. Electra could not be allowed to lose anything so precious, nor could he lose it either, his small share of tribute. She was speaking, still with that air of pondering:—

"I must do it myself. I must n't let you risk anything." Then she turned her full glance on him, and frankly smiled. "Good-night," she said, giving him her hand. "Don't speak of me to her. Don't think of me. I must do it all myself."

V

Next morning it was a different Rose he saw, quite cosy and cheerful at the breakfast-table, with no sign of tragedy on her brow. The day was fair, and the mood of the world seemed to him, for no reason, to have lightened. It was not credible that Electra, of all gracious beings, should sulk outside the general harmony. After breakfast, when Rose had, with a sweet air of service, given grannie her arm to the veranda chair, she returned to Peter, waiting, perhaps for a word with her, in the hall. His hat swung from his hand, and seeing that, she spoke in a low, quick tone.

"You are going over there. Don't do it."

"I must. I want to see her."

"I know. But not yet. Let me see her first. If you talk about me, it will make trouble between you,—not real trouble, perhaps, but something unfortunate, something wrong. I am going myself, now." She pointed out her hat and gloves where she had them ready, and without waiting for him to speak, began pinning on the hat. While she drew on the gloves she looked at him again with her charming smile. "Don't you see," she said, "we can get along better alone—two women? Which house is it?"

He followed her out and down the steps.

"I'll go part of the way with you."

She waved a gay farewell to grannie, busy already at her knitting, and they went down the path. But at the gate she paused.

"Now," she said, "which way? Which house?"

"The next one."

"I see. Among the trees. Now don't come. Whatever happens, don't come. If I am not here to dinner,—if I am never here. You simply must not appear in this. Good-by." She gave her parasol a little reassuring fling, as if it were a weapon that proved her amply armed, and took her swift way along the shaded road.

Peter stood for a moment watching her. She went straight on, and the resolution of her gait bore sufficient witness to her purpose. He turned about then and went rather disconsolately the other way, which would bring him out at the path to Osmond's plantation.

Rose, going up the garden path, came upon Electra herself, again dressed in white and among the flowerbeds. Whether she hoped her lover would come, and was awaiting him, her face did not tell; but she met Rose with the same calm expectancy. There was ample time for her to walk away, to avoid the interview, but Electra was not the woman to do that. False things, paltering things were as abhorrent to her in her own conduct as in that of another. So she stood there, her hands at her sides in what she would have called perfect poise, as Rose, very graceful yet flushed and apparently conscious of her task, came on. A pace or two away, she stopped and regarded the other woman with a charming and deprecatory grace.

"Do guess who I am!" she said, in a delightful appeal. "Peter Grant told you."

"Won't you come in?" returned Electra, with composure. "Mr. Grant did speak of you."

Rose felt unreasonably chilled. However little she expected, this was less, in

the just civility that was yet a repudiation. They went into the library where the sun was bright on rows of books, and Electra indicated a seat.

"Mr. Grant told me a very interesting thing about you," she volunteered, with the same air of establishing a desirable atmosphere.

"Yes," said Rose, rather eagerly. She leaned forward a little, her hands clasped on her parasol top. "Yes. I forbade him to say any more. I wanted to tell you myself."

Electra's brows quivered perceptibly at the hint of familiar consultation with Peter, but she answered with a responsive grace, —

"He told me the interesting fact. It is very interesting indeed. We have all followed your father's career with such attention. There is nothing like it."

"My father!" There was unconsidered wonder in her gaze.

Electra smiled agreeingly.

"He means just as much to us over here as he does to you in France — or England. Has n't he been there speaking within the month?"

"He is in England now," said Rose still wonderingly, still seeking to finish that phase and escape to her own requirements.

"Mr. Grant said you speak, at times."

"I am sorry he said that," Rose declared, recovering herself to an unshaded candor. "I shall never do it again."

Electra was smiling very winningly.

"Not over here?" she suggested. "Not before one or two clubs, all women, you know, all thoughtful, all earnest?"

Rose answered coldly.

"I am not in sympathy with the ideas my father talks about."

"Not with the Brotherhood!"

"Not as my father talks about it." She grew restive. Under Electra's impenetrable courtesy she was committing herself to declarations that had been, heretofore, sealed in her secret thought. "I want to talk to you," she said desperately, with the winning pathos of a

child denied, "not about my father, — about other things."

"This is always the way," said Electra pleasantly, with her immutable determination behind the words. "He is your father, and your familiarity makes you indifferent to him. There are a million things I should like to know about Markham MacLeod, — what he eats and wears, almost. Could n't you tell me what induced him — what sudden, vital thing, I mean — to stop his essay-writing and found the Brotherhood?"

Rose answered coldly, and as if from irresistible impulse.

"My father's books never paid."

Electra gazed at her, with wide-eyed reproach.

"You don't give that as a reason!"

Rose had recovered herself and remembered again the things she meant to leave untouched.

"No," she said, "I don't give it as a reason. I only give it."

Electra was looking at her, rebuffed and puzzled; then a ray shot through her fog.

"Ah," she said, "would n't it be one of the inconceivable things if we who have followed his work and studied him at a distance knew him better than you who have had the privilege of knowing him at first hand?"

In spite of herself, Rose answered dryly, —

"It would be strange."

But Electra had not heard. There was the sound of wheels on the drive, and she looked out, to see Madam Fulton alighting.

"Excuse me, one moment," she said.

"My grandmother has come home from town."

When Rose was alone in the room, she put her hand to her throat to soothe its aching. There were tears in her eyes. She seemed to have attempted an impossible task. But presently Electra was entering again, half supporting by the arm a fragile-looking old lady who walked inflexibly, as if she resented that aid.

Madam Fulton was always scrupulous in the appointments of her person; but this morning, with the slightly fagged look about her eyes and her careful bonnet a trifle awry, she disclosed the fact that she had dressed in haste for a train. But she seemed very much alive, with the alert responsiveness of those to whom interesting things have happened.

"I want my grandmother to be as surprised as I am," Electra was saying, with her air of social ease. "Grandmother, who do you think this is? The daughter of Markham MacLeod!" She announced it as if it were great news from a quarter unexplored and wonderful. Rose was on her feet, her pathetic eyes fixed upon the old lady's face. Madam Fulton was regarding her with a frank interest it consoled her to see. It was not, at least, so disproportioned.

"Dear me!" said the old lady. "Well, your father is a remarkable man. Electra here has all his theories by heart."

"I wish I had," breathed Electra, with a fervency calculated perhaps to distract the talk from other issues.

"How long have you been in America?" asked the old lady civilly, though not sitting down. She had to realize that she was tired, that it would be the part of prudence to escape to her own room.

"I have just come," said Rose, in a low, eloquent voice, its tones vibrating with her sense of the unfriendliness that had awaited her.

"And where are you staying? How did you drift down here?"

"At Mrs. Grant's — for the present." What might have been indignation warmed the words.

"Grandmother, you must be tired," said Electra affectionately. "Let me go to your room with you, and see you settled."

"Nonsense!" said the old lady briskly. "Nonsense! I'm going, but I don't need any help. Good-by, Miss MacLeod. I shall want to see you again when I have a head on my shoulders."

She had gone, and still Electra made

no sign of bidding her guest sit down again. Instead, she turned to Rose with an engaging courtesy.

"You will excuse me, won't you? I ought to go to grandmother. She is far from strong."

Rose answered quickly.

"Forgive me! I will go. But" — she had reached the door, and paused there entreatingly. "When may I see you again?"

"Grandmother's coming will keep me rather busy," said Electra, in her brilliant manner. "But I shall take great pleasure in returning your visit. Good-by."

Rose, walking fast, was out upon the road again, blind to everything save anger, against herself, against the world. She had come to America upon an impulse, a daring one, sure that here were friendliness and safety such as she had never known. She had found a hostile camp, and every fibre in her thrilled in savage misery. Half way along the distance home Peter came eagerly forward to her from the roadside where he had been kicking his heels and fuming. The visit to Osmond had not been made. At the plantation gate he had turned back, unable to curb his desire to know what had gone on between these two. At once he read the signs of her distress, the angry red in her cheeks, the dilated eye. Even her nostrils seemed to breathe defiance or hurt pride. She spoke with unconsidered bitterness.

"I ought never to have come."

"What was it? Tell me."

"It was nothing. I was received as an ordinary caller. That was all."

"Who received you?"

"She. Electra."

"What then?"

"I was presented to her grandmother as my father's daughter, not as her brother's — wife." She was breathless upon the word. All the color went out of her face. She looked faint and wan.

"But it could n't be," he was repeating. "Did n't you speak of Tom at all?"

"No."

"Did n't she?"

"No."

He essayed a bald and unreasonable comfort.

"There, you see! You did n't mention him, and Electra hardly brings herself to do it to any one. He never ceased being a trial to her. You must let me say that."

"Ah, that was n't it! Every time I might have spoken, a hand, a clever, skillful hand and cold as ice, pushed me away. I can never speak of it. She won't let me."

He was with her, every impulse of his eager heart; but a tardy conscience pulled him up, bidding him remember that other loyalty.

"Give her time," he pleaded. "It's a shock to her. Perhaps it ought not to be; but it is. Everything about Tom has always been a shock."

She, as well as he, remembered now that they spoke of Electra, whose high-bred virtues he had extolled to her in those still evenings on their voyage, when her courage failed her and he had opened to her the book of Electra's truth and justice.

"Do you think," she said wistfully, "I might stay at your grandmother's a few days more?"

"You are to stay forever. Grannie dotes upon you."

"No! no! But I shall have to think. I shall have to make my plans."

Again Peter felt yesterday's brand of anger against his imperial lady, or, he told himself immediately, the unfortunate circumstances of this misunderstanding. "You run on," he said. "Grannie's where you left her. If you don't feel like talking you can skip in at that little gate and the side door up to your room. I'm going back to see Electra."

"You must n't talk about me!"

"No!" He smiled at her in a specious reassurance, and went striding on over the path by which she had come.

Electra, in the fulfillment of her inten-

tion, had gone scrupulously to her grandmother's door, to ask if she needed anything, and then, when she had been denied, returned to the library, where she stood when Peter appeared on the threshold, as if she had been expecting him. He did not allow his good impulse to cool, but hurried forward to her with an abounding interest and a certainty of finding it fulfilled. As at first, when he had come to her in the garden the day before, he uttered her name eloquently, and broke out upon the heels of it, —

"I did n't see you all yesterday, after that first minute."

Electra looked at him seriously, and his heart sank. Peter had been thinking straight thoughts and swearing by crude values in these five years when he had lived with men and women who said what they meant, things often foolish and outrageous, but usually honest, and his mind had got a trick of asserting itself. None of the judgments it had been called upon to make seemed to matter vitally; but this one disconcertingly did, and to his horror he found himself wondering if Electra could possibly mean to be so hateful. Electra meant nothing of the kind. She had a pure desire toward the truth, and she assumed that Peter's desire tallied with her own. She felt very strongly on the point in question, and she saw no reason why he should not offer the greatest hospitality toward her convictions.

"Peter," she said at once, "you must not talk to me about that woman."

"So she said," Peter was on the point of irresistibly retorting, but he contented himself with the weak makeshift that at least gains time: —

"What woman?"

"Markham MacLeod's daughter."

"Tom's wife? Tom's widow?"

Electra looked at him in definite reproof.

"You must not do that, Peter," she warned him. "You must not speak of her in that way."

"For God's sake, why not, Electra?"

"That is not her title. You must not give it to her."

He stared at her for a number of seconds, while she met his gaze inflexibly. Then his face broke up, as if a hand had struck it. Light and color came into it, and his mouth trembled.

"Electra," he said, "what do you want me to understand?"

"You do understand it, Peter," she said quietly. "I can hardly think you will force me to state it explicitly."

"You can't mean it! no, you can't. You must n't imply things, Electra. You imply she was not married to him."

Still Electra was looking at him with that high demeanor which, he felt with exasperation, seemed to make great demands upon him of a sort that implied assumptions he must despise.

"This is very difficult for me," she was saying, and Peter at once possessed himself of one passive hand.

"Of course it is difficult," he cried warmly. "I told her so. I told her everything connected with Tom always was difficult. She knows that as well as we do."

"Have you talked him over with her?" The tone was neutral, yet it chilled him.

"Good Lord, yes! We've done nothing but talk him over from an outside point of view. When she was deciding whether to come here, whether to write you or just present herself as she has, — of course Tom's name came into it. She was Tom's wife, was n't she? Tom's widow?"

"No! no!" said Electra, in a low and vehement denial. "She was not." Peter blazed so that he seemed to tower like a long thin guidepost showing the way to anger. "I said the same thing yesterday."

"That was before you saw her. It means more now, infinitely more."

"I hope it does."

"Think what you're saying, Electra," he said violently, so that she lifted her hand slightly, as if to reprove him. "You refuse to receive her —"

"I have received her, — as her father's daughter. I may even do so again."

"But not as your sister?"

"That would be impossible. You must see it is impossible, feeling as I do."

"But how, how? You imply things that dizzy me, and then, when it comes to the pinch, I can't get a sane word out of you." That seemed to him, as to her, an astonishing form of address to an imperial lady, and he added at once, "Forgive me!" But he continued irrepressibly, "Electra, you can't mean you doubt her integrity."

She had her counter question.

"Did you see them married?"

"No, no, heavens, no! Why, I did n't come on Tom in Paris until his illness. Tom never had any use for me. You know that. Meantime he'd been there a couple of years, into the mire and out again, and he'd had time to be married to Rose, and she'd had time to leave him."

"Ah, she left him! Why?"

"Why did you leave him, Electra, before he went over there? Why did you give up living in town, and simply retreat down here? You could n't stand it. Nobody could. Tom was a bad egg, Electra. I don't need to tell you that."

"It is certainly painful for me to hear it."

"But why, why, Electra? I can't stultify myself to prove this poor girl an adventuress. I can't canonize Tom Fulton, not even if you ask me."

"There are things we need not recur to. My brother is dead," said Electra, with dignity.

"Yes. That's precisely why I am asking you to provide for his widow."

"Suppose then this were true. Suppose she is what you say, — don't you feel she forfeited anything by leaving him?"

"Ah, but she went back, poor girl! She went back to him when he was pretty well spent with sickness and sheer fright. Tom did n't die like a hero, Electra. Get that out of your mind."

She put up both hands in an unconsidered protest.

"Oh, what is the use!" she cried; and his heart smote him.

"None at all," he answered. "But I mean to show you that this girl did n't walk back to any dead easy job when she undertook Tom."

"Why did she do it?"

"Why? From humanity, justice, honor, I suppose, the things that influence women when they stick to their bad bargains."

"Where had she been meantime?"

"With her father, in lodgings. That was where I met her."

"Was she known by my brother's name?"

"No," he hesitated, "not then. I knew her as Miss MacLeod."

"Ah!"

"I can see why," Peter declared, with an eager emphasis. "I never thought of it before, but can't you see? I should think a woman could, at least. The whole situation was probably so distasteful to her that she threw off even his name."

"And assumed it after his death!"

"No! no! She was called Madame Fulton at his apartment. I distinctly remember that."

They had been immovably facing each other, but now Electra turned away and walked back to the library table, where she stood resting one hand and waiting, pale and tired, yet unchanged. This seemed to her one of the times that try men's souls, but wherein a New England conscience must abide by its traditions.

"How long does she propose remaining?" she asked, out of her desire to put some limit to the distasteful situation, though she had forbidden herself to enter it with even that human interest.

"Why, as long as we ask her to stay, — you, or, if she is not to expect anything from you, I. She has nothing of her own, poor girl."

"Has her father repudiated her? That ought to tell something."

Peter was silent for a moment. Then he said in an engaging honesty, bound as it was to hurt his own cause, —

"I don't know. I don't understand their relation altogether. Rose gives no opinions, but I fancy she is not in sympathy with him."

"Yes, I fancied so."

"But we must n't fancy so. We must n't get up an atmosphere and look through it till we see distorted facts."

"Those are what I want, Peter, facts. If Miss MacLeod —"

"Do you mean you won't even give her your brother's name?"

"Even, Peter! What could be more decisive?"

"Do you expect me to introduce her as Miss MacLeod? Do you expect me to call her so?"

"I fancied you called her Rose."

"I did. I do. I began it in those unspeakable days when Tom went out of his head with fright and fever and we held him down in bed. Electra!"

She was listening.

"Was that grandmother calling?" she asked, though grandmother never yet had summoned her for companionship or service. But Electra felt her high decorum failing her. She was tired with the impact of emotion, and it was a part of her creed never to confess to weakness. She had snatched at the slight subterfuge as if it were a sustaining draught. "I am afraid I must go."

"Electra!" He placed himself before her with outstretched hands. Very simple emotions were talking in him. They told him that this was the second day of his return, that he was her lover, and he had not kissed her. And they told him also, to his sheer fright and bewilderment, that he did not want to kiss her. All he could ineffectually do was to reiterate, "We can't go on like this. Nothing in the world is worth it." Yet while he said it, he knew there was one thing at least infinitely worth while: to right the wrongs of a beautiful and misjudged lady. Only, it was necessary, apparently, for the

present, to keep the lady out of the question.

Electra was listening.

"It is grandmother," she said recklessly. "I must go."

There was a rustle up the staircase, and he was alone in the library, to take himself home as he might.

VI

After a week Electra had made no sign toward acceptance of the unbidden guest. She received Peter sweetly and kindly whenever he went to see her, but, he felt, they were very far apart. Something had been destroyed; the bubble of pleasure was broken and, as it seemed, for good and all. He strove to find his way back into their lost dream and take her with him; but there was no visible path. Rose spared him questions. She stayed gratefully on, and grannie was delighted with her. Rose had such a way of fitting into circumstance that it seemed an entirely natural thing to have her there, and Peter forgot to wonder even at the pleasure of it. Twice she came in from a walk pale and inexplicably excited, and he knew she had been besieging the scornful lady in the other house. But she kept her counsel. She had never seen Osmond since her coming, though she knew he and Peter had long talks together at the plantation.

One night, a cold, unseasonable one, Osmond was alone in the shack, his room unlighted save by the flaring wood. The cabin had a couch, two chairs, and a big table, this covered with books. There were books on the wall, and the loft above, where he slept when he was not in his neighboring tent, made a balcony, taking half the room. He was in his long chair stretched among the shadows, his face lighted intermittently from the fire. He was thinking deeply, his black brows drawn together, his nervous hands gripped on the elbows of the chair. There was a slight tap at the door. He did not heed it, being used to mice among the

logs and birds twittering overhead. Then the door opened, and a lady came in. Osmond half rose from his chair, and leaning forward, looked at her. He knew her, and yet strangely he had no belief that she was real. It was Rose, a long cloak about her, the hood slipped back from her rich hair. Her face was flushed by the buffeting of the wind, and its moist sweetness tingled with health. It was apparent to him at once that, as he was looking at her in the firelight, she also had fixed his face in the gloom. She was smiling at him, and her eyes were kind. Then she spoke.

"I came to see you, Mr. Osmond Grant."

Osmond was now upon his feet. He drew a chair into the circle of light.

"Let me take your cloak," he said. It seemed to him that no such exciting thing had ever happened.

"No, no. It is n't wet." She tossed it on the bench by the door, and having put both hands to her hair with the reassuring touch that is pretty in women, she turned to him, a radiant creature smiling out of her black drapery. "But I'll sit down," she said.

The next moment, he hardly knew how it was, they were there by the fire, and he had accepted her. She was beautiful and wonderful, a thing to be worshiped, and he lost not a minute in telling himself he worshiped her, and that he was going to do it while he was man and she was woman, or after his clay had lost its spirit. Osmond had very little time to think of his soul, because he worked all day in the open and slept hard at night; but it always seemed to him reasonable that he had one. Now it throbbed up, invincible, and he looked at the lady and wondered again at her. The lady was smiling at him.

"I wanted to meet you," she said, in her soft, persuasive voice. "You don't come to the house any more."

He answered her simply and calmly, with no token of his inward turmoil.

"I have n't been there for some days."

"Is it because I am there?"

"Grannie has n't needed me."

"Is it because I am there?"

Then he smiled at her, with a gleam of white teeth and lighted eyes.

"I've been a little afraid of you," he owned.

"Well, you're not now?"

"No, I'm not now."

"That's what I came here for." She settled more snugly into the chair, and folded her hands on her knee. He looked at them curiously, their slender whiteness, and noted, with interest, that she had no wedding ring. She continued, "I got breathless in the house. Grandmother was tired and went to bed. Peter has gone to see his cruel lady."

"Why do you call her cruel?"

"She won't hold out her hand to me."

That simple and audacious candor overwhelmed him. He had never known anything so facile yet direct. It made life incredibly picturesque and full of color. He laughed from light-heartedness, and it came into his head that, in her company, it would be easy to believe "as many as six impossible things before breakfast." But she was continuing:—

"Don't you find her cruel?"

"Electra? We have n't exchanged a dozen words in a year."

"Why not?"

"I'm not a notability. It's not remarkable to raise seeds for sale."

"But is n't she cruel?"

He thought a moment, and then answered gravely, —

"She is very opinionated. But she has high ideals. She would be unyielding. Has she been unyielding to you?"

"Has n't Peter told you?"

"Not a word."

"I came here expecting her to accept me as her brother's wife. She won't do it."

"Won't do it? Does she say so?"

"She says nothing. But she ignores me." Her cheek took on a deeper flush. She did not look at him, and he followed her gaze into the coals.

"You are too proud to give her proofs?" he hesitated.

She stirred uneasily in her chair.

"Proud!" she said bitterly. "If I had been proud, I should never have come here at all. But I am here, and she must recognize me." Some dauntless lines had come into the delicate face and made it older. "It is absurd," she continued, "worse. Here am I living in your house —"

"No! no!" he corrected her. "Not that it matters. It would be yours just the same. But it's grannie's house."

"Taking her hospitality, — oh, it's a shame! a shame!"

"Peter must make it right with Electra," he ventured.

"Peter! He has tried. He has tried too much. Things are not right between them any more. I know that."

Osmond, almost with no conscious will, went back to what he had been thinking when she came in.

"Peter belongs to your Brotherhood —"

"Don't say mine. It is my father's." She spoke with an unguarded warmth.

"But you belong to it, too."

"I used to. I used to do everything my father told me to, — but not now — not now!" She looked like a beautiful rebel, the color deepened in her cheeks, her eyes darkening.

Osmond could not question her, but he went back to his own puzzle.

"The trouble is — about Peter — his painting has taken a back seat. He talks about the Brotherhood — little else."

She nodded, looking at the fire.

"I know. I know."

"I've no objection to his believing in the brotherhood of man; but can't the brotherhood of man be preserved if we paint our pictures, and mind our own business generally?"

"Not while my father leads the procession. He will have no other gods before him."

"Tell me about your father."

She turned on him a face suddenly irradiated by fun. An unexpected dimple

came to light, and Osmond's pulse responded to it.

"Electra," she said, "found time to propose that I should give a little talk on my father. Last night I lay awake rehearsing it. Do you want to hear it? Markham MacLeod is the chief of spoilers. He preaches the brotherhood of man, and he gets large perquisites. He deals with enormous issues. Kingdoms and principalities are under his foot because the masses are his servitors. Money is always flowing through his hands. He does not divert it, but it has, with the cheerful consent of his followers, to take him from place to place, to shed his influence, to pay his hotel bills, — and he must live well, mind you. For he has to speak. He has to lead. He is a vessel of the Lord." She had talked on unhesitatingly, straight into the fire. Now, when she paused, Osmond commented involuntarily.

"How well you speak." Then as quickly, "Does your father know you think these things?"

"No," she answered. "I have not had occasion to tell him. Not yet! But about Peter." She faced round at him. "Peter is hypnotized by my father, as they all are in the beginning. He won't paint any more portraits while the spell lasts."

"Then he won't get Electra."

"He won't get her anyway, — not if he champions me. That's my impression."

"But what does your father want him to do?"

"Nothing, that I know. It is n't that he chokes people off from other channels. It's just that his yoke is heavy, for one thing, and that they can't do too much for him. Peter has taken him literally. He will sell all he has and give to the poor, and live on a crust. He'll think the chief, too, is doing it; but he'll be mistaken. The chief never denied himself so much as an oyster in his life."

They sat staring at each other, in the surprise of such full speech. Osmond had a sense of communion he had never

known. Peter and he had talked freely of many things in the last week, but here was a strange yet a familiar being to whom the wells of life were at once unlocked. The girl's face broke up into laughter.

"Is n't it funny?" she interjected, "our talking like this?"

"Yes. Why are we doing it?" He waited, with a curious excitement, for her answer. But she had gone, darting at a tangent on what, he was to find, were her graceful escapes when it was simpler to go that way.

"It's very mysterious here," she said, glancing about the cabin, "very dark and strange."

"Shall I throw on more wood?"

"If you like. I am not cold."

But he did not do it.

"You don't speak like a Frenchwoman," he ventured.

"I am not. You know that. I am an American."

"Yes; but you have lived in France."

"Always, since I was twelve. But I have known plenty of English, — Americans, too. Shall I speak to you in French?"

He deprecated it, with hands outspread.

"No, no. I read it, by myself. I could n't understand it, spoken."

She was smiling at him radiantly, and with the innocent purpose, even he, in his ecstasy, felt, of making herself more beautiful and more kind.

"Now," she was saying, "since we have met, you'll come to the house? You won't let me stand in the way?"

His tongue was dry in his mouth. He felt the beauty of her, the pang of seeing anything so sweet and having only the memory of it. Great instincts surged up in him with longings that were only pain. They seemed to embrace all things, the primal founts of life, the loyalties, devotions, hopes, and tragedies. At last he understood, not with his pulses only but his soul. And all the time he had not answered her. She was still looking at him,

smiling kindly now, and, he believed, not cognizant of the terror in his heart, not advertising her beauty as at first he had supposed. She seemed a friend home from long absence. He was speaking, and his voice, in his effort, sounded to him reassuringly gentle.

"We'll see."

"You will come?"

"We'll see."

"Good-night." She wrapped her cloak about her and was gone.

He followed her to the door only, and heard her feet upon the spongy turf. With his impulse to follow farther walked the sane certainty that he ought not to let her find her way alone, even along that friendly road. But he could not do it. The rain had ceased, and there was a moist wind blowing in little temperate gusts, as if it ran over the land and gave it something, and then took brooding interval for another breath. He looked up to heaven, and in the nebulous cloud reaches found a star. So seemed the creature who had dawned in his dark room and lighted it: inaccessible, unchangingly bright, and, if one rashly approached her, armed with a destroying fire.

He went out and sat down upon the bench at his door, turning to lean his forehead against the rough casing. What had happened to him? He did not even own it was the thing that happens to all, the unassuageable longing, the reaching hand for a mate. He had felt safe in his garden ground, where no blossoms opened but innocent velvet ones, temperately, to ripen and then die. But now the portals of the world were wide. He saw beauty, and it roused him to a rage of worship. As the night went on, he grew calmer. Sweet beliefs, a holier certainty stole into that ecstasy of meeting. She seemed again, as she had in one moment of her stay, a dear friend happily returned. The sense of her familiarity was as convincing as if he had known her all his life. It was not recognition alone: it was reunion.

VII

Osmond tried to cease thinking of the beautiful lady until his mind should be more at ease, and to consider Peter, who was acting like a changeling. It seemed possible that he might have to meet his boy bravely, even sharply, with denial and admonition. Peter, he knew, had deliberately put his wonderful gift in his pocket, and under some glamour of new desire, was forgetting pictures and playing at the love of man. Playing at it? Osmond did not know; but everything seemed play to him in the divergences of a man who had a gift and stinted using it. If Osmond had had any gift at all, he knew how different it would have made his life. A tragedy of the flesh would have been slighter to a man who felt the surge of fancy in the brain. He had nothing, at the outset, but a faltering will and a deep distaste for any task within his reach. He remembered well the day when he first found Peter had that aptitude for painting, and realized, with the clarity of great revealings, what it meant to them both. All through his boyhood Peter had been drawing with a facile hand, caricatures, fleeting hints of homely life, but always likenesses. One day he came home from the post-office in a gust of rapture. A series of random sketches had been accepted by a journal. From that time the steps had led always upward, and Osmond climbed them with him. But the day itself, — Osmond remembered the June fervor of it when, after a word or two to the boy, surprising to Peter in its coldness, he went away alone and threw himself under an apple tree, his face in the grass, to realize what had come. His own life up to this time had seemed to him so poor that the hint of riches dazzled him. He saw the golden gleam, not of money, but of the wealth of being. Peter had the gift, but they would both foster it. Peter should sleep softly and live well. He should have every luxurious aid, and to that end Osmond would learn to wring out money from the

ground. That was his only possibility, since he must have an outdoor life. Then he began his market-gardening. Grandmother was with him always. She even sold a piece of land for present money to put into men and tools, and the boy began. At first there were only vegetables to be carried to the market; then the scheme broadened into plants and seeds. He was working passionately, and so on honor, and his works were wanted. To his grandmother even he made no real confidence, but she still walked with him like a spirit of the earth itself. He knew, as he grew older, how she had drained herself for him, how she had tended him and lived the hardest life with him because he needed it. There were six months of several years when she took him to the deep woods, and they camped, and she did tasks his heart bled to think of, as he grew up, and looked at her workworn hands; but those things which bound them indissolubly were never spoken of between them. His infirmity was never mentioned save once when, a boy, and then delicate, he came in from the knoll where he had been watching the woodsmen felling trees. His face was terrible to her, but she went on getting their dinner and did not speak.

"Grannie," he said at last, "what am I going to do?"

She paused over her fire, and turned her face to him, flushed with heat and warm with mother love.

"Sonny," she said, "we will do the will of God."

"Did He do this to me?" the boy asked inflexibly.

She looked at the mountain beyond the lake, whence, she knew, her strength came hourly.

"The world is His," she said. "He does everything. We can't find out why. We must help Him. We must ask Him to help us do His will."

Then they sat down to dinner, and the boy, strengthening his own savage will, forced himself to eat.

He did not think so much about the ways of God as shrewdly, when he grew older, of toughening muscles and hardening flesh. Peter's talents, Peter's triumphs, became a kind of possession with him. Osmond had perhaps his first taste of happiness when Peter went abroad, and Osmond knew who had sent him and who, if the market-garden throve, had sworn to keep him there. The allowance he provided Peter thereafter gave him as much pleasure in the making as it did the boy in the using of it. Peter was like one running an easy race, not climbing the difficult steps that lead to greatness. It looked, at times, as if it were the richness of his gift that made his work seem play,—not Osmond's fostering. But now, coming home to more triumphs, Peter seemed to have forgotten the goal.

He found Osmond one morning resting under the apple tree, his chosen shade. Peter strode up to the spot moodily, angrily even, his picturesque youth well set off by the ease of his clothes. Osmond watched him coming and approved of him without condition, because he saw in him so many kinds of mastery. Peter gave him a nod, and threw himself and his hat on the grass, at wide interval. He quoted some Latin to the effect that Osmond was enjoying the ease of his dignified state.

"I've been up and at it since light," said Osmond, smiling at him. "You don't know when sun-up is."

Peter rolled over and studied the grass.

"Are you coming up to see Rose?" he asked presently.

Osmond could not tell him Rose had been to see him.

"I might," he said, remembering her requisition.

"Come soon. Maybe you could put an oar in. She needs help, poor girl!"

"Help to Electra's favor?"

Peter nodded into the grass.

"You could do it better than I. You can do everything better. You must n't

forget, Pete, that you're the Fortunate Youth."

There was something wistful in his tone. It stirred in Peter old loyalties, old responses, and he immediately wondered what Osmond wanted of him that was not expressed. Osmond had made no emotional demands upon him, as to his profession, but Peter always had a sense that his brother was sitting by, watching the boiling of the pot. This was a cheerful companionship when the pot was active; not now, as it cooled. He threw out a commonplace at random, from his uneasy consciousness.

"Art is n't the biggest thing, old boy."

"What is?"

Now Peter rolled over again, and regarded him with glowing eyes. To Osmond, who was beginning to know his temperament better than he had known it in all the years of the lad's journey upon an upward track, that glance told of remembered phrases and a dominating personality that had made the phrases stick.

"It's to give one man who works with his hands fresher air to breathe, fewer hours' work, a better bed."

"You're an artist, Pete. Don't forget that."

"I don't. But it is n't the biggest thing."

"If you should paint a picture for that workingman to look at while he says his prayers? what then?"

"You don't understand, Osmond," said the boy. "Labor! Labor is the question of the day."

Osmond looked over at a field of seedlings where five men with bent backs were weeding and where he himself had been bending until now. He smiled a little.

"I understand work, boy," he said gently. "Only I can't make hot distinctions. The workingman is as sacred to me as you are, and you are as sacred as the workingman."

Peter was making little nosegays of

grass and weeds, and laying them in methodical rows.

"I can't paint, Osmond," he said abruptly. "These things are just crowding me."

"What things?"

"Capital. Labor."

Osmond was silent a long time because he had too many things to say, all of them impossible. He felt hot tears in his eyes from a passion of revolt against the lad's wastefulness. He felt the shame of such squandering. To him, all the steps in the existence by which his own being had been preserved meant thrift and penury. He had conserved every energy. He had lived wholesomely, not only for months, but unremittingly for years. His only indulgences had been the brave temperate ones of air and sleep; and with their aid he had built up in himself the strength of the earth. And here was a creature whose clay was shot through with all the tingling fires of life, whose hand carried witchery, whose brain and eye were spiritual satellites, and he talked about painting by and by.

"What a hold that man has on you!" he breathed involuntarily.

Peter swept his little green nosegays into confusion and sat up. His eyes were brilliant.

"Not the man," he said. "It's not the man. It's the facts behind him."

Osmond's thought flew back to one night, and a girl's reckless picture of her father. It seemed now like a dream, yet it swayed him.

"What can you do for him?" he asked, forcing himself to a healthy ruthlessness. "What have you done?"

"For Markham MacLeod? Nothing. What could I do for him? He has done everything for me."

"What, Pete?"

"Opened my eyes. Made me realize the brotherhood of man. Why, see here, Osmond!"

Osmond watched him, fascinated by the heat of him. He seemed possessed

by a passion which could never, one would say, have been inspired save by what was noble.

"You know what kind of a fellow I've been: all right enough, but I like pleasures, big and little. Well, when I began to listen to MacLeod, I moved into a garret the poorest student would have grumbled at. I turned in my money to the Brotherhood. The money I got for the portrait — maybe I should n't have asked such a whacking big price if I had n't wanted that money — I turned that in to the Brotherhood. Would a fellow like me sleep hard and eat crusts for anything but a big thing? Now I ask you?"

Osmond sat looking at him, and thinking, thinking. This, he understood perfectly, was youth in the divinity of its throes over life, life wherever it was bubbling and glowing. Always it was the fount of life, and where the drops glittered, there the eyes of youth had to follow, and the heart of youth had to go. The exact retort was rising to his lips: "That was my money, the money you gave away. I earned it for you. I dug it out of the ground." But the retort stayed there. He offered only what seemed a blundering remonstrance: "I can't help feeling, Pete, that it's your business to paint pictures. If you can paint 'em and give the money to your Brotherhood, that's something. Only paint 'em."

"But you know, I've found out I can speak."

There it was again, the heart of youth on its new track, chasing the glow, whatever it might be, the marsh-lamp or star. Osmond shook his head.

"I don't know, Pete," he owned. "I don't know. I'm out of the world. I read a lot, but that's not the same thing as having it out with men. But I feel a distinct conviction that it's every man's business to mind his own business."

"You would n't have us speak? You would n't have him, Markham MacLeod?"

The boy's impetuosity made denial seem like warfare. Osmond put it aside with his hand.

"Don't," he said. "You make me feel like Capital. I'm Labor, lad. I always have been."

"Is n't it anything to move a thousand men like one? To say a word and bring on a strike of ten thousand? The big chieftains never did so much as that. Alexander was n't in it. Napoleon was n't. It's colossal."

"I don't know whether it seems to me very clever to bring on a strike," said Osmond. "It would seem to me a great triumph to make ten thousand men feel justly. Resistance is n't the greatest thing to me. I should want to know whether it was noble to resist."

"Ah, but it is noble! Resistance, — for themselves, their children, their children's children."

Osmond was looking away at the horizon, a whimsical smile coming about the corners of his mouth.

"Yes, Pete," he said, "but you paint your pictures."

"Now you own I'm right! Is n't it anything to move ten thousand men to throw down their tools and go on strike?"

"Well, by thunder!" Osmond had awakened. "Now you put it that way, I don't know whether it is or not. That phrase undid you. Lay down their tools? Show me the man that makes me take up my tools in reverence and sobriety, because good work is good religion. That's what I'd like."

"But it means something, — starvation, maybe, death. You don't recognize it, do you? You won't recognize the war that's on — oh, it is on! — between Capital and Labor, between the high places and the low. It's war, and it's got to be fought out."

"I do recognize it, lad." He spoke gently, thinking of his own lot, and the hard way through which he had come to his almost fevered championship of whatever was maimed or hurt. "Only,

Pete, do you know what your opposing forces need? They need grannie."

"To say it's the will of God?"

"To be wheeled out in her chair, and sit at the head of your armies and say, 'Love God. Love one another.' If they love God, they'll listen to Him. If they love one another your strikes will end to-morrow, and your rich man will break bread with your poor one, and your poor one will lose hatred for the rich. You need grandmother."

They sat smiling over it. Peter had amazingly cooled. He rose to his feet.

"Well," he said, "I'll paint some pictures. Of course I'll paint my pictures, — sometime. There's the Brotherhood again. Don't I want to turn in shekels? Don't I want to have it known that such weight as my name carries is going in there?"

It was Osmond's turn to rage. He, too, rose, and they confronted each other. Osmond spoke. His voice trembled, it seemed with emotion that was not anger but a fervor for great things.

"I cannot get it through my head. You can do the thing, and it's I that value it. You can paint pictures and you'd prostitute the thing for money, — for reputation. If I had it, if I had that gift—" he paused, and shook his head

as if he shook a mane. Peter was looking at him curiously. This was passion such as he had never seen in any man.

"What would you do, old chap?" he asked.

Osmond was ashamed of his display, but he had to answer.

"I would guard it," he said, "as a man would guard — a woman."

They stood silent, their eyes not meeting now, hardly knowing how to get away from each other. As if she had been evolved by his mention of precious womanhood, Electra, in her phaëton, drove swiftly by. They took off their hats, glad of the break in the moment's tension; but she did not turn that way.

"Could she be going to see her?" Peter asked, in haste.

"To see her?"

"Rose. She must n't go now. Rose has gone to the orchard with her book."

He started straightway across the field, and met Electra, returning. As he was standing in the roadway, hat off, smiling most confidently at her, Electra had no resource but to draw up. Before she fairly knew how it had come about, he was beside her, and they were in a proximity for the most intimate converse. Electra felt irritably as if she could not escape.

(To be continued.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A LETTER FROM DR. HOLMES

IN 1874, I gathered all the facts that I could about the beginning of the *Atlantic* and published them in the *Christian Union*, now the *Outlook*. I derived my information from Mr. Lowell, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Underwood and others, and as Mr. Lowell had said that Dr. Holmes made the *Atlantic*, I sent what I had written to the Autocrat.

Dr. Holmes replied in a letter which seems to me to be so characteristic and so interesting that I venture to send it to the Contributors' Club.

206 Beacon St.,
BOSTON, Oct. 29th, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have read your story of the birth of the *Atlantic* with great pleasure. It recalls many most agreeable times, scenes and persons, and leaves me cheerful as I rise from reading it, in spite of the reflection forced upon me of how many years have gone like the snow in which we left our footprints as we walked towards Harvard Square after the memorable supper at Porter's.

The success of my papers was a surprise to me. I was, as you say in your paper, forty-eight years old, and felt that a new generation of writers and readers had grown up since I used to write for the *Collegian*, and the *New England Magazine*. I remembered what Johnson said of Goldsmith, that "he was a plant which flowered late" — and Goldsmith was but forty-six years old when he died. I think, however, something was beginning to stir in me for expression before I felt the spur of this new stimulus. You will find in the *North American* for April, 1857, an article entitled "Mechanism of Vital Actions," which had more thought in it than anything I had previously published. There is a poem also of the date

of 1857, written for the meeting of the Alumni, which has I think more vivacity than my average ones. I remember Hillard's meeting me and speaking of these two productions, different as they were, in a way that gave me great satisfaction. I think therefore the *Atlantic* came for my fruit just as it was ripe for gathering, but I never knew it was so until afterwards.

I thought you might like to know all this directly from me. It seems very strange to me, as I look back and see how everything was arranged for me, as if I had been waited for as patiently as Kepler said the Almighty had waited for him. But so the least seems sometimes to be cared for as anxiously as the greatest — "are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall."

If I had been the sparrow that fell in the earlier part of 1857, the world might have lost very little, but I should have carried a few chirps with me that I had rather have left behind me. I have had some hard things said of me since I began writing for the *Atlantic*. But the change in public opinion since 1857 is something astonishing, and the last time I saw myself alluded to, it was as being rather conservative in my tendencies. . . .

I have sent you a gossip letter in reply to your note and the article that has so much interested me, but . . . I hope you will read it goodnaturedly.

Very truly yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

MR. ARTHUR GILMAN
Cambridge.

TICKNOR AND FIELDS AND THE OLD SOUTH CLOCK

I do not keep a diary. I know how terrifying I might be to my friends — and enemies — if I did. I know, also,

what a bore a diary is when published, and one feels forced to read it, because, perchance, something of interest *may* be found. How do we wade through dreary wastes of "Rainy day," "Walked to Grant's tomb," "Grievously exercised with the mumps," and many another item that might have had interest to the writer of a few years gone by, or of a century distant.

Though I do not keep a diary, and am in no danger of developing into a Pepys, charming old rascal! yet on occasion I record facts that interest me, for my personal gratification. For instance, on the evening of Wednesday, November 4, 1874, I made such a record of fact. I had been asked by a lady of Boston to "assist" at a meeting in her Beacon Hill parlors, — her "salon," shall I say? After the literary exercises proper on such occasions in Boston, there was the usual standing-up conversation, and the subject of the *Atlantic Monthly* came up. You remember that in its extreme youth the magazine was transferred from the publishing house of Phillips and Sampson, to whose enterprise it owed its existence, to that of Ticknor and Fields, then occupying the "Old Corner Bookstore" on School Street, on the corner of Washington, just a little farther down town than the Old South Church. The late governor Alexander H. Rice told me on that November evening how the transfer was made. The original publishers had failed, and Mr. Rice was their assignee, upon whom rested the responsibility of settling the business. The *Atlantic* was a valuable part of the assets, of course, and Mr. Rice said that he sent letters to a dozen different publishers telling them that he would sell it to the highest bidder whose offer should be received by noon on a certain day. The day arrived and not one bid had come. Mr. Rice walked over to the office of Ticknor and Fields, and said to Mr. Ticknor, "I have not yet received your bid for the *Atlantic*." "No," replied the publisher, "and you will not, for we don't care to

undertake the responsibility of the venture." In point of fact, Mr. Rice told me, the risk was not great, for the circulation at the time stood at thirty thousand copies.

Mr. Rice was not to be put off in this cavalier fashion. He pointed to the clock on the Old South, and it was after half past eleven. "I am about to go to my office to open the bids," said he, "and I am sure that Ticknor and Fields will be sorry if I find none there from them." Mr. Ticknor was apparently immovable, Mr. Fields was in Europe. Mr. Rice continued his appeals. The hands of the old clock kept on their way, and soon they indicated five minutes of twelve. Then Mr. Rice made his last effort, and Mr. Ticknor turned to his desk and wrote a line on a piece of paper, handing it to the governor, sealed. Mr. Rice carried it to his office, and solemnly proceeded to open it. It was the only bid, and the sum mentioned was ten thousand dollars. Mr. Rice went at once to Mr. Ticknor again, and said "The *Atlantic* is yours!" Mr. Ticknor was startled, and replied, "Pray let no one know what I bid, for all my friends would think me crazy!" The brilliant history of the magazine during the period of the ownership of the honored house of Ticknor and Fields shows at once how little publishers are able to forecast the future, and how difficult it is to estimate the value of literary assets. Doubtless Mr. Ticknor thought when he handed his little slip of paper to Governor Rice that he had made a bid so modest that he was in no danger of having it accepted, and it seems equally sure that when he found that no other publisher had bid so high as he, he was alarmed lest he had made a deplorable exhibition of a lack of business acumen.

THE ATLANTIC'S PLEASANT DAYS IN TREMONT STREET

My first knowledge of the making of the *Atlantic* was in the last years of Mr. Fields's editorship and of his connection

with the house of Ticknor and Fields, or, as it was at his retirement, Fields, Os-good and Co. The office was his private room at 124 Tremont Street, one of the spacious dwelling-houses, of an earlier generation, in that street, which business had of a sudden absorbed and in some sort reconstructed. His was the smaller front room on the second floor, — the larger, in which Mr. Aldrich, as editor of *Every Saturday*, had his desk, was a general reception-room, — with one window looking upon Tremont Street, and another upon Hamilton Place. It was a cheerful little room, with an open fire, opposite to which was a sofa for visitors, with prints, mostly portraits, upon the walls, and Mr. Fields's standing desk in one corner, on which lay an always open book in which from time to time he noted appointments of all sorts, and every other thing, no matter how trifling, that he wished to remember, the recent pages being always carefully examined more than once in a day. This habit, among others, made him one of the most dependable persons I have ever known. He never forgot an engagement of any kind or the slightest promise, and he was punctuality itself. The thing in the room which at once attracted the attention of every visitor with the least artistic sense, was a cabinet picture — a jester and dwarf — by Zamacois, which hung over the sofa, and glorified the whole place. Two of this brilliant young Spaniard's works had found their way to America not long before, and one of them had been bought by Dickens, the other by Ticknor and Fields. The broad window seats were covered with MSS., while on the floor below were piled books sent to the magazine. Mr. Howells, the assistant editor, did his work, the greater part of the actual editorial labor, at his home in Cambridge or at the University Press. Mr. Fields was at that time unable to use his hand in writing, and dictated his letters, beside requiring other assistance. Between whiles, I was set to weed out the MSS., so that the hopeless need not be

sent to Cambridge. Typewriters had not come to save editorial eyes, and, to my inexperience, a large part of the effusions were at first more or less illegible, while the number written with pale ink on thin paper and rolled, seemed painfully large. When I kept an exact account in later times, the number of MSS. received from year to year hardly varied, and I should judge that it was much the same in those days, for if there were fewer writers there were fewer magazines. The volume of stories was large, but the "dialect story," so-called, was then inconspicuous, and chiefly represented by rural New England tales and fishing-village sketches. The wild west was hardly in evidence, and there were not many war stories. It was too near to write easily of, — what there were usually came from Northern pens. There were certainly as many verses as to-day, with the same tendency toward a widespread outburst of rhyme on any sensation of the hour.

But it is impossible to say much about that room without speaking particularly of Mr. Fields, the gracious host of more distinguished visitors than any other *Atlantic* office can have known. Like all men who have risen to an enviable position without extraneous aid of any sort, Mr. Fields had detractors and unfriends who were willing to magnify any little foible or affectation; but I, — and I only speak of myself by way of illustration, — coming to him very young and self-distrustful, suddenly faced with the problem of earning a living, and fully conscious of no training for that end, shall be thankful and grateful to the last day of my life, that at the outset I fell into such kind, considerate hands. I knew that I often did badly, I know it better now, but there was never a word of blame or even a look of annoyance, while for anything that could by any possibility be commended, praise was never lacking. Always there was thoughtful courtesy and a pleasant humor making dull tasks easy. No one could have

been gentler or more sympathetic to the procession of literary aspirants who found their way to him, though he firmly refused to be bored beyond reasonable limits, and seemed to have discovered the secret of the inclined plane for lingering visitors which Dr. Holmes longed for, the inclination as imperceptible to most as it was efficacious. Love of literature was as genuine and heartfelt a feeling in him as in any one I have ever known. Not a writer — in any literary sense — he had an unbounded and generous appreciation of the literary gifts of others, and was even willing, not once or twice, to publish to his own loss that which he felt was good. And it should be said that his judgment as to the commercial success of any venture was usually excellent, so far as any one can judge in such matters, and that he was a very shrewd and competent man of business, one not in the least likely to be imposed upon or self-deceived in a question of affairs. I remember his speaking to me in those days and later of the deterioration in the taste of American readers which he believed had set in after the war. Before, he declared, any good edition of a good book was almost sure of at least a fair sale, — a surety which seemed to have quite passed away. There were many more readers, but the best books were less read.

As I look back on those few years nothing impresses me so much as the good spirits, even the gayety, that pervaded the establishment. I think it was a very prosperous time for the *Atlantic*, loyally supported as it was by the best writers in the country, and with practically hardly a rival in its own kind; while business flourished amain. (I believe it was an era of general prosperity, too much founded on paper money and other unwholesome conditions to be lasting.) The members of the house, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Anthony, the art manager, Mr. Howells when in town, and frequent guests, used to have a luncheon every day (brought in from the Parker House,

I think) in an upstairs room. This must have been a particularly cheerful board, — certainly those who sat round it could make it so. As for the visitors in Mr. Fields's little room, I remember one day when Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and Whittier were all crowded together there, when the portly figure of Mr. Bayard Taylor blocked the doorway, and it was decided to seek seats and space in the larger room. Visitors such as these need not be described, — that has been done so often and sometimes so well, that I could scarcely presume to give my superficial and superfluous impressions, though I can say that for brilliant, suggestive, entertaining, pungent, and humorous talk, no one of them, not even Dr. Holmes, nor any other man of letters whom I have met, could be compared to Lowell. How pleasant it is to remember the speech of these older writers, English undefiled, with never a hint of an American or any other accent. It would have been recognized as faultless speech by a true and cultivated ear in any English-speaking land. Thinking of it, one feels that Lowell had reason for saying — and who had so much right to say it — that he believed that nowhere was purer English spoken than by the well-trained in and about his birthplace.

Among the occasional visitors at that time was Mr. Motley, who was then living in Park Street. I had heard his contemporaries speak of his youthful beauty and brilliant gifts, and I had a school-girlish enthusiasm for his histories. It was not a case where any disillusion need be feared, in personal attractiveness, manner or conversation. His thoughts were apparently completely occupied by the presidential election, in which he took an almost passionate interest. "I cannot sleep," he declared one day, "my mind is so full of it." "And if Grant should not be elected?" said Mr. Fields. "Ah," he returned, with intense feeling, "that is a calamity that is unthinkable!" This remembrance makes still more painful the story of what came afterward.

Charles Sumner I recall, seeming to fill the small room with his commanding stature and heavy voice, leaving upon me the impression chiefly of a portentous literalness, and a lack of humor almost phenomenal. The most stimulating and interesting of talkers, after Mr. Lowell, was certainly Mr. Henry James, Senior, whose keen perceptiveness and caustic wit sometimes half concealed his sensitive depth of feeling. There were the clergymen whose parishes may have been said to extend throughout the country, and who were also men of letters, — Dr. A. P. Peabody, Dr. James Freeman Clarke, whose very names are to those who knew them like a benediction, and Dr. Edward Everett Hale. The great Boston preacher of that time, Dr. George Putnam, of the First Church, Roxbury, to hear whom Mr. Fields sometimes took his guests, was solely and entirely a preacher, — his printed sermons give but a hint of his power, — and I never saw him in the office but once. Mr. Fields had told me that he had taken Thackeray to the old Roxbury Church years before, and when Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Stephen were paying him a brief visit he took her there. "I never knew before what preaching could be," she said when the service was over, which reminded her host of her father's words in the same place (of which she knew nothing): "It seems to me that I have heard preaching for the first time in my life."

A copy of the *Overland Monthly* had fallen into my hands, and I was exceedingly interested in a sketch, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," by an author whose name I had never before heard. I asked Mr. Fields to read it, and he cared more for it even than I, — being much older and wiser, — and very soon dictated a letter to Mr. Harte, begging him to send something to the *Atlantic* (whose editors, so far as I have known them, have always anxiously watched for promising new authors). The reply, which came in due time, I think, not only expressed a willingness to become a contributor, but

spoke of the writer's probable departure from California. I cannot say how long it was before the Harte family reached Boston and became the guests of Mr. Howells in Cambridge. I only know that it was the time when every man was quoting from "The Heathen Chinee," and generally carrying the verses in his pocket-book. There was, I thought, a good deal of curiosity felt about the office as to the sort of man the suddenly popular author would prove to be. He was found good-looking (and exceedingly well-dressed), extremely self-possessed, with a gracefully friendly and even affectionate manner to the new business and literary acquaintances of his own age in the establishment, with whom he speedily became intimate. Mr. Fields told me that the only occasion when he had seen Bret Harte's cool self-poise disturbed was when he took him to visit Longfellow. That beautiful, gracious presence, the dignified, historic house, and the remembrance of the tragedy those rooms had seen, deeply impressed the visitor, — "actually took him down a bit," were I think the real words used. All my recollections of intercourse with Mr. Harte then or later are agreeable. It would always be so, I fancy, when the intercourse did not include business or pecuniary engagements.

As I recall those pleasant rooms in Tremont Street, it seems as though they were always full of sunshine (they really had a northern exposure), as if the cheerfulness that pervaded them had left a visible brightness in the memory. There could not be grayness or dullness with Mr. Fields, Mr. Aldrich, and Mr. Osgood in possession, and the constant visitor, who, the chances were, would be wise or witty, or both. Literary bores and cranks of course found their way there in considerable numbers, but they only appeared to give the needed relief. And much work was done, but nimbleness of spirit seemed to give quickness and deftness to head and hand. I think clouds and rain began to come when Mr.

Fields retired. Perhaps he took from the house, besides more material things, a desirable element of conservatism and wise caution. For six months thereafter he retained the headship of the magazine, when Mr. Howells became sole editor, and there was no longer a Boston office. Mr. Fields still retained his room, though he was in it less, and it was still a resort for friends old and new. But there was a change in the atmosphere of the establishment, — new enterprises proved costly, and necessarily, at their outset, unremunerative, and possibly times were changing everywhere; then came the calamity of the Great Fire. The *Atlantic Monthly* was sold to Messrs. Hurd and Houghton, and until that house united with that of J. R. Osgood and Co., I knew nothing save by hearsay of the making of the magazine. There was no special difference in it, except in the adoption of the Webster orthography. I remember my anguish when, on opening the first number issued with the new imprint, my eye lighted on the word *mold* (mould). On making my moan to Mr. Howells, who of course had nothing to do with the matter, I got little sympathy, he being a reformer on principle. But it must have been more or less an annoyance to some of the typical *Atlantic* writers, judging by the care they took that their books should be spelled in the old way. Had not the Autocrat in one of the earliest numbers of the *Monthly*, placed "a correct habit of spelling the English language" among the qualities which perhaps gave Boston a right to look down on the mob of cities; and the only time I ever saw Mr. Longfellow show a feeling even remotely akin to

anger, was when, at a later time, he discovered in a cheap, popular edition of his poems the word *traveler*. It was not in the poems themselves, but in a press notice, printed among others at the end of the book; nevertheless it was corrected and apologized for.

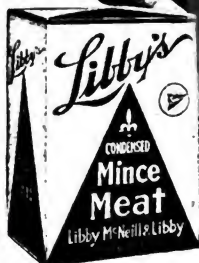
From the pleasant quarters in Tremont Street the house moved to Winthrop Square, and never again till it reached Park Street did it know the comforts of home, so to speak, — it had only business offices. The whole quarter of the city where the new building stood was in a chaotic state, — rising from its ashes would, I suppose, be the proper expression. At that time came the consolidation of J. R. Osgood and Co., with Hurd and Houghton, of course bringing back the *Atlantic* and some of my old work therein. But there was no real *Atlantic* office in that building, which one winter night was burned to the ground. Many *Atlantic* MSS. were burned with it, — how many I never exactly knew, for the book where they were recorded went too. So far as I could recollect them, I wrote to the possible contributors of their loss, and as I remember, with very few exceptions, they behaved exceedingly well, though very few of them seemed to have kept copies even of poems.

It was with a new name, Houghton, Mifflin and Co., that the house came to Park Street. Here Mr. Howells on his weekly visits had the use of a small, dark room, which was certainly never considered an *Atlantic* office. That came with Mr. Aldrich's assumption of the editorship, the first office of the magazine in Boston since the Tremont Street days.



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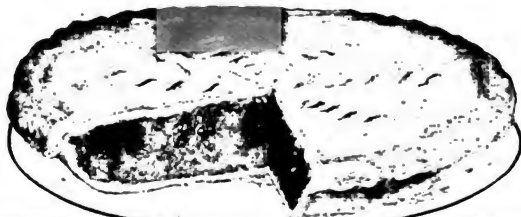
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ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1907

THE FUTURE OF OUR NAVIGABLE WATERS

BY JOHN L. MATHEWS

THERE are many indications, apparent even to the eye of the careless watcher, that we are coming to a critical period in the conduct of our public works in general, and of that part which relates to river and harbor improvement in particular. Although these signs take the shape of public agitation and political unrest in the regions most affected by this special form of internal improvement, they are based on something more fundamental. The National Rivers and Harbors Congress, which will meet in Washington this month to formulate a demand for larger and more systematic appropriations in the direction which its title indicates, is itself directly representative of the commercial organizations of the entire country; but it is brought into existence by, and gains its importance from, a general movement among all the people, commercial and non-commercial, who are seeking from necessity some better use of their running waters. This necessity is the result of an evolution.

In the early days of the nation, water routes were the only commercial highways. The Western, the Central, and the Eastern rivers all bore their part in local and in international trade; so that of them Chief Justice Marshall said, in *Gibbons vs. Ogden*, that they were the only means by which the interior parts of the nation might share in foreign trade and were therefore of national importance. Later, when the railway came, and when the panic of the forties had halted our canal development, there resulted a shifting of trade routes somewhat abnormal and, under natural conditions,

merely temporary. Inventive genius, always attracted to novelty, turned from the steamboat to the locomotive, so that the latter quickly outstripped its old river rival in economic development. The Civil War forced the north to extend and develop its railways, so that its crops might move to the eastern seaboard instead of by their natural route down the Mississippi valley. Even before the war our western rivers had been snag-infested and bar-obstructed, and after the struggle they were in worse condition. Railway rates were lower than steamboat rates had been. The era of extravagance was gone, and there was no longer sufficient inducement in rates to keep steamboats carrying under the handicap of high insurance, and great risk of loss, with its accompanying psychologically deterrent effect upon both boatman and shipper. The mouth of the Mississippi was blocked by bars, while New York was open to deep and cheap-carrying steamships. So the river trade fell away, no new type of river carrier was developed, and the lagging government improvement was never sufficient to produce a channel to offset these handicaps.

That has brought us to to-day, when we view a region extending from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, in which there are twenty thousand miles of river navigable or susceptible of navigation, on which there is but one profitable and significant movement of cargo — that of coal from the Ohio to New Orleans. Eastward and westward the railways still bear the freight, hauling it over the mountains to the seaboard; interfered with only

by those other railroads which, as the levee lines have been closed, have adopted Mississippi River grade from St. Louis to the Gulf. That this is so would not necessarily cause uneasiness, in spite of the waste of opportunity offered by the magnificent waterways of the Mississippi system, were it not that the railways are no longer able to do the work put upon them. With governmental regulation of rates, with ample terminal facilities, and with enough tracks so that South Dakota might never go cold in winter, or stack its grain on the ground; with equipment to handle all that Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Louis can furnish, together with the corn of Nebraska and Kansas, the fruits of Arkansas and Missouri, the lumber of Michigan and of Mississippi, the railways would be sufficient servants. But we have not such equipment nor can we have it in any conceivable time; nor have we a rate regulation which will bring these things near the cost of water carriage. The Centre — and I am using the Mississippi system as an example in this because it is the most striking and because the present movement originated on its banks — is confronted by two principal problems: to get its products to the seaboard at the cheapest possible rate consistent with speedy carriage; and to get from the seaboard the imports it must have. Problems of internal trade are secondary to these, and will be solved in the same working-out.

For the purpose of handling this foreign trade the Centre has at present established certain well-known collecting and distributing points which are the basis of freight rates, the aggregating places of both local and through traffic, and, as it happens, are themselves the greatest manufacturing cities in the region. These points are Pittsburg, especially notable for its coal, iron, and steel tonnage; Chicago, the principal depot of the lakes, a manufacturing city of high rank and the greatest railway aggregating centre in the world; Minneapolis and St. Paul, at once the chief flouring cities of the nation and

the collecting and distributing foci for the north and for the newer Canada; Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, and Sioux City, the hoppers into which flows the great grain harvest of the west and northwest, the gateways through which must go all the imported and eastern merchandise and fuel consumed by the producers of grain, and the points at which are produced a great part of our export meat products; and St. Louis, a progressive city of large and growing manufacturing interests and a jobbing centre of national importance, having as its tributary country the entire southwest. Into these cities pours the golden flood from the harvest fields, the countless miles of coal, the train upon train of steel and other building material, the endless loads of manufactured and natural food products — pours in to stagnate in the congested yards; for so overburdened are the railways that a loaded car moves now but an average of twenty-five miles a day.

Yet, by reason of natural causes which have induced the selection of town sites, and by reason of the early dependence of railways upon river traffic, each of these large cities lies at the head of one of the main divisions of the Mississippi system. Pittsburg lies at the head of the Ohio; Chicago at the head of the "Lakes-to-the-Gulf" route, in the gap left by the ancient outlet of Lake Michigan to the Great Water; Minneapolis and St. Paul are at the head of the upper Mississippi; the Missouri River points on the upper reach of the lower Missouri; and St. Louis, near which all these divisions join, is, or would be but for the present absurd administrative districting, at the upper end of the main trunk line itself.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the people of the Centre, looking over the possibilities by which they may escape from the present crowded condition of their transportation routes, have observed these great channels leading from the aggregating places almost in a direct line to the seaboard, exactly in the path which their trade should take, and

have demanded in anger and in astonishment first, an explanation of their inutility, and, second, their immediate transformation into proper traffic arteries. These people have been coming during several years to firmer purpose in this regard, and now have enlarged their activity until it becomes national in its scope, that method and purpose may be introduced into our conduct of water highways.

The non-utilization of these waters is not hard to understand. I have already given some of the reasons for it. The others are no less simple. In the early days, when, under the decision of Justice Marshall, Congress began to appropriate money for river improvement, no department was provided which could properly undertake the work. Before that, occasional appropriations had been made for harbor improvement, and had been spent by special direction, sometimes under the eye of the Secretary of the Treasury, sometimes by the collector of the port involved. The first western river improvement work was done by a civilian under appointment from the president. Henry M. Shreve, who had invented the snag-boat, was made Superintendent of Western Rivers, and held the post many years, clearing the channels and saving vessel owners several million dollars a year, in risks and cargo losses. But as the river work increased from simple snagging to a consideration of more intricate problems involving the slackwatering of the Ohio, the leveeing of the Mississippi, and the provision of an adequate navigable outlet for the Valley, the need of engineering skill in obtaining advice induced Congress to call upon its military engineers for technical reports. From this grew the practice of indicating that appropriations should be made under the charge of the Department of War, and so grew up the practice of spending these civil expenditures for commercial purposes under military direction.

That is really the fundamental fault. The military engineer obtains at West

Point a training in civil engineering that has especial direction to military matters. He is not usually a person with a leaning toward trade, or he would not have chosen the army. More than that, he has no business experience whatever, and seldom comes to have any proper understanding of trade requirements and large business movements. After the civil war a large corps of engineers, released from the construction of military works, was sent upon surveying expeditions along our coasts and rivers, and the improvements they recommended were in many cases adopted by Congress and carried out, or partly carried out. The execution was left to the care of these engineers, who, detached from one task and assigned to another, seldom attained that love of a task for itself which is the spirit of civil engineering. There grew up in the Department of War, and in co-operation between that Department and Congress, a mode rather than a system of procedure. The day had passed when each river was needed as the only outlet for the people on its banks. Railways carried the great trade. Rivers handled only local trade. So Congressmen fell into the habit, here and there, of recommending improvements for their local rivers, so that money might be spent in their districts, or that local trade might be benefited. Each such request was referred to a military engineer, who reported upon the feasibility of the work. Later, his report was made to include what is, by courtesy, termed a commercial report, so that Congress may know how trade justifies this expenditure. This trade report is never based upon any large outlook. It never considers the real problems of the river valley. It takes into consideration the present local trade of the towns along the way, the number of steamboats now existing and the amount they carry, — always a rough guess, — and endeavors to provide an estimate of the amount that will be saved by the investment in local freight rates. So low have we sunk, in the absence of modern

steamboats, that on many streams we can no longer find trade to estimate; accordingly the engineer estimates the amount to which railway rates are "regulated" by the possibility of some one some day using a steamboat on the river. On this a board of review of army engineers debates and reports to the Rivers and Harbors Committee, and the latter includes in the bill some item supposed to represent the original project — dwarfed and deformed by successive estimators until its originator would not recognize it.

Two principal things — and many minor ones — result from this mode of procedure: first, that, there being no large outlook on rivers and harbors, there is no connection between any two projects and therefore no general benefit to the nation; and second, that there is no one whose business it is to enter into and carry out these projects or who is certain of the money to do so. To remedy the former of these, President Roosevelt has appointed a Waterways Commission, the first commission ever created in America to make a complete study of our water routes and to consider them from a national point of view. For the second, we have a brilliant example on the Ohio River, where, in 1875, on a report from Majors Merrill and Weitzel, Congress adopted a slackwatering plan. The excellent plan presented was for movable dams, and it was pointed out by the engineers that the real benefit of these improvements would not be obtained until the first thirteen, extending over the steep slope from Pittsburg to Wheeling, were in place. The engineers' plan was for building the thirteen locks all together, in two years, and then the thirteen dams the next year; so that not more than four years would elapse during which navigation would be hindered, and at the end of four years, the whole being done, the country would at once reap the benefit of the investment. Congress adopted the slackwatering idea, but ordered only one dam, which was

delayed by scanty appropriations and not completed until 1885. Then two more dams were authorized. One by one they have been added since then, but the first six are not yet complete. Congress had gone ahead downstream with other dams, one even, No. 37, below Cincinnati; but though we have spent about ten million dollars on the reach between Pittsburg and Wheeling we have not yet obtained the real benefit of even that improvement, nor shall we until perhaps ten or twenty years from now, when dams not yet even authorized are ordered and completed. At present the Ohio has been surveyed for a nine-foot slackwater channel, and it is estimated that sixty-three million dollars will be needed to complete it to Cairo; but at the present rate of operations it will require about 150 years to attain that end.

I have not the space or the inclination here to go into our river improvements in detail under this second head. Nevertheless I must point out the situation on the main trunk lines which confronts the people of the Centre. This Ohio, partially slackwatered, bears the greatest burdens at the cheapest rates of any river in the world except the lower Mississippi. Coal, in cargoes which below Louisville amount sometimes to sixty thousand tons, are carried along on nine-foot draft, at a cost of not more than a third of a mill a ton mile — a rate which can be considerably reduced by systematic operations. These cargoes, however, can go only at moderate stages of the river. These moderate stages come at a time when coal is the only thing waiting to travel — iron and steel, grain and manufactured goods being too valuable to be left lying in pools waiting for the river to rise. Yet when the Ohio is slackwatered all the way, everything on it can be carried at a rate under a mill a ton mile, during all but the coldest winter months.

The Chicago trunk line to the lakes, which in our infant days earned three

hundred thousand dollars a year in tolls, now lies idle, a shallow canal outgrown by trade, connecting the Illinois with Lake Michigan. The Illinois has seven feet of water, the Mississippi above St. Louis five or six. At the head of the route Chicago is slowly advancing its drainage canal down over the edge of the divide toward Lake Joliet, having already spent fifty million dollars to carry this waterway, twenty-two feet deep, to the Illinois, and leaving but twenty-eight million dollars for Congress to spend to carry it to St. Louis with a fourteen-foot depth; but Congress, relying upon some old engineers' reports, believes an eight-foot channel would be enough, and does nothing to obtain even that. The upper Mississippi last year had six feet of water in it, but not with certainty. It is designed that the river should carry a four-foot six-inch draft. The lower Missouri was taken in hand in 1884 by an expert commission which endeavored to reshape it to commercial purposes. They found that with the use of simple mattress revetment with stone facing and brush contraction works the banks could be held permanently, the channel made stable and deepened to six feet, and the river freed from obstructing bars. In the whole life of the Commission until it was abolished in 1902, it had but two and a half million dollars for this work, while it was required to devote its attention to spending five million dollars specially designated by Congress for protecting town fronts, railway embankments, and railway bridges. It established beyond cavil that the Missouri, like any other alluvial river, must be handled systematically, must be taken in hand at a fixed point and from there improved downstream, leaving no gaps; and that by this means it can be made to carry a six-foot channel from Omaha, and probably from Sioux City, to its mouth, even at extreme low water. When it had established this fact and opened the river to six-foot boats for two hundred and seventy-five miles from its mouth, influence was brought to bear

at Washington, and the scheme was abolished.

The real secret of Mississippi River utilization, however, lies in none of these divisions but in the trunk from St. Louis to the sea. In 1879 Congress appointed a commission to take charge of and develop that line. Later, this commission was restricted, by an absurd ruling, to the river below Cairo, a city without important railway terminals, and thus was brought about the ruin of the St. Louis river trade. It cannot be made too clear that trade requires a safe, steady, and uniform channel. With six feet, seven feet, eight feet, or ten feet, it really makes little difference which, vessels can go steadily on their way, carrying cargo economically; but not if they are built or loaded for a seven or a ten-foot channel, and are suddenly confronted with a six-foot passage over a bar. Then they are stopped, and the next trip they must either run "light" or not at all, for trade will not risk being delayed in that way.

The Mississippi River Commission, by long experiment, established a method of revetment and contraction which reduces the channel in that stream to a science. It came to the point where it could estimate with fair accuracy the cost of revetting every necessary bank in the stream and obtaining a ten-foot channel from Cairo to the sea, a permanent, safe channel open all the year round. Then Congress failed to back it up. There had been years without appropriations; much had been lost by abandonment of work for lack of funds; there had been varying directions; now came an order to abandon revetment and to take up dredging. That order the commission has been forced to obey. It has spent twenty million dollars on levees, several millions on dredging, but only eleven million dollars in thirty years on permanent channel works. Thanks to that eleven million dollars the Commission gives us to-day a ten-foot channel everywhere below Cairo. But above Cairo, in the 180-mile reach to St. Louis, is chaos.

There, too, Congress has ordered the revetment process cast away and dredges relied upon. A dredged channel is never a commercial success in such a river. Security there is based only on the fact that at the earliest possible moment after a bar shows, the engineers will dredge it away. A revetted channel guarantees that a bar will never form. Only such a guarantee will induce trade. Last year there were eight feet of water from St. Louis to Cairo. No one could predict what there would be another year. And not until St. Louis is made the head of the river trunk will the river below Cairo or the river above it attain the trade it should carry, or will the Chicago route, the Upper Mississippi, or the Missouri begin to carry the trade to which each is entitled. It is estimated now that seventy million dollars will give a permanent, safe fourteen-foot channel from Cairo down, thirty million dollars will carry it to St. Louis, and twenty-eight million dollars more to Lake Joliet and so to Chicago.

We have spent two hundred million dollars on the waters of the Mississippi system. Some years ago a Frenchman, M. Vétillart, came hither to prepare a report for his government on "Navigation in the United States." He found then, and he would find to-day, that there is not in existence any map showing where the streams are on which this money has been spent, indicating the head of navigation on each, the amount of water in the streams, or the number of months during which the river can be used. There were three government departments having lists of navigable streams, and no two agreed in the number or the names, or in the hydrology of the streams. There was not in America a man who had looked at all of these streams as a system and understood their interrelations. Nor were there any reliable statistics of trade on them, nor any way to get such statistics. If he should come to-day, he would find that there are no two streams in America

having the same size locks throughout, and hardly a single river having a uniform standard of lock chamber. He would find the Tennessee improved with locks of one size — and the size of the lock chamber prescribes the dimensions of the boat to use that river — and the Cumberland, a similar stream adjoining it and of the same depth, about to be blocked to all Tennessee River boats, with locks about eight feet narrower and considerably shorter. He would find, in fact, chaos; and he would understand the helplessness with which the Rivers and Harbors Committee confessed to the last Congress that the nation is committed already to river projects which it will cost five hundred million dollars to complete, without any connection among these projects, no logical order of completion of them, and only favor and engineering reports as guides to direct Congress in spending its money this year on one, next year or next decade on another.

The demand of the Centre and of the nation that this shall be altered is not the only thing that brings Congress to a new attitude. We are in an epoch of hydro-electric development. Every river which is slackwatered produces a large electric power. That power is developed at government expense, but in the past it has been given away to private persons to use as they would. Now, with several score dams under way or ordered, Congress faces the discovery that that power properly developed and sold will go a long way toward paying for the river improvements. Further, we are coming to an era of swamp drainage. Arkansas, Virginia, Minnesota, Florida, Missouri, Louisiana, are all draining large areas. This drainage is involved with river improvement. We are extending our irrigation work and taking water from our rivers for that. Yet there is no governmental body but an overworked Congress to determine the relations between these several activities.

What, then, are we coming to? Surely

to some simple solution of the whole problem of our national public works which will at the same time correlate the several branches and develop each branch systematically. To return again to the rivers and harbors, we need all the time a trained body—as efficient at least as the Interstate Commerce Commission—to consider all the time the whole problem of waterway improvement, inland and seaboard, and to view it as a unit. This commission needs to consider our internal and external trade, plat the rivers according to their eventual national utility, and plan for their systematic development, in order at the earliest possible moment to attain the use of them. It must adopt standards, so that rivers of A-class, for example, having let us say three-foot draft, shall have lock chambers all of A-size, and that on B-class rivers, which may include the four-foot, lower reaches of the A-class, there shall be locks of the same size or larger, all B-standard, so that in ascending or descending the streams the A-class vessels may be certain that wherever they go there will be no obstruction between their home port and the sea, or between their home port and any other A-class port. This matter of gauge is as vital in rivers as it is in railway construction. It is so recognized abroad, where Germany, France, Austria, Hungary, and Russia have combined to adopt standard cross-sections for their locks and canals, so that a vessel may pass from the Atlantic to the Black Sea overland, or from the Caspian to the Baltic.

This commission must consider possible by-profits of public work, such as that from waterpower. And it must be given the right to initiate systematic works and, upon their authorization by Congress, to carry them through to completion without the necessity of pleading annually for more funds. They must, as a matter of fact, treat public works as if they were private works, for the eventual benefit of the national corporation.

But after all, this is more than com-

mission work. It is department work. Twenty years ago there was introduced into Congress a bill which became known as the Cullom-Breckenridge Bill, providing for the establishment of a Bureau of Public Works in the Department of War to be conducted by the United States Corps of Civil Engineers. It is to such a bill and to some modification of the French and Prussian systems that we must come. The Cullom-Breckenridge Bill was based upon the Prussian system, and had the support, as it was the project, of an Engineering Conference, including most of the important engineering societies of America. The Prussian system of public works upon which it was founded provides for a national technical school for the training of civil engineers for public work, just as army and navy engineers are now trained for their specialties in our country. Young men graduated from the high schools are there admitted and given a rigorous training in engineering, supplemented by a thorough study of the laws of hydraulics and hydrostatics, of meteorology, and all the allied studies which go to make a man river-wise. In our development of this idea all those experiments in the erosive power of water, which are discussed in books to which our army engineers have occasional access, should be the familiar laboratory work of the students. They should have as well a special commercial training, learning the source and the ultimate destination of our principal traffic movements. They must study the means of controlling and deepening rivers in flood and at low stages both here and abroad. And all this must be backed up by rigorous field work upon the rivers themselves.

With such a body of experts to carry on the work, with the creation of a systematic whole, with the determination—and it is law in Germany—not to begin a work until the money for it has been definitely set aside in the largest installments in which it can be used, we will face a wholly new condition in our river

improvements. But we must not stop there. In order that we may use these rivers properly there must be a department of utilization which will acquaint our rivermen and merchants, as the Department of Agriculture does our farmers, with the best modern practice in other lands in the use of shallow and deep draft streams. And the value of these reports must be increased by the results of experiments, under tank and river conditions, with models of novel types of hull, of engine, and of *propulseur*.

This is work for more than a bureau in the War Department. It is work for a bureau in a Department of Public Works, along with bureaus to control irrigation, swamp-drainage, road-making, public building, and whatever other civil engineering activity comes up for governmental undertaking. When we have that, it will not matter so much whether we follow Congressman Bartholdt's plan and issue bonds enough to carry out all the projects at once, or whether we use only the present twenty-five million dollars or even fifty million dollars a year, — so long as we take up and finish the principal projects, a few at a time, till we have deep water in all our seaboard harbors and rivers, fourteen feet from the lakes to the Gulf, nine feet to Pittsburg,

six feet to Minneapolis, and six to Sioux City; and everywhere in the nation, instead of the lagging and disorderly projects of to-day, a swiftly evolving, comprehensive, national system of routes, alive from year's end to year's end with fleets of barges driven cheaply, and without undue risk, by economically designed power-boats. The grain of the West, the flour of the North, the wood and iron products of the Lakes, the steel of Pittsburg, will go steadily from the interior to the seaboard. Cotton goods from new centres will go to tidewater, to reach through Panama to western South America. From the Alleghanies to the Rockies there will be intercommunication; and imports, without which foreign trade cannot exist, will pour in an increasing tide back from the seaboard to the most remote sections of the interior.

This is not a local matter or a sectional one. It is a national affair. We are a great public corporation. We have money to spend. We must face this sort of a revolution — that instead of so spending this money that each man in the nation may handle a dollar as it goes, we must so spend it that each man, east, west, or central, shall handle two dollars of the increment as it comes back.

AN ART MUSEUM FOR THE PEOPLE

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER

I

THE plans for the new building of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts primarily represent the novel idea that an art museum should serve, not the student but the general public. Exhibition halls occupy the upper and finer of the two stories. Underneath each such hall is the respective working department, consisting of curators' offices, lecture halls, storerooms, and those rooms designated by the unusual term "storage exhibition." In other words all the collections are to be treated as a few are now, — Greek vases, Oriental painting, prints, for example, — where sheer bulk limits the exhibited objects to a selection. Only a fractional portion of such collections, naturally the most beautiful or important, is ever shown at one time; the rest remaining in storage at the disposal of students. In the new museum, every collection is to be regarded as too bulky for complete display, and only the choicer objects will be exhibited.

Now the installation of a parallel series of public and study collections is, as I have hinted, highly radical. It strikes uncompromisingly at the theory of comprehensive, chronological display which has prevailed for a full half-century. But the step has not been taken inconsiderately. For three years past the officers of the Boston Museum, notably the secretary, Mr. Benjamin Ives Gilman, have traversed the whole literature of museology, observing as well the merits and defects of existing buildings, and these studies have been presented to the trustees in a series of memorable reports. In these summaries may be found surprising anticipations of precisely the dual arrangement and anthological ideal

that are expressed in the new building. It appears, indeed, that this ideal has never lacked weighty championship in our generation. Rather its advocates have lacked courage or opportunity to put it into effect. For Boston has been reserved the distinction of providing a great museum building that represents in every detail a consistent and forward-looking idea, namely, that of discriminating between the needs of students and of amateurs, the two main classes that use museums. The innovation will seem shocking to those who have regarded museums merely as laboratories of archaeological sciences. A humane has never yet superseded an exclusive academic doctrine without bitter controversy. But I am confident that the new ideal, from its very practicality and adaptability to our democratic conditions, will promptly make its way, and that the plans for the coming museum at Boston will become classic in the subject, just as Panizzi's project for popularizing the library of the British Museum is standard for the kindred field of the public library. Such a hope is based on the fact that the Boston idea¹ is after all a return to first principles, or, better, is a humane compromise between the enlightened amateurism that created nearly all art museums, and the scientific formalism that, while swelling their accumulations, has narrowed their popular appeal. A glance at the history of art galleries will make the point clear.

¹ The author has no authority to speak for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He merely indicates the line of policy that it is likely to follow should it carry out consistently the reform it has adopted in principle. The discussion will be of the most general applications, concerning all museums of art not devoted expressly and solely to special scholarship.

II

In the eighteenth century, which with a certain warrant considered itself pre-eminently the age of good taste, the art museum as we understand it to-day was practically unknown. Instead there were many "cabinets" of painting or sculpture. Such was the modest name that princes and wealthy amateurs chose for their artistic possessions. And the title suited the case very well. With rare exceptions, notably the Papal collections and those of the Saxon Kings, there were few cabinets that we should regard to-day as quantitatively great. But the cabinet was to yield to the museum, the royal collector to the state, the dilettante director — invariably an artist — to the diplomaed expert in art history. Museums were to be multiplied, and the riches of the old cabinets increased many fold. Access, which had formerly been restricted to the gentle class, was to be offered freely to all. In fine, the nineteenth century, as regards the art museum, was to end in a glory of expansion and democratization. Such at least was the appearance.

But the appearance was deceiving, the democratization only apparent. Expansion there had been on an impressive scale, but only in the interest of a small class of students and connoisseurs. For the people nothing had been done except to open the doors. Dazzling statistics of attendance and acquisition only meant that more stones were being provided for an ever-increasing throng that wanted bread. And to-day we are suffering from this one-sided growth of art collections. In the high name of scholarship, museums have reached or are rapidly approaching hypertrophy. Sheer piling up of exhibits threatens to obliterate all finer impressions, much as sheer volume of sound and complication of harmony have menaced the serene enjoyment of music.

The peril of this overgrowth has not passed unnoticed. For fifty years past, museum officials have occasionally

pleaded for selection, for a qualitative ideal of exhibition. Meanwhile the discontent of art-lovers has become, though rarely voiced, none the less significant. One often finds artists and amateurs complaining that a visit to an art gallery is a penance. Occasionally such protestants, who represent the real public of museums, find a spokesman, as when the sensitive critic Gustave Geffroy names the museums of Paris "Dungeons of the Ideal." The phrase might serve as a war-cry for the reformers. To-day most museums are so many Bastilles for the beautiful objects they contain. The problem is to convert these prisons into homes.

Let me illustrate concretely what this incarcerating of art means. The other day I went to the Bargello, after an absence of eleven years, with the especial purpose of renewing my acquaintance with the Donatellos. They were in an unfamiliar arrangement, and, to my chagrin, their appeal was so slow and imperfect that for a moment I was in something like panic. Was it possible that with the departure of youth had been exhausted the capacity for impressions so potent and so often proved? A little reflection and a test with Antonio Pollaiuolo's Warrior showed that neither the Donatellos nor I had changed. They had merely been subordinated to a logical but unpleasing scheme. The St. George, the David, all of them, had been taught to move in prison lockstep. A "Donatello Hall" had been created, in which all available casts of the master's sculpture were collected, the grandiose Gattamelata properly dominating the display. The dozen original pieces had been placed on guard in two files at the end of the great hall, in such a disposition that the bronzes killed the marbles, while the plaster casts crushed both impartially. The obsession of the more numerous copies was so uncomfortable that quiet enjoyment of the originals was extremely difficult. If this were true of one thoroughly familiar with the master's

work, — in whom, then, the competition of the casts caused no real ambiguity, — how much more must it have been the case with the tourists painfully picking out the veritable sculpture of Donatello by the light of Mr. Baedeker's asterisks.

For a mere gigantic example of the offensiveness of exhibiting originals with copies, take the South Kensington Museum. Is there any place in the world where so many fine objects produce so much weariness and afford so little pleasure? A sensitive taste would I am sure prefer a visit to the Trocadero, where there are only copies, and the mind is not torn between two classes of exhibits of disparate value and appeal.

Apart from such rather unpardonable attenuation of impressions of art in the name of its history, a too rigid classification of originals also may produce a repellent effect. For example, all the Botticellis in the Uffizi have recently been brought together in a single well-lighted hall. Before, they were scattered through three galleries and the long corridor, in haphazard fashion. The change is unquestionably advantageous for the student, saving some steps and some remembering; to the mere art-lover it is depressing. The Birth of Venus has been removed from a shrine to a gangway. The smaller pictures, including the marvelous Calumny and the Judith, are effaced by the larger pieces — can be seen at all only by a painful effort of abstraction. Even such a realistic masterpiece as the Adoration of the Kings is strangely cheapened by the nearness of the more idealistic roundels of the Virgin with Angels. The early pictures, which are for the most part only of the school, lower the level of the display generally. In short half a dozen of the keenest impressions of a visit to the Uffizi have been blunted in order that a handful of Neo-Morellians may save a few francs' worth of shoe-leather.

Such are some of the results of dealing too systematically with that highly spontaneous product which we call art. Whole

galleries, like the Brera, become unattractive in order that the visitor may read on the walls those personal and chronological relations which are more profitably sought in books. Objects of archaeological but of no æsthetic consequence are shown side by side with masterpieces; in the name of the catchword of the last century, — development, — exhibits are multiplied beyond the capacity of any taste to enjoy and assimilate. The plight of the art-lover grows yearly worse, while that of the student, as we shall see, is not improved in proportion to the energy and money expended.

This abuse, like many expressions of unliberalized intelligence, has most respectable origins. For a half-century past the relatively new sciences of the history and connoisseurship of art have carried everything before them. To the imagination their appeal has been irresistible, and justly, for they opened up to scientific method a new and lovely territory. And the art critic has naturally imposed his authority readily upon the old, amateurish, easygoing director. Those placid survivors of the eighteenth-century dilettantism were first made uncomfortable. The batteries of the new learning played on them night and day. Consecrated attributions were ruthlessly changed, radical ascriptions were bandied about in the most bewildering fashion. New and unheard-of artists were discovered on the walls, or, worse yet, in the storeroom. The purchase of what had seemed mere nobodies was insistently urged because these daubers had been promoted to be heads of schools or the masters of famous pupils. Under such a fusillade the alternative for an old-style director was to retire or surrender. Gradually position after position was captured by the connoisseurs, until at the end of the last century the museums of the world, with trifling exceptions, were all in the hand of new-style experts, and all suffering notably from the dropsical condition which we have already diagnosed in brief.

Now against expertism as such no art-lover has any just grievance. In many regards it is his best friend. It is only when archæology disfigures collections that profess to exist for the people, that its credentials should be shrewdly challenged. There is a place for the frankly archæological museum, just as there is for the purely academic library. Indeed there is something admirable about such a true type of the scholar's gallery as one finds in the British Museum. One can but admire the ruthless logic that, for greater ease of investigation, has installed the pediment sculptures of the Parthenon in a narrow hall, at about the convenient height of a luncheon bar. But when it comes to introducing such mal-arrangements into museums that exist primarily for the pleasure of the people, archæology must expect the odium due to any other usurper.

I must repeat that practically none of the museums that have recently been captured by connoisseurship were founded for the illustration of the history of art. They represented the free taste of amateurs in consultation with artists. We find Isabella d'Este pestering Perugino, Leonardo, and Giambellini for pictures, and employing Donatello as a buyer; Velasquez scouring Italy for Philip IV; Lebrun as artistic adviser to Louis XIV. These examples bespeak the enthusiasms that underlie nearly all modern museums. Moreover, most national collections, even those not of royal or private antecedents, were founded in a similar amateur spirit. One may judge the value of that tradition, by one of the few older galleries still unchanged, the Pitti, — perhaps the most harmonious ensemble in Europe. Morally, such beginnings should impose respect upon the museum authorities of to-day, however rigidly scientific their bent.

III

The strength of the Boston idea is that it is not merely a reaction but a genuine

attempt at adjustment of the opposing claims of science and æsthetics. Unlike the academic movement which it desires to humanize, it is not intolerant. It recognizes fully the value and dignity of archæology. It seeks not to oust the scholastic director but to liberalize him. It merely reclaims for the people the works of art which are really available for broader cultural purposes, these finer objects remaining withal as much as ever at the disposal of students. Those exhibits which are interesting only to specialists it sets apart for their use in convenient workrooms or storage galleries. In fine, Peter is to be paid without robbing Paul. The obvious reasonableness of such a division must win all sensible people in the long run. That there is a pronounced and formidable opposition from the archæological camp is due partly to sentimental reasons, partly to a misunderstanding of the practical scope of the reform.

Sentimentally it is feared that the archæological collections are to be degraded, relegated to smaller and inferior quarters. In fact merely a convenient concentration of the materials of research will be effected. Ask any specialist whether he would prefer to work with, say, Greek vases or terracottas, in the present public galleries, or to have the liberty of a private workroom near which all his material is compactly stored and shown. There can be no doubt of the answer. From those favored persons who have the privilege of the book-stack in our public libraries, no complaint is heard because it is less commodious or monumental than the general reading-room. Under such conditions the lot of the investigator is obviously improved, since the spreading out of art collections makes study only less difficult than recreation. Sheer leg-weariness produces impartially in scholar and amateur a corresponding depression of mind and mood.

A more serious apprehension is that the results of a century of scholarship

are frivolously to be repudiated. Just as the history of art begins to be clear, at the moment when our museums have laboriously achieved something like a scientific order, all this is to give way to an irresponsible dilettantism. Proved educational values are to yield to vaguely surmised æsthetic values. Here again speaks sheer misunderstanding of the thing intended. The approved academic classifications will apply absolutely to the study department of a new-style museum, — that is to the great majority of its exhibits, — while in the public halls the basis of installation will still be historical in the main. Archæology is not to be abolished, but put to new and finer uses.

All this will appear plainly when we imagine the selective process applied in concrete cases. Let us take, for example, the Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities at New York. Here is a bulky exhibition of pottery and sculpture of very slight artistic value, being the product of routine craftsmen who worked apart from the finer examples of antique art. It contains duplicates in confusing and tedious numbers. It occupies nearly an acre of immensely costly floor space. Its archæological interest is, however, considerable, for Cyprus was a rendezvous for Grecian, Asiatic, and Egyptian traders, and its art reflected fitfully all these influences. What disposition would be made of such a collection in a new-style museum?

First, the duplicates would be weeded out and exchanged with other museums. Then, the bulk of the material would be transferred to a study department. Finally, the small remnant — I may guess a twentieth part — would be exhibited in chronological order as an adjunct to the major classical collections. The gain from such a redistribution would be a saving of space amounting probably to two-thirds of the present allotment, and the consequent recovery of space much needed for collections of the first importance; the representation of Cypriote art

by its best examples, freed from the confusing presence of the rest, and the elimination from the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of an unwieldy and unattractive mass of inferior and provincial objects. On the lower grounds of economy such a reform is evidently preferable to the present condition; on the higher ground of public service, such a rearrangement would at once show Cypriote antiquity at its best and would place it in perspective with classical antiquity generally. From this point of view the single small gallery containing the remnant deemed worthy of public exhibition would be not only more enjoyable but more truly educational than the dreary and almost deserted precincts now devoted to the entire Cesnola collection.

That no anti-scientific iconoclasm is intended in an anthological museum may be even more clearly seen in the galleries in which the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has partially illustrated the selective principle. These trial exhibits of Greek vases and of Japanese painting and sculpture are none the less historical because the basis of selection has been purely æsthetic. In other words, once the finer objects have been chosen, the arrangement has been made in the light of approved archæological results. In that delightful gray room in which the hieratic school of Japan is represented by a dozen paintings and as many sculptures, only a hopeless pedant could object to the arrangement on scientific grounds. In fact it differs from an ordinary museum exhibit only in these regards — all the objects are of very fine quality, the room is decorated and lighted with respect to the objects it contains, only a few things are shown, and these have been installed both in view of a general artistic effect and so that each shall enhance its neighbors. Finally — a detail but an important one — these exquisite works requiring time and tranquillity for their proper appreciation have been put in a hall that cannot be used as a thoroughfare, hav-

ing only one door. I should repeat that there is nothing antiscientific or anti-chronological in this pioneer gallery. It represents merely an attempt to give its contents their primary value as works of art, archæology becoming a useful if a subordinate auxiliary of the endeavor. Now I can conceive objections to the hall of Greek vases and to that of Japanese painting and sculpture, for we are in the realm of tact and taste, where opinions will naturally differ; but I think no candid visitor will deny their attractiveness. No galleries in the Museum afford a higher or more tranquil enjoyment. Moreover, if exhibits of this sort, containing to the untrained eye a great number of virtual duplicates, are to be seen at all, it can be only on condition of selection. A little observation of halls containing small or seemingly uniform objects — coins, medals, little bronzes, terra-cottas — will show that the average visitor simply overlooks such exhibits. They remain as much unseen, except for an occasional student, as if they were in our projected study departments. In fine, so apparently precious an arrangement as that of Greek painted vases or Japanese priestly art at Boston in reality bespeaks a shrewd and practical consideration of palpable defects in the ruling system of museum exhibition.

IV

It is strange, then, that the advocates of this eminently practical reform have been treated as visionaries if not fanatics. And in view of these specimen galleries there is some lack of candor in branding the anthological idea as merely amateurish or dangerously subjective. It seems to be feared that a new-style museum would consist of a blue Ming vase, a Persian tile, a few Whistler lithographs, and a bit of tapestry in the public galleries, and all the rest tucked away in the study department. We are assured that the public galleries would resemble nothing so much as the private office

of a high-class antiquarian. For purposes of caricature this may serve well enough. To those who dread a reform, it is agreeable to represent it as a revolution. It has even been asserted that a dual museum was inherently so impossible that no architect could draw the plans for the building required by the theorists; but the plans for the new Boston Museum are published and may be studied by all doubters. One may well trust to time to allay the distrust of the conservatives. The proof of this pudding too will be in the eating. The academic contingent will cease to grudge the largesse proposed for the public, when it is perceived that science is not to be taxed therefor.

Indeed the critical pass for the reformers may well prove to be the conquest of the public. It is a bold surmise that our people are on an average capable of receiving fine and selected impressions of art. There is much probability that the sheer bigness of our museums, their random appeal to untrained curiosities, constitutes a kind of attractiveness. To the casual visitor, who is largely incapable of grasping a historic scheme of exhibition, the Metropolitan Museum may well present in more dignified form the diverse titillations of the mind that one secures in more drastic form from the reading of the Sunday newspaper. With this habit of dealing joyously with the big, vague, and indigestible, the advocates of the anthological idea must reckon seriously. One of the most distinguished of these once said to me, "What if the people should refuse to visit the halls we arrange for them, and should crowd the study departments?" So whimsical a failure might indeed be possible if the change were made too abruptly and with too little regard for the habits of the public. I doubt seriously, for example, if a whole museum arranged as austere as the specimen Japanese room at Boston, could hope to hold its attendance. But in this matter a certain amount of com-

mon sense is presupposed on the part of the administrators of the reform. Evidently the selection of the "best" objects must be made not absolutely, but in the light of the actual state of the collections. Concretely, if the Boston Museum should decide to show only those paintings that may be said to rank with the world's best, it might possibly show a half-dozen. But obviously no such arbitrary selection would be made by any sensible curator. By the "best" he would merely understand the most available, considering the state of culture of his public, the richness of the collections, and the especial claims of the local and national schools of art. In short, these things are a matter of tact and delicate adjustment between the museum and the people it serves. The important thing is merely that the academic and pedagogic function should not be confused with that of genuine popularization. As regards the public, the standard, however prudently relative, must invariably be æsthetic and humane; as regards the special student it may properly be quantitative and merely historical.

And here I must deal reluctantly with that profounder skepticism which denies the validity of all æsthetic judgments — reluctantly because it involves a peculiarly pathetic dilettantism that frequently afflicts the most learned scholars. Who shall venture to choose the best, they ask? Who shall rashly impose his individual preference upon another? When we say that an object is of copper or iron; is painting or sculpture; is of such a period, school, and master, we deal with indisputable facts, beyond which it is perilous to go. To ascertain and illustrate such facts is the whole duty of a museum. When, however, we say that a thing is beautiful, or, more hardily, that it is of the first, second, or third order of beauty, we are no longer in the charted realm of fact but in the shadow world of opinion. Here is no certitude. Every man's taste is valid for himself: none may presume to instruct

another. The taste of a navy who strolls into a picture gallery is quite as authoritative, or, better, quite as nugatory, as that of its trained curator. Accordingly the task of a museum is to grow systematically in the sunshine of science, avoiding the moonshine of æsthetic uncertainties. Evidently, if this objection is based on any truth, it is decisive. But it is based not on truth at all, but upon a strangely morbid timidity in the academic temperament. It is a typical idol of the scientific cave. Unquestionably such impotence of taste frequently exists in specialists. Charles Darwin has recorded the gradual withering of his æsthetic life. It has remained for our times to exalt this incapacity, this malady of the soul, into a high scientific virtue.

With this sweeping denial of human capacity I need not deal at length. Happily the normal mind rejects it, and life itself constantly gives it the lie. In such ordinary matters as the selection of our tea and wine we depend upon æsthetic affirmations, and in the higher issues of taste a considerable, a wholly practical, consensus exists in every field. No publisher is seriously nonplussed when he promises the hundred best authors. Archæology itself boldly asserts the superiority of Greek originals to Greco-Roman copies, an axiom which would be rank nonsense — being based solely on perception of artistic quality — if the dicta of taste are worthless. Opinions naturally differ widely as to the world's best music, but no opera or philharmonic has any practical difficulty in deciding what it will admit to its repertory. In short, men and organizations do habitually what our agnostics assert that no museum can hope to do. A working consensus of competent æsthetic opinion is, in fact, so every-day a phenomenon, that its denial savors simply of an abnormal experience of life. So the deaf deny that one song is more beautiful than another, or the reality of song itself. But, happily, no absurdity is quite without its gleam of reasonableness. It is true that the

decisions of taste are not absolute but relative. This, we shall see, is an advantage, permitting each age to emphasize what is most valuable to it. And it is true also that the best individual taste has its vagaries. But this means only that when one chooses for a number he should do so liberally and in consultation with those whose opinion is of weight. Common sense is required of all administrators, and fortunately there is no reason to believe that the skeptical scientists of to-day hold a monopoly of that indispensable quality. In short a new-style curator will occasionally blunder in matters of taste, just as an old-style curator will in matters of fact, purchasing forgeries or the like, and yet both may be excellent officials. All that we may exact in either case is practical efficiency in the long run. To close a tedious argument, the gist of the matter lies here. When an archaeologist denies the practical authority of verdicts in taste, we must believe that the statement is true of himself alone. He is incapable of rendering such judgments, and has generalized rashly from his individual limitation. In a scholar's museum, where taste is of minor import, he may be useful, nay indispensable; in a popular museum he has no place.

v

The objections to the anthological idea have been considered at length, less because they are weighty than because they are held by persons of weight. Before we pass again to the more inviting theme of art galleries for the people, one more difficulty — the dead-weight of the past — should be frankly admitted. Many museums are hopelessly committed by their traditions, others are housed in buildings that permit the application of the selective process either not at all or most imperfectly. In such cases the reform must bide its time. It is chiefly the rare good fortune of having a new building in hand that gives the Boston Museum of Fine Arts the opportunity not merely to

conceive but also to realize the popular museum of the future. Into the pleasure halls of such a museum let us try to enter in imagination.

The first impression is one of roominess. The limitation of the exhibits to the finest has permitted the staff to do in reality what museum officials have always endeavored to do, but under terrible disadvantages — namely, to display their treasures in perfect light, with a proper allowance of space, and in an attractive order. There is no sense of a disorderly or anarchical arrangement. The old classification by material, period, and school still holds. Indeed the new gallery seems merely a sublimation of the familiar, more confusing sort. It yields fewer, finer, and more precise impressions. Only as we study the arrangement more narrowly do we perceive an innovation. For sound reasons of taste, there is some mixture of exhibits of various materials. The curators have acted on the principle that art is a product not of the classifiers but of an individual human life. The bad old days when Antonio Pollaiuolo, because he was at once a painter, sculptor, and goldsmith, must be sought in four Florentine museums, are passing rapidly. These new-style curators deem it folly to show Körin as painter, without at least representing him near-by as designer of lacquers and bijoux. They perceive that the low relief of the Italian Renaissance is only in a narrow sense sculpture at all, being really a form of graphic design in stone or metal. Hence, as occasion serves, they have not hesitated to show bas-reliefs, or even sculpture in the round, beside the paintings that it enhances or illustrates.

Repeated visits to these new galleries will reveal a new attraction — a variety within the prevailing uniformity. While the major exhibits remain unchanged, the incidental exhibits in each hall are periodically renewed. In this manner the finest portion of the more unmanageable collections is brought persuasively before the visitor in carefully selected groups.

We enjoy seriatim a whole class of lovely small objects at which we only gaped dismally when they were aligned by the hundreds in forbidding aisles of show-cases.

The museum itself is arranged to suit our convenience and to restrain our unrest. Each main department — painting, sculpture, textiles, etc. — constitutes a round in itself. One is not compelled to take a distracting course through alien exhibits to reach the galleries he seeks. An even greater comfort — one is not pushed or spilled from one hall into other and wholly unrelated collections. Seats are the rule and not the exception. At chosen points in each round there are resting-places, the windows of which give on gardens or courts. Everything makes for ease and reflection, and swift tours à la Cook are heavily penalized because one must always return to the distributing centre before attacking a new department. To commit the imbecility of visiting the whole museum in a half-day is physically impossible. The galleries, then, are absolutely free from anything like a procession of people who are merely finding their way about. One must choose what he will see, on entering. The visitors have no longer that vague harassed look which we so often noted in the old museums, for the chief cause of museum-fag has been removed. The most restless person must perforce limit himself to comparatively few, fine, and congruous impressions. The taste and intelligence of the staff have interposed between the vastness of the collections and the untrained zeal of the public.

As we frequently enter the great building or, rather, group of buildings, we gradually learn to appreciate how modestly and well it serves its purpose. It is treated simply as so many well-lighted boxes for the treasures it contains. It bespeaks not the pomp and wealth of our day, but reverence for the art of old times. It is monumental only in so far as its great bulk and carefully studied proportions make it so. It is nowhere

ornate, reflecting a high and even a beautiful utilitarianism, like a fine hospital. As our admiration for it grows, we recall with regret and even shame the many museums of our time that represent merely the vanity or the negligent opulence of their founders — impudent and irrelevant expressions of the most ephemeral art of our day, neither housing nor even lighting properly the works of art to which they have been nominally devoted; at best pale and remote echoes of the real palaces that for real reasons had become museums. But we shall bear this humiliating retrospect with the better grace, because we realize that in the past this simple and serviceable building must put an end to those old, dull, spendthrift days.

By this time our imaginary visitor will have the curiosity perhaps to visit the study department downstairs. A small group of Tanagra figurines has whetted his appetite for more. With some trepidation he approaches the doorkeeper, and learns to his relief that, to consult the curator of classical art, one need only sign a register. Going downstairs, our amateur passes several cabinets in which students are working, a lecture hall, and finally enters an office, which, since the curator is of course an expert archæologist, contains a small working library. Before inquiring about the figurines our amateur's curiosity leads him to ask for general information about the arrangement of this strange museum, and the following colloquy ensues:—

AMATOR. Good day, Dr. Museologist.

MUSEOLOGUS. Please be seated, Mr. Amator.

AM. I am not a student and I fear to take your time, but I have traveled much and have visited many museums for my pleasure. Yours has given me many delightful hours and has never fatigued me. There seems to be some mysterious attractiveness in your system of exhibition, and I venture to ask you where the secret lies.

Mus. The matter is really very simple. We show in the public galleries only those objects that are beautiful enough in our judgment to appeal immediately to our average visitor. Beyond this we merely limit our exhibitions of small objects to the number that can readily be enjoyed. We change these small displays periodically, for the sake of variety, and to make it an object to visit our galleries frequently.

Am. Yes, I understand that. In fact I am here because I could n't wait for the next batch of Tanagra figurines. But —

Mus. (complacently). Yes, I thought that group must bring us recruits. You are the fourth. You see these little exhibitions are often an excellent bait. They draw people down here to the study collection. My assistant will gladly show you any or all of the terra-cottas.

Am. But I was going to say that your principle of selection does not wholly explain the charm of this museum. Your exhibits might be the finest and yet the effect confusing and wearisome. Here I find a remarkably simple and attractive scheme of exhibition. You hardly attain such effects without having some consistent principle.

Mus. You have an analytical mind, sir. Most of our visitors find the arrangement so inevitable that they give us scant credit for intelligence, and some even object to the simplicity you justly admire. Yes, we have a principle, — a very simple one: we try to discover and reveal the museum value of the objects we exhibit.

Am. Pardon me, but the word is new to me, and I understand it only vaguely.

Mus. Then, to illustrate: a Greek statue of a mediæval altarpiece has a primary value in its respective temple or chapel. The moment the statue leaves its temple or the picture its chapel that primary value is lost, except as we may try to reproduce it in the imagination. The statue may gain a notable secondary value in the villa of a Roman patrician or the garden of an Italian despot, but its

placing and lighting, indeed its æsthetic appreciation, must now be determined not by its original but by its new use. Suppose now the statue and picture come into a museum. Our task is merely to give them maximum effectiveness as museum exhibits. We could of course imitate their original setting, but that would be a costly stupidity — a mere theatrical illusion of the poorer sort.

Am. But suppose you could get a portion of a real temple or even the original chapel of which you speak, would not that be the ideal setting? I recall the Bavarian Museum at Munich where many ancient interior fittings have been transported to serve as galleries. One sees the utensils of old time in the very places in which they were used. Suppose that this could generally be done, might it not be desirable?

Mus. Almost never. You did n't notice, I presume, that many of the interiors of the Bavarian Museum were mediocre modern facsimiles.

Am. No, is that so?

Mus. Naturally you did n't see it, because the difference between a mediocre but ancient interior and a bad modern copy of a fine ancient one is after all slight. Here is the real difficulty with your view: there are almost no interiors or fragments of buildings that are at once beautiful enough for museum exhibits and also available for that purpose. If we had such objects we should rarely show them upstairs. We should be very glad to get good examples for our study department.

Am. For museum galleries, then, you favor neither imitations of ancient interior decorations nor even the originals.

Mus. Precisely. For even if these transplanted decorations were intrinsically fine enough, we could use them as exhibition galleries only by offending both history and our modern sense of fitness. An old interior filled with miscellaneous objects of the period is a mere pretense archaeologically. No such ensemble ever existed in the past. Again, if we over-

crowd it, it loses its effect as a composition; while if we use fine objects merely as subordinate decoration for such an interior, they lose that special museum value which it is our business to bring out. The point is to show to the public nothing that is false, misleading, confusing to the mind, or of slight æsthetic value.

AM. I think we agree, and that brings me back to what you had begun to say about museum values. They are, I suppose, considerably less than what you call primary æsthetic values.

MUS. Not necessarily so, or, rather, the two values are so different that it is futile to compare them. There are often obvious gains. An altarpiece may at least be seen in a gallery better than in the gloom of its chapel. Whole passages of delicate workmanship originally obscured become part of its museum value. Besides, it may be seen apart from ugly or incongruous surroundings. We at least may detach a fine work from the pathetic rubbish which the Church has massed about it. We can show it too among other beautiful works that serve as its foil or explanation.

AM. Pardon me, but I have sometimes thought that a noble work of art severed from the definite conditions under which it was made actually gains a kind of abstract beauty. By breaking the chain of historic association we have also released it from many accidental relations. Possibly we thus get nearer the ultimate endeavor towards beauty in the artist's mind — nearer the Platonic form of the picture, which certainly underlies and transcends the fact that it is a Holy Family painted for such a patron, in such a year, for such an altar. I talk vaguely, I fear, but it seems to me that in the galleries above you have managed often to get at this thing.

MUS. You have divined the spirit of the place. That is what we try to do, and if we have in any measure succeeded, you need not too greatly regret the temple that crumbles in Greece, the chapel that

has given place to the public square in Italy.

AM. In short we have the beauty that remains, and that must be sufficient.

MUS. To see that you really get that is the highest duty of an art museum. But I want you to realize that our function is after all a very simple and practical one. We merely have faith in the beautiful objects we keep. We believe they convey their exhilarating influence whenever they are really seen. Our part is merely to make it easy to see them. Thus we study with the greatest care, scientifically you might say, the lighting of our galleries, and the tinting of walls and floors. We treat every class of exhibits and every hall as a special case avoiding the old uniformity, and above all else, eschewing the old pseudo-palatial ornateness. We show only a few things in any gallery, making them balance and embellish each other. Things that belong together as the work of one artist in several mediums, we put together in spite of our general classification. In short, we treat with human respect and simplicity the relatively few things we exhibit. We do as little as possible, trusting the light and the work of art to make their joint appeal effective.

AM. Very good, but I presume your successor, and even more your remote successors, will make great changes in the public galleries. Taste shifts, you know.

MUS. I certainly hope so. My successor must serve not my public but his own. If he finds worthy of the galleries many objects which I have kept in the study department, why, so much the better. His taste ought to be better than mine, his public more enlightened than that of to-day. Indeed, the strength of this kind of a museum is that it responds sensitively to the best contemporary taste, giving each generation what it is most prepared to appreciate. Because we realize the relativity of our own judgments we alienate nothing but duplicates. We are unwilling to tie the hands of those to come. And precisely in the flexibility

you note lies our advantage over the merely archæological museums. Their classification is abstract, impersonal, and rigid, with the result that at any one time half their galleries are dead as regards the people. We have no dead galleries.

AM. Only one more matter. As this museum grows, will it not from mere expansion come once more to resemble the old-style museums?

MUS. A shrewd and a fair question. No. As fast as we get finer objects we make place for them by removing relatively inferior objects from the galleries to the study department. For each public department we have fixed a limit of growth. Whenever that limit is reached, that gallery will remain stationary as regards size, improving, however, in quality as poorer are replaced by finer exhibits.

AM. Then, looking forward to the remote future, you will have public galleries always richer in beautiful works of art —

MUS. And so ever more productive of pleasure and culture for the people.

AM. And study collections ever gaining in size and representative quality.

MUS. Hence progressively more interesting and valuable to students and investigators.

AM. My dear sir, it seems ideal. You will permit me to congratulate you upon engaging in so engrossing a profession.

MUS. Rather let me congratulate the museum on receiving so appreciative a visitor. You must go? You are always welcome here. May I show you the terra-cottas?

AM. Not to-day. I must go upstairs again and take my museum values more intelligently, in view of what you have kindly said.

MUS. Not too seriously, I beg of you; enjoy yourself merely, and when you want to work, come down here. Good-day.

AM. Many thanks. Good-day.

Some such talk I seem to have heard in a dream, and I have learned to believe that the dreams of to-day are often the stuff out of which the realities of to-morrow are shaped.

ROSE MACLEOD¹

BY ALICE BROWN

VIII

Peter made up his mind to display, at last, all the guile he had; he would say nothing about Rose. If Electra had attempted to call on her, she might impart the fact to him or not, as she determined. But Electra did not wait to be asked. She turned to him with a serious air, inquiring, —

"When is Miss MacLeod likely to be back?"

"Rose?" Peter countered, obstinately. "At dinner-time, surely."

"I shall try to find her then."

Peter felt such an access of gratitude that, as he looked down at the charmingly gloved hands, holding the reins in the right way, he thought of conveying his emotion by placing his own hand over them. But their masterful ease had a message of its own. It seemed almost as if they might resist. He cast about for something to please her.

"Electra," he began, "I'm going to pitch into work with Osmond."

Electra looked at him over a chin superbly lifted. This was evidently sur-

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prise, but whether disdainful of him or not he could not tell. At any rate he felt whimsically miserable under it.

"Osmond works on the farm," she said merely.

Peter inferred some belittling of Osmond, and immediately he was at one with him and market-gardening.

"I belong to the Brotherhood," he said stiffly. "I don't propose to live like a bondholder while other fellows are hoeing. I'm going to work."

Still Electra said nothing. She had meant to stop at her own gate and let Peter leave her, if he would, but she had driven by, and now they were in a pretty reach of pines, with the needles under the horse's feet. The reins lay loosely, and Electra, who seldom did anything without a painstaking consciousness, even forgot her driving, and let her hands relax into an unlawful ease. They might almost tremble, she was afraid, she felt so undone with some emotion, — disappointment, anger? She did not know. But she kept her eyes fixed on a spot directly ahead, and in spite of herself, thought turbulently. She could not help feeling that Peter would be surprised if he knew how he seemed to her after this return, almost a stranger, and one who awoke in her no desire for further acquaintance. He was not ministering to her pride in any way. He was not in the least a person whom she could flaunt at gatherings of the intellectually worshipful, with any chance of his doing her credit. She herself had tried to talk art with him, and Peter grew dumb. She could not guess it was because she did not speak his language, which had become almost a sign language, touched here and there with idiom and the rest understood, — a jargon of technicalities, mostly, it seemed, humorous, he appeared to mean them so lightly. Before he went abroad, she, who had read exhaustively in art, used to impart fact and theory to him in a serious fashion, and Peter had humbly accepted them. But now, when she opened her lips

about his darling work which was so intimate a part of him that it was almost like play, he had a queer horror of what she was saying, as if she were beginning a persistent solo on a barbarous instrument; he could think of nothing but putting his hands over his ears and running off. But instead he had only been silent. She could not understand Peter's having read so few books and being in possession of such a meagre treasury of formulated opinion. The truth was that he had so many pleasant things to think about that books were only the dullard's task. His thoughts were not very consecutive or toward any particular end; they were merely a pageant of dancing figures, sometimes fantastic, sometimes dramatically grave, but always absorbing. This Electra could not know. Now it was running through her mind that Peter, though he had won the great prizes of art, was mysteriously dull and not what she considered a distinguished figure at all. His air, his clothes even — she found herself shrinking a little, at the moment, from the slovenly figure he made, his long legs drawn up in the carriage so that he could clasp his hands about his knees, while he went brightly on. For now Peter had found something to talk about. His topic shone before him as he handled it. This was almost like painting a picture with a real brush on real canvas, it grew so fast.

"We might found a community," he was urging as warmly, she thought, as if he meant it. "Osmond can dig. I can. I wonder if you could milk the cow!"

"I have certainly never tried to milk a cow," said Electra, in a tone that bit.

But Peter was n't listening. He was simply pleasing his own creative self.

"You should n't," he offered generously. "You should

'Sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And live on ripe strawberries, sugar and cream.'

Electra pulled the horse up, and though this was the narrowest bit of road for a mile, turned, with a masterly hand.

"How under the sun do you do that?" Peter was asking pleasantly. She interrogated him with a glance, and saw him hunched together in more general abandon. The happier Peter was in his own thoughts and the warmer the sun shone on him, the looser his joints became. To Electra he looked like a vagabond, but she was conscious that if for a moment he would act the part of a great painter, she would bid him sit up, try to get him into a proper cravat, and marry him tomorrow. Careless Peter was quite oblivious to the effect he was creating. He had forgotten Electra, save as some one possessed of two ears to listen.

"Turn," he pursued. "How can you turn? I never could. I remember I took you to drive once, ages ago, and I had to keep on in a thunder shower, round the five-mile curve, because I did n't dare to let you know I could n't cramp the wheel."

Electra remembered the day. Peter was timidly worshipful of her then, and she had found that quite appropriate in him. She remembered the lightning, and how satisfied she had been to go round the five-mile curve, if only to show that she was not timid in a storm. Then it seemed as if Peter had been unable to forego the delight of having her with him, but now it appeared that he could absently sit there hugging his knees, and guying the occasion.

"I believe I can cramp the wheel," he was saying sunnily, out of an absolute content in his limitations. "Only I never can remember which rein does it. Can you turn either way, Electra, right or left, one just as well as the other?"

Electra could not answer in that vein.

"Don't!" she said involuntarily.

In some moods Peter had a habit of not waiting for answers.

"It's beyond me how they do those things," he was saying, "drive, ride, swim. Should n't you like to be a fish? I should be mighty proud."

"Shall I leave you here?" asked Electra, drawing up at his gate.

Peter came out of his childish muse. He saw Rose in the garden, and knew it was better that Electra should find her alone.

"Yes, let me out," he said. "I'll run back and see if Osmond is where I left him."

Electra also had seen Rose, lying in the long chair under the grape arbor, and left her carriage at the gate. Rose was in white. A book lay in her lap, unopened. The idle hands had clasped, and her eyes were closed. Electra, coming upon her, felt a pang, an inexplicable one, at her loveliness. It seemed half lassitude, not alone to challenge pity, but a renewed and poignant interest when she should awake. At Electra's step her eyes came open slowly, as if there were nothing in that garden ground to move her. Then with a rush of color to the face, her eyes grew large. Life, surprised life, poured in on her, and she had gained her feet with a spring. Before Electra could insist upon her own decorous distance, Rose, with a charming gesture and an insistent cordiality, had her by both hands.

"How good of you," she was saying. "How good of you!"

"Not at all," returned Electra, with a stiff dignity she hated, as not in the least the armor she had meant to wear. "I came to see if you would drive over to the house." This she had not meant to ask, but it seemed easier to deal with problematic characters in the course of motion than face to face and standing. Rose was eagerly ready.

"My hat is here," she cried, "and my parasol. I thought I might walk up the road a bit, — but it was so hot. How good of you!"

As they went down the path together, Rose in her slender grace and eager motions the significant note in the garden, Electra felt the irritation of having, for any reason, committed herself to even a short intimacy with her. But presently they were together in the carriage, and Electra spoke.

"My grandmother is at home this morning. We have a guest for a few days, Mr. William Stark, of London. I thought you might be interested in meeting them both."

"I shall be delighted," returned Rose, still in that warmly impulsive tone.

Electra had a strong distaste for unconsidered things. They seemed to her to show lack of poise. Now she was conscious of the inconsistency of proposing that Rose should meet anybody, even Billy Stark. But in the moment of conceiving it she had remembered that Mr. Stark was a man of the world; he would know an adventuress when he saw one. Afterwards she would ask him frankly how his judgment had been affected by the siren's song.

At the house she led the way into the vine-shaded sitting-room where Madam Fulton and Stark had been engaged for an hour in a battle delightful to them both. Madam Fulton sat beautifully upright in a straight-backed chair, and her old friend, with her permission, lay upon a bamboo couch, where he held his eyeglass by its ribbon in one outstretched hand and gesticulated with it, while he urged torrentially upon her the rights of a publisher to the confidence of his author. Now he came to his feet and stood punctiliously.

"Ah!" said Madam Fulton. She had remembered a little lack in her reception of Rose when, hot and tired from her journey, she had found her in the house. "So here is our young lady again. I have been wondering why we have n't seen you, my dear."

While Rose, in her grateful sweetness, was bowing over her hand, Electra had said to the gentleman, with the air of its being quite the usual thing to say, —

"You know all about Markham MacLeod, Mr. Stark. This is the daughter of Markham MacLeod."

Somehow, save to Rose, it seemed an adequate presentation, and that instant Stark was bowing before her.

"I can't say Mr. MacLeod," Electra

added, with the elaborate grace that fitted what seemed to her that skillful preface. "He is quite too great for that, is n't he, Mr. Stark?"

Billy had no extravagant opinion of Markham MacLeod. He had rather the natural dubiousness of the inquiring mind toward a man whom the world delighted to honor and who had, according to dispassionate standards, done nothing, as yet, save telling others what to do.

"We don't say Mr. Browning, often," he concurred, "certainly not Mr. Shakespeare. But, my dear young lady, I don't forgive your father."

He seated himself, for Electra was now decorously smiling in a chair that became her. It had a high carved top like Madam Fulton's, and in these the older woman and the younger looked like the finest-fibred beings bred out of endurance and strong virtues. Rose was in a low chair near Madam Fulton's knee. She was leaning forward now, listening in her receptive way, and Billy Stark looked at her anew and wondered at her beauty and her grace. But he recalled himself with a sigh, and remembered it was the old commonplace — youth — and it was not for him.

"You don't forgive my father?" she repeated, with a slightly foreign accent that came sometimes upon her tongue, no one knew why, whether to enhance her charm or in unconsciousness. "Why?"

Billy Stark had thrown one of his short legs over the other, and held it with his well-kept hand.

"He is a renegade," he said. "He began to write, and stopped writing. You can't expect a publisher to condone that."

Madam Fulton was having a strange pang of liking and envy as she looked at the girl, one such as she never felt over Electra. Rose for her, too, had youth, beautiful and pathetic also. As the girl only smiled without answering, she said kindly, —

"Your father got very much interested in people, did n't he, my dear? the working classes?"

"Labor," said Electra, as if it were a war-cry.

Madam Fulton glanced at her involuntarily, with a satirical thought. Electra had a maternal attitude toward her servants, shown, her grandmother thought, chiefly by interfering in their private lives. She worked tirelessly at clubs to raise money for labor, and she listened to the most arid talks on the situation of the day. But did Electra love her fellow-man? Madam Fulton did not know. She had seen no sign of it. But Rose was returning one of her vague answers that always seemed significant, and, to any partial ear, quite adequate.

"My father founded what he calls the Brotherhood. He speaks for it. He works for it. But you know that already."

Stark nodded.

"I know," he said. "It is tremendous. He says to this man, 'Come,' and he cometh, and so on. I should think it would make him lie awake o' nights."

"No," said Rose, smiling brilliantly in a way she had when the smile had no honest mirth in it, "my father never lies awake. Responsibility is the last thing he fears."

Now Electra was smiling upon her so persuasively that Rose bent toward the look as if it were a species of sunshine.

"We want you to do something for us," Electra said.

"Oh, I'll do it," Rose was responding eagerly. "Gladly."

"We want you to give us a talk on your father."

Rose, painfully thrown back upon herself, looked her discomfort.

"Do you mean —" she began. "That was what you asked me before."

"For the Club."

"They want me to give a talk on my book," said Madam Fulton, looking at Stark with a direct mirth. Then, still with a meaning for him, she added, to Rose, "You do it, my dear. So will I, if they drive me to it. We'll surprise them."

"That would be very sweet of you, grandmother," said Electra, innocent of

hidden meanings. "Then we might count on two afternoons."

"What do you want to know about my father?" asked Rose, and Electra answered with a contrasting enthusiasm, —

"His habit of thought, something about his daily life as seen by those nearest him, anything to interpret a great man to us."

"I can't do it." Rose had answered with a touch of harshness strangely contrasted with her facile ways. "I really can't."

Now she saw why she had been summoned, and her gratitude sobered into dull distaste. She felt cold.

"That sort of thing is very difficult," said Stark, in a general desire to quell the emotional tide. "I often think a person next us has to be inarticulate about us. He does n't know really what he thinks of us till we are gone. You know a big Frenchman says it is like being inside the works of a clock. You can't tell the time there. You have to go outside."

Rose was upon her feet, a lovely figure, wistful and mysteriously sad.

"I must go back," she said. "Thank you for letting me come." She had turned away when Madam Fulton called to her.

"Miss MacLeod!" Rose stood, arrested. Madam Fulton continued, "Why not stay to luncheon with us?"

The girl did not answer. Apparently she could not. Tears were swimming in her eyes. She looked at Electra in what might be reproach or a despair at the futility of the fight she had to make. She returned to Madam Fulton and stood before her.

"You did n't know," she said, in a low tone. "No one has told you!"

"Sit down," said the old lady kindly. "What is it?"

Rose stood before her, proudly now, her back turned upon Electra, as if she repudiated one source of justice and appealed to another court.

"You called me Miss MacLeod," she said, in her full-throated voice. "I was your grandson's wife."

"Tom's wife!" cried the old lady, in a sharp staccato. "Tom's wife! For heaven's sake!"

Rose turned from her to Stark with an eloquent insistence. Electra, outside the circle of the drama, stood ignored. But Madam Fulton called to her, —

"Electra, do you hear?"

"I have heard it," answered Electra, with composure.

"You have heard it? Why did n't you tell me?"

But Electra made no reply. Madam Fulton gave way to her excitement. It seemed to put new blood into her veins.

"Sit down here," she said imperiously, pushing forward a chair. Rose sank upon it in a dignified obedience. "Now tell me, — how long were you married?"

"Two years."

"Did Tom —" there were many things the old lady, knowing Tom, wished to ask. But Tom was in his grave, and she contented herself with remarking, "I certainly am petrified."

Stark gave a little smiling nod to them, and began making his way to the door. It seemed to him emphatically that this was a family conclave.

"Billy," called the old lady, "did you ever hear of such a thing in your life? Tom had a wife two years before he died, and not a word. Did you ever dream of such a thing? Electra, I could trounce you for not telling me." Then, as no one spoke, she asked sharply, "Does Peter know?"

"Yes, Madam Fulton," Rose returned. "He brought me here. Not quite that. He assured me I might come."

"Come! of course you had to come. You belong here. Why are n't you staying with us? Electra, have n't you seen to it?"

Electra was immovable, and the other girl turned to her a mute glance. To Billy Stark it said many things. Reproach was in it, and a challenging, almost a hard appeal. Rose looked like a gentle thing that has been forced to fight. But she spoke to Madam Fulton.

"I must go," she said, with her exquisite deference. "I must n't tire you."

"Tire me! I'm never tired. Well, you must come again. You must come to stay. Electra will see to that."

But Electra only walked to the library door with the departing guest, and presently Billy Stark caught the white shimmer of a gown, as Rose went down the path. Electra was looking eagerly from him to her grandmother.

"Well, Mr. Stark," she said, as if she hurried him. "What do you think of her?"

Stark indicated a chair, with a courteous motion, and then allowed himself to be seated.

"She is a remarkably beautiful young woman," he returned, in his impartial way of shedding optimism.

Electra made an impatient gesture.

"I know — I know. It's easy enough to be handsome."

"Oh, is it?" commented Madam Fulton.

"But what do you think of her?"

"What do you mean, Electra?" asked her grandmother testily. She was prepared to hear that Electra thought the stranger lacking in poise.

A deep red had risen to Electra's cheeks. Her hands flew together in a nervous clasp. She had momentarily lost what poise she herself possessed.

"Can't you see," she urged, "that girl is an adventuress?"

Grandmother was leaning forward, enchanted at the prospect. She seemed to have before her an absorbing work of fiction, "concluded in our next."

"Now what makes you think so?" she inquired cosily. "Would n't that be grand! Stay here, Billy. If there's any scandal about Queen Elizabeth, you must share it."

Electra was speaking with a high impatience.

"Of course she is an adventuress. You must see it, both of you."

"Is that all the evidence you have?" asked the old lady dryly.

Electra blenched a little. She liked to have irrefutable fact on her side, and allow other people the generalities. Yet her certainty remained untouched.

"Does Peter say she is Tom's wife?" inquired Madam Fulton, in some scorn at herself for putting elementary questions.

"Yes. Peter says she was Tom's wife."

"There, you see!" But at Electra's look, the old lady cried out to Stark, in irrepressible annoyance, "No, she does n't see! It does n't mean a thing to her."

"It will be quite easy," said Stark soothingly, "to assure yourself, Miss Electra. She will no doubt tell you where she was married. That can be confirmed at once."

"She must present her proofs," said Electra. "I shall not ask for them."

"What do you hate the poor girl for?" asked Madam Fulton. "Is it the money? Are you afraid you've got to share with her?"

Billy Stark had been nearing the door, and now he was out of the room.

"Have you told Peter how you feel about it?" asked the old lady keenly.

Electra seemed to herself to be unjustly upon her own defense when she had meant to place the stranger there.

"He knows it, grandmother." She spoke as impatiently as decorum would allow.

The old lady watched her for a moment, steadily. Then she inquired, —

"Do you know what's the matter with you, Electra?"

"With me, grandmother?"

"You're jealous, child. You're jealous of Peter, because the girl's so pretty."

Electra stood still, the color surging over her face. She felt out of doors for all the world to jeer at, and without the blameless habit of her life. Nothing, Electra told herself, even at that moment, had the value of the truth. If she believed herself to be jealous, she must not shirk it, degrading as it was. But she would not believe it.

"You must excuse me, grandmother," she said, with dignity. "I can't discuss such things, even with you."

Madam Fulton spoke quite eagerly.

"But, bless you, child, I like you the better for it. It makes you human. Your decorum is the only thing I've ever had to complain of. If I could find a weakness in you now and then, we should agree like two peas in a pod."

Electra stood taller and straighter.

"At least," she said, "the young woman is here, and we have got to do our best about it."

"The young woman! Don't talk as if she were a kitchen wench. What's the use, Electra! What's the sense in being so irreproachable? Come off your stilts while we're alone together."

"But, grandmother," said Electra, with an accession of firmness, and leaving irrelevant strictures to be considered in the silence of her room, "I shall neither acknowledge her nor shall I invite her here."

"You won't acknowledge her?"

"Not until she brings me proof."

"You won't ask for it?"

"I shan't ask for it. It is for her to act, not for me."

"And you won't have her here? Then, by George, Electra, I will!"

Electra raised her eyebrows by the slightest possible space. It was involuntary, but the old lady saw it.

"You're quite right," she said ironically, "the house is n't mine."

"The house is yours to do exactly as you please with it," said Electra, with an instant justice instinct even with a dutiful warmth. "Any guest you invite is welcome. Only, grandmother, I must beg of you not to invite this particular person."

"Person! Electra, you make me mad. Be human; come, unbend a little. Take the poker out of your training. Do the decent thing, and ask her here, and then find out about her, and if she's a baggage, turn her out, neck and crop."

"I must refuse, grandmother," said

Electra. "Now are n't you getting tired? I will bring your food."

Madam Fulton spoke with deliberate unction:—

"Perdition take my food!"

IX

ROSE came down out of her chamber after supper on a warm still evening. She had stayed in retirement nearly all day. Grandmother had been suffering discomfort from the heat and was better alone. Peter had gone to town, and he had not come back. The girl stopped in the doorway of the silent house and looked out into the night. It was all moonlight, all mysterious shadows and enchanting stillnesses. The glamour of the hour lay over it like a veil, and her heart responded to the calling from mysterious distances, voices that were those of life itself springing within her and echoing back from that delusive world. She stood there smiling a little, trying to keep the wholesome bitterness of her mood, because she thought she knew what a deceiving jade fortune is, and yet with her young heart pathetically craving life and the fullness of it. Rose thought she had quite fathomed the worth of things. She knew the bravest shows are made by the trickiest design, and she had sworn, in desperate defense of herself, to "take the world but as the world"—a gaming ground for base passions and self-love. But to-night all the instincts of youth in her were innocently vocal. Here was the beautiful earth, again fecund and full of gifts. She could not help believing in it. She gathered her skirts about her, and stepped out into the dew, and with no avowed purpose, but, straight as inevitable intent could lead her, crossed the orchard and went down across the field to Osmond. She had selected that way, in her unconscious mind, when grandmother had that morning sent her into the attic to look at some precious heirlooms in disuse. Looking out of the attic window she had noted his little shack and

fields of growing things, and some impatience then had said to her, That would be the way to get to him. Before the last wall, she came out on a low rise where there was a spreading tree. It was an oak tree, and though there seemed to be no wind that night, the leaves rustled thinly.

"Where are you going?" It was Osmond's voice out of the shadow near the wall.

Rose answered at once, —

"I was going down to see you."

"I thought you would come."

He was sitting there, his back against the wall, and at once she sank down opposite him on a stone that made her a prim little seat. The shadow lay upon her in flecks, but the outline of her white dress was visible to him.

"Did you call me?" she asked. There was no trace of her unrest of the moments before, either in her manner or in her own happy consciousness. She felt instead a delicious ease and security that needed no explaining even to herself.

Osmond answered as if he were deliberating.

"I don't know whether I called you. I hope I did n't. I was thinking about you, of course."

"Why do you hope you did n't?"

"Because I have n't any right to."

"Does n't my coming prove you had a right to? You see you did call me, and I came."

After a moment he answered irrelevantly, —

"I'm a cowardly sort of chap. When I feel like calling you, I choke it down. I don't want to get the habit of you."

"Why not?"

"One reason — it will be so difficult when you go away."

A sense of freedom and happiness possessed her. Words rose tumultuously to her lips, to be choked there. She wanted to say unreasonably, "I shall never go away. How could you think it?" But instead she asked, with a happy indirection, "Where am I going?"

He, too, answered lightly.

"How should I know? Back into your cloud, I guess — dear goddess." The last words were very low, and to himself, but she heard them. Instantly and against all reason, she, who had never meant to be happy again, laughed ecstatically.

"Think," she said, "a month ago I did n't know you were in the world."

"Oh, yes, you did. Peter told you he had a kind of a brother, that worked on the farm. But I did n't know you were in the world."

"Of course," she deliberated softly, "I knew Peter had a brother. But I did n't know it was you."

The moonlit air was as beguiling to him as it was to her. Everything was different and everything was possible. He put his hand to his head and tried to recall old prudences. In vain. The still, bright world told him, with a voice so quiet that it was like a hand upon his heart, that it was the only world. The daylight one of doubts and dull expediency had been arranged by man. This was the home of the spirit. For a moment he felt himself drowning in that sea of life. Then, perhaps lifted by his striving will, he seemed to come out again to the free air that had touched him at her coming. Again he was at peace and incredibly exalted. He tried to bring lightness into their talk.

"I suppose," said he, "you are one of the charmers."

"What do you mean by charmers?"

"Don't ask me what I mean, when you know. If you do that, we shall forget our language."

"What do you mean by our language?"

"Yours and mine. Don't you hear it going on, question and answer, question and answer, all the time our tongues are talking? Those are the things we never can speak out loud."

"Yes, I hear them. But I could n't tell what I hear."

"Of course you could n't. Only when

we really speak with our lips, we must tell each other the truth. If we don't, we shall jar things. Then the other voices will stop."

When she spoke her words had a note of pain, mysteriously disproportioned, he thought, to the warning he had given.

"I don't think I have told you what was n't true," she faltered. Life had gone out of her.

The tenderest comforting seemed to him too harsh for such pathetic sorrow. But he clung to his lighter, safer mood.

"We've simply got to tell each other the truth. When we don't, it's like the clanging of ten thousand bells. Of course that drowns the other voices. So when I ask you if you are one of the charmers, you must n't ask what I mean. You must answer."

She began to laugh. His heart rejoiced at it.

"Yes," she owned gleefully. "Yes, I am."

"That's a good lady. You're very beautiful, too, are n't you?"

"Yes," she corroborated. "Oh, I'd swear to anything!"

"If it's true," he corrected her. "What are your accomplishments, missy? Do you play the piano?"

For his life, Osmond could not have told why he addressed her as he did, or how he got the words. Some strange self seemed to have sprung up in him, a self that had a language he had not learned from books nor used to woman. The new self grew rapidly. He felt it wax within him. It was loquacious, too. It seemed to have more to say than there would be time for in a million years; but he gave it head.

"I play a little," said Rose. She was meeting him joyously. "I sing, too."

"Yes, you sing. I guessed that. Let me hear you."

At once she folded her hands on her knees and sang like a child in heaven, with the art that is simplicity. She sang "*Nous n'irons plus au bois*," and Os-

mond felt his heart choking with the melancholy of it. His own voice trembled when he said, —

"You must not sing that often. It's too sad."

"Are we never to be sad?" She asked it in a quick tone full of eager confidence, as if whatever he told her was bound to come to pass.

"Not when we are together."

Premonition chilled him there. Why should they ever be together again? Why was it not possible that this was his one night, the first and the last? So if it was to be the last, he would taste every minute of it, and make it his to keep.

"Well," he said consideringly, "so you are a charmer. You can charm a bird off a bush. That would be one of the first tricks."

She answered, in what he saw was real delight.

"I can try. Want me to?"

"No, no. You can't tell what will become of the bird — in the end."

His voice sounded to her ineffably sad. Eager words rose again to her lips, and again she held them back, even against the glamour of that light and air.

"You broke your promise to me," she adventured presently.

"What promise?"

"You said you would come to the house."

"I said I might." He spoke with an embracing tenderness, as if to a child. She fancied he was smiling at her through the dusk. "Besides," he continued, "I shan't come to see you there anyway, I have decided that."

"Why not?"

"This is better."

"This?"

"This tree."

It seemed quite just and natural that she should meet him there. Why should she disclaim it?

"But you won't go to the house to see your grandmother?"

"Oh, I see grannie. She wakes before day. We have a little talk every morning

while you're asleep. The last time" — he stopped.

"Well!" she urged him.

"The last time I passed your door I heard your step inside. When I went out at the front door, I heard you on the stairs." It had apparently enormous significance to him. "The next morning I came earlier," said Osmond, in a low tone, "but I dropped a handful of rose leaves at your sill."

"I saw them — scattered rose leaves."

"For you to step on."

There was a moment's silence.

"But I did n't," she said. "I did n't step on them."

"What did you do?"

"I gathered them up very carefully in my handkerchief and left them in my bureau drawer."

"Now, why — " he spoke curiously — "why did you do that?"

"I hate to throw away flowers. They are precious to me."

There was silence again, and then he said reprovingly, —

"No, you must n't do that."

"Do what?"

"You must n't get up earlier to catch me scattering my rose leaves. That would n't be fair."

"That was what I was thinking." She mused a moment. "No, I suppose it would n't be fair."

"You see we shall have to play fair every minute. That's the way to be good playmates."

"That's what we are, is n't it — playmates?"

"It's about the size of it." Then he asked her gravely, across the distance between them: "Don't you hear a nightingale?"

She was taken in.

"But there are n't any nightingales, in New England!"

"I almost think I hear one. You see if you don't."

She caught the pace then, and listened. Presently she spoke as gravely as he had done.

"I am sure I hear one. Over there in the rose garden."

"I knew you would." He breathed quickly, in a gay relief. "Yes, in the rose garden 'her breast against a thorn.' Well, playmate, it's a wonderful night. I smell the roses, too, don't you?"

"Yes, and lilies. The nightingale sings very loud."

"Let us talk, playmate. Where have you been since I saw you last?"

"Since that other night I came down here?"

"Since that other year, so long ago. We must n't forget there are other years, though we can't quite recall them. If there had n't been, we should n't be hearing the nightingale to-night and talking without words. You see it's a good while since I saw you. How old are you?"

"Twenty-five."

"Twenty-five! A quarter of a century. That's a long time. Well, what have you been doing all that twenty-five years?"

She seemed to shrink into herself, as if a hand had struck her.

"Don't!" she breathed. "Don't ask me to remember."

"Why, no! not if it troubles you."

"Troubles me! it kills me. Can't we begin now?"

"We will begin now. There, playmate, don't shiver. I feel you're doing it through the moonlight. Don't let your chin tremble either. It did, that night down in the shack."

"When I was talking about Electra?"

"I guess so. Anyway, it trembled a lot, and I made up my mind it must n't any more. Cheer up, playmate. Be a man."

"I wish I were a man." She spoke bitterly. The beauty of the night seemed to break about her, and this castle of whim that had looked, a moment ago, more solid than certainty, was crumbling.

"Now you're doing what I told you not to," he warned her gravely. "You have stopped telling the truth. You don't wish you were a man. Think how happy you were a minute ago, only because you

are a beautiful woman and you heard the nightingale."

She was struggling back into the clear medium that had been between them the moment before.

"I only meant — " she spoke painfully, hunting for words and pathetically anxious to have them right — "I only meant — I have been unhappy. No man would have been as unhappy as I have been."

Osmond smiled a little to himself, in grave communing. The uphill road of his life presented itself to him as a thorny way so hard that, if he had foreseen it from the beginning, he would have said it was impossible. But at the same instant he remembered where it had led him: he had come out into clear air, he was resting in this garden of delight. And she, too, was resting. He knew that with a perfect certainty.

"We have begun over," he warned her. "We don't have to remember. See the moon driving along the sky. We are going with her, fast. Look at her, playmate."

She looked up into the sky where the moon seemed to be racing past more stable clouds. It was as if their spiritual gaze met there, to be welded into a mutual compact. This was the ecstasy of silence. Presently a sound broke it, a whistle loud and clear from the other field. Osmond was at once upon his feet.

"Come," he said, "we must go. There's Peter."

"But why must we go?" She was struggling out of her trance of quietude, almost offended at his haste.

"Come with me. We will meet him in the field. It is too — too splendid, here. This is our castle under the tree. Don't you know it is? We can't ask anybody in — not even Peter."

"Not even Peter!" She tried to say it gayly, but a quick sadness fell upon her as she rose and went with him along the path. The moon had gone into a cloud, and a breath sprang up. The night was cooler. That other still languor of too

great emotion seemed like something generated by their souls, and dissipated when they had to come out of the world of their own creating. All her daily fears rose up before her in anticipation. She was again alien here in her own land, and Electra was unkind to her. But there was a strange confidence and strength in knowing this silent figure was at her side.

"Courage, playmate," he said, as if he knew her thought. "We shall think this night over, shan't we?"

"Yes. When —" her voice failed her.

"Every night," he said, with an unchanged assurance that amazed her like the night itself. "I shall be there every night. If you don't come — why, never mind. If you come —" his voice stopped as if something choked it. Then he went on heartily, "The house will be there under the tree, the playhouse. Nobody will see it by day, you know. Nobody'll run up against it by night. But you've got the key. There are only two, you know. You have one. I have the other. And here's Peter."

The whistle had come nearer, clear and pure now like the pipe of Pan. Peter stopped short.

"Rose!" he cried. "Osmond! What is it?"

Some accident seemed to him inevitable. Nothing else could have brought about this meeting. Osmond answered, stopping as he did so, when Peter turned to join him.

"I'll go back, now you've come, Peter. We were taking our walks abroad. So we met. Good-night! good-night!"

It seemed a separate and a different farewell to each of them, and he walked away. Peter stood staring after him, but Rose involuntarily glanced up to heaven to see if the moon, out of her cloud now, would give again the radiant assurance of that other moment. She longed passionately for even an instant's meeting even so with the man who had gone. Then an exalted calm possessed her. She and Peter were walking rather fast along the path; he had been talking and

she was conscious that she had not heard. Now a name arrested her.

"Had you met him before?" he was asking, — "Osmond?"

Her old habit of elusive courtesy came back to her. She laughed a little.

"We have n't really met now, have we?" she responded pleasantly.

"He said he was afraid of you." Peter put it bluntly, out of his curiosity and something else that was not altogether satisfaction. He was not jealous of Osmond. He could not be, more than of a splendid tree; but there was a something in the air he did not understand. He felt himself pushing angrily against it, as if it were a tangible obstruction. "He was afraid of you," he continued blunderingly, "because you are a Parisian."

Rose laughed again, with that beguiling gentleness.

"But he spoke first, I believe," she explained carelessly. "I was walking along and he asked me where I was going."

"What were you talking about?" Peter's voice amazed him, as it did her. It was rough, remonstrating, he realized immediately, like the mood that engendered it. He was shocked at himself and glad she did not answer. Instead, she gave him her hand that he might help her over the low wall.

"See," she said, "your grandmother has a light in her room. She is lying in bed reading good books."

"Does she read them to you?"

"A little word sometimes when I go in to say good-night."

"Grannie's a saint."

"Yes, and better. She's a beautiful grannie."

When they stepped into the hall, Peter, under the stress of his inexplicable feeling, turned to look at her. Instantly the eyes of the man and of the artist agreed in an amazed affirmation. The artist in Peter got the better, and gave him authority.

"Wait a minute," he bade her. "Stand there."

She obeyed him, and looked inquir-

ingly yet languidly. The angry man in him told him at once that she could obey because she was indifferent to his reasons for commanding her. Out of that indifference she stood and looked at him, kind, friendly, yet as far from him as the remoter stars. He stared at her and thought of brush and canvas. Never had he seen a woman so alive. Her eyes, her wayward hair, her very flesh seemed touched with flame. Her lips had softened into a full curve, strange contrast to their former patient sweetness. The pupils of her eyes, distended, gave her face a tragic power. As he looked, that wild bright beauty seemed to fade. Her eyes lost their reminiscent look and inquired of him sanely. The lips tightened a little. Her languor gave place to a steady poise. Now she shook her head with a pretty motion, as if she cast off memories.

"Do I look nice to-night?" she said kindly, as if she spoke to an admiring boy. "Do you want to paint me?"

Peter turned aside with an exclamation under his breath. He had never, again he told himself, seen a woman so alive, so radiating beauty as if it bloomed and faded while he looked at her. She was beginning to mount the stairs.

"Good-night," she called back to him, with her perfect kindness. "Good-night, Peter."

X

Madam Fulton and Billy Stark sat in the library, wrangling.

"I say she'll come," said Madam Fulton.

"I say she won't," replied Billy, with a hearty zest. "No woman of self-respect would."

"Maybe she has n't self-respect."

"Oh, you go 'way, Florrie. Of course she has, any girl as pretty as that."

Madam Fulton looked at him smilingly. There were few left, nowadays, to call her Florrie.

"You see Electra never in the world would have invited her," she continued.

"I simply did it, and she had to confirm it or appear like a brute. Electra won't do that. She's willing to appear like a long and symmetrical icicle, but not a brute."

That was it. She had boldly asked Rose to luncheon, and then told Electra she had done it. Now it was fifteen minutes to the time, and the hostess had not appeared. Madam Fulton looked up from her work. There was a laughing cherub in each eye. Her work, let it be said, was no work at all, only a shuttle plying in and out mysteriously, and ly-ingly doing the deed known as tatting. She usually tied knots and had to begin over; still, as she said, she liked the motion.

"There was a reporter here yesterday," she remarked, watching the effect on Billy.

"The mischief there was! What for?"

"To see me. To ask about the book."

"You did n't talk to him?"

"Oh, yes, I did!"

"What did he ask you?"

"Everything, nearly. He wanted to see the Abolitionist letters I had quoted."

"What did you say?"

"I refused. I told him they were sacred."

"Did he suspect them? Was that his idea?"

"Oh, dear, no! he wanted to reproduce some of the signatures. Then he asked me about my novels."

"What about them?"

"How I used to write them — if the characters were taken from life. I said every time."

"Florrie, what a pirate you are!"

"Then his eye sharpened up like knives, and he wanted to know about the originals. 'Dead,' I said, 'years and years ago.'"

"You did n't use to be a freebooter, Florrie. You were just a bright girl."

"Of course I did n't. I was walking Spanish then. I was on my promotion. I always had faith life would do something for me if I'd speak pretty and hold out

my tier. I held my tier a great many years and nothing dropped into it. I'm an awful example, Billy, of what a woman can become when she's had no fun. This may seem to you insanity. It is n't. It's the abnormal and monstrous fruit of a plant that was n't allowed to mature at the right time. I am a mammoth squash."

"What did you tell him about your novels?"

"I told him they were n't written. They wrote themselves. My characters simply got away from me and did things I never dreamed of. I said they were more alive to me than people of flesh and blood."

"Do you suppose he put that all in?"

"I know he did."

"Have you seen the paper?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I have n't dared to look."

Billy Stark glanced at the floor as if he wanted to get down and roll. Then he lay back in his chair and went gasping off. Madam Fulton watched him seriously, that unquenchable spark still in her eyes.

"I don't know what you can do next," said Billy, getting out his pocket handkerchief. "Unless you become engaged to me."

Madam Fulton laid down her tatting to look at him in a gentle musing.

"It would plague Electra," she owned.

"Come on, Florrie, come on! Get up early to-morrow morning and we'll post off and be married."

"No," said Madam Fulton absently, still considering, "I don't want to be married. Harsh measures never did attract me. But I'd like very well to be engaged. Tell you what, Billy, we could be engaged for the summer, and when you go back to England we'll call it off."

Billy rose, and possessed himself of one of her hands. He kissed it ceremoniously, and returned it to its tatting.

"You do me infinite honor," he an-

nounced, with more gravity than she liked.

"Don't get too serious, Billy," she said quickly. "It'll remind us of being young, and mercy knows that is n't what we want."

"May I inform your granddaughter?" asked the gentleman gravely.

"No, no, I'll do it. That's half the fun."

At that moment Electra came in. She was dressed in white, as usual, but her ordinary dignified simplicity seemed overlaid, to the old lady's satirical gaze, with an added smoothness of glossy surfaces. Her dress fell in simple folds. She seemed to have clothed herself to meet a moral emergency. Her face was pale in its determination. She was like a New England maiden led to sacrifice and bound, at all hazards, to do her conscience credit. Madam Fulton, seeing her, hardened her heart. There were few pirouettes she would not have essayed at that moment to plague her granddaughter.

"Electra, my dear," she said, in a silken voice, "we have something to tell you, Mr. Stark and I. We have become engaged."

Electra looked from one to the other, not even incredulity in her gaze, all a reproachful horror. Yet Electra did not for a moment admit the possibility of a joke on such a subject. She saw her grandmother, as she often did, peering down paths that led to madness, and even, as in this case, taking one.

"Please do not mention it," grandmother was saying smoothly. "The engagement is not to be announced — not yet."

Electra could not look at Billy Stark, even in reproof. The situation was too intolerable. And at that moment, flushed from her walk, eager, deprecating as she had to be in this unfriendly spot, Rose came in. She went straight to Madam Fulton, as if she were the recognized head of the house.

"It was so good of you," she said. "I am so glad to come." Then she turned to

Electra and Billy Stark with her quick beautiful smile and her inclusive greeting. This was not the same woman who had run away to trysts under the tree, or even the woman Peter had seen when she returned, glowing, lovely, as if from a bath of pleasure. She was the Parisian, as Osmond had perhaps imagined her in his jesting fancy, regnant, subtle, even a little hard. Electra felt for a moment as if it were wise to be afraid of her. But they sat down, and she essayed the safe remark, —

"I believe luncheon is late."

"What have you been doing with yourself, my dear?" Madam Fulton asked Rose, who was looking from one to another with an accessible brightness, as if she only wanted a chance to respond to everything beautifully. She bent a little, deferentially, toward Madam Fulton.

"Reading aloud this morning," she said, "to grannie."

"You call her grannie, do you?"

"I begged to. I adore her."

"Does she like it?"

"Oh yes, she likes it," Rose returned, with her lovely smile. "Don't you think she likes it?"

"I know she does. That's what I can't understand. Every time I hear Electra say 'grandmother' it's like a nail in my coffin."

"Grandmother!" exclaimed Electra, in an instant and quite honest deprecation.

"That's it, my dear," nodded the old lady. "That's precisely it. Nail me down."

Then luncheon was announced, and they went out, Rose with that instant deference toward Madam Fulton which suggested a hundred services while she delicately refrained from doing one.

"I know you," said the old lady dryly, after they had sat down. "I know quite well what you are."

"What, please?" asked Rose, bending on her that warm look which was yet never too flattering, and still promised an

incense of personal regard not to be spoiled by deeds.

"I know exactly what you are," said the old lady, with her incisive kindness. "You're a charmer."

Instantly Rose flushed all over her face, a flooding red. With the word she remembered the other voice out of the moonlit night, telling her the same thing. Now it was almost an accusation. Then it was a caressing loveliness of the night, as if an unseen hand had crowned her with a chaplet, dripping fragrance. In that instant, with a throb of haste and longing, she was away from the circle of these alien souls, back in the night where voice had answered voice. It was immediately as if she were hearing his call to her. "I will come to-night, to-night," she heard her heart repeating. "Did you wait for me last night, dear playmate, alone in the dark and stillness? And the night before? Did you think I was never coming? I will come to-night."

Meantime Billy Stark, seeing the blush and knowing it meant discomfort, was pottering on in his kindly optimism, throwing himself into the breach, and dribbling words like rain. He talked of Paris and continental life in general. Rose had been everywhere. She spoke of traveling with her father on his missions from court to court. When MacLeod's name recurred upon her lips, Electra, who presided, still and pale, roused momentarily into some show of interest. But Rose would not be led along that road. For some reason she refused to speak freely of her father. At a question, her lovely lips would fix themselves in a straight line. Back in the library again, she seated herself persistently by Madam Fulton, like a dog who has at last discovered the person friendliest to him.

"Run away, Billy, if you like," said the old lady indulgently. "You want your cigar on the veranda. I know you."

Billy was going, in humorous deprecation, when there was a running step along the veranda, and Peter came in with a bound. And what a Peter! He

looked like a runner — not a spent one, either — with the news of victory. It was in his face, his flushed cheeks and flaming eyes, but chiefly in the air he brought with him — all tension and immoderate joy. Electra held her hands tight together and looked at him. Rose got half out of her chair. In those days when she thought continually of her own affairs, it seemed to her that nothing could be so important unless it had to do with her. Billy Stark by the door waited, and it was Madam Fulton who spoke, irritated at the vague excitement.

"For heaven's sake, Peter, what's the matter?"

He addressed himself at once to Rose.

"I have heard from him. I have had a letter."

"From him!" She was out of her chair and facing him. For the moment, with that hidden communion with Osmond hot in her heart and sharp in her ears, she had almost cried, "Osmond!" But he went on, —

"I have heard from your father."

Instantly the blood was out of her face. Billy Stark wondered at the aging grayness, and reflected curiously that youth is not only a question of flesh and blood but of the merry soul. Peter could not contain his pleasure. He cried out irrepressibly, like the herald beside himself with news, —

"He is coming here!"

"Here!" Rose made one step to lay her hand upon a little cabinet, and stood supporting herself. Electra, who caught the movement, looked at her curiously. Her own enormous interest in Peter's news seemed to merge itself in watchful comment on the other girl.

"Here!" Peter was answering. "To America! He writes me the most stirring letter. I did n't think I knew him so well. He has so many friends here, he says, friends he never saw. He wants to meet them. The best of it is, he's coming here — to us."

"Here!" repeated Rose again. She seemed to be sinking into herself, but the

tense hand upon the cabinet kept her firm.

Peter looked at her with eyes of innocent delight.

"Here, to us. I told him if he ever came over, we should grab him before anybody got a hand on him. I've told grannie. She's delighted."

"You told him that!" Her voice held a reproach so piercing that they were all staring at her in wonder. She looked like a woman suffering some anguish too fierce, for the moment, to be stilled. "You've been writing him!"

"Of course," said Peter. "Why, of course I wrote him. I sent him word when we first got here, to tell him you were well."

"How could you! Oh, how could you!"

At her tone, the inexplicable reproach of it, he lost his gay assurance. Peter forgot the others. There was nobody in the room, to his eager consciousness, but Rose and his erring self; for somehow, most innocently, he had offended her. He took a step toward her, his boyish face all melted into contrition. There might have been tears in his eyes, they were so soft.

"Sit down," he implored her. "Rose! What have I done?"

It was like a sorry child asking pardon. Electra gave him a quick look, and then went on watching. At the tone Rose also was recalled. She shook herself a little, as if she threw off dreams. Her hand upon the cabinet relaxed. Her face softened, the pose of her body yielded. She almost seemed, by some power of the will, to bring new color into her cheeks. Peter had drawn forward her chair, and she took it smilingly.

"I'm not accustomed to long-lost fathers appearing unannounced," she said whimsically. "Dear me! What if he brings me a Paris gown!"

But Peter was standing before her, still with an air of deep solicitude.

"It was a shock, was n't it?" he kept repeating. "What a duffer I am!"

"It was a shock," said Electra, with an incisive confirmation. "May n't I get you something? A glass of wine?"

Rose looked at her quite pleasantly before Peter had time to begin his persuasive recommendation that she should spare herself.

"Let me take you home," he was urging.

It was as if Rose had been drawing draughts from some deep reservoir, and now she had enough to carry her on to victory.

"No, no, Peter," she denied him. "I won't go home. Thank you, Electra," — a delicate frown wrinkled Electra's brows. The girl had never used her familiar name before — "thank you, I won't have any wine. Well, my father is coming. Let's hope he won't turn the country upside down, and keep the trains from running. Get in your supplies, all of you. He may instigate a strike, and if the larder is n't full, you'll starve."

"Stop the trains?" repeated Electra, who was not imaginative. "Why should he stop the trains?"

"Ah, Miss Fulton, you don't know my father," Rose answered gayly. She had seen that tiny frown punctuating her first familiarity, and took warning by it. "Don't you know how, in great gardens, you can take a key and turn on the fountains? Well, my father can turn on strikes in the same manner. He has the key in his pocket."

Electra warmed, in spite of herself.

"I should like —" she hesitated.

"You'd like to see him do it? You may. Perhaps you will. We'll sit in a circle and point our thumbs down and all the bloated capitalists shall go in and be killed." She was talking, at random, out of a tension she might not explain. Billy Stark, the coolest of them, saw that Madam Fulton had some vague inkling of it. Billy, as usual, began talking, but Rose had risen. Having proved her composure, she was going. She listened to Billy with smiling interest, and then when he had finished, humorously and

inconsequently, nodded concurrence at him and said good-by. She had a few pretty words for Madam Fulton, a gracious look for Electra, and she was gone, Peter beside her. Billy Stark followed and stayed on the veranda with his cigar. But Electra remained facing her grandmother. She looked at her, not so much in triumph as with a fixed determination. Suddenly Madam Fulton became aware of her glance and answered it irritably.

"For mercy's sake, Electra, what is it?"

Then Electra spoke, turning away, as if the smouldering satisfaction of her tone must not betray itself in her face.

"Do you realize what this means?"

"What what means?"

"She is terrified at his coming — Markham MacLeod's."

"Well, you don't know Markham MacLeod. Perhaps if you did, you'd be terrified yourself."

"But his daughter, grandmother, a girl who calls herself his daughter!"

Madam Fulton stared.

"Don't you believe that either?" she inquired. "Don't you believe she is his daughter?"

"Not for a moment." Electra had turned and was walking toward the door, all her white draperies contributing to the purity of her aspect.

Madam Fulton continued, in the same inadequacy of amaze, —

"But Peter knows it. He knew them together."

"Peter knew her with Tom," said Electra conclusively. "One proof is worth as much as the other."

At the door she turned, almost a beseeching look upon her face, as she remembered another shock that had been dealt her.

"Grandmother!" she said.

"Well!"

"You spoke of Mr. Stark —"

The old lady's thought went traveling back. Then her face lighted.

"Oh," she said. "Yes, I know. I'm engaged to Billy."

"Grandmother — " Electra blushed a little, painfully — "You can't mean — grandmother, are you going to marry him?"

Madam Fulton laid her head back upon the small silk pillow of her chair. She never owned to it, but sometimes the dull hour after luncheon brought with it a drowsiness she was ceasing to combat.

She smiled at Electra, who seemed very far away from her through the veil of that approaching slumber and through the years that separated them.

"We shan't marry at once, Electra," she said, dropping off while the girl looked at her. "Not at once. I expect to have a good many little affairs before I settle down."

(To be continued.)

AT THE MANGER

BY JOHN B. TABB

WHEN first, her Christmas watch to keep,
Came down the silent Angel, Sleep,
With snowy sandals shod,
Beholding what his mother's hands
Had wrought, with softer swaddling-bands
She swathed the Son of God.

Then, skilled in mysteries of Night,
With tender visions of delight
She wreathed his resting-place,
Till, wakened by a warmer glow
Than heaven itself had yet to show,
He saw his mother's face.

THE BIG TROUBLE AND THE LITTLE BOY

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

THE Boy was so small, and the Trouble was so big, that there seemed no way of getting over it, and as for getting around it, why that would take till the Boy was grown; and he felt that his heart must break if there were no sooner escape from the Trouble than the time-honored one of outgrowing it.

Perhaps you think that this was one of the common, absurdly magnified griefs of childhood? You are wrong if you do, for this was a grown-up grief for a grown-up heart, and the Boy was but ten, and not so big for that. For the Trouble was that he had lost a mother, and more, that he might not even speak of her. He was quite sure of this, although no one had ever said so much to him. But you do not feel like making confidences to a stepmother concerning a beautiful, lost mother, and as for talking to the father who had set the stepmother in her place — the Boy's heart would swell when he got this far; and if he were up in his room alone he would cry till his head ached, and he was quite sure he could not eat any dinner. But that was before he went down and saw the brown rolls, and the creamy milk, and the strawberry jam tempting him basely.

On a particular holiday afternoon in December, rather close to an important date, the Boy started off to join his chum. They were going to spend the rest of the day sliding on the ice, and getting their feet wet, and having a glorious time generally. The Boy felt almost like other boys as he strode along whistling a greeting to his chum who hung over the front gate. But just then the stepmother came out on the porch — "snooping," muttered the Boy.

She was wrapped close in a great shawl, and her coiled brown hair showed

black against the white of the house.

"Oh, Bobby," she called in a high, sweet voice, trailing off into softness.

The Boy scowled, and took another step toward the gate as if he had not heard.

"Bobby," she called again at this, and he turned, sullenly reluctant, to see what she was bothering him about.

"You must n't go out to-day, dear," she said, coming to meet him. "You nearly had croup last night, you know, and papa said for you to be careful to-day."

The Boy kept his eyes on the ground. He was too angry to speak. As if it were not enough to have the croup at his age, he must now be reminded of it before another boy, and told to keep in out of the damp like a baby. The sight of Tommy in his waiting attitude further enraged him.

"Aw, go on," he shouted. "What you waiting on?"

The stepmother was going up the porch steps by now, so that Tommy could safely gesture his derision behind her back. "Stepmammy's baby," jeered Tommy soundlessly. But the Boy knew well enough what he was saying when he twisted his impish mouth in that manner.

He made a wild dash down the walk, and Tommy ran away laughing loudly, to tell the other boys why the Boy could not go and slide on the pond. Oh, the Boy knew it — knew it as well as if he were to be there and hear him do it.

He pretended not to hear her speak to him as he went through the hall; and this time she did not insist, so he went on up to his own room. It was a big, bright, charming room, and any one could see at once that there was still some one to love the Boy, for no neglected boy ever had a

room of his very own like that. Nor was it a foolish room, but a perfectly fitting and suitable one; and although it might at first seem as if everything were there that a boy could desire, there had wisely been left many things for him to desire most ardently, — things you would hardly keep in your bedroom, — the riding-horse, for example, which he secretly expected to get on the date before referred to.

But he did not think of anything so pleasant now. He had come upstairs to brood over his wrongs, so he sat in his window-seat and brooded. And the longer he brooded the blacker they seemed, which is a law of the human mind. By the time the gong sounded the summons to dinner he was groping so blindly in the shadows cast by them that on opening his door — somewhat tardily — he stumbled against the stepmother. "Snooping again," thought the Boy contemptuously.

She looked at him with a puzzled expression in her affectionate brown eyes.

"I was afraid you had n't heard, Bobby," she said apologetically. Her hand touched his shoulder with a gentle movement.

All the rage of the past year surged in the Boy — broke over her. He flung her hand violently away.

"Don't touch me," he cried in a strange, unchildish voice. "I, I *hate* you!" Then he saw big Bob.

He made a hasty step toward the Boy, such anger in his face that the Boy shrank. In all his life no one had ever struck him; but this must be how they looked when they were about to strike you. But the stepmother went swiftly to big Bob and put a hand on his breast. The boyish-looking father quieted under that touch, and his eyes considering the Boy were troubled now instead of angry. His hand dropped to hers and held it tightly, while he looked from his one dearest thing in the world to his other dearest thing in the world. His eyes grew more troubled. They were troubled to death.

But the Boy did not notice, being too

preoccupied with his own troubles just then. He was unable to endure the idea of being begged off by her. "I'd *rather* you'd hit me," he flared out; but he knew that it was a lie. He got his head up and looked straight at his father as he said it. His heart was beating like a drum, and a sob choked him. They had been pals till she came — and now!

His father's troubled eyes regarded him gravely. They were hurt and loving and bitter and puzzled all at once.

"Go to your room, Bobby," he said at last in a voice that trembled a bit, "and stay there till I think you out."

He drew the stepmother within his arm as hespoke and they went down together, leaving the Boy to a great loneliness.

He did not know of the pleading face lifted by the stepmother, or that she said, "It must be my fault, Bob. I've never been used to boys at home."

But big Bob only kissed her in silence, and went around to his place.

"Take Bobby's dinner up to him, Uncle Juste," he said to the old colored man who waited on the table.

The next day when he came home in the dusk, the stepmother met him at the door and put both arms around his neck. His face had the worn look that comes when you've been thinking at a thing that won't get thought out, try as you may; but he made it smile for her as he asked, "What is it, you wheedler?"

"Bob, he does n't eat a thing — that baby." Her voice shook.

Big Bob gave a sigh at this complication, and went hastily up the steps, only pausing long enough to throw his hat on a table. So it came about that he flung open the door and appeared on the Boy's threshold, with his brow vexed, and his riding switch twitching nervously as it tapped his shoe. The Boy had started up from the window-seat as the door swung. At sight of his father he thought that he had been thought out at last. He got his head up again, and looked big Bob straight in the eyes as before, only the lonely rainy day had taken it out of him

and he was afraid. They were too much alike for his father not to read that look aright. A flush of indignation rose to his face. He flung the whip out in the hall, and strode forward.

"I'm no damned torturer, Bobby." He said it savagely, as to another man, oath and all.

Then a rushing tenderness mastered him, and he stooped to the Boy. "You thought *that* of me, pal?" He sat down in the window-seat, gathering the Boy to him. "Why?" he asked in real wonder.

The Boy hung his head, ashamed. "I thought you had thought me out — that way," he blurted. He trembled in the trembling arm that tightened around him.

The man laughed in sudden release from his tension. "I have n't thought you out any way yet, Bobby," he confessed. "No, I only ran up to find out why you don't eat your breakfast, your luncheon, your dinner. Anything wrong with them?"

"They choke me," said the Boy.

"Poor old chap," mused big Bob. He held him tighter while he drummed on the pane with his free hand. "Laddie," he said at last, "come down and have your dinner, and then we'll come back up here and thresh things out a bit."

The Boy said shyly. "I'd rather not, please, papa, just yet."

"Will you eat it here, then?"

"Pals?" asked the Boy. It was their old way of settling a difficulty.

"You bet we are," cried the man.

"Then I guess I can," said the Boy with a heartward movement. For a moment he forgot the stepmother. His head lay snuggled in an atmosphere of cigars and dead roseleaves — the stepmother had pinned the rose on in the morning, but the Boy did not think of that as his soft cheek crushed it against his father's breast.

Presently big Bob put him lovingly away, and turned on a light, two lights.

"Don't let me catch you moping in the dark again," he cautioned, and went.

It was much later than he had meant

when he returned. Callers had dropped in, and being gossipy creatures, had lingered unreasonably. It was nearing ten when he tapped on the Boy's door.

"I'm awake," called the clear, eager voice.

"But I hoped you'd be asleep," said big Bob to the Boy, who sat up in bed, cuddling his knees, and shivering a little.

"I could n't," said the Boy. He looked three years younger in his scarlet striped pajamas, undone at the throat and showing the white childish breast to the second frog of his jacket. His chin looked round and babyish as he lifted his head.

A doubt assailed big Bob. Was it time yet for the last resort? And yet what else was left him? What else could he do? It was the only way he could think the Boy out. And it must have an effect of some sort. The idea that it might make things worse he put from him in hasty terror.

"Fasten that at the neck, Bobby," he advised. "It's nipping to-night."

The Boy fumbled it absent-mindedly, his hazel eyes searching his father's face. He lay against his propped-up pillows again, his head thrown back on his clasped hands. Big Bob sat down on the bed's edge facing him, and opened a magazine he had been holding.

He had opened it at a picture, and he sat gazing at it himself for some time before he could quite make up his mind to offer the magazine to the Boy.

The Boy took it with a puzzled air. He could not imagine what a ten-cent magazine had to do with the situation.

What he saw was the full-page picture of a beautiful woman in the superb costume of a chorus girl in a popular musical comedy. Under it was an alliterative stage name, and the Boy for a moment stared it down innocently and uncomprehendingly. Then his startled eyes met his father's eyes with a shock. He handed the magazine back abruptly, and big Bob let it slide to the floor out of sight as he leaned forward, speaking low.

"Pal," he said, bringing the truth out

straight and clear and man to man, "she's never been worth your grieving over. I might as well have told you the truth at first, but a man sounds like a cur to himself when he has to say this sort of thing—and it's frightfully hard to say it to you."

The Boy only gazed at him in shrinking silence, not helping a bit, and big Bob went on a little sternly, though the sternness was not for the Boy and the Boy knew it, miserable as he was.

"Bobby," said big Bob, "she could leave you for that. She could leave you for"—He stopped, his face sombre with what he left unsaid. "Do you think she loves you very much?"

A horrible, desolate mother-sickness swept over the Boy. He put his hand to his throat, and steadied his lips, trying to answer the direct question.

"She used to—love me," he stammered. He must have that.

Big Bob considered him irresolutely; then he answered, "She never wanted you, Bobby. When you were little she was vain of your prettiness. You were rather a nuisance to her afterwards."

The Boy wrenched his eyes away from his father's tender, relentless, troubled face, and lay with them fixed on the blank wall opposite. He was marshaling his mother memories. He was sitting on the side of her bed watching her dress for a dance. Sometimes she would smile at him, and let him hold a bracelet, or a fan, or a ribbon. When she was dressed and looked like a princess straight from fairyland, he might kiss her if he did not muss her. Sometimes they had gone driving together, and he had been proud when they passed other boys who had perfectly commonplace mothers who were not even pretty, perhaps, like the stepmother. And she gave him things, things enough for twenty boys. And she never bothered him, or put him to shame before other boys. She never came snooping around, feeling his forehead to see if he were feverish when he had been out in the wet all day and chanced to come home with a

sore throat. She had been an ideal mother in this respect. And he might kiss her as much as he wished when she was not too fragily arrayed; in the morning, for instance, when she lounged in pale fragrant draperies, and nibbled chocolates, and chattered pretty nonsense to her women friends, or to big Bob,—but it was long ago, that joint memory.

His eyes slowly traveled back to his father's face. "Was it all her fault?" he asked.

Big Bob colored deeply. "It is never all any one's fault," he answered honestly; "but—do *you* think me a bad fellow, Bobby?"

"You are good to me," replied Bobby gravely.

"And I was good to her," said big Bob. "On my honor as a man, Bobby, it was her fault—most."

The Boy took this in pondering silence.

"When you were—littler—who told you stories, Bobby?" asked big Bob unexpectedly.

"You," said the Boy in a small voice.

"Who petted you? Who kissed you?"

"You did," said the Boy. His voice was even smaller.

"When you got sick who nursed you well?"

"A—a trained nurse," said the Boy. "and you."

"And," asked big Bob, "who always loved you best, Bobby?"

The Boy's lips quivered too much for speech. The piteousness of it smote big Bob to the heart. "Oh," he muttered between his teeth. Hitherto he had refrained from coercing the Boy's judgment with the persuasion of touch; but now he leaned closer and took Bobby quite in his arms. At that the long-restrained tears gushed out and wet big Bob's cheek where it pressed the Boy's.

"Pal," he said, his cheek on the brown head now, and his voice unbelievably tender, "she never had the mother heart, and that says it all—and, pal, my Mary has."

He let the Boy go, and rested the case.

The Boy lay cast across the bed, his head crushed in his straining arms. Sobs shook him at last.

The father bent to him. "Must I go away, Bobby? Must I stay?"

"Please — go," said Bobby between two sobs.

Big Bob turned out the lights, and went.

To pluck a mother from one's heart — one may not do that all at once. Long into the night the Boy lay there. Sometimes he sobbed convulsively. Sometimes he thought things out as consciously as he could; but all that came of it was that he loved his father better than any one in the world. No clear idea regarding the stepmother got into his tumbled, brown head. At length, worn out, he fell asleep, dimly conscious, as he was falling, of some faint commotion about the house.

When he woke next morning it was late, and brilliant, cold sunshine flooded the room. He blinked and sat up, rubbing his eyes open.

The unhappiness of the past night woke with him — dully; but he was only a little boy after all, and the counter-acting sense of his father's love for him could not but be sweet and warm at his heart; and to-morrow — why, to-morrow it would be Christmas.

He jumped up and dressed, and knelt in the window-seat, watching the show of the street, and waiting, for he felt that he would rather go down with a hand in his father's. But the hours went dragging, and big Bob did not come, and the Boy's heart grew chilled. His father might have been called up town, or even out of town; but the Boy did not believe that he would have gone off, and never a word left for him.

When luncheon came up he asked.

"Why no," said Uncle Juste. "Your pa's with Miss Mary, son."

Dumb anger surged in the Boy's tired heart. So he was not even to have his father, for her?

He pushed his plate away, and sat staring drearily through the open door.

Suddenly across his line of vision stalked old Doctor Hardin. A spasm of terror shook Bobby's soul. What had happened? He sprang up and followed down the corridor. The doctor disappeared within the stepmother's door, and a trained nurse came out with a tray. She raised a hand to warn him away as she passed.

So it was only her! The Boy turned and was going back to his room when a strange sound smote his ear. He had heard it in other boys' homes, and he recognized it after a stupefied pause.

"When the doctor goes, you can come in and see your little sister," said the nurse, repassing and smiling at him pleasantly. As she went in, his father came out, turning a laughing face over his shoulder. "I've been neglecting my Boy for this young woman," he was saying to some one. Then he caught sight of the Boy.

He shut the door, and hastened to meet him, catching him in his arms. "Were you looking me up, pal?" he asked.

The Boy pressed against him. Way down in his heart a tiny flower of wonder and chivalry budded and broke to magical bloom. So he, the Boy, had a little sister — to pet, to protect, to make behave herself when she should be bigger. It came to him in a revelation what a truly desirable Christmas gift she was. The stepmother's door opened again, and through it he had a glimpse of her face in her pillows, pale between two soft brown braids, so dark against all that white. And it came to him how roughly he had pushed her hand away that evening, and shame swept through him as it might have swept through a man, and the flower in his heart seemed blooming for her too.

Big Bob tilted his face up. "Well, you rascal?"

"I'm glad," said the Boy.

"So am I," agreed big Bob, with a look toward the door that was a prayer of thankfulness.

Then he looked back to the Boy with his questioning face, "Well?" he asked again.

"Papa," said the Boy, "may I tell her that I am — sorry?"

"Tell — whom?" asked big Bob softly.

The Boy hesitated — for you can't do it all at once, oh, you can't do it all at once! His eyes plunged deep in his father's, and he essayed it.

"M — Mary," stammered the Boy.

"It's the same thing," said big Bob. "Come along, pal."

WHEAT, THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man from sleep, and shaking her invincible locks."

TO-DAY the young men of Canada see visions where the old men dreamed dreams. Five years ago a far-sighted farmer from Alberta journeyed to Ottawa, to interest the Dominion Government in the sending of Canadian wheat to Japan. "Wheat for Japan!" was the pettish response from the seats of the mighty. "Why in the world can't they grow their own wheat?" Here was a brain of the same vintage as that of the boarding-house keeper who could not see the sense of killing his fat pig and getting another when that pig ate all the table scraps he had.

The fur-trader of Canada was no colonizer; the herder followed the trap-per, and both looked askance at the farmer; wheatfields cannot flourish on fur preserves or cattle ranges, and the interests of Jean Baptiste and Piebald Pete and J. Solid Smith, the grain-grower, are felt to be antagonistic. But Solid Smith is winning out. The prairies west of Winnipeg produced in 1906 no less than 201 million bushels of grain, and the farmer driving in his 40-bushel wheat to the elevators snaps his whip at the cattle-man with, "Johnny Bowlegs, you must pack your kit and trek."

The Canadian cattle exported in 1907

put over \$12,000,000 into the pockets of the cow-men, but the cow-men have to get out of the way of the wheat elevators and whirring binders. A man rides away debonair to a round-up, and coming back ten weeks later rubs his eyes to see a brand new town with popcorn stands and His Majesty's Post Office where he had left bare range. It is swift work. One day the wind in the prairie, the next a surveyor's stake, two weeks later the sharp conversation of the hammer on the nail-head, the chartered bank, the corner grocery, another little blotch of red on the map, and a new city of the plains. For between the parallel of 49 and Arctic ice a nation is developing which will be able to furnish the world with bread as unfailingly as its vast territory for two centuries has furnished the world with fur. The evolution of modern Japan represents the progress of the last half of the nineteenth century; the awakening of Canada is the index of the genius of the twentieth.

Western Canada in 1906 had five million acres sown to wheat, — but one thirty-fourth part of her total 171 million acres suitable for wheat-production. In 1870, grain crops in Western Canada were a negligible quantity, the cultivated spots meagre fringes on the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, and wheat elevators unknown. These great red storehouses of grain now dot the prairies north, east,

south, and west, representing (terminal elevators included) over fifty million dollars of invested capital. One hundred and eighty-seven new elevators were built within the last two years, making a total elevator capacity of over fifty-five million bushels. There are 956 elevators on the Canadian Pacific railway lines and 297 on the Canadian Northern, with twenty on other lines. Canada's exports for 1906 showed an advance of forty-four million dollars over those of 1905; her total foreign trade for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, was \$617,965,110, an increase of sixty-seven million dollars over the previous year. The three prairie provinces had 55,625 farms in 1901; last year they had one hundred and twenty thousand. And such farms!

Dreams of pay-dirt and golden nuggets drew with magnetic power young manhood to the Yukon, yet a surer harvest of gold lies at the feet. Manitoba, the smallest of the three wheat-growing provinces of Canada, produced in the year 1906 eighty-seven million bushels of wheat, which at seventy-five cents a bushel represents sixty-five million dollars. The Klondike, the richest gold field in the world, yields a yearly harvest of a scant ten million dollars, with cruelty and cupidity and cunning as necessary accompaniments.

The town of Indian Head, Saskatchewan, is an example. It proudly boasts that it handles more grain in the initiative stage than any other point in the world, for in 1906 over ten million bushels were harvested here. When the train sets you down at the station, you are confronted with a long row of elevators, twelve or thirteen in all, having a combined capacity of a third of a million bushels. The Government Experimental Farm here has, by summer fallowing and careful rotation of crops, secured for the last five years the splendid all-round average of 46.12 bushels of wheat to the acre. By actual measurement wheat has grown here two inches in twenty-four hours, and in mid-summer there are

eighteen hours of dazzling sunshine in each twenty-four, giving to growing "No. 1 hard" its virtue and its value.

At Lethbridge, Alberta, last year, the writer saw a wheat farm belonging to a Mormon from Utah. As far as the eye could reach, wheat, wheat, wheat, two thousand acres of it in one field, the heavy heads ripening for the harvest. A stalk pulled at random into our buggy as we drove along measured five feet six inches in height; the ear was nine inches long and contained 101 kernels. In this stalk we see the magician's wand that beckons the people of four continents to the last unoccupied half of the fifth.

As we drive on in silence through a landscape of wheat, beyond those nodding heads we divine acres illimitable of virgin soil with magnificent possibilities. And something else we see. Not very long ago the *Daily News* put before the thoughtful people of London a haunting object-lesson. The interior of Queen's Hall was divided into little stalls, each the model of a squalid London apartment. In these boxes of rooms sat women working at their usual day's task, each woman the type of hundreds of her kind. The maker of boys' shirts provides her own thread and her own machine and makes shirts at four cents a dozen. The manufacturer of matchboxes earns four cents for each 144 boxes she makes, and finds her own paste, and hemp for tying up. By toiling twelve hours a day she earns a dollar and a half a week, sixty cents of which goes for rent.

Workers who stitch buttons on their cards are paid two cents for each four hundred buttons, at the rate of seventy-five cents per hundred gross. Tennis-ball-coverers receive nine cents a dozen. Compare this with growing forty-bushel wheat on the Canadian prairies.

"God, for the little brooks
That tumble as they run!"

Is there any way of bridging the gulf between this soul-stifling sweat-shop and the all-sweetness of the prairies?

The labor-unions have not found it and church organizations miserably fail. One is jealous for man's material interests, the other seeks to save the soul. The Salvation Army attempts both, and it seems within the range of possibility that the great body militant called into existence forty years ago by General Booth may prove the most powerful force in solving the social and economic problems which have risen out of our complex civilization, for in 1907 it brought over twenty-five thousand assisted immigrants into Canada. For this purpose eight steamships were chartered. A labor-bureau is opened on shipboard, and so far as possible the destination of each newcomer is settled before he lands; officers of the Army accompanying each incoming contingent, every member of which is a "picked" man.

What kinds of people hear the call of the wheat and where do they come from? When the Dominion Liner *Canada* arrived in Halifax with a sample cargo of 1379 would-be Canadians, all bound for the West, the second-class and steerage passenger-lists showed Scots, English, Irish, Italians, Austrians, Russians, Norwegians, Welsh, Swedes, Greeks, and Hebrews. What could they do? Anything and everything one would think, except growing grain. In the little groups on shipboard, eagerly scanning maps and talking wheat, are cabinet-makers and upholsterers; machinists, engine drivers, and electricians; gardeners and goldsmiths; bricklayers, shoemakers, and stone-cutters; bookkeepers and butchers; clerks and cooks and sailors.

A lecturer on Canada and things Canadian accompanies each contingent, and many and diverting are the questions he struggles with. To Swiveller even some of them would prove "staggerers." "Are the Indians very dangerous?" "Do you consider moccasins or snowshoes the best for winter?" "Is it 'Igh Church, or Low Church?" "Do the game-keepers interfere with your shooting?"

But more important than Church or State, more insistent than anything social or ethical or æsthetic, is the question of money. The woman who all her life has covered gay sunshades in an attic at twelve cents a dozen does n't think over-much of prairie sunsets; her inquiry is, "An' 'ow does the oof go, you know? 'Ow do they brass up? Wot's the wages?" And following out some old primal law of self-preservation, the immigrants, as they approach the dock, gather in clusters according to their nationalities. It's good to hear your own speech in a land where even the birds twitter in a strange tongue.

The placard on the Halifax Inspection Building is a striking commentary on the cosmopolitan nature of Canada's citizens in the rough, who all summer long in thousands are knocking at her eastern gate. Here it is. If he who runs cannot read, he can follow the crowd:—

TO INSPECTION AND RAILROAD TICKET
OFFICE.

AU BUREAU D'INSPECTION ET DE BIL-
LETS DE CHEMIN DE FER.

TILL INSPEKTIONEN OCH JERNVAGAR-
NAS BILJET KONTOR.

TUTKINT DON SEKA RAUTATIC-PILETTI
KONTTORIIN.

DO BIURA INSPEKIVINEGO, I KASY
BILETOW KOLEJOYCH.

ZUM UNTER SUCHUNGS BURAU UND
BILLETTE-AUSGABE.

The extent of the Salvation Army Canadian immigration work is realized when one learns that in 1906 alone eighty-three thousand letters of inquiry reached the London headquarters and twenty-five thousand personal applications. Out of these, fifteen thousand men and women were selected and helped to a start in the Land of the Willing Hand, and of this number but nineteen were subsequently rejected by the Canadian authorities as unsuitable citizens. In fact there is room for every one on the broad wheatfields of Canada, but the Dominion Government

is anxious to get the best. As part of its immigration policy, a score of successful farmers, who have themselves made good among the wheat, tour England, Scotland, and Ireland, interesting the best people in this New Empire of Opportunity. Besides these, there are resident agents at York and Aberdeen and other centres.

Many philanthropic bodies are transferring the human overplus from the glutted centres of the old to the waiting fields of the new world. The Church Army brought out ten thousand people to Canada in 1907; the Self-help Emigration Society continues its work, the British Women's Emigration Association, and the East End Emigration body, with which Lord Brassey is prominently identified. Zangwill is anxious to get help to transplant a colony of Jews, and Peter Verigen promises the railways ten thousand Russian Doukhoborts from the Caucasus.

The Salvation Army, in addition to its own charter of special ships, made reservation for immigrants on all regular passenger boats sailing from Great Britain to Canada during 1907. A labor bureau was conducted on board each ship by experienced Canadian officers, who secured for each incomer a position before he set foot on the new land of his desires. On landing, all the passenger had to do was to pass the Government Inspection Officers, and then board the train waiting to take him to his destination. In each case a Salvation Army officer accompanied the man until employer and employed met and consummated the tentative bargain made on shipboard.

From the Governor General of Canada come the highest words of praise regarding the organized work of brotherly kindness. Earl Grey, on the occasion of the fourth departure of the steamship Kensington from Liverpool, wired to the Chief of Staff of the Salvation Army, "Glad to hear you are sending another really good selection of emigrants to Canada. They will be heartily welcome, as will others of

the same kind, for whom there is plenty of room."

For 1908, the Army has chartered ten steamships. Brigadier Howell says, "We will look after, and bring to Canada, all who apply to us, provided they are healthy and of good character, and will supply them with situations independently of their creed or nationality."

Among the devices which Canada employs to educate her mother country is the electric advertising car. This Canada-on-wheels, furnished with samples of grains, grasses, cheese, honey, oil, salmon, and the various kinds of woods, runs through the villages of rural England. At night the rustics swarm around this blaze of electric light as moths surround a candle, and scramble for the gay information booklets on Canada with a greedy celerity. Every precaution is taken by the Canadian government agents to keep the stream of immigration pure, and with faces turned toward the Wheat Belt, that great bread-yielding plain a thousand miles long and five hundred miles wide, the peoples of the earth are crowding into Canada.

The Atlantic portals are Halifax and the river-ports of Quebec and Montreal. Soon they will be landing away up the map at Fort Churchill on lone Hudson's Bay, where short steel lines will carry them into the very heart of the wheat country. On the Pacific side, at Prince Rupert, the Grand Trunk will open another gateway; and Vancouver and Victoria daily pay their tale to the prairies,—Australians, New Zealanders, and Orientals. The Orientals are a problem, these people alien in color and strange in speech. What is British Columbia going to do with them?

When half a dozen faultlessly frock-coated young Chinese in Eton accents volunteered for service in South Africa, offering to find their own equipment, matters were a little complicated at the Victoria recruiting office; and the imperialist is puzzled to see a dozen thin, turbaned Sikhs, veterans in many an Indian

frontier sortie, trudge the streets of a Canadian town, cold and ill-clad and marked "scab" by the unions. The Hindoo Sikh claims our respect and sympathy; just now he is a square peg in a round hole; but he had grit enough to face new conditions under a new sky, and looking at the fine lines of that lean face one feels that this man will eventually make good.

When, early in March, 1907, the transatlantic steamship companies gave out that every available space on Canada-bound steamers was booked up to the end of July, and when the Immigration Department published its forecast that the year's immigration would total three hundred thousand, one looked in vain for the prophet-pessimist who coined the phrase, "Bauble Bubble of Winter Wheat!" The influx of 1906 shows an increase of five hundred per cent over that of 1896. Canada's 252,038 actual immigration for the year ending June, 1907, is a greater number than came into Canada from all sources during the whole decade from 1886 to 1896. For the first four months of 1907 the arrivals were over eighty thousand, an increase of forty-three per cent over those of the corresponding period of the previous year; for the month of April alone the rate of increase over April, 1906, was about seventy per cent, and for the year ending June, 1907, the increase over the previous year was thirty-three per cent.

Quality is more important than quantity. One man of the right sort in a new country is worth ten of the inert disgruntled kind, the supine misfits. And to those who have a wise look ahead there is encouragement in the fact that the preponderance of the incomers are of Anglo-Saxon stock. For the twelve months ending June 30, 1907, Canada received 120,779 new citizens from the mother land, 56,652 from the United States, as against 74,607 from continental Europe, and of these last a large percentage are of the hardy nations of the North, — Norwegians, Swedes, Germans, Danes.

For all those willing to swing pick and shovel there is construction work on the railroads. The pay is good. This gives the newcomer a nest-egg and a substantial step onward toward that day when he shall be lord on his own soil. "A free farm in Canada via the railway route" is what each sturdy young chap is squaring his shoulders for.

What of the trek from the south? The Secretary of the Edmonton Board of Trade last season received no fewer than 6560 inquiries from American farmers desirous of settling in the one province of Alberta, most of them not homesteaders. They are anxious to buy, and some of them have spot-cash to pay for whole sections. Over the three wheat provinces these Americans spread, stepping across the imaginary parallel of 49 at Emerson, Gretna, North Portal, Coutts, — wherever the railways cross. Many of them do not go far from the great concentrating point of Winnipeg. Why should they? Land in the Red River Valley, the finest wheat land in the world and as good land for general crops as can be found in America, can be bought within a day's drive from town for ten dollars to twenty-five dollars an acre.

At the railway station in Regina it is again the American element that predominates, for here is the emerging point for the come-outer from Iowa, Minnesota, and the Dakotas. Regina, the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan, is the wealthiest corporation in Canada, having recently come into possession of real estate holdings that the Dominion Government paternally held in its keeping from the days of the town's inception. It comes like the gift of a fairy godmother now, and Regina gets its roads paved, builds a new city hall, constructs water-works and sewerage, without the addition of one cent to the taxes.

But Winnipeg remains the great distributing centre for Canadians in the making. Close to the Canadian Pacific Railway station at Winnipeg is the new Immigration Reception Hall, big enough

to provide temporary sleeping room and housekeeping facilities for a thousand souls. Women willing to enter upon domestic service need go no farther than Winnipeg. Five thousand female domestic servants came into Canada from Europe during the last nine months, and the Commissioner of Immigration for the West reports there are not fewer than 2500 Galician hired girls in Manitoba alone.

There is no better field for women servants to-day. One tries to imagine the effect on those pale anemic workers of the sweat shops of such an advertisement as this, cut from the files of a Winnipeg paper: "Good general servant wanted. Highest wages paid. Every night out and a season's ticket at the rink."

More than farms are making on the prairies of the Last West. Here, on a wheat plain wider than those of Russia, richer than those of Egypt or India or the Argentine, out of strangely diverse elements a new Anglo-Saxon nation is springing, and to the finished entity every country in the world contributes its quota. The very names of the towns are a commentary on the polyglot elements of the new civilization of the North. Strathcona perpetuates the name of that picturesque and venerable figure who at eighty-six still does active service for Canada as High Commissioner in the motherland, and Lacombe does fitting honor to that pioneer Roman missionary who, coming out here half a century ago from Old France, gave up his life to the children of the plains, and thinks in Cree and talks in English. Carstairs is crystallized history. Lady Carr three generations ago joined names and fortunes with an Englishman, Stairs; their descendant, a young Carstairs of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, writes his name on the topography of the West. Saskatoon, the name of an Indian berry, Rat-Portage and Medicine Hat, and that other Indian name, Moosejaw (abbreviated for everyday use from *The Place-on-the-Prairie-where-the-Man-Mended-his-Cart-with-a-Broken Moose-*

Jaw-Bone), all point to the days of the buffalo and the vanishing tepee. Prince Albert and Regina and Edmonton suggest Buckingham Palace and Old Westminster. Calgary harks back to a Scottish shooting-box in the Highlands. Lloydminster stands an appropriate monument to the revered archdeacon who preached patience and brought peace to the ill-starred Barr Colony.

Little bits of Europe dot the prairies. Up in Alberta is the thriving Swiss settlement of Stettler. Out from Edmonton is the French village of St. Albert, an arch-episcopal see of the Roman Catholic church, with a foundation counting back sixty years to a day when wheatfields were a thing unknown and long before the railroad was dreamed of. In this ecclesiastical centre of the northland the happy French and Indian half-breeds have built a flour-mill, a little elevator, and a saw-mill surrounding the spire of their thirty-five-thousand-dollar cathedral, and here, guided by the good Fathers, the little community works out its own destiny, has its own loves and hopes and sorrows. And not far away is the Scandinavian town of Wetaskiwin, which has built a forty-two-thousand-dollar school for its five hundred children. Quakers have opened schools for the young Doukhobors in their own villages of the commune, and the Mormon boys and girls of Magrath and Raymond and Cardston work among the sugar beets between sessions.

What is going to be the resultant amalgam of these coalescing races? One thing is certain, — adaptability is the quality vital to the widest success in the West. Each person coming in has his own problem to work out, different from that of his neighbor, with conditions widely varying from those left behind. Even to the Scot, the Englishman, and the Irishman there is no one thing familiar that touches him, with the single exception of the language, and even that in terms and tones and accents has an alien sound.

A day or two more and the prairies will have swallowed them; and next day others follow, and thousands after thousands succeed these, and still there is room. "Not one per cent of them fail," says the commissioner, and then, after a moment's thought, "If by failure you mean final, ultimate failure, I should say but a small fraction of one per cent."

Wise men who come from the East stay in the West, and the wisest is he who, starting a fresh page, treats his neighbors to no post-mortems of his former greatness. And this is where the English brother often misses it and the American scores. The British settler is very loath to part with his own ways and methods; he tries to square all things by an English ell-measure, in the process managing to rub his Canadian blood-brother the wrong way.

Many an Englishman has failed to grasp the meaning of Imperial Unity,—he regards Canada merely as a colony or outpost of empire. It is with him like a Roman citizen going up into Helvetia to settle, a century and a half after Caesar's conquest, and in his speech and attitude one is reminded of that "certain condescension in foreigners" which Lowell noted years ago. Yet the gilded youths of Britain have much to learn in "the Colonies."

The American farmer does not take so long to adjust himself. Used from the cradle to regard the United States as the "land of the free," he is inclined at first to consider all other peoples, and especially British people, as being in hopeless bondage. At first there are a few gasps of astonishment when he realizes that Canadians do not pay taxes to England or send annual tribute for the upkeep of "Edward's" throne. "Monarchical institutions" at first hand are not the formidable things that his youthful history text-book told him about, and in short no one is looking for the chip on his shoulder. The man to the right hand of him and the one to the left are not hunt-

ing for chips, they are busy growing forty-bushel wheat.

The American farmer is a practical man; there is no cleverer-headed citizen in the world, and, moreover, he is frankly honest. When he finds in Canada a system of jurisprudence under which law is everywhere respected, when he learns that Canada has never seen a lynching, that Canadian history tells of no Indian wars, he is very willing to acknowledge that there is little here he would wish to change. The fact is that in his general views and attitude toward life no one is more like a Canadian than an American. The fact that they are subjected to similar environment and to the same broad sweeping continental forces readily explains how, by merely crossing north or south an imaginary boundary line, Canadian and American alike pass from one citizenship to another with far less friction than an Englishman can be transplanted to either American or Canadian soil.

The American in Canada can scarcely be called an immigrant; he is rather a solid citizen. He considers that Western Canada offers him better opportunities than his own northern tier of states affords, and so he comes in, bag and baggage, heart and soul, to the number of fifty thousand or sixty thousand a year. In 1906 he brought with him ten thousand dollars' worth of horses and cattle and mowers and steam ploughs and reapers,—what Wemmick used to designate "portable property," and he finds his welcome awaiting him. He says he discovered Western Canada. The Immigration Department of Canada in its turn has discovered him, and wants an increasing consignment. There is room for American and European and Canadian pluck and enterprise and initiative, all the way from ocean to ocean, from boundary line to ice-barriers.

The construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific is beginning to open the eyes and understanding of the world to the size the fertility, and the latent power of New

Canada. How many of us realize that the Mackenzie basin covers an area one hundred thousand square miles larger than that of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes? "The Peace River country" is to most people a somewhat loose term for an undefinable and undefined region "away up north," somewhere in the neighborhood of circumpolar ice. Yet there are at a conservative estimate thirty-one thousand square miles of the Peace River country where Dr. Dawson in midsummer 1875 rode through vetches eight feet high and wild grasses to the saddle-top.

The vision of a prophet is not needed to see within a half-decade a large prosperous pastoral population occupying that almost level plateau with its slight dip to the valleys of the Peace and the Smoky. The St. Lawrence basin was at first considered frost-bound and sterile, the Fraser lands rocky and inaccessible, and the valleys of the Red and the Saskatchewan too far north to support a white population. The sons of the men who saw these pleasant lands blossom as the rose, following a creation-old instinct for expansion, are already laying strong hands upon the basins of the Peace, the Mackenzie, and the Athabasca, and plating townships in the latitude of 59. Colonization is no handmaid to doubting, and the kingdoms of this earth are taken by the right kind of violence.

Four years ago a Yukon miner with a mind big enough to take in more than gold nuggets sent down to a Canadian experimental farm three kinds of wheat grown in Dawson City in the latitude of 64½ north. He wanted it tested for vitality. The official report returned to him was, "100 grains planted, 100 grains sprouted, 100 grains vigorous, and no weak plants produced."

The first atlases pictured Canada as an icy waste fertile to the south; the map of to-day shows us a wide wheat plain dotted by the people of the earth, with an ever-lessening region of barrenness. Year by year, these maps change their

complexion, and the "edge of cultivation," with the advance of colonization, moves steadily northward.

A farmer last year at Fort Providence, twelve hundred miles north of Montreal, grew a bumper crop of wheat in three months from seed-grain to seed-threshing. The Canadian West is capable of producing twenty times Britain's import of wheat; before 1912 is past there will be ten million acres under wheat there, yielding two hundred million bushels. And it is the best wheat grown; "Canadian No. 1 hard" is the highest priced wheat in the world, the relative values in the Liverpool market being:—

Canadian No. 1 Northern	\$1.14
Best Russian	1.05
Argentina	.99
Indian	.91

The fertility of this plain is now known, the people are crowding in, and the wheat is growing. The great question is transportation of the ripened grain, for all channels of egress are choked. Calgary is shipping her famed Alberta Red westward to the Orient, but the bulk of prairie wheat seeks Liverpool as distributing centre, the route being by the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence. This is perhaps Nature's most wonderful waterway, supplemented, enlarged, and deepened by the hand of man.

To date Canada has spent over one hundred millions of dollars on her one hundred miles of canals, now maintained free from tolls. Through this portal pours the wealth of wheat. Three times as much tonnage in a year passes through the Sault Sainte Marie canals as through the Suez. But this route is long and expensive; by it the wheat needs storing at terminal elevators, rehandling, and trans-shipping. Moreover the facilities are inadequate, — some more direct way must be found. And the eyes of the commercial world, for a solution of the trade problem, turn to a route north of the St. Lawrence and its lakes.

Here lies a hitherto neglected water-

way, a great inland sea, Hudson's Bay, scarcely better known to-day than it was when three hundred years ago its intrepid name-father perished in its waters. Hudson's Bay ranks third among the inland seas of the world, being exceeded in size only by the Mediterranean Sea and the Caribbean. The Mediterranean counts a million square miles, and Hudson's Bay more than half that area; and as the Mediterranean was the centre of the Roman Empire, so destiny decrees that Hudson's Bay shall be the heart of an empire larger and infinitely more fertile than that of imperial Rome.

But whereas the Mediterranean is fringed by three continents and ten times three nations, speaking two scores of diverse tongues, Hudson's Bay lies entirely within British territory, and no other power of old world or new extends here its sphere of influence. Hudson's Bay spreads far into the centre of the wheat belt of Canada, and transportation by water is ever cheaper than by land. We fail to realize the vastness of this inland sea; the Great Lakes with their connecting rivers contain more than half of the world's fresh water, and Hudson's Bay is six times the size of the combined Great Lakes.

The Hudson's Bay Company years ago built here Fort Churchill and a small trading post, York Fort, at the mouth of the Nelson, but for the most part the great waterway has remained through the years an ignored factor of commerce, a mere name on the map. Ignorance, indifference, and more than a touch of interested envy are responsible for the fact that this northern highway has been so long neglected; it is just one phase of the sleep of a giant unwitting of its own strength.

In 1884 and 1887, government exploring expeditions reported the straits leading out of Hudson's Bay blocked with ice for nine months of the year. Believing this report to be colored by the undue influence of Montreal capitalists jealous of a northern rival, further ex-

ploring parties were sent out in 1905-6. They denied the land's leanness and declared the navigation of Hudson Strait practicable for four or five months of the year. The railroad builders are not slow to grasp the importance of this pronouncement.

What does a rail route to Hudson's Bay and direct steamship communication with Europe mean? It means the canceling of one-fourth of the distance from wheat-field to wheat mart; it means two hundred million bushels of grain finding itself just a thousand miles nearer to its ultimate destination, and the consequent cutting in half of the cost of its transportation. The carrying rate per ton-mile on the Great Lakes is just one-tenth of the rate charged by American railroad lines. To the European consumer the new route means a bigger loaf, and perishable produce delivered in better condition coming over a colder sea-way.

From Regina to Fort Churchill the mileage is the same as from Regina to Port Arthur at the western end of Lake Superior. The salt-water transit from Churchill to Liverpool is the same length as from Quebec to Liverpool, so the Hudson's Bay route annihilates the distance between Port Arthur and Quebec, the whole of the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence haul.

Great latent wealth all around the shores of this Baltic of Canada will be brought to view when the search-light turns upon this corner of the empire. Already a Scottish concern is developing deposits of mica schist on the north shore of Hudson's Strait; in the Labrador region are found Silurian limestone, granite, and gneiss; and all round Hudson's Bay the Eskimo exhibit household utensils hammered out of native copper. It is altogether likely that the history of all Canada will be repeated and another decade see here villages, towns, and bustling cities, while the trade journals of two continents give quotations on Hudson's Bay copper and iron, lumber and coal and fish. We hear the rumble of coming

trains and see Liverpool-bound steamers lying at the docks awaiting their cargoes of wheat. The Dominion Government has granted no less than eight charters to lines headed for Hudson's Bay.

The present is one of unprecedented activity among the railway kings of Canada. The Canadian Northern, originated by Mackenzie and Mann, with the Manitoba government as sponsor and fairy godmother, is essentially a twentieth-century growth. Beginning at Port Arthur and running by way of Winnipeg and Edmonton, through a thousand miles of prairie literally bursting with fatness, it has paid its way from the start. This line has a lower bonded indebtedness and consequently lower fixed charges than have to be faced by any similar railroad on the American continent. The entire system is free from objectionable grades and curves. From Pas Mission on the Canadian Northern to Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay is only four hundred miles, and Mackenzie and Mann for years have been firm believers in the Hudson's-Bay-Liverpool route; the sea-board extension of this line would seem an assured fact.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, operating now 9000 miles under one management, continues building with characteristic activity. The Grand Trunk Pacific prosecutes its trans-continental trunk line, and Hill hopes to divert some portion of Canada's wheat to United States funnels. President Hill has said, "The Great Northern has all the land we need for years in Portland and Seattle; we are now trying to secure mammoth terminals in Chicago, Minneapolis and Winnipeg. If our Canadian plans do not miscarry I expect within the next ten years to have a railroad system there the full equivalent of the Great Northern system in the United States. We will touch Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Port Arthur, and traverse the Peace River country with a line several hundred miles farther north than any contemplated Canadian road. Winnipeg will

be our general Canadian centre, and we start out with a Canadian developing fund of ten millions."

The Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian people, a people of seven millions, are building, from the Atlantic to where the Japan Current breaks on the shores of British Columbia, a natural highway to cost as much as the Panama Canal, a work which the ninety millions of the United States characterize as gigantic and stupendous and wonderful, every shovelful of progress being greeted with firecrackers and every dump-cart of dirt with fanfare of trumpets.

The Secretary of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce explained the "Seattle spirit" in the words, "We get what we go after." The Canadian does too, but he is somewhat slower in the going and decidedly less demonstrative in the getting. Fertile soil, unminted mines, giant forests, untold wealth of the sea, and the "white coal" power of lakes and glacial-fed streams, all these will play a part in the commercial greatness of the Coming Canada.

It was Isham Randolph, the Chicago expert, who declared that the Winnipeg River alone is capable of forming for propulsion and mechanical purposes a million-horse-power. Canada is as big as Europe. Ignore Ungava and the unexplored north, and south of the 60th parallel (that is, below the parallel of St. Petersburg) in this great plain each of the two new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan is bigger than the German Empire. We place Germany, the Republic of France, and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland within these two provinces, and they fail to cover the territory of the rolling mesas, more fertile than the richest plains of Hungary.

The wheat plains of Canada are bigger than that rectangle in the United States extending from Ohio to the Great Lakes and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. To him who would rightly read the signs of the times, nothing is more

encouraging here than the activities of the railroads. The sanest and most conservative men in the world are railway men. Sentiment is eliminated as a factor from all their equations; it is a matter of dollars and cents with them. They know as no one else knows the country, its resources and its possibilities. President Hill, and Sir Rivers Wilson, Mackenzie and Mann and the president of the mighty Canadian Pacific Railway are not making million-dollar appropriations and hurling away money for the sake of spending it. I see no greater tribute to the country than the fact that from sixty thousand to

one hundred thousand men were employed in the preliminary railroad construction work in Canada in 1907, and that the whole economic condition of the country is about to suffer a sea change with the opening of competitive lines to Hudson's Bay.

The white ghost of Henry Hudson revisiting the glimpses of the moon, if still to be touched by earthly issues, would seem to say, —

"Open the Bay, which o'er the Northland
broods,

Dumb, yet in labor with a mighty fate!
Open the Bay! Humanity intrudes."

VIRGIL IN MAINE

BY MARTHA BAKER DUNN

I SUPPOSE that if it had been a favorable season for coasting and skating that winter the Thinkers' Club would never have been formed. We were enjoying what is called an open winter, and this especial season had proved to be of such a wide-open variety as to provide little material for rational employments; hence it was that we were driven to the abnormal recreation of thinking.

The French class, which had always deemed itself an organization of distinction, was reciting now on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The dark-eyed teacher came at three o'clock and was politely dispensed with an hour later, after which an hour or two remained for sitting around the big sheet-iron stove, watching the coming of the early winter twilight, and giving ourselves over to the discussion of high and improving topics.

Most of us had arrived at a period when we believed our mental horizons to be perceptibly widening. The uncouth lad, in particular, though uncouth still, was beginning to be instinct with imaginings and questionings for the formulating

of which these bi-weekly gatherings afforded a necessary outlet. We had intended to call ourselves the French Club, though none of us had as yet learned to regard the French language as an acquisition of importance; but when "the master," as we were wont to speak of our guide, philosopher, and friend, criticising our condescension towards foreign accomplishments a little impatiently, had declared, "I wish some of you would form yourselves into a *thinkers'* club!" the French class was not too modest to accommodate him. Were we not seniors? Who but ourselves *should* do the thinking for the school? We understood — none better — the true inwardness of the master's petulance. This was our appointed and accepted year for the study of Virgil, but the class had consistently refused to embrace its fate with enthusiasm. Perhaps some of us had more love for the great poet than we were willing to acknowledge; but our teacher, in this matter alone forgetting his wonted tact, made so irritatingly apparent his longing that we should strew the Virgilian path

with joy and exclamation points, that it became a matter of conscience with us to remain cold.

The master wished us to be filled with an unreasoning curiosity about Mantua, as Virgil's birthplace; to trace the course of the wanderings of Æneas with unquenchable thirst for information, and, above all, to stand ready to salute every great passage with tears of joyful appreciation. To us, unfortunately, the story of Æneas was not convincing, presented as anything but a fairy tale, and when we looked at the small space occupied by the Mediterranean Sea on the map, we felt that any or all of us could easily have explored its mysteries in an open boat.

The Thinkers' Club, sitting around the schoolroom stove on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, watching the red winter sunsets blur themselves into gray dusk, while the shadows of the big, homely room drew closer and closer about the cozy circle, had not as yet bothered itself much with discussing the Virgilian eloquence. Perhaps we should never have done so had not the class orator, who was perpetually foraging in literary corners unknown to the rest of us, chanced upon an eloquent sentence about the impossibility of comprehending any nation or any language without "first making an attempt to realize its ideals."

When the class orator acquired a new, choice, and mouth-filling sentiment, he was in the habit of spouting it with frequency in all the intervals of conversation. He liked to bring forth sounding bits of Latin as giving an impression of deeper learning, and previous to this last acquisition had been hammering us so continually with —

"Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus
Dardanæ. Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium, et in-
gens
Gloria Teucrorum,"

as to impress the words indelibly on the memory of at least one of his hearers. There were tones in the class orator's voice which made us willing to bear with many inflictions.

On the Wednesday afternoon of which I am thinking it was the uncouth lad who began the conversation. It was often the uncouth lad. He was a youth possessing great initiative. The footsteps of the dark-eyed French teacher were no longer heard on the crisp snow outside; it was a lowering day, early darkening into twilight, and the fierce wind ravaging without gave us a feeling of emphatic shelter and comfort; fresh wood had been placed on the fire, and the door of the stove opened so that the streaming firelight might fill the empty bigness of the room with wavering shadows.

There were a few moments of silence. then the uncouth lad brought forth his treasures of thought. "Say, folks," he began abruptly, "education's a mighty funny thing, ain't it? I was lookin' round the school this forenoon when they was all here, seventy-six boys an' girls, some doin' sums, an' some buzzin' their lips studyin' hist'ry, an' Ammi Riggs makin' spitballs, an' this young female by my side a-pullin' Pauline's hair, an' 'Mandy Johnson crocheting under her desk, an' the chemistry class recitin' about the discovery of oxygen — an' we was all 'gettin' an education.' We've been grindin' at it for years now, an' we've got to grind. You may be strong as a hoss in your body; but if you ain't got some strength in your head you don't count for much. Somehow when I was thinkin' of it this forenoon, it all struck me as bein' awful funny."

"I don't know 's I call makin' spitballs or pullin' hair any part o' gettin' an education," the slow girl objected.

"Oh, yes," the school genius interposed quickly; "it all belongs. Doing sums an' buzzing your lips studying hist'ry lessons is only a small part of getting educated. Everything in life is teaching you something, though a good deal of it's what you might just as well not know."

"What is education anyway?" the slow girl persisted. "I never knew anybody had to be taught to make spitballs

an' pull hair. I thought they were things that come by nature."

"Education," the uncouth lad defined promptly, "is the trainin' of the faculties. If a man 'lects to spend his time in spit-balls an' foolishness, mebbe that's his way o' trainin' the faculties. It ain't mine."

The class orator was roaming about restlessly amid the remote shadows.

"Unless you have first made an attempt to realize the ideals of any nation or language, you can never fully comprehend the innermost message of either that nation or that language," we heard him rolling forth in mellifluous undertones.

"Sometimes I wish more pains was took to make trainin' the faculties interestin'," the uncouth lad went on thoughtfully. "Course we don't any of us expect to have square root fixed with pictures tacked on to it; but them sums back further in the book where two old fellers dickered together, or John Jones brought farmin' products to the store to trade for groceries, them helped me out wonderfully. I always used to see in my mind's eye my uncle's store to the Four Corners an' ole Abe Hewett an' Jim Perkins an' the rest droppin' in to talk an' bargain. Put a picture onto things an' you remember 'em a sight easier."

"What picture are you going to put onto oxygen from *oxus* acid and *genero* to produce, discovered by Priestly and Scheele independently of each other in 1774?" the slow girl asked with a sigh. Chemistry was her *bête noire*.

"That's easy enough. Anybody can do it." The class orator paused in his wanderings and began to improvise magniloquently. "'Two toiling scientists, unknown to each other, widely separated by intervening lands and seas, suddenly an' simultaneously chance upon the same wonderful discovery, a discovery hitherto unrecognized, though familiar as the air we breathe.' Ain't there a picture for you?"

The class genius here took up the strain "'Tis mine," says Number One.

"'You I—, I mean, you don't tell the truth,' says Number Two; 't is my own."

"'What you goin' to do about it?' says Number One.

"'I'll pledge you in a foamin' beaker of H₂O,' says Number Two.

"'The same to yourself,' says Number One."

The orator drew near once more. "Unless you have first made an attempt to realize the ideals of any nation or language," he boomed out in his deepest chest-tones, "you can never fully comprehend the innermost message of either that nation or that language."

"Say," exclaimed the uncouth lad, seized with an idea, "why ain't that jest what the master wants us to do? Why don't we go to work realizin' the ideals o' the Latin language?"

"How you going to do it?" we inquired in unison.

"Do it? Why, jest act it out. Take some o' these fool scenes we've been a-studyin' about, an', as he said the other day"—here the uncouth lad grinned widely, showing two rows of admirably sound teeth—"paint 'em upon the plastic canvas of our minds."

"'T wan't plastic he said; 't was virgin," the girl who never forgot corrected.

"Never mind," the school genius declared. "It's a good idea anyway. Le's do it. Each one choose his own scene. Mebbe we shall have to consult enough so we shan't all choose the same thing; but that's easy managed. Next Sat'day the French teacher's going to be away, so we can have the whole afternoon solid to jest realize ideals an' nothing else."

The next two days were busy and mysterious ones. Although we had vowed not to confide our purposes to any outside our own favored circle, it was impossible that some suspicions should not be aroused in an atmosphere so big with portents; yet we assured ourselves gleefully that we had revealed to a curious world nothing more incriminating than

the joyful fact of the possession of a secret.

My own rôle in this dramatic "realization" was soon chosen. The class genius and myself shared one habit in common — that of reading ahead. The rest of the Latin class had no sympathy with such unnecessary toil, being firmly convinced that "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" but to us who toiled, the pleasure of browsing here and there in spots where the notes indicated something of unusually picturesque interest, amply repaid the labor involved.

Among the family relics, handed down from "worldly" and unrecorded gayeties in the past, existed a mysterious black domino with pointed hood, and with the remembrance of this garment in mind, how could I help feeling that the finger of destiny itself indicated my assumption of the character of the Sibyl who accompanied Æneas in his descent to Hades. With the assistance of my Christmas paintbox and a little inventive spirit I provided myself with a golden bough quite as flaming in hue as anything the Forest of Diana could ever have furnished, and naught remained but to accomplish a sufficient amount of translation to enable me to play the part with some fragmentary degree of intelligence.

The probability that none of my comrades would be able to claim even a bowing acquaintance with the Sibyl, since for them the sixth book of Virgil was still a joy in reserve, did not trouble me in the least, — I had "a tongue in my head" and could explain, — but I did find a difficulty in acquiring time and mood for translating the story of the sibylline wanderings. There are always days in our lives whose memory stands out with special distinctness, and these two still remain vividly in mind on account of the numerous and engrossing distractions which they offered to render my descent to Avernus anything but facile.

We had, I remember, a visitor who had been an official in Washington during the war, a man who could and would tell

stories, and who had organ tones in his voice. So many fascinating and tragic and heroic things he embroidered upon my researches into the ideals of the Latin language, that to this day the background of that dramatic afternoon in the old schoolhouse presents itself as a sort of judgment-day cartoon. Dido burning on her funeral pyre, the young Marcellus with gloomy night "flapping her sad pinions over his head," and even the mystic Sibyl descending tragically from the black-draped heights of the teacher's table to the level of the stove which, with covers removed, signified the fiery depths of Hades, seem inextricably mingled in my recollection with the vision of the first man whom our silver-tongued visitor ever saw fall in battle, the marching and counter-marching of blue-coated ranks, and above all the tragic mask of Mr. Lincoln's face haunting the White House. Thus, unconsciously. I put a girdle round the earth and incorporated American upon Latin ideals.

It was the girl who never forgot who chose the part of Dido. Helen was her baptismal name, and so fair of face was she that we thought our classmate a lineal descendant of her whose beauty —

"launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium."

The wood which, piled beside the stove, served to feed the schoolroom fire, having been shaped into necessary symmetry of form, was transformed into the love-lorn lady's funeral pyre. She sprang, this fair Helen of ours, from a family of wealth and tradition, and from their heirloom treasures she had drawn forth a satin cloak, threadbare, it is true, and ivory white with age, but softly-gleaming still, and lending its voluminous folds to classic outlines. When she had woven her dark ringlets into a Greek knot and spread a deep-red "double shawl" over the rough woodpile to lend picturesqueness to the funeral pyre, we all began to enter into the seriousness of our parts and to dream that at last ideals were beginning to be realized.

"I must say," the slow girl commented, "'t I never had much sympathy with Dido till this minute. When I look at you, Helen, I begin to feel 's if there was more to it 'n met the eye."

"That is to say," the class orator suggested, "when you was recitin' about her you drew the line at some of Dido's didos; but seein' her in the flesh you begin to think 't Cupid may ha' been some to blame."

The class orator had chosen to appear first upon the scene. "I'll furnish the beginning an' the endin' of the dramy," he assured us with an air of kindly promise. The orator, as the sequel showed, was not destitute of classical standards; but he had not been able to resist the temptation of incorporating his Uncle William's army uniform into the part he had chosen. He was a well-grown lad, and brass buttons and epaulets became him. It is to be feared that the uncle, who was that awe-inspiring thing, a Bowdoin graduate, had felt an unholy joy in promoting the incongruity of his nephew's outfit. When we emerged from the dressing-room, whither we had retired while the orator perfected the opening scene of the "dramy," we beheld our classmate gayly bedight with trappings of war and proudly marching to and fro amid an array of stacked muskets, while swords, pistols, bows and arrows, and butcher-knives were scattered about in deadly profusion. At the moment of our appearance, thus deftly depriving us of all opportunity for question or protest, he began in his most telling manner to recite, —

"Arms and the man I sing who, forced by fate,

And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,

Expelled and exiled, left the Trojan shore,"

and continued to blazon forth "the long glories of majestic Rome," as interminably as our consciences would allow us to listen to the too-familiar tale. It is but just to say that we bore with the orator for a longer period than any other of our number could have hoped to attain. While he spoke, trumpets and

bugles seemed to accompany him, such was the magic of his method.

Some comment, however, was inevitable. It was the uncouth lad who remarked thoughtfully, loath to criticise unjustly, yet "wanting to know," —

"I don' know 's I see jest how United States army uniforms an' muskets fits into Latin ideals."

"So far's patriotism an' courage an' fighting qualities are concerned, the ideals of all languages have been the same," proclaimed the orator, strutting amid his muskets.

"Who told you so?" inquired the class genius.

"Uncle Billy," the orator replied, unabashed. "Besides, I ain't representing *Aeneas* or any of those fellows now. I'm jest a sort of a chorus recountin' their deeds; an' Uncle Billy said 't was all right to begin with the present century an' work back. When the rest of you get through, I come on again, an' then you'll find I'm the noblest Roman of 'em all."

The slow girl, who came next, represented *Hecuba* trying to dissuade the aged *Priam* from warlike exploits. The slow girl was tall, slender, and angular, with blonde hair so pronounced in colorlessness as to merit the epithet "tow-head" which was, indeed, often bestowed upon her. She was suffering from a severe cold in her head which reddened her eyelids and gave a mournful thickness to her voice. She had filleted her hair and draped her tall form in a bright-hued plaid shawl arranged in classic folds. On her feet were rubber sandals, which, having no shoes under them, gave forth a gurgling sound as she walked, and in a tragic attitude and speaking mournfully through her nose she movingly admonished the venerable *Priam*, —

"Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis!"

The uncouth lad, always obliging, represented *Priam*. As the lad "did chores" for his board his resources for costuming himself in royal splendor were not great; but his landlady had accommodated him with an ancient and ragged white table-

cloth, which, worn toga-wise, and displaying coarse trousers hardly reaching to the tops of a pair of stout congress boots, assisted the Trojan monarch to make a most kingly appearance. A wig composed of white yarn raveled from discarded "footings" straggled hither and yon amidst the uncouth lad's own uneven locks and gave him a wildy venerable aspect.

"My fit-out ain't what I call first class," he explained with his usual good nature, "but I done what I could." In view of which fact, and because realizing ideals had for the moment become a serious occupation, I am glad to remember that we looked upon both Priam and Hecuba rather through the eyes of our imagination than with any critical estimate of their classic charms.

Indeed, when in the following "number" of the programme, the uncouth lad appeared before us in his own chosen character of Iopas, the bard of Virgil, the mingled fire and dignity of diction with which he surprised us caused his ragged toga to be forgotten as he sang,—

"the wanderings of the moon,
The sun eclipsed in deadly swoon;
Whence human kind and cattle came,
And whence the rainspout and the flame,
Arcturus and the two bright bears
And Hyads weeping showery tears;
Why winter suns so swiftly go
And why the dreary nights move slow."

The uncouth lad developed haltingly, but he was already beginning to show the ruggedly-persistent stuff that was in him.

The Sibyl with the golden bough next appeared upon the stage. The class genius, as the only member of the Thinkers' Club who had ever before heard the Sibyl's name mentioned, took the part of Æneas and assisted the black-robed prophetess to descend safely into Hades from the lofty summit of the master's table.

"What'd she see when she got there?" the orator inquired, as he beheld the flames of the inferno bursting from the uncovered schoolroom stove.

"Trojan ghosts and the spirits of the unburied dead," the Sibyl answered, with the outward assurance of one to whom all secrets of purgatory had been revealed.

The uncouth lad looked himself over with genial impartiality. "I don't know of anybody 't looks more as if they'd ought to be buried 'n I do," he conceded. "Count me in as representin' the spir-its."

The class genius next appeared upon the stage in the character of the young Marcellus, a youth

"by none exceled
In beauty's manly grace."

The genius was immaculately togaed in a voluminous white sheet; he wore white cloth-covered sandals on his feet, and a wreath of green artificial leaves filleted his brow. He had even put on white trousers to render his color-scheme uniform. The afternoon dusk was beginning to fall now, and the chalked face of the young actor gleamed from the shadows as if touched with a marble pallor. It is true that he remarked casually as he mounted the rostrum, "Of course you all understand that I'm dead;" but even the matter-of-fact tone of this statement did not prevent us from feeling that his aspect was delightfully meaning. Whatever the tone of the young Marcellus might be, we saw that

"On his brow was naught of mirth

And his fixed eyes were dropped on earth,"

and we were willing to shudder a little if we might only dream that we were at last beginning to enter into the old Grecian story.

The darkening room helped the illusion when the fair Dido mounted her funeral pile. The battered walls of the old schoolroom stretched away into a vista of classic shores. Some of us even heard the murmur of the sea, an inarticulate echo which we were too absorbed to try to interpret. We imagined Æneas looking back from the distant wave at the high-mounting flames which marked

the destruction of the hapless queen, and it was with a simultaneous start of surprise that we heard the voice of the class orator breaking the silence. The orator was now attired in flowing draperies which entirely concealed the glories of Uncle Billy's uniform. Yet, as he came forward, a sepulchral clank beneath his garments revealed the fact that he had not been able to tear himself from the weapons of modern warfare.

"It's gone off just great," he declared, "an' none o' the rest o' the school has so much as peeped all the afternoon. I did n't think we'd get off so easy. I know some o' the fellers suspected something. Now we'll wind up with a grand finale, as the show bills say. Dido stay where she is, an' somebody touch up the fire, an' then each one get into position on the stage, leavin' the centre for me to come forward in purple pomp like a Roman Senator an' recite my piece."

At this instant a sudden flash of the "touched-up" fire revealed the fact that the orator was in very fact clad in purple; but the inquiry about to burst in unison from our lips as to where he had acquired such splendor was never uttered, because just then something happened.

The uncouth lad officiated as janitor of the schoolhouse, and knowing that he had fast-locked both entrances we had rested secure from fears of intrusion. As each classic hero and heroine was mounting to his appointed place on the platform, however, the two doors at the back of the schoolroom opened simultaneously, to admit on one side the dignified minister of the Old South Church and on the other "crazy Miss 'Lizy." Miss 'Lizy was descended from one of the ruling families of the town, and was reputed to have injured her brain by over-study in her youth. She had intervals of being what we called "a little out," but usually presented the appearance of an uncannily bright-eyed person of precise diction.

She gazed around as she entered, at Dido serene on her funeral pile, the Sibyl

uneasily perching on the teacher's table, the young Marcellus stiffening into the proper corpse-like rigidity, and the slow girl opening her mouth in unaffected horror. The class orator hovered in the background, determined not to appear till the appointed moment, though the heavens fell; and the uncouth lad, whose presence of mind was not easily shaken, came forward as host, stately and hospitable in his ragged tablecloth.

"We did n't quite look for ye," he explained cordially, "but si' down. We've just got to the grand final. I," he mentioned with pride, "am Iopas, the bard of Virgil."

"Quite so; quite so," the minister assented, accepting a seat at the back of the room. "Perhaps I should apologize for this intrusion; but Mr. Ammi Riggs kindly assured me of a welcome."

"I also am indebted to Mr. Ammi Riggs for my invitation," Miss 'Lizy explained, enthroning herself in one of the senior seats. "He mentioned my well-known interest in classical studies. I find everything pertaining to that elegantly instructive period of Greece and Rome of profound significance. This exhibition seems most creditable." Miss 'Lizy's bright glance, even in the dusk, seemed to pierce us with intelligent criticism. The Sibyl, on her distant table, imagined the twinkle of the minister's eyes hidden by twilight and solemn brows.

Noise of another arrival now sounded, but not before the Virgilian bard, dashing to the front, had taken time to admonish the stage company:—

"Put a good face on it. Don't let that blame Ammi Riggs think he's upstod our programme!"

The newcomers proved to be a row of maiden ladies, who had encountered the guileful Ammi on their return from afternoon prayer-meeting. Hilltown was prolific of spinsters with literary tastes. The present installment seated themselves decorously, murmuring gently disjointed sentences regarding the unexpected pleasure of the occasion.

At the next opening of the doors whatever qualms of timidity or smoulderings of indignation might have existed in the breasts of the Thinkers' Club were swallowed up in curiosity and interest in an absorbing pageant. At one door entered Mr. Ammi Riggs, followed, it seemed, by the entire remainder of the school. Mr. Riggs himself was clad in draperies apparently gathered from discarded mealbags. Upon his head he wore a new tin pail, burnished and shining, and his broad breast was shielded by a barrel-head bearing the legend, "First-class family flour."

The long line of Mr. Riggs's cohorts alternated in presenting gayly diversified attire "adapted" from bed-blankets, bright-hued quilts, grandfather's cloaks, and other picturesque robings, and youths and maidens clad in the more sober costumes of everyday. Kettle-cover shields, and spears shaped from scantlings, abounded. As the door opened, the gallant commander of this legion sounded forth a sonorous, "Forward! march!" followed, as the long procession broke into squads and filed down the aisles, by another pair of trumpet-toned orders, "Halt!" and "Set!" At the latter word the assembly *did* "set" with an impact which might well have shaken the lofty walls of Troy.

It was evident, however, that Captain Ammi had not expected the entrance of "the master" at the other door. Had it not been for this opportune arrival I have always feared that neither the Thinkers' Club, the minister, the gentle spinsters, nor crazy Miss 'Lizy could have saved the situation. Possibly the class orator might have accomplished it, but one never can tell.

The master passed quietly to his accustomed place, his mien undisturbed even by the unwonted apparition of a Sibyl with a golden bough standing erect upon his desk with the air of one who dies but never surrenders. The young Marcellus remained persistently dead; but from the Virgilian bard the master

rapidly gathered the facts of the occasion. He took command so effectively that nothing more was heard from Captain Ammi except one whispered comment regarding the impropriety of "makin' kindlin'-wood of anything so pooty as Dido."

The cohorts, once "set," did not dare to rise again. The master, in a rapid summary of the objects and aims of the Thinkers' Club, gave that organization a dignity which it had never dreamed of possessing; he transformed the collapsing grand finale into a stable function, introduced the actors to their audience, and put the ideals of a great language and a great nation behind them.

In the flaring light of the renewed fire Dido's fair face and ivory satin cloak gleamed radiant, the young Marcellus looked like a statue by Pygmalion, the dark-robed Sibyl shone mysterious, a glamour touched the bard and the matron. The bright-hued draperies and even the gleaming kettle covers of the audience gave color and tone to the picture, and when the setting was complete the class orator came forward "in purple pomp."

There was no way of explaining the spell of the class orator except by admitting that he possessed personal magnetism — tons of it. He also believed mightily in his own powers, which, no doubt, helped the illusion.

He stepped into the circle of the fire-light, and the house was still as death except for the muffled jingle of his hidden weapons. So serious had we become that even those who recognized the absurdity of this sound did not smile. The orator liked verses with sweep and rhythm to them. No one knew by what alchemy he discovered his selections nor how much he really felt them himself. He had a supple figure which lent itself to rhetorical grace, a slow black eye, dull at first, then kindling to a brilliance like flame, and a voice, flexible, smooth, rich with expression. When those black eyes began to smoulder into brightness it was

as if their owner painted a picture for us on the dusky winter twilight — a picture of the wonderful Italy he invoked. We listened, breathless, while he told the story, and to one youthful Sibyl, hearken- ing entranced from the master's table, the epic of her own land seemed to keep pace with the flowing rhyme.

Such the land that sent to battle Marsian
footmen stout and good,
Sabine youth and Volscian spearmen and
Liguria's hardy brood;
Hence have sprung our Decii, Marii, mighty
names which all men bless,
Great Camillus, kinsman Scipios, sternest men
in battle's press!

Hail, thou fair and fruitful mother, land of
ancient Saturn, hail!
Rich in crops and rich in heroes! thus I dare
to wake the tale
Of thine ancient land and honor, opening founts
that slumbered long,
Rolling through our Roman towns the echoes
of old Hesiod's song.

We always expected the orator to give us all the stanzas he could accumulate when he condescended to recite for us, and he seldom disappointed his audience in that respect; but in this instance the young Marcellus hardly allowed the last silvery accent to melt upon the air before coming suddenly back from the dead to announce preemptorily, —

"The exercises of the afternoon will

conclude with the singing of 'America,' in which the audience will please join."

Here was a mighty outlet for emotion. The master's deep bass, the class orator's sweet, soaring tenor, the tremulous notes of the spinsters, Dido singing like a bird from her funeral pile, and the great wave of sound when the cohorts lifted up their voices as one man, rose in a grand chord of melody, binding Greece, Rome, America, present and past, the world that has been and the world that is to be, in one realization of noble ideals. Then the fire sank low, and darkness wrote "finis" on the page.

I walked home with Dido and Marcellus.

"Did you hurry back to life and make them sing 'America' because you were afraid the minister would close with the benediction?" I asked the latter.

"Yes," he answered; "how did you know?"

"I knew by myself because I am a Sibyl. I was longing to have the unities preserved and a pagan day kept pagan."

The genius pointed to one pale streak of light long-lingering in the west. "Behold," he said, "the last of 'the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome!'"

CHRISTMAS EVE

BY CHESTER FIRKINS

TO-NIGHT is all the year to me,
When, out of all the ripened days,
Sorrow is sifted, Beauty stays, —
The winnowed grain of Memory.

Here all the months their emblems strew:
For April, there is Youth's delight;
For May, there are these blossoms bright;
For all Spring's love-time, there is You!

The Yule-tide flame snaps blithe below;
Bright holly berries burn above;
And Fancy builds a dream thereof —
A dream of Summer — 'mid the snow.

For Autumn, there is harvest hoard
Of all the toiling world's good will;
For Winter, there's the wondrous thrill
Of laughter round the laden board.

Methinks to-night my happy heart
Rides, like the Wise Men, from afar,
Back through the ages, with a star
For certain guide and errless chart; —

Back through the ages, unto Them
Who in the lowly manger lay,
Where stolid kine soft watched by day
Above the Babe of Bethlehem.

And all the hope — the joy — that He
Gave to all Christmas-tides of Time
Lifts here a pinnacle sublime. —
To-night is all of Life to me!

THE FISHERMAN

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

WE were running away — Eve and I and our son — running from the wrath to come. For it would surely come, as surely as time. And, although our son could not do any running to speak of, as yet, he was quite ready to be taken anywhere at any time. So he laughed mightily as Eve lifted him into the buggy, then held him with one hand while she climbed in herself. That had been a problem, that getting them into the buggy, for I felt it necessary to hold the horse by the bridle the while, lest he take it into his foolish head to run with his precious freight. But I need not have worried. Eve put the boy in and got in herself, very deftly and easily; and the horse only turned his head, inquiringly, to see what was making all that noise behind him. Having found that it was only a boy of two, — he seemed to judge the age quite accurately, I thought, — he dropped his ears and submitted contentedly to my firm hold.

It was some festivities at the great house on the hill that we were running away from; festivities of the second order. Festivities of the first order I should not dare to try to escape. It would be futile to try to escape them; like running from sin and death or taxes. But those of the second order I thought I might flee from with impunity. Mrs. Goodwin was to have a party; and a party is a party, call it what you will — tea, reception, bridge, or what not. I abominate bridge, chiefly, I suppose, because I do not know anything about it. For fear that I might like it, I have never learned.

I do not like parties. Not that I have any serious objection to parties, so long as I do not have to go to them. There are so many things in life that are better

worth while; and I am a busy man. I have to sit on the seat under my great pine and watch the play of light upon the water — with Eve beside me and my son on the grass at our feet to help me at my watching — at about the time that a party would be in full swing. I find it far pleasanter and more edifying to watch the water so, and to listen to the prattle of my son and to learn his language, — Eve is already learned in it, and she teaches it to me, so that I have some hope that I may become skillful at it by the time he is ready to talk my own, — I find it pleasanter to be so occupied, I say, than to listen to the kind of gabble current at parties. Still, I note with some surprise that, on the rare occasions when I cannot escape them, I enjoy myself very well. That is a mystery which I do not try to explain.

And Eve knows my weaknesses — she knows them all, I fear — and humors them, even taking upon her own shoulders burdens which should, of right, be mine. I remonstrate — to no purpose — and bless her. That very morning, having persuaded her to go, — a matter of no difficulty, — I remonstrated again.

She turned to me. "Adam," she said, her eyes shining, "whither thou goest, I will go; and —"

But, thereupon, I interrupted her in such fashion that she could not finish.

"Eve," said I at last, "you shame me. We will not run away, but I will send the horse back. I might turn him loose in the road, and I have no doubt he will find his way back to Shattuck's."

For it was yet early, barely light enough to see, and the horse might well think it the other end of the day. Indeed, when I went out, I found him sleeping patiently.

"No, no," said Eve. "Let us go, as you had planned. You would be miserable all day."

"Well," I said, "and so I would."

And we gathered up the baskets and went out.

I clambered in beside Eve; I am not graceful, and the wheel was cramped on that side, but I managed to get in, after a fashion, and sat, my son between my knees. He wanted something, but I could not make out what, although he conversed about it earnestly. And the horse would not start. I clucked to him and slapped him with the reins, even fished him, thinking that he might be used to that neck-breaking method, — it is much the custom among country people, among country women, if it must be said, — but he only pricked his ears and looked back at us patiently. I have rarely seen a more patient animal.

Eve was laughing hysterically. "He wants to drive, Adam," she said, as soon as she could speak.

I turned to her in some surprise. "The horse?" I asked.

"It is your son that wants to drive," said Eve. "Don't you hear him asking?"

For my son was still conversing earnestly. I listened to him with some care; but he might have been talking in hieroglyphics for all my understanding. I could not understand a word; but I was quite ready to take Eve's word for it.

"He may," I said. "I think it will be quite safe." And I put the reins within his little hands, still holding him between my knees.

He shook the reins and clucked to the horse, and that surprising animal started at once. He whirled us out of the yard — by good luck, he missed the gate-posts — and down the road at a smashing gait. My son was filled with glee and laughed loud and shook the reins again. It was a straight road; straight as far as Shattuck's.

"We might as well be in my father's car," said Eve in some alarm. "Don't you think, Adam, you had better —"

But we had reached Shattuck's — a bare expanse of shadeless yard worn to the gravel. The horse would have turned in there, but I had my hands upon the reins by this, and checked him. What any horse can see in Shattuck's to desire is beyond me; but the ways of a horse are past understanding. We were jogging gently along, now, very gently indeed. The horse had his ears down and they bobbed with every step.

"Not the same as your father's car," I said, with a chuckle. For I had a vision of Old Goodwin in his car, and he drove it himself; drove it as though the Devil were after him. "I wish your father might have come, Eve. He would have liked to come, I think — to-day."

"To-day, or any other day, Adam," said Eve. "He always likes it."

"We will come again, some day soon, and we will ask him. Although this is no motor car, Eve. We shall have time to see the beauties that are about us."

And again I had a vision of Old Goodwin driving his car, and I sat in the back seat, with Eve, and I found myself fully occupied with holding my clothes on. I could see nothing of the beauties about me — save Eve. I doubt if anything could prevent that. And this our son was not there in that motor car, for at that time he was not. He was not — and here he was, between my knees, as important a person as Eve or I; vastly more important than I.

And, as we jogged along the road, my son well nigh drunken with the joy of driving a real horse, I thought upon the manner of Old Goodwin's reception of the news of our running away — when he learned it. I could see him grin, could hear him muttering his comment. "The rascal! I wish I dared!" But he would not let Mrs. Goodwin hear him. And Mrs. Goodwin would sigh at one whose fate was hard, and smile as though it was of no moment. But she would grudge me Eve. And I know well that, in her heart of heart, she still grudges me Eve — always.

We were in the woods by this, mounting to the ridge road, and the horse was walking. I marveled that any horse could walk so slowly as he did, dragging one foot after another as though each one were weighted with lead. But I let him walk, for there was yet a quarter of an hour before the sun should rise and we were due upon the ridge.

A clear whistle sounded in the red woods to our right, and my son asked me questions which I did not understand. But I surmised the purport of them, and I told him it was a quail. The fact that it was not did not disturb me in the least, but rather gave me some pleasure. Let the naturalists name and classify as they will, — as I was once forced to do, but sorely against my will, sorely, — the bird that gives that clear whistle is none the less a quail. And two rabbits scurried across the road, and my son yelled with excitement. But, save for the yelling of my son and for the sound of our horse's feet and for the creaking of that old buggy, it was strangely silent in those woods. There were sounds — the soft sound of the wind in the treetops, the throbbing of the wood life — which but soothed the senses. The occasional call of some bird echoed afar. And we came out upon the crest of the ridge, into a great clearing, and I stopped the horse. He was quite willing to stop.

We were upon a backbone of land, and we saw, on one side, the little cluster of houses we had just left, close at hand. On the other side, farther away, was a village of fisher-folk, the houses scarcely more than huts, that stretched along a road, and the road gleamed white. Beyond the road was a narrow strip of beach, and beyond the beach again, the boats, each moored to its stake. The men were going to their boats as we looked. And beyond the boats were the waters of the bay, that were covered with a curtain of mist, — not fog, but a haze that was impalpable, — and the waters shone with the coming of the sun. It was all ghostlike, — the light, and seeing the

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fisher-folk but hearing nothing. Our son, for a wonder, made no noise, for he was busied in watching the men going to their boats, and the boats setting sail, one by one.

And the light on the waters changed and was no longer ghostlike. It showed me that the sun was risen, but I could not see him. I was puzzled.

"Where is he, Eve?" I asked. "I cannot see him, although I know that he is up."

I felt that I was being cheated — and by the sun. I would not have thought it of him.

"See, Adam," said Eve. "There he is."

And I saw him at last. He was already risen and showed red through the haze. I looked long at him and at the water; and, as I looked, I remembered another sunrise that Eve and I had watched together. I turned to Eve — and found her watching me, a light in her eyes that makes them better worth looking at than any sunrise. Our groping hands found one another.

"And were you thinking of that time, too, Eve?" I asked, softly.

She answered me nothing, but she smiled and her eyes filled — with happy tears, I thought. And we sat silent long, until the sun had climbed somewhat and he was no longer red but yellow. My son again began his conversation, pointing, with an eager and earnest finger, toward the boats. They did but drift gently, with sails that did not even flap. There was not a breath of wind down there, for the land breeze of the night and the early morning had died out.

"What does he say, Eve?"

Eve smiled at me. She is very patient. I am afraid I should not be as patient with a parent who could not understand his own son.

"He wants to go down to the boats," she answered, interpreting. "And why not, Adam? We have the day before us."

Why not, indeed? If Eve but wished it — that was reason enough. And I

gathered up the reins, and clucked to the horse.

Whereupon the horse woke, heaved a tremendous sigh, and regarded us reproachfully; but he did not move. I, too, heaved a sigh, and handed the reins to my son.

It would have been a short journey if we could have gone straight down; but we could not go straight down. We had to go around; and even with these added miles, it was not a half-hour before we were driving along by that other shore, with the water not fifty feet away. It was as smooth as glass, save for a gentle swell that rolled in and broke lazily almost at our feet. And the surface of the road began to show an occasional fragment of a clamshell; and the clamshells showed more frequently as we went on, until the road was nothing but clamshells and the fragments of them. It was the shells that made the road gleam white when we had seen it from the ridge.

The place seemed deserted; all the population gone out in the boats, that floated, without motion, so near that a man could have thrown a stone with some hope of hitting them. But, even as I thought these thoughts, I saw that I was mistaken; all the population was not gone. For there, over her ankles in the water, which just wet the hem of her cotton skirt, stood a girl: a half-grown girl, seemingly, with her hair in a long braid down her back. She had her back toward us, and her shoulders were shaking with the sobbing of spent grief.

Eve, too, had seen. She laid her hands upon the reins and stopped the horse.

"Little girl," she called softly, "what is the matter? Come in and tell me."

The girl turned obediently and began to wade ashore. And, as she came, I saw that her eyes were all swollen with weeping, and I could see, by the look in her face, that she was very wretched. And Eve saw the wretchedness in her face and she knew what was in her heart.

"Oh!" she cried. "Let me out, Adam."

And she jumped from the buggy and ran to meet the girl, and she met her at the edge of the water and threw her arms about her. I thought that strange, that she should embrace a stranger — and a fisher-girl, at that — upon sight. I did not like it overmuch, for these people are apt to be — well — not as clean as Eve. But, as for what Eve had done, why, I have learned something in the last three years, and I have faith that whatever she does is right and wise.

The fisher-girl sobbed afresh when Eve took her in her arms, and she raised her eyes to mine, where I sat in the buggy; but I doubt if she saw me or even knew that I was there.

"My Dick has gone," she wailed. "He's gone and left me."

And she sobbed wildly, as though she would never have done. And Eve and the girl sat down upon the sands, and I supposed that Eve gave her what comfort she could, though I heard nothing. My son, by this, was lamenting with them, loudly; and Eve, hearing him, motioned to me to put him down. I had no sooner placed him upon the sand than he made his way to them on his hands and knees. And his mother and the girl made much of him, and he stopped crying and began his talk.

The girl was not so young as she had seemed when we first saw her shoulders shaking and the long braid of hair hanging down her back, and noted the short skirt and the bare feet and legs and not much beside. Now that I had leisure to look well at her I saw that she was, perhaps, twenty or thereabouts, and that she was strong and comely. She would have been beautiful if she had been brought up differently; if — if — it is hard to say just what, in such a case, but there was something lacking, — something that I missed. And her dress was of cotton — some cheap stuff — and it was well faded by the weather, and it was stained about the bottom with much wetting in the salt water. Not that it mattered, though. I would hazard a guess that the

girl looked better in her cotton dress, all stained as it was, than she would have looked in silks and satins.

And presently she was laughing at the efforts of my son at conversation, and Eve was laughing with her. For he was making most earnest attempts at it, and pulling at her dress and pointing. The girl seemed to understand him better than I, which vexed me somewhat. And she looked where he pointed, and shook her head and said something. Then I, too, looked, and I saw that the boats had gone upon their business, for a breeze had sprung up — enough to waft them gently on. It would grow into a wind, shortly. But one boat was standing to and fro, and I saw the man in the boat watching us, somewhat anxiously. Then, when he had watched a while, he seemed to grow tired of his watching, or impatient to get his fare of fish, and he stood off after the others.

I was growing impatient, too, by this. For I had come out with my wife and my son, thinking to spend the day in the red woods or jogging comfortably along behind a horse that would not require too much attention — except, perhaps, to keep him going — over roads that gave one a wide view of the country and the sea. And here was I, left alone behind that same horse, and there were my wife and my son talking a language that I could not have understood if I had heard it — and I could not hear so much as a word. And they seemed like to spend the day at it and to forget that I was, at all. As I thought upon the matter, my sense of injury grew and my wrath grew with it.

"Ahem!" I said, not wishing to break in upon their talk too suddenly. "Don't you think, Eve, that we might be going?" I had some hope that I should not seem angry.

But Eve looked up and laughed. She knows my weaknesses — all of them — as I said before.

"Yes, Adam," she said, "in a minute. But come with us, first. The horse will stand, I think."

"He is more likely to lie down," said I, getting out of the buggy. "But never mind. We can get him up again, with help."

And I left the horse standing, and the baskets with the luncheon and certain of our knives and forks and other silverware, and went to meet them. They had risen and were coming to meet me; but slowly, for my son had struggled to his feet and he had given a hand to each.

We met at the edge of the road. "This is my husband," said Eve. And the girl smiled, a sweet and patient smile, and held out her free hand. And I took it, and she gave me a strong and friendly clasp, but she said nothing.

"We are going to look at Myra's house," said Eve. "When the men are out with their boats, she digs clams — when the tide serves." Eve smiled as she added this, remembering some things.

"And is all this," I asked, pointing to the road, "the fruit of Myra's industry?"

Myra laughed. "The other women helps," she answered. "'T is a many years that we've had a shell road."

I took up my son, whereat he shouted and pummeled me lustily with his feet. "Horsie!" he cried. I have succeeded in learning what he wants when he shouts "Horsie!" and I accommodated him, prancing and galloping up to Myra's door, with him upon my shoulders.

"Come in," she said; "or, no —" She glanced about, quickly, as if she were half afraid — or half ashamed. There was nobody in sight. The place seemed deserted. "I'll show you Dick's. 'T is only a step."

And she led us to Dick's house. It does not seem right to call such a place a house. It was scarcely more than a hut — a cabin. Myra threw open the door, which was not locked. Indeed, I doubt if it was latched.

"You'll think it but a poor place," she said, as if apologizing. "But I'd have made it — I'd have done what I could — all that any woman could —" She

stopped, while the tears slowly trickled down her face.

Eve laid her hand on Myra's arm. "And you shall yet," she whispered; "you shall have the chance. Trust me." Then she spoke aloud. "Shall we come in?"

"Yes, come in," said Myra. Her voice was dull and hopeless, and the tears still trickled down her face, unchecked.

We went in. It was a poor place, beyond a doubt: a cabin of two rooms, the outer room evidently the kitchen and living-room, drawing-room and library, combined. I say library, for I saw a weekly paper — six months old — upon the table. There was a poor little stove in one corner, and the furniture was the cheapest of the cheap; much of it made of old boards which Dick had knocked together. But everything was spotlessly clean — as clean as two strong arms could make it. We did not go into the other room. Our courage failed us; we had no heart for it.

"I — I come over," said Myra, hesitating, and with a pretty color in her cheeks, "when Dick's away to his fishing, an' — an' red up a bit."

And again I saw Eve lay her hand on Myra's arm and press it. And she led Myra to a wonderful barrel chair, pretending an interest in it. She even made her sit down in it and was astonished, or seemed to be, — she would have fooled me easily, — that the chair fitted her so well. At which Myra blushed again and confessed that Dick made the chair for her. Then she was mournful at the very thought of it. And Eve had to think up some other way to cheer her up; and we stayed there half the morning, on one pretext or another, until Myra was light-hearted again.

"Never fear," said Eve, as we were going at last. "Never fear but we will have Dick back again — if you do as I said."

"I'd do anything," said Myra, "*anything*, if it would bring Dick back — as he used to be."

So we said farewell and went to look for the horse. We found him in the very spot where we had left him. He had not moved a muscle, apparently, and was sleeping soundly, his nose upon the ground. And we roused him and drove off.

We went to the red woods and searched until we had found a favored spot. It was just off a little road — hardly more than a path — that wound in among the trees, perhaps a road that was used in the winter by the wood-choppers; and there, presently, we came upon a clearing on the side of a hill. There was a view of the water in the far distance, and on every other side trees — nothing but trees: trees in the first flush of youth, baby trees, and trees so old that they had grown decrepit; and, underneath, the remains of others that lay and rotted where they had fallen.

"I think this will do, Eve," I said. "Do you take the boy and let him dig in the ground if he will. There may be sundry insects, but they will not hurt him — nor you."

And I unharnessed the horse — he seemed grateful, poor beast — and set his dinner before him, which he began to munch contentedly. And having finished it, he fell asleep again. I am afraid that Shattuck does not give his horses sleep enough. I must speak to him about it.

Eve, meanwhile, had spread a cloth upon the ground, and had put upon it the contents of the baskets. I was as glad as the horse that it was come time for dinner, for I felt a gnawing hunger. I said as much. And Eve smiled, but as if her thoughts were elsewhere, and she said nothing. Indeed, she was silent so long that I remarked upon it. My son, a cracker in one hand, was groveling on the ground and making a prodigious stir among the dead leaves.

"I know," said Eve, in answer, "but I cannot help thinking of that poor girl. Did you know, Adam, about that village?"

I confessed to some faint knowledge

upon the subject. I knew it was there and I knew what it looked like. Indeed, I knew some things about the village — or some of its inhabitants — that were not savory. But I did not tell Eve that.

And Eve was silent for some while, looking far out over the distant water; and she was thinking, or so I supposed. For the faint flicker of a smile played about her lips.

"Adam," she said, at last, "you are an essentially good man —"

"I am glad, Eve, that you have discovered that."

She laughed. "But there is Oliver."

"Oliver!" I cried, ready to be angry. I would have crushed this Oliver — would have pounded him to a jelly. "And who is Oliver?"

Again Eve laughed. "I do not know Oliver —"

I was relieved. "Ah!" I said, sighing. "Then I can listen with an open mind. I was ready to do this Oliver some hurt — I could even have murdered him, with pleasure. Who is Oliver?"

"He is a fisherman, I believe; at least, he lives in that village. And Myra —"

"Oho!" I cried. "So there is the snake in the grass."

Eve gathered her skirts quickly about her and jumped to her feet. "Oh, where? Where is the snake?"

"I was referring to this Oliver," I said. "You need not be alarmed."

She sank down again, laughing. "You should not speak of snakes, Adam. As well speak of mice."

"Well, then, there is the mouse at the cheese, if you will. A woman shall not be held blameless —"

"Myra is not, at all events, although she has tried only to be kind to him. But I gather that Dick does not like it."

"I should think not," I said. "And I suppose that Oliver was the cause of the quarrel. I am inclined to side with Dick. Oliver — Oliver," I said, struck with a sudden thought — a memory of some years back. "I have an idea that

I know your Oliver. He is young — not so young as Myra — and very good looking, as I recall him."

"And what do you know of him, Adam?"

"I know no good of him," I answered. "I could send him to jail if I but lifted my finger. But I would not, at the time. I wanted him to have a chance."

Eve clapped her hands softly, as I mentioned the word "jail." "Oh, goody!" she cried. "Then you can take care of Oliver."

So I could take care of Oliver. Why should I? I must have shown some of the surprise I felt, for Eve said at once that she had a plan; and the only thing that was awry about it was Oliver. I was expected to remove Oliver, which, after some remonstrance, I undertook to do. Eve always has her way.

My son was sleeping soundly on the ground, one little arm doubled under his head. I moved him into the shadow, for the sun shone warm; but he did not wake. Then I removed the ants and spiders and a large assortment of other insects from the cloth — its whiteness seemed to hold an attraction for them — and shook it out and folded it, with the help of Eve. Then, with a look about, I saw the red of the sumach and the maple and the yellow of the birches; and the seed pods lifting on their dry stems, and the rotting logs and the dead and dying leaves. It did not seem melancholy to me now. And I lay down upon the sod and watched the clouds and I heard the birds and the beasts of the wood and the creeping things.

I must have slept; for I was conscious, next, of some one sitting on my chest and shouting. It was my son, and there was Eve looking down at me and smiling. It was time to go. And, when I had harnessed the horse, we jogged peacefully home, unhurried and content. Old Goodwin, in his car, would have made it in ten minutes; we were three quarters of an hour at it.

Old Goodwin came in that evening,

after supper. He grinned as he took my hand.

"We were very sorry not to see you at our party, Adam."

I was somewhat embarrassed, but not so much as one might think. "We were detained," I said; "unavoidably detained. It is a matter of regret to me that Mrs. Goodwin should have been, in any measure, disappointed."

At which speech, Old Goodwin laughed aloud. "You scapegrace!" he said. "A fig for your regrets! And though I have no doubt that Mrs. Goodwin was sorry for your defection, I could not swear that she was surprised. She does not expect much of you, Adam."

"Then she will not be disappointed," I answered; "for I am not good for much, I find."

But Old Goodwin went on as though I had not spoken. "But we, who know you — we expect a good deal of you. And you are wrong in this, Adam, I believe."

I was silent for some while. "I may be wrong — let us assume that I am wrong, and that I know it," I said, at last. "I feel that I shall go on being wrong — doing as I have done — to the end of the chapter. I am too old a dog to learn new tricks. I think that Mrs. Goodwin will be able to forgive me, as far as I am concerned. But, as for taking Eve away with me — I am ready to acknowledge that that is wrong, without a doubt, and to ask Mrs. Goodwin's pardon for it — on my knees, if she prefer that manner of doing it."

Here Eve broke in. "And, father, we saw something — and I want you to do something for me. Adam will not mind, I know, if I tell you about it so that he shall not hear. Do not listen, Adam."

Oh, no, I did not mind. And I would not listen. For I have none of that idle curiosity that can let nothing pass without unhappiness. And I smoked my pipe in peace, and held a book in my hand, up near the candles. But I pricked my ears — I could not help it — and heard

nothing for my pains. And at last the candles were become but stumps, and Old Goodwin noted it and took his leave.

When he was gone and we were starting to mount the stairs, on a sudden Eve threw her arms about my neck.

"Adam, Adam," she cried, half laughing as she spoke, "I am glad, glad, that I have you safe."

I do not know what reply I made, — and if I did I would not tell, — but it must have satisfied her.

A motor car is a good thing for certain purposes, of which purposes seeing the country is not one; but, for getting to a place, it is an admirable device, and, the more power it has, the sooner will you get where you are going. It is better than any horse at Shattuck's — when Old Goodwin drives the car; the fact that you leave behind you, for miles, a thick cloud of dust and a villainous smell is beside the question. It is unfortunate for pedestrians — they have no business to be walking upon the roads, for it is well recognized that roads are meant to drive upon, and they that walk have no just cause for complaint if they are left alive.

That, in substance, is the feeling that I have when I am riding with Old Goodwin. When I chance to be walking and one of those devil-cars passes me, I choke and swear for hours; swear at the owner of the car and at him who drives — there is little hope that one will have the chance to recognize either, what with the pleasurable excitement of keeping one's body safe and with the disguise which they all wear. There is no telling one from another. And I have been so entertained by the excitement — the pleasurable excitement — of keeping my body safe, that I have even found myself in the act of climbing a tree, and the car more than a mile away. And then I curse them all roundly, even to the maker of the car, and wish that they might be toiling along the road, inno-

cently, and I in a car scraping their shins and letting out an extra burst of speed and a smell more villainous than ever.

For Old Goodwin had taken me over to the village — in a quarter of an hour — to see about the removal of Oliver. And Oliver was quickly found, as it chanced, in the shade of one of the huts, sorting short lobsters. He knew me and would have escaped if he could. I saw his glance around. And I did not mince matters, but told him, at once, to make himself scarce, to get out, unless he wanted to investigate a jail from the inside. And he looked darkly at me and swore under his breath, and left his short lobsters to crawl back into the water again, — I emptied his lobster pot for him, — and walked off along the sands. That was the last of Oliver, in that play. We were to see no more of him for a season.

Old Goodwin chuckled joyously as I rose from emptying the lobster pot and climbed into the car. "That was quickly done, Adam," he said, "and thoroughly. But I question if it was wise. You have made an enemy."

"He was that before," I answered. "I have done him a favor in the past, and he was afraid that I would be unable to forget it. And if I am to have an enemy I prefer that there should be no doubt about it; that the first attack should come from me. Eve would have talked with him and would have seemed to persuade him to cut off his own head, as like as not — he might have done it. Eve can do almost anything with a man — or with a woman. But it is likely that, when one was expecting Oliver's head to be delivered at the kitchen door, on a salver, she would find that it was some other man's head — some righteous man's — that had been delivered, ready trussed. At all events, it is my nature to do as I have done. I have found that going against my nature gets me into trouble. And Oliver is bad."

Old Goodwin laughed again. His laugh made me uncomfortable, somehow. And he started the car and, hav-

ing got it well started, he turned to me. It made me nervous to have him turn, and the car doing its sixty miles an hour — sixty miles, if it was a foot. He only wished to ask about the roads — whether there was another by which we could get home. I said there was not, which seemed to disappoint him; and he muttered something about our taking our own dust on the way back, and hurrying through it. It was a scant ten minutes from the emptying of Oliver's lobster pot to the time when I found myself sitting on my own doorstep, dizzy and almost sick.

Old Goodwin went again to that village, and more than once, as I have some reason to suppose; but he did not ask me to go with him, for which I was grateful. At least, I try to think I was. If the whole truth should be known, I suspect that it would be found that I was a little bit disgruntled — jealous, to put it plainly — at having been left out of Eve's plan. I knew well, at the bottom of my heart, that I had but to ask her — even to give her a hint of my feeling — and she would unfold it truly, to the smallest detail; and willingly — eagerly. And the reason why I did not ask it, I am afraid, is that thus I should deprive myself of the privilege of feeling injured. When I came to think upon the matter and found what my feelings really were, I was much ashamed.

And so it chanced that I showed no surprise, in either speech or manner, when it was Myra who brought me my breakfast on a morning not long thereafter. Eve was watching me, expecting something.

"Good-morning, Myra," was all that I said; and she flushed at — at I do not know what, unless it was because she supposed that I knew of Eve's plan, of which her presence was, no doubt, a part. But I did not know of it, and I would not ask.

"Good-morning," she said quietly. And, having deposited my breakfast, she went out.

Eve was looking at me and smiling.

Something was expected of me. I cast about in my mind lest I say the wrong thing.

"I hope, Eve," I said, "that your father did not kidnap her. If he did, you must not tell me."

But Eve laughed outright at that, saying nothing. I might draw what inference I would, for all the help she would give me. I was half inclined to believe that Old Goodwin had kidnapped her—with her consent. He was quite capable of doing it; and I knew well that, whatever he undertook to do, he would do thoroughly, chuckling good-naturedly the while. And Myra would have had a wild ride in the car and would have repented of her sins—if she had time—before she was whirled up to our gate.

And so it befell that we were all down on the shore, one afternoon, down by our clam-beds, Eve and Old Goodwin and his grandson and I—and Myra. And Myra was down on the sands with my son, and she frolicked with him, and dug in the sand and told him stories, and, at last, he would have her skip stones for him; which she did, for a long time, with great skill. And we sat upon the bank above, and Eve watched them, a smile on her face, and she almost cried out when her son shouted at the skipping stones. We spoke little or not at all. For Old Goodwin is no great talker, and never was; and I was content to see the colors on the water and to see my son so happy and to watch Eve. And at last, as I looked up, I saw a boat just coming past the point.

"What boat is that?" I asked. For I know all the boats that are used to come into that harbor, and this was not one of them.

And Myra heard me and looked up, startled, but as though she had been expecting it. Then she fled straight towards Eve. It was as if Old Goodwin and I had not been.

"It's Dick!" she cried.

"Oh, Myra, run!" cried Eve. But Myra was already gone, sobbing, up the

path among the trees. Eve followed her, swiftly.

"This is interesting," I said. "What is to happen next?"

Old Goodwin smiled his quiet smile of peace.

"If you wait here, you will see," he said. "I think I shall be wanted at the house. You will excuse me, Adam?"

And he arose slowly, and went. I doubt if he knew whether I replied or not. But my son, deserted thus suddenly, called out after him and he turned and waved a hand, then went his way again.

"Come, son, sit with me," I said, "and we will watch the boat." And I went and fetched him and set him beside me, and we watched.

The wind was light and the boat came in, uncertainly, until it grounded gently, far out beyond my clam-beds, for the tide was nearly down. Then the man let down his sail and took in his hand the light anchor, with its rope, and, in the other hand, a basket; and he waded ashore. And he dropped his anchor in the sand and stood before me.

"Mr. Goodwin?" he asked. He was not tall but he was broad-shouldered and stalwart and as brown as an oak leaf.

"Up this path," I said, pointing, "is the way to his house. Mr. Goodwin will be somewhere about."

I looked him in the eye as I spoke. His expression was grave, even sombre. I thought of Oliver. Then he glanced down at my son, beside me, and his eye lighted somewhat and he smiled gravely. Altogether, I thought him a manly sort of man. He turned and looked out over my clam-beds to his boat, and to the water beyond. A long time he looked; then he sighed and smiled again. It was a sad smile. I was glad that Eve was not there to see it. She would have told him everything in the next minute.

"This is a pleasant place," said he; "a pleasant place." And he sighed again.

"It is," I agreed. "If you are going up to Mr. Goodwin's, I think we will go with you—if you don't mind. We will

show you the way, and I have an errand there."

He nodded, still gravely. "Thank you," he said.

The errand that I had was nothing else than to find Eve. For she had been gone from me a quarter of an hour, and I was not easy. I am never easy long without Eve. And I lifted my son upon my arm, and strode on ahead, up the path, with Dick striding after, in his high rubber boots. My son turned and watched him, then began to talk.

"There is Mr. Goodwin," I said. For we had come to the end of the path, and I had caught sight of Old Goodwin pottering about at the side of the house.

Dick was smiling once more, smiling at my son's chatter. It was not a sad smile.

"Good-by, little man," he said. And my son bade him good-by, politely, and he was gone to meet Old Goodwin.

As for my errand, I should not accomplish it on the same side of the house with Dick. I went around to the other side and explored the piazzas most thoroughly. There was no sign of Eve — nor of anybody else, although one would have thought it would be found pleasant out there. There was a place at the end of the long piazza: a place screened from the winds of autumn by glass at one side; a place where the floor was covered with rugs, and easy chairs stood about a large table — just the place where one would have expected to find the Rich. Why, the price of the rugs alone would have furnished my house. And there was a telescope on a massive base, of which I approved. I looked through it, being there, and chanced to see the fishing fleet straggling in towards its village. Without the glass, I could not see them, for the boats of that fleet are very small. Then my son would look through the glass, and I wasted ten minutes in trying to show him how to do it.

When my son was tired of this sport I looked up and saw, just within the doorway, a starched and stiff functionary in

many buttons. He had evidently been watching me with some interest. Indeed, I caught him at it. And he relaxed somewhat of his starchedness and responded pleasantly enough to my greeting, really seeming human, for the moment. They know, these functionaries, what I think of their official stiffness, — I neither know nor care what they think of my opinion, — and they are ready enough to be a little human for me and Eve. But for Mrs. Goodwin, never! They might as well be carved out of wood — jointed dolls of men — for her. I went in, my son on my arm, and the man, once more a jointed doll, held the door open for me, bowing low the while. I could devise a spring that would do the work as well; but he was there for that purpose — as if, forsooth, I was not able to open a door for myself!

And I roamed about the house, meeting other wooden men at every turn. They, too, relaxed a little at my coming and became, for the moment, just men; men like myself and like Old Goodwin, yet not like us, either. No man is like another. And then we heard the swish of silken skirts, and they became expressionless and starched and stiff once more, and there was Mrs. Goodwin.

"Ah, Adam!" she said in a low and well-bred voice, and smiling. "No one could guess who it is that you are looking for. But I have sad news for you. She is not here." And her tone changed, but she still smiled. "You never enter my house unless it is to look for Eve."

I laughed, in some embarrassment. For it was true, in substance. And I murmured something about apron-strings. What was a man to say, taken by surprise like that? I need time to get up my lies and to make them sound like truth. It is hard work. But Mrs. Goodwin led the way to a room — we had been standing in the hall — and sat her down and stretched out her arms for my son.

"Come to grandmother," she said. And he went, most willingly, and rubbed his shoes over her dress unrebuked.

"Now, Adam," she went on, "I have a bone to pick with you, and I will pick it now. We may as well have it out. Why do you?"

I laughed again, but not in embarrassment. I was amused. "Why do I what?" I asked. "Why do I come into your house? To look for Eve, as you have said."

"Now, Adam," she said again, most earnestly, "you are evading, and it is not like you. For, whatever your faults may be, and you have faults, in plenty, Adam," — she laughed, lightly — "evasion is not one of them. You are straightforward and honest —"

"Thank you," I said.

"Too honest and too straightforward," she continued, "to make your attempts at evasion anything but failures. A week ago I asked you here. Instead of coming, you stole off with Eve and were gone all day. And that is but a sample. It hurts, Adam. That is the plain English of it."

The plain English of it! How much better it would be if plain English were more often spoken!

"I am sorry, Mrs. Goodwin," I said. "I did wrong in taking Eve, and I ask your pardon. As for myself, I do not imagine that it matters to you where I am at any time. And that is plain English, too."

The tears came into her eyes at that. "You are wrong there, too, Adam," she said gently. "I asked those people here especially to meet you. I wanted them to know you."

She might have let me know. But I was ashamed.

"Can't you forget the past?" she said. "I know that I was hateful to you and — I am sorry for it. And now, I should like to have you come here or not, as you wish; but I do not like to feel that —" she spoke wistfully, I thought — "I do not like to feel that you are avoiding this house — and for that reason."

For Mrs. Goodwin had not been — nice — or kind to me when I was en-

gaged to Eve, or for some time after. But again I was ashamed.

"I will forget it gladly," I said; "and, on my part —"

"Then we will never mention it again," she cried, interrupting me, "for, from this moment, it is forgotten, and you are my Adam as you are my husband's."

She rose and held out her hand to me; and I took it and, on the impulse of the moment, I raised it to my lips. She blushed, quite prettily, — she had not been expecting that, — and she smiled at me as I raised my head again.

"Very prettily done, Adam. Very nicely done, indeed. But you should have told me what you were going to do."

"Then," I answered, "I should have missed something. And, besides, I did not know it, myself."

She laughed happily. And I took my son, who had been looking on in wonder at such acts; and Mrs. Goodwin slipped her hand within my arm and we went out into the sunshine together.

"To look for Eve," she said; to which I unblushingly assented.

We did not see Eve, but we did see Old Goodwin, still standing where I had left him, and talking to Dick. I did not know that Dick, meanwhile, had been to the house, and had made his way, with difficulty, past innumerable flunkeys, with his fish; and then, with incredible swiftness, had been passed out again.

"Who is that man, Adam?"

"He is a fisherman," I said; "and I have some reason to believe that he is a friend of Eve's."

And she looked up at me, in some doubt as to my meaning. I looked at Dick. And Mrs. Goodwin seemed to have settled her doubts, for she laughed as if she were much amused about something.

"And are all of Eve's fishermen," she asked, "gentlemen in disguise?"

"I do not know," I answered, soberly enough. "But I am rather inclined to think that this one is."

She was silent, for she did not know what to make of my speech. But Dick was gone, having given a grave good afternoon to Old Goodwin, who stood looking after him as he went down the path to the shore. And, no sooner was he gone, than Eve appeared. She had been hiding in a thicket, where she had had work enough in keeping Myra quiet. And she spoke with her father for a minute, and then she caught sight of us. And she came near, and she looked from Mrs. Goodwin to me and from me to Mrs. Goodwin. We both were smiling.

Eve gave a little laugh of delight. "Oh, mother," she cried; "and oh, Adam, you make me so happy!"

And she clung about my neck and we were not ashamed.

Once more Shattuck's horse was waiting for us. It was the same horse as before. I had bargained with Shattuck for him, for I liked his leisurely manner. And he is safe. Shattuck guaranteed him safe. He even said, to show his confidence, that if any member of my family was killed — or, yes, only injured — and if it could be shown that it was from any misbehavior of that horse, I might bring him back, sir, and I need not pay a cent for hire; no, sir, not one cent. And I thanked Shattuck, humbly, as was becoming in me, and took the horse. What I do not know about horses would fill a considerable library. But Shattuck!

We were not running away, this time, the proof of which lies in the fact that Old Goodwin sat in one seat of Shattuck's old surrey — he nearly filled it — and Mrs. Goodwin was there to see us off. Wonder of wonders! She smiled and laughed and patted my arm, and, altogether, she seemed prodigiously happy; said good-by to Eve and me fifty times — she forgot to say it as much as once to her husband, who smiled quietly, thinking he would not be observed at it — and then she took my son on her arm and watched us start the horse. When, at last,

we had succeeded, it occurred to me to marvel at Mrs. Goodwin's unusual exuberance of spirits and to wonder whether it was due to the fact that she was to have charge of my son until we came back again. She is capable of almost anything to accomplish that. Then we were approaching Shattuck's and the horse demanded all my attention.

It was for our clergyman we were going, first. For, a few days after Mrs. Goodwin had come upon Dick, I saw his boat again coming in by my clam-beds. And then, to my — no, not to my surprise, I saw Dick himself taking his way along the shore. I thought that Eve might be glad to know of it, and I called up the stairs.

"Eve," I said, "did you, perhaps, expect any one to bring you fish to-day?"

Whereupon there was a great flutter, and Eve came running down. "Is he coming?" she cried. I thought that she seemed unduly excited over a few paltry fish. But she did not wait for me to answer. "I must tell Myra," she said. "It would never do for him to see her here — yet."

"Wait a minute, Eve," I called. But she was gone, without a thought for me; and an instant later I saw Myra take to cover. She seemed to feel that the house was no better than a cage; and instead of running and hiding in a closet, she scooted for the shelter of some trees and bushes that were near. There she lay hid while Dick was in sight. Only when his sail had again been hoisted and his boat was standing off did she appear, looking as if — but I did not look at her. It was Eve's affair, that of Myra.

And, as I still waited, came Eve, and smiled and — but what she did is neither here nor there. It pleased me.

"It is going beautifully," she said; at which I smiled and made no answer.

And the next day Dick came again. I saw Eve sitting beside him on the back steps and talking earnestly, whereupon I began a promenade up and down the

path from my garden to the gate. On the first lap Eve was talking earnestly and he was listening without interest, so far as I could see, and his face had the same grave, sad expression that I had noted. On the second lap he was listening still, but his face was gloomy and fierce. On the third, he was speaking bitterly and Eve was listening, and, now and then, she made him some reply. On the fourth, Dick had his face in his hands and Eve was talking; and, on the fifth, he was not there. But I saw Eve.

"Eve," I said in astonishment, "what have you done with your fisherman? Is it all over?"

She smiled as if she were happy and she took my arm.

"I think it is," she said. "Come with me — and softly."

And she led me to a spot from which we could see my pine and the seat under it. I had an affection for that seat. From it one could see the harbor and the bay beyond and the western sun; and it held memories.

"Look!" Eve whispered.

I looked as she bade me; and I saw Dick and Myra in the shadow of the tree, and he held her close and she was weeping on his shoulder.

"Come away," I said. And we went away as softly as we had come, and left them to their whispering and their weeping.

Eve would have had the wedding at our house. And Myra was grateful for the wish, but she had her heart set on her own poor house. And that is the reason why we were once more behind that horse of Shattuck's.

And we went to the village and got the clergyman — a youngish man with gray hair, who did not talk much after we had got well away, for which I was thankful. I do not like a talking parson. He is apt to make a parade of his religion; perhaps he feels obliged to.

But let your parson be a man, and interested in — but all this has been said many times before. Our parson was such

a man, I think; supposed to be pleasing to Old Goodwin, who is as rich as all the rest of us put together — and richer — and therefore to be pleased. And this parson of ours was supposed to hold no very startling opinions, although I am convinced that Old Goodwin does not care a rap what opinions he may hold, and never did.

And we left the village behind us, and the long, white road stretched out ahead, dappled and flecked with shadows. For we were in the red woods now. They were red no longer, but brown and gray, with here and there a patch of green that marked a clump of pine. For the trees had lost their leaves, for the most part, and stood bare, stretching their dry bones; and what leaves there were left on them had lost their colors of red and yellow and had become brown and brittle. And the leaves that had fallen were drifted in great heaps and windrows in the road, so that our horse's feet made a pleasant rustling as he jogged.

Eve and the parson, sitting in the back seat, had fallen silent this long time and looked out upon the woods and over the clearings that we passed and absorbed their beauties. Old Goodwin is no talker. And we jogged sleepily on, I waving the whip mechanically over the horse's back, giving no thought to the manner of his going but gazing to the one side or to the other as the fancy took me, soothed by the soft sound of his feet upon the road and, now and then, the pleasant noise of the dead leaves. And I thought upon nothing in particular, and there came over me a deep sense of peace and a great content.

And, presently, we came out of the woods, and as we came I heard the parson sigh deeply and then Old Goodwin did likewise.

"What a great deal of time," said the parson, as though musing and talking to himself, "man wastes in work!"

"Amen to that!" said I; for that is the kind of doctrine — rightly interpreted — that I like to hear. And the

parson had left the interpreting to me, so that I suited myself and offended nobody if I kept silent.

Old Goodwin looked at me as I spoke, and he laughed, but said nothing. And I said no more, either, but the parson seemed to feel uncomfortable about his remark, fearing, no doubt, that he might be misunderstood. And so, indeed, he might; but I have not found that matters are mended by explaining, and I did not encourage him.

We were jogging along the shell road, by this, with the little waves breaking almost at our feet; and, in the distance, but coming slowly nearer, were the houses of the village. The fishing boats were all in and moored, each to its stake. I noticed that, for it was noon and there was breeze enough and the tide served well, although the tide does not so much matter to a fisherman. I was astonished at it; and yet more astonished that I saw nobody about.

And we drove up to the house that was Myra's, and the horse stopped of his own accord, as though he knew we would go no farther. And we got out and marched, in solemn procession, up to the door, but we found nobody. This perplexed me somewhat; for how should we have a wedding with no bride? But it did not seem to worry Eve. She whispered to me that I was to fetch Dick, and, of course, I went. But I lingered, first, to see what Eve would do. She went and knocked upon a door; which was presently opened a crack, then wider, and Eve slipped through and disappeared. It seemed that Myra's father and mother were dead these many years, and she lived in this house alone. If I had known that, I should have been saved some perplexity. But I had not been told; indeed, there was little that I had been told. I went on to Dick's.

I found him sitting just within his front door — his back door, too, for there is but the one — on a box. He rose when he saw me and gave me greeting in his own grave manner.

"Is it time?" he asked. "Shall I come now?"

And I bade him come, and we went back together. We found Myra just coming from her room. She looked shy and really pretty, — Dick, at least, seemed to think so, — but there were traces of tears about her eyes that only made them the softer and the more gentle as they looked at Dick. And she clung to Eve a moment and turned away, her lip trembling.

So they were married, Dick and Myra, and Old Goodwin gave the bride away, while I stood by like any stick. But I chanced to glance out the open door, and I saw the whole population of the village, in pairs, trying, very quietly, to look in. And I made the newly married pair stand in the doorway and greet their guests. For there was not room inside for a quarter of them all. And Eve whispered to me to look in the carriage, under the back seat, and to bring what I should find there. And so I did, and it was a box, and the box was very heavy; and, being opened, there was disclosed a wedding cake, very dark and all that a wedding cake should be. They set it out upon a board, not having a dish that was big enough, and the guests filed into the room and each took a piece — it was already cut — and then filed out again. But I made my way outside, with difficulty, and joined Old Goodwin where he stood, looking out over the water.

I soon found what he was looking at. It was a boat, but not like those other boats that were moored to their stakes, for it seemed new and it was clothed in a glory of new paint, and its sail was new. There was one man sailing it, and he headed straight for Dick's boat, where she lay at her stake, and came alongside and grappled her and made fast. But there were fenders between. And Dick had come out and was looking on in wonder. He came straight to Old Goodwin.

"What is that?" he asked.

Old Goodwin smiled at him. "It seems to be a boat," he said.

"Yes," answered Dick, "but what for?"

"Why," said Old Goodwin, then, "to sail, of course. It looks as if it might be good to fish from."

"Well," persisted Dick, "whose is it?"

Old Goodwin laughed aloud. "It's fast to your stake," he said. "I think I should take possession of it; that is, of course, if you like it."

"If I like it!" muttered Dick. "If I like it!" And he brushed his eyes with the back of his hand. "I thank you," he said simply.

Then, for once, Old Goodwin was embarrassed. "Pshaw!" he said. "Myra is not to have all the presents. Go out and get that man and bring him ashore. And then take your wife for a sail. It will be a wedding journey that she will like well enough." But Dick was gone

to do his bidding. "It will be a quieter one than I had — or you, either, Adam." And then he whispered to me, "There will be a present or two along, shortly."

At which speech I smiled as if I had known about it all the while.

So, presently, we were watching that new boat, and Dick held the tiller, proudly, I thought, while Myra stood and waved to us. Eve had slipped her hand within my arm and stood beside me as we watched. And the boat was less and less until it dwindled to a speck upon the sparkling water and vanished in the glitter of the sun.

Then Eve looked up at me and smiled a tremulous smile; and I looked down at her and I smiled, too.

She squeezed my arm. "Come," she said softly. "Come."

And she led me away to our horse that slept peacefully, his nose to the ground.

THE CHILDREN'S EDUCATIONAL THEATRE

BY A. MINNIE HERTS

It will always be difficult to understand why the theatre has failed to obtain proper recognition as a factor in our educational system. Without aid of the imaginative faculty the intellect may become barren, colorless, inert. Dramatic instinct is a vitally focused phase of the imagination, whereby the vague pictures of the mind become tangible and tend to take form and place in the environment. This instinct is at the root of the creative impulses of mental and spiritual life. But, until the establishment of the Children's Educational Theatre, the operations of dramatic instinct have not been organized in relation to education, nor its product placed in the educational scheme.

To "act out," "to pretend," to "play it is," are among the first impulses of

childhood. These impulses spring from the dramatic sense potent throughout the development of the boy, the man, and society in general. Froebel made use of it in the kindergarten to develop the baby mind, the Children's Educational Theatre organizes it to meet the increasing need of the adolescent as well as the child mind. In our auditorium we meet the insatiable demand of the child to "see a show;" that the child is literally torn with craving to "see a show" is not advanced as theory merely, in view of statistics which show that eighty out of eight hundred and sixty so-called five-cent theatres, which are nothing but moving-picture exhibits, were closed in one week in New York, because they were patronized by children under sixteen unaccompanied by parents. Proprietors of penny-

in-the-slot arcades and cheap theatres often clear a hundred dollars a day, and they offer the child very meagre entertainment in return for his expenditure. Moving-picture theatres exist in all our large cities. Thus managerial thrift turns to commercial profit the child's fixed determination to seek and find satisfaction for its dramatic instinct. The educator has not turned to educational profit the same instinct.

Education fails, except as it meets or stimulates the craving of the inner living consciousness to realize itself outwardly, except as it engages the senses as the organs of the mind. The desire to "act" is a spontaneous effort towards this realization. The manager employs actors for his own profit, but the educator has failed to turn this eternal craving for expression to educational profit. Mind, body, spirit, this is the child. Gymnasiums do much for the child's body; the public schools aim to develop the adolescent mind. Until the evolution of the Children's Theatre, I can think of no constructive social enterprise planned to meet directly the outreach of the growing spirit.

When, four years ago, the writer undertook to reorganize the Entertainment Department of the Educational Alliance on the east side of New York, she was animated solely by a desire to supply the children in the neighborhood with entertainment of better class than the Alliance and other neighborhood amusement places had offered. It seemed that the improved entertainment should be of educational value. The Educational Alliance supplied a stage whereon plays suitable for children might be presented. The need of correct scenery, properties, and costumes was less promptly recognized. The most rudimentary entertainments, costumed and staged in any haphazard way and acted by careless or ill-trained amateurs or fifth-rate professionals, had always attracted young audiences. In the beginning arose the oft-puzzled question, Why improve on what had

seemed to serve? None who asked the question realized that therein lay the reason for giving such audiences only the best. The question involved its own answer, namely, that every play presented in this auditorium on East Broadway should be equipped with correct scenery, artistic costume, and every possible response made to the clamorous cry of the child's imagination. The need for players was met in the way necessity presented. The usually available "amateur talent" offered by dramatic schools and the swarming dramatic clubs of the neighborhood had proved valueless. Professional talent was beyond our purse, and we therefore decided, in order to secure practical work on our stage, to choose our players from the neighborhood, training and developing the dramatic instinct latent in every human being, thus making the district responsible for the standard of its own entertainment.

The first regular season of matinées at the Children's Theatre began in October, 1905, with a presentation of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's play *The Little Princess*. During the preceding summer, while the stage was building, the children and young men and women who were to form the cast of the play were chosen from among the neighborhood people. Rehearsals had not progressed far when it became apparent that a great mine of educational value was to be worked in the player as well as in the audience. Our task was clearly outlined. The imaginative faculty was to be roused on both sides of the footlights. We recognized that in our auditorium moral and educational value must result. In the long preparation for the performance the play was discussed in every feature and detail, the inter-relation of one character to another was suggested, with a view to working out these relations practically. Tremendous interest was awakened through the knowledge that all this activity was not to be left vague and purposeless, but was to be used for definite purpose,—the production of a play. A desire

to do was stimulated by doing, by creating. No effort was to be wasted. The great possibility of instruction through suggestion in this wide and hitherto unexploited field became at once apparent. No laziness or indifference balked effort. Confidence was established in the value of the smallest thing well done, whether that thing were tacking down a floor cloth or playing a leading part. Efficiency accomplished its work with as much credit in shifting scenery or managing lights, as in acting a scene. Wholesome competition stimulated coöperation.

As soon as the player felt the responsibility of translating into his own physical expression the relation between the thought and the responsive action of the body, the idea began to vitalize his entire being; this powerful human impulse, dramatic instinct, needed only proper direction to become creative, not merely imitative. It represented the player's own endeavor to realize and live out the idea which he possessed. Here was the cue which we had never been able to pick up elsewhere, to deal indirectly with the personality of the player, and with his coöperation to establish eternal principles of humanity by the study and playing of characters best expressing these principles. So intense was the interest in the general work of preparation that the children brought older brothers, not only to play but to help shift scenery, and older sisters, not only to wear but to help to make costumes. The desire that their play might prove a great neighborhood success stimulated them in all directions and widened the scope of the work inherently.

When Mrs. Burnett saw her play performed by these children of immigrant parents, she marveled, as have so many neighborhood teachers since, at the clean, flexible delivery of English. Several children who visited the theatre were asked to write compositions on the play. One wrote, "I like Sara Crewe because she speaks her words as though they were her own words out of her own

heart." The demand on the audience side of our footlights would have been met for the entire season by matinées of *The Little Princess*; but the same instinct which led the audience through the front door of our theatre, brought them also through our stage door with requests to study this or that part which they had watched from the front so carefully that, in many instances, they had memorized entire scenes. We awoke to the necessity of forming classes where every part in every play might be studied by half a dozen different persons.

Several elements were considered in selecting a play: its value to the audience and its value to our classes, its value as a production and as a study, its power to represent a suitable ideal to the neighborhood, its power to suggest things to our players. Those who come merely animated with the desire to play parts remain to be brought into intimate acquaintance with a variety of characters represented in dramatic fiction, thereby widening their circle of human contact, as would otherwise be impossible in their restricted lives. Under wise direction they study in ideal characters motives, possibilities, and purposes active in human nature. Indirectly our work secures the discipline of self-restraint, of devotion to duty, of promptness, of efficiency, and the rights of fellow men. Aided by the combination of characters in the play, we are not obliged to confine our moral studies to abstract ethics or even to a survey of life that bounds itself by facts. Life presents no perspective; often it confuses by a mass of unrelated particulars. In studying the play, the force of an ideal carried to practical solution, we make use of the opportunity to discuss impersonally the ways of men, their motives and impulses, whether of individuals or classes. Moreover, the study and production of the entire play reveals both to player and to spectator not only the aspect the individual shows to the world, but also the aspect which the course of events in the world

shows to the individual. Herein lies the great opportunity for using the drama as a means of moral instruction for the forming mind. The drama presents a finished whole. It exemplifies the rigid connection between men's moral natures and their fortunes, it shows that fate is largely determined by character. The interplay of spiritual and physical law, whereby spirit welds body to a likeness of itself, is recognized, not in inert ethical discussion, but as a living force operating on the very bodies of our players. The boy, cramped, dulled, uninterested in the barren round of school and work, perhaps finds no stimulus sufficient to bring home to his will a necessity for standing straight, squaring his chest, or holding up his head. He is told and he knows, but he perhaps fails fully to credit the fact, that the cramped body he is building around himself is not a fit expression of his ideal self. Deep in his heart is a conviction of qualities of courage, frankness, strength, but he is not stirred by his environment to shape these qualities into physical expression, even though his environment includes a gymnasium and the admonitions of teachers and friends. At any rate, he continues to cherish the ideal and ignore its physical expression, and educators distress themselves with the well-founded dread that, failing physical expression, the ideal will droop and perhaps die.

Confront this same boy, however, with the opportunity to "play a part." If the part is one which represents qualities, accomplishments, environment, that answer to his stored-away ideals, the law of the interplay of the spiritual and physical leaps into operation without any ethical prodding. The lover, the soldier, the hero, with whose being his nature claims kinship, demands by divine authority the gallant bearing, the high head, the clear eye, the ringing voice which, in divine acquiescence, the boy recognizes as a fitting expression for his ideal. Automatically (this is the wonder of the law in its educational value) his body begins to re-

spond. Where dulled cramped habit interferes, the boy's will springs to stimulate action. If need be, his body, cramped, sagged, stiffened by long misuse or neglect, is put through exercises the gymnasium never suggested. If on the other hand the part is one presenting the interest of motives and deeds which the boy acknowledges as lower than his own, then again the law of physical response summons his faculties into coöperation with imperative authority. The crouched body, the lowered eye, the shuffling gait, the loose-mouthed, sloven speech, all announce themselves as signals and shapings of the debased soul. The boy himself makes this translation from spirit into flesh and never again can his body speak that tongue misunderstood by him. Automatically the impulse operates whereby his own ideal of self tends to fling off expression alien to it and claims responsive physical shape and act; and because of this expression of idea and feeling, it is far more helpful than artificial gymnastics prescribed by others. To exemplify such principles to player and audience the Children's Educational Theatre has produced *The Tempest*, *As You Like It*, *Ingomar*, *The Forest Ring*, *The Little Princess*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *Snow-White*, a play founded on the German fairy tale, and *The Prince and the Pauper*, a dramatized version of Mark Twain's book of the same name.

Our production of *The Tempest* was the first time that Shakespeare had been presented to the East Side of New York in any conformity with the traditions of the English stage. The study and presentation of the play awoke the people to its existence, and during its run no less than a thousand copies of the cheap editions, which had been put on sale at the theatre, were disposed of and read. The pronounced success of *The Tempest* encouraged the production of *As You Like It*. Every detail of stage business, of scenery and costume, received minute attention. In *The Tempest*, as in *As You Like It*, the intimacy of out-of-doors

was opened to a walled-in neighborhood. They saw people eating, sleeping, and discussing problems under forest trees and by the sea. From the smallest boy who played a page to the largest man who played the banished duke, all worked with equal enthusiasm. The very disassociation of the characters in this play from the everyday life of the players and audience rendered it of special value. Horizons hitherto narrowed by street, schoolroom, and tenement, widened as by magic.

A later play, *Ingomar*, vitalized a bit of the Grecian times and presented a story of the evolution of a brute passion into an ideal love. During the run of *Ingomar* a prize was offered by a New York daily paper to the one who should suggest the best bargain to be obtained in the city. The prize was won by a girl who suggested "An educational bargain, the performance of *Ingomar* at the Educational Alliance for ten cents a seat." Church, school, and special philanthropic effort, all struggle with the "sex problem." The theatre in general has always been recognized as a powerful influence in this direction. In the Educational Theatre that influence is directly focused. The sympathy and the understanding of our players come into accord with the story of Ferdinand and Miranda, of Orlando and Rosalind, of *Ingomar* and Parthenia. These are all subjected to broad discussion, love takes on new meaning, the little of truth the play tells is leaven for all life, and when the story is enacted on our stage and the note of truth and purity sounded by our newly-developed player, it finds lasting response in the audience, who carry it into the tall tenements and kindle the entire home circle into warm sympathy with the verities of the play.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy* presents an ideal relation between mother and child, and it is interesting to note the manifest approval of it by the very "toughest" neighborhood gamin. We receive constant applications from probation officers for tickets for this

play. They tell us that a boy will report steadily for six weeks, encouraged by the promise of a seat for *Fauntleroy*.

Cedric Errol is a heartily approved favorite, because he is just as kind and considerate to Mr. Hobbs the grocer and to Dick the bootblack, as he is to his grandfather the Earl of Dorincourt. The scene between the boy and Higgins, the English tenant at Dorincourt Castle, in which the child exercises his new authority to permit his future tenant to remain on the estate rent free, always elicits a round of applause. The children like to remember that Cedric learned his good manners in the very poor little New York apartment, and was not by way of forgetting or changing them in the grand English castle.

In the *Forest Ring* was presented to the children a lesson of kindness and humanity towards animals, woven through a story of unusual charm. Every child in the audience felt personally responsible to see that the three little cubs, which had been stolen by Hank the hunter, were returned to the mother bear, and the fact that the three little cubs were impersonated by various small brothers and sisters of the spectators, made it especially important that the cubs should go back alive!

There is wide variety of opinion among both players and audiences as to the Children's Educational Theatre as to which is the best play that has thus far been produced. I have listened to many serious discussions of this question, and the usual conclusion shows that *Snow-White* is the popular choice. I have asked several regular attendants of the theatre to explain this preference. One little girl voiced a universal sentiment. "I like *Snow-White* because the wicked queen is so cruel to Snow-White and tries so hard to kill her that I always have to cry." "But," I ventured, "that is sad, is n't it?" "Yes," said the child, "but the queen *don't* kill her. Snow-white marries the Prince, so you get glad again in the end." No problem plays which end un-

happily would suit these audiences. They are willing "to purify the emotions of pity and terror by a healthful exercise of them," but they always desire the happy ending, "to get glad again" after the pity and terror. Other children like this play because, having read the fairy tale, they are alive with curiosity to see whether the stage queen and the ladies and gentlemen at court fulfill their mental pictures. At the queen's first entrance in her gorgeous yellow gown, trailing from the shoulders a regal crimson velvet cloak, ermine-lined, a great thrill trembles through the audience and a prolonged ah-h-h of genuine satisfaction resounds. A different note of inflection in this ah-h-h, a sort of finished period of contentment, reverberates "molto con amore" when the handsome prince awakens Snow-White from her sleep of supposed death, and the two young lovers are happily united. Every one comes in for a share of applause at the fall of the curtain on this scene, because of the genuine gratitude to the seven dwarfs, who have been so practically instrumental in bringing about the satisfactory issue.

Many considerations entered into our choice of *The Prince and the Pauper*. It is a play of stirring action and employs many people. One hundred and thirty, including cast, scene-shifters, property men, electricians, musicians, dressing-room and make-up helpers, were at work for the initial production. Each matinée presents some change in personnel of cast, and so at least three hundred persons are concerned during the run of the play.

The scene of *The Prince and the Pauper*, laid in London about the middle of the sixteenth century, presents a realistic picture of Merrie England. Full advantage is taken of the opportunities for scenic effect and richness of costume. A daily matinée of this play would fill the house. The demand was insufficiently supplied by a single matinée a week, at which the crowds were enormous.

Interest in the play not only packs our

auditorium, but crowds our office with children and young people copying the manuscript parts of Tom Canty, the Prince, and other rôles. Individual study follows, helped sometimes by class or cast members. What industry, what effort of practice, gymnastics, and voice work is stimulated by the hope of possibly being able to present the parts at "class standard!" The privilege of playing but one performance is considered well worth all such work of preparation. The effort does not seem arduous, because love voluntarily elects to do it. At the termination of the first performance of *The Prince and the Pauper*, Mr. William Dean Howells, who accompanied Mr. Clemens to see the play, was asked how he had enjoyed it. He replied, "The play behind the footlights was admirably well done, yet I believe I enjoyed the play in front quite as well." Indeed, a visit to the Children's Theatre on a Sunday afternoon is a liberal education in the reality which the acted story presents to the child mind, and the stimulus of this reality upon the child's sympathies and imagination.

The audience literally lives in the play, whose every scene is punctuated by involuntary exclamations of the auditors. Thus, when Mad Anthony has tied the little prince to a beam in the stable loft and plans to kill him, the hero, Miles Hendon, enters with the query, "Where is the boy?" A dozen voices in the audience shout, "There he is, mister, up there." At this stage of the play every boy and girl in front has grown to love the valiant little prince and is consumed with desire to see him returned to his own. When, at the coronation scene, Tom Canty returns the regal garments and re-assumes his scanty rags, that the righteous prince may be crowned king of England, a rousing thunder of applause approves the act; and when the new-made king rewards Miles Hendon, not a heart is unstirred at this swift tribute of gratitude to loyalty.

The box office counts meagre returns,

but educationally we coin the very gold of young hearts into eternal profit.

The audience at the Children's Theatre is under no control whatever, except such as may be self-imposed. Attention is doorkeeper to the mind. The child's interest in what is going to happen keeps him from actively interfering with the play. When thunderous applause of the heroine or manifest disapproval of the villain becomes too prolonged, an emphatic hush-sh-sh vibrates through the audience, and the children bring themselves to quiet and decorum because they want to hear. The removal of hats is effected in the same way. It is true we print a request in our programme similar to that in other theatre programmes, but this is not half so effective as a dig in the ribs bestowed by the boy behind upon the one in front, accompanied by the admonition, "Say, take off yer cap. I can't see."

When entr'acte music was first inaugurated, the musical director felt that he should be allowed to demand quiet between the acts, so that the carefully prepared selections might be heard. This repression, however, was not allowed, because it was felt that when the children desired to hear the music they would themselves demand quiet and listen. Often the Orchestra Class patiently plays through a hum and sometimes a clamor of inattention. Frequently it happens that the audience remains in perfect silence during the playing of even classical selections, and it very often demands the repetition of a favorite.

The crowd that fills the auditorium is not the entire audience. During a performance of *Snow-White*, a little girl was "drawn out" in vain. The child's passionate attention to the play never swerved. At the end of the performance she was asked to name the most interesting event on the stage. She replied, "All, but this is the first time I saw *Snow-White* and I have to listen much, 'cause my parents will want me to act it for them like I acted for them *The*

Little Princess and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. I take off for them every part in the play."

We believe not only in the value to each child of the three hours in our auditorium, because he is for that time, at least, afoot with his dreams, in contact of heart and mind with his ideals, but in the reactive influence of these three hours upon his life and ambition. We know that the youngster who, with his best girl beside him, has thrilled to an understanding of Ingomar's splendid submission and equally splendid mastery, will judge love-making hereafter by new standards.

We are certain that the historic period of one of our plays becomes for our audience a piece of life as real, and perhaps more interesting than a slice of their daily environment. We know that we form and influence manners, customs, morals, and — oh, triumph indeed — fashion! I recall the production of *The Little Princess*, when thirty children were to be fitted out to attend Sara Crewe's birthday party. All the little dresses for the scene were fashioned of fine white India lawn, well cut and carefully made, but finished simply, with a deep hemstitch suitable for easy laundering. When the time of dress rehearsal approached, many members of the group brought suggestions from mothers that children be allowed to wear their own best clothes, which, profusely trimmed with lace, must be grander for a party. The children were persuaded to ask their mothers to wait and see the simple dresses, with their pretty blue and pink and white hair-bows and sashes. The result was extraordinary. The girls looked so dainty at performance, that before the end of the season the many hundred children who had interchangeably played the parts had asked the privilege of borrowing the costumes in order that parents might have their little girls' photographs taken in these gowns. The results being in all cases satisfactory, the fashion of simple "best dresses" for little girls came into

vogue, while the much overtrimmed cheap lace party and confirmation dress grew to be regarded as unfashionable and therefore to be avoided.

Every child who has enjoyed the performance of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* time and again has made comment on the simple denim suit the lad wears when he is sharing his mother's modest income in a small New York flat, and the expensive velvet suit in which he appears when he is enjoying the munificence of his grandfather, the Earl of Dorincourt's, fortune. The audience grows to understand and appreciate that the one is suitable to certain surroundings and station in life, the other to a widely different environment, and that in neither case do the clothes make any difference whatever in the boy. One charm of *The Prince and the Pauper* is that both prince and pauper are essentially unchanged by the transfer of garments. The nobility of the prince but shines the more glorious in the rags of his misfortune. The royal robes that mystify the people of the play, to the audience present only a fit garmenting of Tom's royalty of heart. Clothes are recognized by our audience as an outward and visible sign of life and character, and thus only as significant.

Critics have suggested that the wearing of finely wrought garments and the assumption of elegant manner and carriage may lead the mind of the player into unsettling channels of desire. If to the audience clothes become an "outward and visible sign" only, to the player this lesson is one that not only influences mind, imagination and ideals, but sunken shoulders are lifted, slouching gait corrected, sagging spine vitalized, in obedience to the law of suggestion set in operation by dramatic instinct. The garments of the queen are put on and off with the play; the grace and dignity acquired become part of our players' personal equipment. The dainty care required for the satins of the court lady reacts in the care of our players' own be-

longings. The very rags worn by our "vagabonds" become justly significant, as rags and dirt perhaps have never been before, and the world is seen with new eyes by our player, to whom our stage has been more real for a little time than any other lesson of real life.

The Children's Theatre distributes its tickets in the public schools, these tickets, exchangeable for ten cents at the box office for seats, being sent to a different school each week. For the first two years the price of a seat at the theatre was five cents, the decision to charge this sum being arrived at after deliberate consideration, and discussion with a little friend who was in exactly the position to know just what the poorer children could afford. She said, "A child can easily save a penny on Monday and one on Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday and Friday, mostly from chewing gum and candy, so by Sunday any boy and girl can have five cents." But the theatre will accommodate only seven hundred, and those turned away at each performance far outnumbered those who could obtain entrance. Although the doors cannot be opened until half past one, the children begin to line up at eleven and even earlier, their pennies tightly clutched in their hands, always alive with the hope that this time they may perhaps be able to buy a seat. The lines of expectant children grew interminable, and seats were put on sale at the box-office each day after school hours. No diminution in the length of the Sunday line resulted. Our limit of one matinée a week forbade an effort to accommodate the crowds, and the alternative of diminishing them grimly pressed towards a raise in admission price. Again the little girl was consulted. She looked grave at the suggestion of ten-cent seats and her reply came slowly, "Well, ten cents is just twice as much as five cents." A realization of all that answer implied was borne in upon the management; the inauguration of the ten-cent régime was carefully watched. The occasion was a matinée of *Little*

Lord Fauntleroy, a play which had been running the entire previous season. The waiting crowd was larger than ever, drawn from precisely the same class of children. That day I asked several boys in the audience whether their parents were willing for them to pay ten cents. They answered "Sure! Yer have ter pay fifteen cents fer a standee over ter Miners, and here yer git a seat fer ten and a better show." The latter part of the reply was of far more interest than the former, for although we doubtless offered a better seat than the Bowery managers, did we provide a better show according to the street urchin's standard? Evidently we did, because we continue to crowd the theatre week after week and to shut out more children each week than we can admit. Not one child has ever suspected our educational intent. The children come for amusement, and they get it. What they acquire by the way sinks deep into heart and mind — its quality we control, and its reactive effect is lasting, wholesome, up-building, for we have supplied an embodiment of the child's imagination, and our triumph is that his ten cents buys our entrance into his heart and life while

he spends it for a "show" which he counts a good bargain.

The Children's Educational Theatre is a constructive social enterprise that has developed to meet a pressing need of the lower East Side of New York, and has brought to view a need, the boundaries of which are not yet realized. It is an institution as abiding in its relation to adolescent humanity as church and school, since it has guided the manifestation of an elemental impulse to organized educational result.

Through eager pursuit of personal interest players and audience come into unforced relations wherein unconsciously they guide, reprove, punish, educate, and cultivate one another by varied incitements to activity, by coöperation, competition, and mutual restriction. Planned only to provide wholesomely for the amusement-seeking interest of the neighborhood children, it has disclosed itself an educational, moral, and civic force, not only for audience but for player. As such it is not merely a neighborhood but a communal need, and this need its further development will doubtless meet, since its beginning and its growth are the guarantee of its future.

WHEN LALLA ROOKH WAS YOUNG

BY AGNES REPPLIER

"And give you, mixed with western sentimentalism,
Some glimpses of the finest orientalism."

"STICK to the East," wrote Byron to Moore, in 1813. "The oracle, Stael, told me it was the only poetic policy. The North, South, and West have all been exhausted; but from the East we have nothing but Southey's unsaleables, and these he has contrived to spoil by adopting only their most outrageous fictions. His personages don't interest us, and yours will. You will have no competitors; and, if you had, you ought to be glad of it. The little I have done in that way is merely a 'voice in the wilderness' for you; and if it has had any success, that also will prove that the public are orientalising, and pave the way for you."

There is something admirably business-like in this advice. Byron, who four months before had sold the *Giaour* and the *Bride of Abydos* to Murray for a thousand guineas, was beginning to realize the commercial value of poetry; and, like a true man of affairs, knew what it meant to corner a poetic market. He was generous enough to give Moore the tip, and to hold out a helping hand as well; for he sent him six volumes of Castellan's *Mœurs des Ottomans*, and three volumes of Toderini's *De la Littérature des Turcs*. The orientalism afforded by text-books was the kind that England loved.

From the publication of *Lalla Rookh* in 1817 to the publication of Thackeray's *Our Street* in 1847, Byron's far-sighted policy continued to bear golden fruit. For thirty years Caliphs and Deevs, Brahmins and Circassians, rioted through English verse; mosques and seraglios were the stage properties of English fiction; the bowers of Rochnabed, the Lake of Cashmere, became as familiar as

Richmond and the Thames to English readers. Some feeble washings of this great tidal wave crossed the estranging sea, to color the pages of the New York *Mirror*, and kindred journals in the United States. Harems and slave-markets, with beautiful Georgians and sad, slender Arab girls, thrilled our grandmothers' kind hearts. Tales of Moorish Lochinvars, who snatch away the fair daughters — or perhaps the fair wives — of powerful rajahs, captivated their imaginations. Gazelles trot like poodles through these stories, and lend color to their robust Saxon atmosphere. In one, a neglected "favorite" wins back her lord's affection by the help of a slave-girl's amulet; and the inconstant Moslem, entering the harem, exclaims, "Beshrew me that I ever thought another fair!" — which sounds like a penitent Tudor.

"A Persian's Heaven is easily made,
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade;"

and our oriental literature was compounded of the same simple ingredients. When the New York *Mirror*, under the guidance of the versatile Mr. Willis, tried to be impassioned and sensuous, it dropped into such wanton lines as these to a "Sultana."

She came, — soft leaning on her favorite's arm,
She came, warm panting from the sultry hours,
To rove mid fragrant shades of orange bowers,
A veil light shadowing each voluptuous charm.

And for this must Lord Byron stand responsible.

The happy experiment of grafting Turkish roses upon English boxwood led up to some curious complications, not the least of which was the necessity of stiffening the moral fibre of the Orient — which was esteemed to be but lax — until it could bear itself in seemly fashion be-

fore English eyes. The England of 1817 was not, like the England of 1907, prepared to give critical attention to the decadent. It presented a solid front of denial to habits and ideas which had not received the sanction of British custom; which had not, through national adoption, become part of the established order of the universe. The line of demarcation between Providence and the constitution was lightly drawn. Jeffrey, a self-constituted arbiter of taste and morals, assured his nervous countrymen that, although Moore's verse was glowing, his principles were sound.

"The characters and sentiments of *Lalla Rookh* belong to the poetry of rational, honourable, considerate and humane Europe; and not to the childishness, cruelty, and profligacy of Asia. So far as we have yet seen, there is no sound sense, firmness of purpose, or principled goodness, except among the natives of Europe, and their genuine descendants."

Starting with this magnificent assumption, it became a delicate and a difficult task to imitate the customs of the East with the "principled goodness" of the West; the "sound sense" of the Briton with the fervor and fanaticism of the Turk. Jeffrey held that Moore had effected this alliance in the most tactful manner, and had thereby "redeemed the character of oriental poetry;" just as Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayly, ten years later, "reclaimed festive song from vulgarity." More carping critics, however, worried their readers a good deal on this point; and the nonconformist conscience cherished uneasy doubts as to Hafed's irregular courtship, and Nourmahal's marriage lines. From across the sea came the accusing voice of young Mr. Channing in the *North American*, proclaiming that "harlotry has found in Moore a bard to smooth her coarseness and veil her effrontery, to give her languor for modesty, and affectation for virtue." The *English Monthly Review*, less open to alarm, confessed with a sigh "a depressing regret

that, with the exception of 'Paradise and the Peri,' no great moral effect is either attained or attempted by *Lalla Rookh*. To what purpose all this sweetness and delicacy of thought and language, all this labour and profusion of Oriental learning? What head is set right in one erroneous notion, what heart is softened in one obdurate feeling by this luxurious quarto?"

It is a lamentable truth that Anacreon exhibits none of Dante's spiritual depth, and that la reine Margot fell short of Queen Victoria's fireside qualities. Nothing could make a moralist of Moore. The light-hearted creature was a model of kindness, of courage, of conjugal fidelity; but — reversing the common rule of life — he preached none of the virtues that he practiced. His pathetic attempts to adjust his tales to the established conventions of society failed signally of their purpose. Even Byron wrote him that little Allegra (as yet unfamiliar with her alphabet) should not be permitted to read *Lalla Rookh*; partly because it was n't proper, and partly — which was prettily said — lest she should discover "that there was a better poet than Papa." It was reserved for Moore's followers to present their verses and stories in the chastened form acceptable to English drawing-rooms, and permitted to English youth. *La Belle Assemblée* published in 1819 an Eastern tale called "*Jahia and Meimoune*," in which the lovers converse like the virtuous characters in *Camilla*. Jahia becomes the guest of an infamous sheik, who intoxicates him with a sherbet composed of "sugar, musk, and amber," and presents him with five thousand sequins and a beautiful Circassian slave. Left alone with this damsel, she addresses him thus: "I feel interested in you, and present circumstances will save me from the charge of immodesty, when I say that I also love you. This love inspires me with fresh horror at the crimes that are here committed."

Jahia protests that he respectfully re-

turns her passion, and that his intentions are of an honorable character; whereupon the circumspect maiden rejoins, "Since such are your sentiments, I will perish with you if I fail in delivering you;" and conducts him, through a tangle of adventures, to safety. Jahia then places Meimouné under the chaperonage of his mother until their wedding day; after which we are happy to know that "they passed their lives in the enjoyment of every comfort attending on domestic felicity. If their lot was not splendid or magnificent, they were rich in mutual affection; and they experienced that fortunate medium which, far removed from indigence, aspires not to the accumulation of immense wealth, and laughs at the unenvied load of pomp and splendor, which it neither seeks, nor desires to obtain."

It is to be hoped that many "obdurate hearts were softened," and many "erroneous notions" were set right by the influence of a story like this. In the *Monthly Museum* an endless narrative poem, "Abdallah," stretched its slow length along from number to number, blooming with fresh moral sentiments on every page; while from an arid wilderness of Moorish love songs, and Persian love songs, and Circassian love songs, and Hindu love songs, I quote this "Arabian" love song, peerless amid its peers.

Thy hair is black as the starless sky,
And clasps thy neck as it loved its home;
Yet it moves at the sound of thy faintest sigh,
Like the snake that lies on the white sea-foam.

I love thee, Ibla. Thou art bright
As the white snow on the hills afar;
Thy face is sweet as the moon by night,—
And thine eye like the clear and rolling star.

But the snow is poor and withers soon,
While thou art firm and rich in hope;
And never (like thine) from the face of the moon

Flamed the dark eye of the antelope.
The truth and accuracy of this last ob-

servation should commend the poem to all lovers of nature.

It is the custom in these days of morbid accuracy to laugh at the second-hand knowledge which Moore so proudly and so innocently displayed. Even Mr. Saintsbury says some unkind things about the notes to *Lalla Rookh*—scraps of twentieth-hand knowledge he calls them—while pleasantly recording his affection for the poem itself, an affection based upon the reasonable ground of childish recollections. In the well-ordered home of his infancy, none but "Sunday books" might be read on Sundays in nursery or schoolroom. "But this severity was tempered by one of those easements often occurring in a world, which, if not the best, is certainly not the worst of all possible worlds. For the convenience of servants, or for some other reason, the children were much more in the drawing-room on Sundays than on any other day; and it was an unwritten rule that any book that lived in the drawing-room was fit Sunday-reading. The consequence was that from the time I could read until childish things were put away, I used to spend a considerable part of the first day of the week in reading and re-reading a collection of books, four of which were Scott's *Poems*, *Lalla Rookh*, *The Essays of Elia*, and Southey's *Doctor*. Therefore it may be that I rank *Lalla Rookh* too high."

Blessed memories, and thrice blessed influences of childhood! But if *Lalla Rookh*, like *Vathek*, was written to be the joy of imaginative little boys and girls (alas for those who now replace it with *Allan in Alaska*, and *Little Cora on the Continent!*), the notes to *Lalla Rookh* were, to my infant mind, even more enthralling than the poem. There was a sketchiness about them, a detachment from time and circumstance—I always hated being told the whole of everything—which led me day after day into fresh fields of conjecture. The nymph who was encircled by a rainbow, and bore a radiant son; the scimitars that were so dazzling they

made the warriors wink; the sacred well which reflected the moon at mid-day; and the great embassy that was sent "from some port of the Indies" — a welcome vagueness of geography — to recover a monkey's tooth, snatched away by some equally nameless conqueror; — what child could fail to love such floating stars of erudition?

Our great grandfathers were profoundly impressed by Moore's text-book acquirements. The *Monthly Review* quoted a solid page of the notes to dazzle British readers, who confessed themselves amazed to find a fellow countryman so much "at home" in Persia and Arabia. Blackwood authoritatively announced that Moore was not only familiar "with the grandest regions of the human soul," — which is expected of a poet, — but also with the remotest boundaries of the East; and that in every tone and hue and form he was "purely and intensely Asiatic." "The carping criticism of paltry tastes and limited understandings faded before that burst of admiration with which all enlightened spirits hailed the beauty and magnificence of *Lalla Rookh*."

Few people care to confess to "paltry tastes" and "limited understandings." They would rather join in any general acclamation. "Browning's poetry obscure!" I once heard a lecturer say with scorn. "Let us ask ourselves, 'obscure to whom?' No doubt a great many things are obscure to long-tailed Brazilian apes." After which, his audience, with one accord, admitted that it understood *Sordello*. So when Jeffrey — great umpire of games whose rules he never knew — informed the British public that there was not in *Lalla Rookh* "a simile, a description, a name, a trait of history, or allusion of romance that does not indicate entire familiarity with the life, nature, and learning of the East," the public contentedly took his word for it. When he remarked that "the dazzling splendours, the breathing odours" of Araby were without doubt Moore's "native element," the public, whose native element

was neither splendid nor sweet-smelling, envied the Irishman his softer joys. *Lalla Rookh* might be "voluptuous" (a word we find in every review of the period), but its orientalism was beyond dispute. Did not Mrs. Skinner tell Moore that she had, when in India, translated the prose interludes into Bengali, for the benefit of her moonshee, and that the man was amazed at the accuracy of the costumes? Did not the nephew of the Persian ambassador in Paris tell Mr. Stretch, who told Moore, that *Lalla Rookh* had been translated into Persian; that the songs — particularly "Bendemeer's Stream" — were sung "everywhere;" and that the happy natives could hardly believe the whole work had not been taken originally from a Persian manuscript.

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan."

And not of Ispahan only; for in the winter of 1821 the Berlin court presented *Lalla Rookh* with such splendor, such wealth of detail, and such titled actors, that Moore's heart was melted and his head was turned (as any other heart would have been melted, and any other head would have been turned) by the reports thereof. A Grand Duchess of Russia took the part of *Lalla Rookh*; the Duke of Cumberland was Aurungzebe; and a beautiful young sister of Prince Radzivil enchanted all beholders as the Peri. "Nothing else was talked about in Berlin" (it must have been a limited conversation); the King of Prussia had a set of engravings made of the noble actors in their costumes; and the Crown Prince sent word to Moore that he always slept with a copy of *Lalla Rookh* under his pillow, which was foolish, but flattering. Hardly had the echoes of this royal fête died away, when Spontini brought out in Berlin his opera, *The Feast of Roses*, and Moore's triumph in Prussia was complete. Byron, infinitely amused at the success of his own good

advice, wrote to the happy poet, "Your Berlin drama is an honour unknown since the days of Elkanah Settle, whose *Empress of Morocco* was presented by the court ladies, which was, as Johnson remarks, 'the last blast of inflammation to poor Dryden.'"

Who shall say that this comparison is without its dash of malice? There is a natural limit to the success we wish our friends, even when we have spurred them on their way.

If the English court did not lend itself with much gayety or grace to dramatic entertainments, English society was quick to respond to the delights of a modified orientalism. That is to say it sang melting songs about bulbuls and Shiraz wine; wore ravishing Turkish costumes whenever it had a chance (like the beautiful Mrs. Winkworth in the charades at Gaunt House); and covered its locks — if they were feminine locks — with turbans of portentous size and splendor. When Mrs. Fitzherbert, aged seventy-three, gave a fancy dress ball, so many of her guests appeared as Turks, and Georgians, and sultanas, that it was hard to believe that Brighton, and not Stamboul, was the scene of the festivity. At an earlier entertainment, "a rural breakfast and promenade," given by Mrs. Hobart at her villa near Fulham, and "graced by the presence of royalty," the leading attraction was Mrs. Bristow, who represented Queen Nourjahad in the *Garden of Roses*. "Draped in all the magnificence of Eastern grandeur, Mrs. Bristow was seated in the larger drawing-room (which was very beautifully fitted up with cushions in the Indian style), smoking her hookah amidst all sorts of the choicest perfumes. Mrs. Bristow was very profuse with otto of roses, drops of which were thrown about the ladies' dresses. The whole house was scented with the delicious fragrance."

The *European Magazine*, the *Monthly Museum*, all the dim old periodicals published in the early part of the last century, for feminine readers, teem with such

"society notes." From them, too, we learn that by 1823 turbans of "rainbow striped gauze frosted with gold" were in universal demand; while "black velvet turbans, enormously large, and worn very much on one side," must have given a rakish appearance to stout British matrons. *La Belle Assemblée* describes for us with tender enthusiasm a ravishing turban, "in the Turkish style," worn in the winter of 1823 at the theatre, and at evening parties. This masterpiece was of "pink oriental crêpe, beautifully folded in front, and richly ornamented with pearls. The folds are fastened on the left side, just above the ear, with a Turkish scimitar of pearls; and on the right side are tassels of pearls, surmounted by a crescent and a star."

Here we have Lady Jane or Lady Amelia transformed at once into young Nourmahal; and, to aid the illusion, a "Circassian corset" was devised, free from encroaching steel or whalebone, and warranted to give its English wearers the "flowing and luxurious lines" admired in the overfed inmates of the harem. When the passion for orientalism began to subside in London, remote rural districts caught and prolonged the infection. I have sympathized all my life with the innocent ambition of Miss Matty Jenkyns to possess a sea-green turban, like the one worn by Queen Adelaide; and have never been able to forgive that ruthlessly sensible Mary Smith — the chronicler of Cranford — for taking her a "neat middle-aged cap" instead. "I was most particularly anxious to prevent her from disfiguring her small gentle mousy face with a great Saracen's head turban," says the judicious Miss Smith with a smirk of self-commendation; and poor Miss Matty — the cap being bought — had to bow to this arbiter of fate. How much we all suffer in life from the discretion of our families and friends!

Thackeray laughed the dim ghost of *Lalla Rookh* out of England. He mocked at the turbans, and at the old ladies who

wore them; at the vapid love songs, and at the young ladies who sang them.

"I am a little brown bulbul. Come and listen in the moonlight. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard."

He derided the "breathing odours of Araby," and the Eastern travelers who imported this exotic atmosphere into Grosvenor Square. Young Bedwin Sands, who has "lived under tents," who has published a quarto, ornamented with his own portrait in various oriental costumes; and who goes about accompanied by a black servant of most unprepossessing appearance, "just like another Brian de Bois Guilbert," is only a degree less ridiculous than Clarence Bulbul who gives Miss Tokely a piece of the sack in which an indiscreet Zuleika was drowned, and whose servant says to callers: "*Mon maître est au divan.*" or "*Monsieur trouvera Monsieur dans son sérail.*" . . . He has coffee and pipes for everybody. I should like you to have seen the face of

old Bowly, his college tutor, called upon to sit cross-legged on a divan, a little cup of bitter black mocha put into his hand, and a large amber-muzzled pipe stuck into his mouth before he could say it was a fine day. Bowly almost thought he had compromised his principles by consenting so far to this Turkish manner." Bulbul's sure and simple method of commending himself to young ladies is by telling them they remind him of a girl he knew in Circassia, — "Ameena, the sister of Schamyle Bey." "Do you know, Miss Pim," he thoughtfully observes, "that you would fetch twenty thousand piastres in the market at Constantinople?" Whereupon Miss Pim is filled with embarrassed elation. An English girl, conscious of being in no great demand at home, was naturally flattered as well as fluttered by the thought of having a market value elsewhere. And perhaps this feminine instinct was at the root of *Lalla Rookh's* long popularity in England.

THE ETHICS OF SPECULATION

BY CHARLES F. DOLE

THE preachers and moralists call this a materialistic age. They deplore the mad rush of multitudes "to get rich" quickly. They call attention to the colossal fortunes which have been piled up by the kings of finance and industry, at the expense of the poor, within a single generation.

Every one agrees that this eager pursuit of wealth is somehow related to speculative methods in business. A considerable class of men are known as speculators. The great stock and produce exchanges in every big city are centres of feverish speculation. The quotations and fluctuations of stock are published in all the newspapers. Farmers in distant country towns, ministers,

often women, watch these quotations, telegraph orders to their brokers, and lie awake nights in alternate hope or fear. Periods of panic sweep like storms over the market, new deals are made, and fortunes are won or lost in a day. Tragedies, suicides, nervous prostration, and insanity follow these speculative fluctuations of value in the staples and the wealth of the world. Every one is interested perforce in this aspect of modern business. The successes and the ruin involved in both great and small speculation appeal to the popular imagination, sometimes with a wholesome alarm, and again more dangerously with a zest to enter into the arena and take its gilded ventures. It is difficult to see how the

fineness of moral standards, delicacy of spiritual insight, the ideals of public service, or the purity of domestic life can help suffering blight in the prevalence of an atmosphere of speculation.

We are generally agreed that what is known as gambling is pernicious and demoralizing both to winners and losers, that is, it is "wicked." We manage occasionally to catch in the meshes of our system of law the frequenters of gambling houses or Chinese dives, and we have largely driven the lottery out of existence, and made it disreputable. We are waging a legal battle against pool-selling, and public opinion is already attacking the nuisance of the "bucket-shop," which fatally lures multitudes of the poor to loss and many a young clerk to dishonor and ruin. Where now is the dividing line between undisguised gambling and the enormous transactions upon the stock exchange? In other words, is speculation always gambling? And if not, if speculation is sometimes right, when does it cease to be right and become wrong? Moreover, what precisely is the harm in gambling itself — a new crime in the world, unknown as such to our fathers — provided one can afford to lose the amount of the stakes? These questions, important as they are, are not so simple as they may at first appear.

Let us be sure that we approach our question with candor and without any cant. We must admit, to begin with, that we are all materialists, though we hope that we are not mere materialists. All civilization proceeds upon material foundations. Wealth is evidently the sum of the outward values by which man on his physical side holds the earth. It is a kind of power, whether held individually or by society. We learn all higher and spiritual values, justice, integrity, faithfulness, — the conduct of "the simple life" itself, through the accurate and honest use of material values. If it is not unworthy to love to exercise power, it cannot be unworthy to be pleased to handle wealth.

Again, there can be no harm in liking to "get rich" quickly. Let us call things by their right names. Avarice, greed, injustice are wrong; they hurt society and dwarf a man's own soul. But we are made to enjoy success in whatever we do. Does not a farmer like to have a grand crop — a hundred-fold over what he put into the ground? Does not every fisherman like to strike a school of mackerel or bluefish? All inventions and the labor-saving application of natural powers are simply means to bring about the most rapid production of wealth. The complaint never ought to be that riches are produced too rapidly, but that they are not fairly distributed.

Moreover, there is doubtless a speculative element, a factor of venture or "chance," in all human enterprises. This element, called wrongly sometimes "a gamble," was quite as prevalent in the primitive industries as it is anywhere to-day. Hunting and fishing were largely matters of "luck." The early unscientific agriculture seemed to depend on a series of lucky chances. There are some kinds of business to-day that are from their nature especially speculative; for example, mining, and the establishment of a thousand and one new undertakings in food and clothing and domestic furniture. The telephone was thus at first a great speculative venture. But this element of hazard did not make it wrong to buy its stock at a few dollars a share. In fact, if some people had not believed in it and risked their money, the world would have had to wait indefinitely for the use of this wonderful new instrument of civilization. We suspect that even Mr. Emerson would have been pleased with the results, if he had trusted the proceeds of one of his lectures in the infant enterprise.

Alongside of, and involved with this unknown element of venture, "chance," or speculation in all human enterprise is the constant factor of intelligence, skill, forethought, purpose, experience, — all of them names for some form of effort, activity, and cost. We draw on the

more or less unknown forces of nature, which continually challenge us to watchfulness, to patience, to accurate investigation, to the use of all our faculties and our energy. The best, or most successful, man is he who invests and ventures the utmost skill and force of will in his enterprise.

A profound law governs the processes of civilization. The law is that the civilized man always tends to minimize the variable element, or the risks of his business, and to depend more and more largely upon the use of clearly defined and intelligible means, the result of his own observation and of the widening experience of the race. Everything industrial becomes a science. The expert endeavors to predict how much gold or copper will be produced to every ton of the ore. Science teaches the farmer or the fisherman the conditions upon which he may quite confidently expect the largest possible yield. We shall have occasion presently to refer again to this significant law of progress in industrial civilization, whereby all legitimate business tends to become less a mere speculation and more completely a science.

Let us now try to see just what the mischief is in gambling. Here is a familiar sport of all barbarous peoples. The savage wants excitement, and finds it in venturing everything that he owns, even his wife or his own person. The idle class in a modern city gamble likewise for excitement, to titillate their jaded nerves. Thus bridge-whist with its genteel stakes represents the survival of a very ancient form of barbarism.

Gambling needs to be distinguished from good sport as also from good business. In true sport the element of intellect, patience, attention, activity, rises in value, and the factor of chance declines. The better the sport, the greater the activity of body or mind, the less the need of extra or factitious excitement. The players in the football game or at chess need least of all to bet on their own success. They have "fun" enough in

the effort itself. It is the idle minds with lazy and unintellectual games, or the hangers-on, watching the games of others, who buy a cheap excitement by betting on the sport. Theirs is not true sport. In fact, the more the brains or the skill is used in a sport, the less use have any civilized players for going over into the field of gambling. Pure gambling is based on ignorance; it deals in what we call "chance." Thus, the dice is a pure gambling game, for the reason that intelligence has no possible exercise in its use. On the other hand, the more skill or intelligence enters into a sport, the greater becomes the folly of those who, with little or no skill, put up their stakes on the mere chances of the game.

What harm, however, is there if the players like to enhance their fun by the excitement of putting up stakes? One easy answer is that the friendly or neighborly instinct in us is more or less offended in pocketing even a small gain at another's loss. This is a rational instinct, which grows stronger and more sensitive as one becomes more humane and kindly, and especially as we set before ourselves the ideal of living on terms of good-will with all men.

But the supreme objection to gambling in all its forms, whether in sport or in speculative business, is that it works harm and loss to society. As soon as any practice or conduct is found to be socially hurtful, it thereby becomes wrong, whatever men may have thought of it before. Does not all morality rise to consciousness through the fact of social advantage or injury? Now, the long and costly experience of mankind bears uniform testimony against gambling, till at last the verdict of civilization has become as nearly unanimous as human judgment can be that it is an intolerable nuisance. It is a dangerous or unsocial form of excitement; it hurts character, demoralizes industry, breeds quarrels, tempts men to self-destruction; and it works special injustice to women and children. We may not know precisely why mor-

phine preys upon the nervous system and has to be labeled "poisonous." The fact is the main consideration. So with the stimulus or excitation of gambling. Grant that I profess myself willing to pay for my fun. The fun is degrading, like the prize fight or bear-baiting.

But suppose, says the casuist, that the players have plenty of good-humor, and self-control enough not to take unreasonable risks. Suppose that mildest form of gambling, the raffle at a church fair, where a hundred people take tickets to pay for a piano, and then cast lots — surely a scriptural method — to determine who shall have the quite indivisible prize. The answer is, that at the best, you, the enlightened leaders of public opinion, who set up your tiny stakes and raffle in church lotteries, are playing about the edge of the very precipice which your own laws have marked "dangerous" for the public. Who are you who ask the special privilege of doing what you deem it foolish or wicked for common people to do? Moreover, the more "reasonable" you make the stakes of respectable gaming, or of gambling speculation, the tamer the game is. If you want extra excitement beyond what grows out of the normal use of skill and intelligence, you must bid high enough to hurt you a little when you come to lose. In other words, the psychological principle that underlies all craving for factitious excitements makes "reasonable" gambling either worthless for the purpose of excitement, or else a practical impossibility. The truth is that the normal interests of society grow continually more coöperative or mutual. Gambling on the other hand is by its nature divisive and therefore unsocial. It sets *meum* over against *tuum*, my gain against another's loss. Even in its more refined forms this tendency in gambling threatens petty jealousies, suspicion, and alienation.

It is a dry task and comparatively unprofitable merely to say, "Thou shalt not." Let us pass over now to the more

fruitful and constructive side of our subject. Let us trace the grand and positive law that determines and inspires all legitimate business. Let us define what is good business, and we shall at once set all kinds of bad business aside. The simple law, governing all social activity, is that each individual ought in some way to render at least an equivalent service for all that he draws or uses out of the common wealth. If you live in society, you must perform some useful function whereby to justify your existence. If the individual cell in the body only uses up and exhausts energy, without contributing any corresponding service, here is the beginning of death, menacing the whole body. If the tiny cell functions abnormally, putting its force or its substance to hurtful uses, here is a sort of fever or disease. Give account of yourself, says the body of society to every member or part; show what you are about; of what use you are; why you should eat and drink and be clothed out of the life-blood of society.

The Day of Judgment is coming sooner than many people are aware. The multitudes of the working people of the world are pressing with a new significance these searching and inevitable questions of social justice. There is no such thing to-day as individual independence or national independence. All men in all nations are dependent upon one another, involved in a vast network of mutual services and obligations. There is nothing to which a man, whether a capitalist or a workman, can point and say, "This is all mine. I created it." All the men in the world who are of any use, besides a host of the inventors and toilers of past ages, stand behind every act of creation or discovery or manufacture and claim their share in it. It is idle merely to "say grace" over our food. It is necessary to give thanks in the only way, under God's laws, by which we can render efficient thanks, namely, by trying at least with all our might to do our part to keep up the mighty tide of the

circulation of the life of the world. This is to give thanks to God through our mutual service to one another. So far from high position or wealth exempting any one from this law, the obligation is only made greater. This ought to be obvious enough to every one who has ever begun to ask the question, "Where does my living come from?"

It is easy at once to illustrate how this law actually applies to one after another of the trades and professions by which men "earn a living." Every trade and occupation as it comes up to-day for judgment is either approved or repudiated according to the answer of the men who carry it on to the question, "How are you serving society?" The farmers, for example, and a whole line of honest tradesmen, easily answer this question. But what if the farmer only raises rye or corn to turn into whiskey? Men's consciences already are righteously vexed over such issues as this. The teachers and educators easily pass the judgment seat. But suppose the teacher works for his hire and not for the sake of his pupils? The good doctors and nurses evidently justify their calling. The lawyers must pass examination at a more tremendous bar than any of their courts. Are they serving justice and helping to make justice prevail in the world? No glory of splendid fees will protect the man who has to say, No, to this master question. The ministers and churches may well tremble at the new judgment. Either their religion must make life in every way richer, or else the world has no further use for them.

We are ready now to distinguish between that which is socially useful and that which is injurious in business. Any honest man ought to have the satisfaction of knowing that his business carries some wholesome use or service for his fellows. For example, our grocer or our baker may be sure, if honest, that he serves society by the distribution of its products, as truly as ever soldier or policeman is supposed to serve it. His purpose to this

effect gives him the same dignity as any honorable profession gives its members. On the other hand, it is difficult to see how, for example, the larger part of the saloon-keepers can avoid the charge of being simply social parasites.

Suppose now a man gets his living by gambling. Possibly he keeps a gambling house, or he may be a "professional" gambler, or he may have made lucky guesses or bets in the stock market. His living certainly comes out of the toil of the people who work in fields and factories, or, anyhow, out of the people who by the use of their directing intelligence or by their wisdom or their active virtue add in some way to the value and worth of life. This man has done neither. Every successful gambling transaction of his has simply put moneys into his pocket which other people somewhere have earned. Why is not this the essence of stealing? Every one would see that this is so, if the more subtle gambling transactions were not veiled behind the vastly impersonal character of modern business. The man who lives by gambling speculations sees his winnings, while unfortunately he is rarely able to look into the faces of the people who are made poorer by the fact of his parasitism.

The imagination which revolts at the idea of hurting a man is not yet sufficiently trained to revolt at the idea of preying upon a corporation, upon a city, upon the national government, upon the corporate body of human society. The fact remains that the men whose business consists only in some form of betting upon the daily fluctuations of the values of the world evidently take from society, that is, from all of us, that for which they give no honorable return.

Pure gambling, however, as a means of livelihood, is practically almost impossible. The unwritten laws of the world are against it. As has often been said, it is not so much wickedness as folly. The gamblers, whether at the faro table or in the bucket shops, obviously have to support the group of parasites who in turn

wait upon them; and the sum of all their winnings must always be less than the amount of their losses. In the long run they can make success only by fraud, or, as occasionally on the stock exchange, by "tips," or bits of secret information, imparted by sagacious friends who possess previous or exceptional knowledge about the conditions of the market. Most of the gambling of the world is therefore synonymous with ignorance, and will give way only before the increase of enlightenment. No stringent laws against it are enough by themselves to prevent silly lambs from offering themselves to be shorn.

We have admitted that there is a necessary element of speculation or venture in all enterprises. Is there such a thing as honorable or useful speculation? It is at this point that the chief difficulty of our subject lies. There are three lines of justification of legitimate speculation. The original meaning of the word *speculate* suggests one use to which society puts a certain class of its members. They are scouts or outrunners, who, by their far sight or mobility, explore new routes by which the marching caravan behind them may proceed, or discover treasures and supplies for the benefit of the rest. The inventors and promoters are thus surely useful to the slower and cautious multitude. No one grudges them generous return for their forethought, patience, courage, and faith. The trouble with this class of speculators is that they have frequently failed entirely to see their relation to society. Their honorable business is to serve all of us. They have heretofore been suffered to imagine that they could appropriate for their selfish use whatever they might lay their eyes upon. Sent forward as scouts from the main body, upon whose approach they always reckon, and by whose continued support they are enabled to exist, they have confidently written their own names as proprietors upon the lands, the springs of water, the forests, the minerals, and all those natural resources which rightly

belong to the body of society, — never to a few of its members.

There is then a kind of speculation which is itself righteous, namely, the discovery and promotion of new means of wealth. The injustice begins when men set an excessive price of their own on their work, as if they had performed an act of original creation. We can applaud Mr. Carnegie's and Mr. Rockefeller's enterprise, but we denounce their system of tariff, their manipulation of railways, and their appropriation of mineral lands, through which their speculation has passed over from useful social service into the form of colossal extortion. We cannot even see the social use of any sort which has attended the building of the Astor and other similar fortunes. The scout in this case has merely seized and fortified a height above the city and become a robber-baron. We must say, however, by way of excuse, that these men have turned to their own selfish use legal enactments for which we are all responsible.

A second use of the speculator is as an appraiser of values. Here is the social use of the stock and produce exchanges. For the economists tell us that the maddening din of the vast exchange is not for nothing. The men penned there together like gladiators are helping to fix and even to maintain the values of the great staples of the world — the wheat and the cotton, or again, the values of innumerable stocks and bonds. Grant this fact if you will. Ask next who are these people who are crying prices up or down? There are really two sets of speculators, present in person or by proxy. One set are actual experts in valuation, whose business it is, as dealers or as manufacturers, to study crops and harvests and movements of traffic and labor. These men are playing the game by the use of experience and intelligence. They have a certain normal relation to the values in which they are dealing. It is evidently these men alone, — only a limited number, — who at the best can

claim to confer a social service by their speculations. These men also tacitly obey the law of which we have spoken earlier. They tend always to minimize the element of venture and to make their business as largely as they can a matter of intelligence and science. In other words, the good speculators endeavor not to gamble but to know. So far as they break this law, they injure society and put back the course of civilized business. Their valid use is to establish values, and not to manipulate them; to maintain the health of business and not to provoke fever and excitement. Let any professional speculator then be ready to answer this question: What effect, beneficent or otherwise, have such transactions as mine upon the economical health of the world? It is a shame to a man if he can give no honorable answer to this question. Moreover, society is going to press this question till men who cannot answer it will feel the shame.

Another group — a very large one by all accounts — represented in the transactions of the speculative exchanges, are people who are only ignorant guessers or bettors. No doubt they often act under advice of their brokers, but they contribute no particle of intelligent study in the appraisalment of values. This class surely are of no sound economic use in crowding upon the market. So far from helping to fix or maintain values, they probably add an element of exaggeration, excitement, and peril to the conduct of business. Their presence and the stakes which they wager tempt the *bona fide* or expert class of speculators to play upon their hopes and their fears, and to create artificial "booms" or panics, and actually to unsettle values. In short the people who "take flyers" are mostly gamblers pure and simple. They pay their money to support a considerable and expensive group of bankers and brokers. To the honest question: What actual social service do you render through your speculative transactions, such as might justify you in pocketing your expected

winnings, abstracted doubtless from the common wealth? they can give no rational answer. They are not merely trying to get something for nothing, — a harmless amusement, — but they are trying to get what does not belong to them.

There is one other ground on which a class of somewhat irregular speculators stand. They have a possibly legitimate function as traders. Some new stock, an invention, a Japanese loan, comes into view. Our speculator believes in the enterprise; he takes his risk with it and puts up his money upon a more or less hazardous margin, and buys. He does this upon the trader's confidence that his more cautious neighbors will in due time be glad to take the load off his hands and to reward him for holding it through the period of their uncertainty. He thus helps to market and distribute investments among those who can afford later to hold them permanently. All this is plausible. His gains (if he makes them) do not appear to come out of the losses of others, but to accrue from the normal rise in the values in which he had trusted. In short, the speculator in this case is a kind of promoter, a non-commissioned agent of his banker and broker.

The ground of this form of speculation, however, is rather slippery. Except as the man really becomes a regular banker, his field of quite honorable operation is both perilous and limited. Suppose now that, from helping to market promising ventures, he goes over to the other side, as he will surely be tempted to do, and takes an amateur hand in knocking values downward. Does he then help or harm his fellows? Moreover, his only chance of success is by virtue, not of the element of chance, but of prevision, skill, intelligence, — all very rare qualities, for the lack of which ninety-nine per cent of the people who try to follow his example will inevitably fail.

The pathos of speculation lies in this direction. It is not wrong that the village

schoolmaster, or the country minister, or the dressmaker with her scanty earnings, wishes to have a share in the fabulous wealth which modern society is accumulating. They rightly think "it would be fine" if their bit of investment in the wonderful mine described in their denominational journal turns out as successfully as they hope. What they do not see is that they have no business to hope for this success; they do not know enough. No one has taught them that every useful or promising kind of speculation depends upon effort, skill, experience, the play of intelligence upon the conditions of each new problem. Honorable speculation is a form of science. It is never mere cheap guess-work. But these innocent people — a great host of them — are daily matching their ignorance against the loaded dice of those whom their credulity tempts to make a

business of floating all kinds of plausible and worthless enterprises.

When will the world learn the supreme law of life? We have no right to expect to receive when we give no equivalent return. We have no right to expect ordinary gains, unless we give at least ordinary service. Much less have we right to extra gains from our investments, where we put in no extra skill, foresight, or other form of service. We only make fools of ourselves in expecting great dividends, where we have not the least knowledge of the conditions of business. Indeed, we have no right to live, even upon our own incomes, unless we are trying continually to make good to society for all that we cost. We are always servants and trustees for society or else we are robbing our fellows. No success, no secure or permanent happiness, lies away from the line of this law.

CHILDHOOD

BY JOHN ERSKINE

To be Himself a starry guide
To bring the Wise Men to His side,
To be Himself a Voice most sweet
To call the shepherds to His feet,
To be a child — it was His will,
That folk like us might find Him still.

RECENT SHAKESPEAREAN LITERATURE

BY WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

THERE are three kinds of literary experts: those who know books, those who know about books, and those who know about writers of books. The first are critics; the second, literary historians; the third, biographers. The author of *Shakespeare and the Modern Stage*¹ made his reputation as a biographer through his work on the *Dictionary of National Biography* and several monographs growing out of that work. He passed on to literary history in such contributions as those on the Elizabethan sonnet, though here his grasp is less sure and his equipment less adequate. In the present volume he appears not only as biographer and historian, but also as critic. It is important to attempt to appraise his method and achievement in each department separately, not merely for the sake of clearness, but because the public is apt to accept successful accomplishment in one of these fields as a guarantee of efficiency in the others.

Under the head of biography may be classed at least four of Mr. Lee's essays, since they deal either directly with Shakespeare's life or with the history of his reputation. In these the author writes as an authority. "Shakespeare in Oral Tradition" is an interesting collection of the statements about the dramatist that, go back, not to documents, but to the lips of his contemporaries. Each in turn is valued in expert fashion, and made to give up its due amount of reliability and significance. In "Pepys and Shakespeare" the great diarist's comments on the forty-one Shakespearean performances which he records are taken as a basis for generalizations as to his literary and theatrical

taste. The tone and the method are perhaps a trifle ponderous for so light a theme; but any essayist on Pepys can be amusing if he quotes enough. Mr. Lee quotes a good deal. "A Peril of Shakespearean Research" is a vigorous attempt to expose finally the supposed letter from George Peele describing a meeting of Shakespeare, Jonson, and Edward Allyn at "The Globe." The history of the hoax is traced from its first invention by George Steevens through a long series of resuscitations. In such investigations as this Mr. Lee is at his best, research and exposition being alike admirable. In "Shakespeare in France" the essayist discusses M. Jusserand's book of the same name, makes some additions, and interprets the significance of Shakespeare's vogue on the French stage.

In these papers, as I have said, Mr. Lee writes as an authority. The trouble is that he also writes like an authority, if the pedantry may be pardoned; that is, he condescends in bestowing his information, and seems to take care that the reader shall remain his debtor for it, shall not go behind him and know for himself. Those who have used his *Life of Shakespeare* carefully are familiar with the irritating frequency of his use of "doubtless" with statements which, though probable, cannot be proved. No sacrifice of literary style is necessary to indicate precisely the amount of doubt which "doubtless" paradoxically implies; and from a scholar we have a right to expect this kind of precision. In the present volume there is more excuse for vagueness than in his more technical works; but here also it causes dissatisfaction. Take for example the passage in which he tells of Pepys's condemnation of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. "It is in his favour,"

¹ *Shakespeare and the Modern Stage, with Other Essays*. By SIDNEY LEE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

says Mr. Lee, 'that his bitterest reproaches are aimed at the actors and actresses. One can hardly conceive that Falstaff, fitly interpreted, would have failed to satisfy Pepys's taste in humour, commonplace though it was. He is not quite explicit on the point; but there are signs that the histrionic interpretation of Shakespeare's colossal humorist, rather than the dramatist's portrayal of the character, caused the diarist's disappointment.' "He is not quite explicit on the point" — the docile reader must seek to know no more. But the interested reader would rather hear what Pepys actually says than read a paraphrase at once unsatisfying and verbose.

If Mr. Lee were always sure of his facts this lack of explicitness might more easily be forgiven. But he often permits himself a form of assurance that the state of scholarship does not warrant. "Without friends, without money, [Shakespeare] had, like any other stage-struck youth, set his heart on becoming an actor in the metropolis." This may be true, but no one can prove it; and it is to be regretted that a professional biographer should fail to draw clearly the line between fact and fancy.

Passing over those papers aimed at the reform of the modern stage — by simplifying scenery, by building municipal theatres, by establishing stock companies for the training of Shakespearean actors, — all sane and persuasive arguments, — we may look for a moment at the more purely critical essays. These concern "Aspects of Shakespeare's Philosophy" and "Shakespeare and Patriotism," and may be treated as one. At the outset we are warned against the danger of taking as Shakespeare's an opinion uttered by one of his characters, and it is suggested that in the repetition of an opinion at different periods of the poet's career we have a hint of personal conviction. With these guides the critic draws as his main inferences that Shakespeare was impressed by the human limitations of kingship, by the necessity

for social order, by the fact of moral retribution, by the freedom of the human will, and by the inferior capacity of woman to control her destiny. Most of these are familiar; some of them are sound; but few of them are argued in accordance with the principles laid down. It is surely to disregard dramatic appropriateness to call in evidence of Shakespeare's championship of the freedom of the will the words of Iago and Edmund, without reflecting that these words are put in the mouths of two consummate villains, one of whom, at least, is an habitual liar. Professor Raleigh uses precisely the same passages to prove the opposite contention. Again, the canon of frequent repetition is ludicrously disregarded in such an inference as the following: "Shakespeare seems slyly to confess a personal conviction of defective balance in the popular judgment when he makes the first grave-digger remark that Hamlet was sent to England because he was mad.

" 'He shall recover his wits there,' the old clown suggests, 'or if he do not, 't is no great matter there.'

" 'Why?' asks Hamlet.

" 'T will not be seen in him there: there the men are as mad as he.' "

The present volume, then, affords no great hope that from Mr. Lee we are to expect profound or original criticism; it renews the assurance that he knows where to find a vast number of interesting facts about Elizabethan authors; and it makes us wish that he would guard with less jealousy the secret of his sources.

Professor Baker's *Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist*¹ is more frankly a work of scholarship. This does not mean that it is poorly written or that it is dry, for it is neither; only that the author is scrupulously careful to give reasons for his opinions, and to state no conclusion with more assurance than the evidence warrants. It is primarily an examination of Shakespeare's progress in

¹ *The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist*. By GEORGE PIERCE BAKER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

craftsmanship, made by a scholar who adds to a familiarity with the printed dramas an experience of the methods and requirements of the stage as rare among Shakespearean critics as it is valuable. It is precisely in this combination that Professor Baker's special advantage lies, and he has employed it here with extremely valuable results.

The discussion of the plays themselves is prefaced by an account of the public for whom Shakespeare wrote, of the progress already made in dramatic technique by his predecessors, and of the stage conditions of his time. These preliminary matters are abundantly justified by the consideration that the acted drama is a product, not of the author's mind alone, but of the author in collaboration with the actor and the public. The value of much dramatic, and especially Shakespearean, criticism has been reduced by the ignoring of these latter factors; and for the tracing of Shakespeare's development as a writer for the stage it was highly important to remind us of the practical conditions which he was ever aiming to meet. But Professor Baker does more than sum up what was known on these matters: he seeks to advance knowledge. The various disputed points in connection with the Elizabethan stage are taken up one by one, the evidence marshaled, and the inferences tested afresh. On the question of the seating capacity of the theatre of that time, he is disposed to regard Mr. Corbin's estimate of nearly three thousand as excessive, and his arguments would justify a less cautious verdict. He practically disposes of the belief, founded on the well-known sketch of the Swan Theatre, that the balcony over the stage was occupied by spectators. As to the existence of signs indicating localities, he concludes that "there never were signs saying merely, 'This is a street,' 'This is a house,' etc., and that, though signs bearing the titles of the plays may well have been displayed, the use of signs to denote special places was

old, decreasing, and by 1600 unusual." The number and location of stage exits he believes to have been varied according to the requirements of the particular play. The usual statement that the public stage had absolutely no scenery is shown to be probably too strong, as there is at least a presumption in favor of painted cloths afforded by such entries as Henslowe's of "The sittie of Rome" in a list of properties. But the issue most elaborately argued here is that concerning the use of curtains. Professor Baker is strongly inclined to believe that in some of the theatres a curtain "somewhere in front," probably between the pillars supporting the "Heavens," was in use, giving four divisions, front, inner, back, and upper stage, — the upper stage being the balcony, the back stage the space under the balcony, and the other two being divisions of the platform that projected into the middle of the pit. The arguments for and against this arrangement are too elaborate for discussion here. We can only note that the author does not make the claim for all theatres, nor for any during the whole period of their existence. He has, it should be gratefully remarked, grasped the important fact so often ignored, that all the evidence points to a great diversity in usage among different theatres and at different times. An absolute negative of his position would be hard, we believe impossible, to prove. The whole of this part of the book is illustrated by an admirable set of maps and pictures.

In the main part of the volume Professor Baker's method is to derive, by elaborate analysis of structure and motivation, materials for tracing Shakespeare's gradual mastery of his art. The general trend of this development is convincingly made out and many illuminating points of view are suggested by the way. The result of so elaborate a study cannot, of course, be summed up in a phrase; but Mr. Baker's chief general inference may be shortly stated: The Elizabethan audience was primarily

interested in story-telling. Shakespeare was personally most interested in characterization. To satisfy popular demand he learned all his predecessors had to teach about the effective dramatic presentation of a story, and, enormously bettering his instruction, carried technique to a high point of perfection, earning his reward in great contemporary popularity. To satisfy his own artistic instincts he developed the art of characterization; and he succeeded in uniting and reconciling this with the more popular element in his work in such a way as to please his audience without degrading his art.

Without seeking to invalidate this general conclusion, one may be inclined to discuss further some of the steps by which it is reached. Much is made, for example, of the position that the chronicle play is not properly a literary "form" at all, because it can best be distinguished from comedy, tragedy, and the rest, by its material. It is clear that by "form" the author means species or *genre*; but one is inclined to suspect that he has been somewhat confused by the term chosen. For literary *genres* are differentiated in part by matter as well as by form; or rather the peculiarity of the matter often helps to determine the form. It is clearly impossible to define such acknowledged species as the pastoral, the satire, or the elegy, without reference to material. That material is an essential element in the defining of the chronicle play does not, then, exclude it from the list of dramatic species. Neither is such a fact fatal as that in the Falstaff scenes of *Henry IV* we have the germ of the comedy of manners. For it is in spite of, not because of, these scenes that *Henry IV* is called a chronicle play; and it was in no sense the chronicle that developed into comedy. The chronicle play had its own method, which is properly described in the present work as the method of the miracle play applied to secular history. It was, indeed, a primitive method; and this, along with

the lack of plasticity in the material, the inevitable exhaustion of that material, the passing away of the exceptional patriotic impulse that produced it, and the damaging contrast with the rapidly developing rival *genres*, are enough to account for its disappearance as a species, without our having to deny that it had ever been a species at all.

The stressing of this point may be the cause of what seems the lack of full justice to some of the plays. *Richard II* will seem to many students to deserve more respectful treatment than it receives here. In the delicate and elaborate portraiture of the king, and in the obvious fitness of his fate to his character, we have surely something more than "a kind of sublimated melodrama;" surely here Shakespeare did "discern behind the historical events the great laws and forces for which these kings, queens, and nobles were but the puppets." Yet these things are here denied. In such occasional yielding to the tyranny of a theory, and in the omission at times to allow sufficiently for the stubbornness of the original story, lie the chief limitations of this study. But, in comparison with the value and sanity of the work as a whole, they are trifling. One can hardly find in current literature a better example of the service that can be performed to art and the appreciation of art by scientific scholarship.

Many of us have speculated on the reasons which induced Mr. John Morley, as editor of the *English Men of Letters*, to omit from his list the greatest name of all. Was it due to a failure to find a worthy critic? or did it seem the safest way to pay the supreme compliment? Whatever the cause, it has failed to influence the editor of the additional series, who has boldly selected his man and given us the book.¹ The choice is, indeed, a sagacious one. By virtue of his chair at Oxford Professor Raleigh may

¹ *Shakespeare*. By WALTER RALEIGH. English Men of Letters Series. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

be regarded as in a way the official head of his profession; by virtue of his previous work he stands in the front rank of living English critics. The present volume raises the average of the series, and it sustains the admirable level of the author's previous volumes. Whether it entirely fulfills the hopes of Professor Raleigh's admirers is more doubtful.

To write a book about Shakespeare in two hundred pages and deal not with an aspect but with the sum of his achievement was indeed no easy task. Exhaustiveness was out of the question; the problem was one of selection and compression, and much had to be sacrificed. Thus at the outset, the author gave up any attempt to contribute new biographical facts. Instead, he condenses perfunctorily the results of the labors of the biographers, but hints that he is doubtful if their meagre sheaf was worth the trouble of gleaning. For minute scholarship he has, on the whole, something akin to contempt, which may account for the quality of his own results in that field. Take an instance. He wishes to illustrate "the alliance of poetry with the drama," and he chooses appropriately the creation of the Forest of Arden. "*A minute examination of *As You Like It*,*" he says, "has given a curious result. No single bird, or insect, or flower, is mentioned by name. The words 'flower' and 'leaf' do not occur. The oak is the only tree. For animals, there are the deer, one lioness, and one green and gilded snake." Run over the play to cor-

roborate this, and you will find, besides the oak, the palm, the hawthorn, the bramble, the medlar, a "tuft of olives," and a "rank of osiers by the murmuring stream;" besides deer, lioness, and snake, mention of sheep (rams, ewes, and lambs) and goats, with incidental mention of horses, oxen, hogs, dogs, parrots, pigeons, and toads. Shakespeare's magic is real enough; it does not need to be proved by such "minute" research as this.

But this is merely an example of Professor Raleigh's stumbling when he strays out of his own field, and it is cited only to indicate his limitations. Within his own field, as a critic of Shakespeare's imaginative creations, he is always clever and sparkling, at times profound, and not seldom nobly eloquent. His interpretations of Falstaff, of Shylock, and of Othello are worthy of the best traditions of Shakespearean criticism, and could hardly be better written. It is in such appreciations of individual characters, or of single speeches and lines, that he shows greatest acumen. On the side of dramatic structure he has by no means the skill of Professor Baker; in the attempt to extract a philosophical significance from the world portrayed by Shakespeare he has neither the insight nor the synthetic power of Professor Bradley. Yet the book is distinctly a brilliant piece of writing, and one may doubt whether any one in our generation has in the same space said so many keen things about Shakespeare or has said them so well.

THE SEASONING OF MONSIEUR BAPTISTE

BY MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS

MONSIEUR BAPTISTE bore natal marks of pasty humility on his fallow face, and yet did he not have cause for immeasurable arrogance? Was he not a maître d'hôtel, pardieu, a king among waiters, a dress-suited autocrat of aproned slaves, a condescending recipient of green-backed bills, passed discreetly to the hollow of his careless hand by eager patrons of this cream of restaurants? Diable! It was a waste of power. For Monsieur Baptiste was small and unimposing, his hair lay uncurled on his lowly brow, his eyes were the palest of blues, his hands the most expressionless of appendages, his whole dwindling self the most washed-out of types. He had gained the glorious post of maître d'hôtel simply by constant stupid goodness. Twenty years a waiter, and not a night off, not a little spree to celebrate fête days — nothing. It is true that there were a few customers who showed preference for him, but that was again because of his painful goodness as he hovered over them, serving them himself, descending nightly from his lofty responsibilities. He never commanded, he never lost his temper, he never inspired; while there beside him, a brother in title only, stood Monsieur Jacques — a man of pride and strength to whom those beneath cowered, and about whom those above marveled. Graded into a very nicety of distinctions, he never bowed for nothing, nor did he scowl for nothing, but rubbed, waved, or shook his hands at psychological moments. Stormy, suave, pompous, impressive, he ruled in absolute monarchy his kingdom of steaming dishes. Furthermore, he dominated Monsieur Baptiste with overpowering insolence — and shame of shame, Monsieur Baptiste bowed down unquestioningly.

So matters ran in this realm of savories. The hungry ones who came to eat, and stayed to prolong its deliciousness, prostrated themselves in nightly adulation before Monsieur Jacques and most often ignored Monsieur Baptiste; while the latter, as if he had been a common servitor, stepped to one side, and let the tide of gold and fame stream by him to the feet of his superior. The chef, a white-bonneted wag, suggested that the Bon Dieu had omitted to season Monsieur Baptiste — had sent him, in fact, down into the gourmand world saltless, pepperless, aspic-less.

There came a day when, above the melting spicy masterpieces of this chef, floated the far-off whiff of an important rumor. It was a delicious little rumor of a fête day, forty-five candles on a cake, and perhaps champagne. It had to do with Monsieur Jacques's *jour de naissance*, forty-five vital years ago. Now Monsieur Jacques believed in celebrations on any occasion touching his exalted self, and he had never yet allowed the proud day which had ushered him into a servile waiting universe to slip by undecorated; so it was his gracious custom to bid a few chosen ones whom he considered deserving, to a very chic supper on his magnificent night — a supper which took place by special dispensation of the Rulers who ruled Monsieur Jacques, in a private room, after the last crumb of a customer had been swept away from the main restaurant.

It was a coveted honor to be among those present, for as host Monsieur Jacques was quite perfect, smiling graciously at his guests and receiving their best wishes, their homage, their speeches, with benevolent deprecating waves of his hand. This year, actuated by an im-

pulse of greatness which stoops to cast favors before the less fortunate, he had requested Monsieur Baptiste "to give him the pleasure, etc." and Monsieur Baptiste tremblingly had accepted his so kind invitation.

The gala night arrived. Those unbidden tossed their heads in scorn, hurried into their overcoats, seized their hats, and departed unnoticed to the cheerless street; but the bidden smiled expectantly, cast satisfied glances into the mirror, hummed gay tunes, and prepared to bask in the benign presence of their host. Only Monsieur Baptiste was plainly ill at ease. As he followed the others down the deserted hall to the special supper room, his mouth twitched nervously, he fumbled with aimless fingers in his waistcoat pocket, and upon his entrance he mumbled his greetings to Monsieur Jacques, instead of flourishing a bow, as gentlemen do who are equals.

There were eleven convives — four of them ladies, Ah, no! if you please, I *said* ladies. Of these, the daintiest, the most impertinently irresistible, was Mademoiselle Amélie Demors, a ravishing, blue-eyed, red-cheeked creature of curves — and even then half is not said. To the amazement of all, she stared at Monsieur Baptiste until he flushed a lobster purple, and weak tears mounted to his eyes. Who can penetrate the motives of a woman? Was it to coquet, to tease, or to punish that she turned at last to Monsieur Jacques?

"I wish," she said, "to have that gentleman on my other side, since I am to sit at your right." So, abashed, clammy, cold, Monsieur Baptiste was placed near her. Never before had a lady as much as noticed him.

Unable to feel jealous of such a silent atom, Monsieur Jacques applied himself to his champagne glass and to Mademoiselle Amélie with equal gallantry. Was his attitude too self-assured — who knows? Certainly there lurked a decided independence beneath the plump lines of his favorite's fluffy bodice, and defi-

antly in measure as he courted her, *she* courted Monsieur Baptiste. Soon every one noticed the comedy, every one winked behind his glass, every one nudged his neighbor. Monsieur Jacques's serene hospitality began to grow thunderclouded. What! This uncooked worm, this pallid animal dared, even unconsciously, to taste forbidden sweets? He was actually going so far as to smile, at last, after many stupid blushes, and gulps of the food that he — Monsieur Jacques — had provided from his own bounteous pocket? Monstrous! Incredible! He must be publicly humbled. Awaiting an opportunity between the flowered speeches which acclaimed him emperor of head waiters, he addressed himself to the presuming one.

"Monsieur Baptiste," he said insolently, "I have forgotten my cigarette case, which lies downstairs. Be good enough to get it for me."

There was an amazed silence. A command from master to servant? What would happen! Monsieur Baptiste moved in his chair, and half stumbled to his feet, as if to obey, but quickly Mademoiselle Amélie pushed him back.

"Oh, but no!" she dimpled. "I cannot spare him. Go get it yourself."

Some of the guests giggled, some looked politely unconscious, all began to talk violently; Monsieur Jacques's brows folded themselves in furious wrinkles, Monsieur Baptiste bent a helpless glance of frightened gratitude on the preserver of his dignity, and the feast flowed mercifully, uproariously, over this space of awkwardness. But the mischief had been accomplished. The liquid eyes of the eternal woman had poured themselves in fiery rivers down the empty channels of Monsieur Baptiste's anemic being, the capricious wave of Mademoiselle Amélie's favor had engulfed him, and slowly his impoverished temperament warmed and flickered at her feet; shyly he responded to her blandishments.

Meanwhile the company were celebrating the end of the supper, without its

leading spirit, for Monsieur Jacques sat morose, unresponsive, causing a few far-seeing ones to quake in their shoes at the thought of his temper on the morrow.

He even failed to interest himself in the talk of a great lottery, which was to take place the following month, and for which there were still a few numbers on sale. Henri Marron produced three tickets which he offered to dispose of for a mean five francs — one hundred cents only — apiece, a possible fortune dangling on the end of each bit of paper.

"Come, come, gentlemen, who will not seize this colossal chance!"

Mademoiselle Amélie bent over to Monsieur Baptiste.

"Allons! Buy one," she urged.

"I? — I?" he stammered.

"But yes — you," with an affectionate smile. Then she called aloud, "One for Monsieur Baptiste, if you please."

What could he do but obey? He counted out a hundred cents, and transferred ticket No. 213 to his pocket. And when the party at last disbanded, she rewarded him by asking him to come and see her some day, which invitation filled his being with excited tremors.

But the next night witnessed the utter abasement of one — Monsieur Baptiste. Maitre d'hôtel only in name, he shrank again to bloodless insignificance. It was a wrathful, vengeful evening, of asserted authority, tyrannical commands, blustering winds which blew fiercely around the tables, hurrying slaves balancing hazardously tipped dishes on trembling palms, cringing, napkined subjects. In the centre of this outwardly orderly, but inwardly shivering scene, towered the stern unsmiling figure of Monsieur Jacques.

"Sacred monsters! Paltry crumbs!" he whispered ferociously to the waiters, as they scurried past him.

Monsieur Baptiste, with his lottery ticket in his shabby dress-suit pocket, and the undying memory of Amélie in his milky mind, resumed his position as a tasteless ingredient in the usual routine. Yet for him things were not of their old

monotony, for above the reach of grinding abuse, he cherished a shadowy plan to go, at the first possible chance, and pay his respects to the alluring Amélie.

Fate, with an aggressive eye turned upon Monsieur Jacques, accorded Monsieur Baptiste that chance within a few days, and from this tiny seed of assurance shot up the green stalks of courtship, for little Amélie, born a woman and bred a coquette, cast her wayward favor upon Monsieur Baptiste. There was, indeed, surely something appealing about his boneless personality, and, later, in his abject worship of her charms. He was satisfied with such nothings of attention. Eh bien, quoi! What was the harm?

One idea she had, firmly planted in her positive little brain; it was well for him to be her slave, but not also the slave of Monsieur Jacques. Decidedly no! She told him with many a stamp of her tiny foot, if he wished to please her he would show himself a man equal to another. Bah! Who was Monsieur Jacques, after all! A snap of the fingers, and he would crumble into dust. She knew him to be a gigantic puffed-out fraud. If he — Baptiste — loved her truly, he would down this tyrant, step boldly over his prostrate body, and become the sole dictator of the dishes and tables. Then she would see! But where there was no respect there could be no wedding ring. In vain Baptiste protested feebly that his head was too small to fit a crown, that his hands were too nerveless to reap in gold. A shrug of soft shoulders answered him, a "Well, then, my friend, I am not for you. I will have no imitation man as my husband." He wept and swore by the saints that he would return and wring Monsieur Jacques's burly neck, as a turkey's at Thanksgiving. But alas! Once back in the restaurant, face to face with his enemy, and *crac!* his courage fell like broken glass to the floor. Then, to punish him, Amélie would go out the next day arm-in-arm with the despised Monsieur Jacques. Ah! it was a trying world, where one must live a lion, or die

a mouse. Again and again Monsieur Baptiste tried to break through the paralyzing crust of his servitude. He even practiced a swagger in front of the cracked mirror in his little attic room; but somehow, although it was very fine as reflected in the cracked mirror, it collapsed entirely as soon as he entered Monsieur Jacques's commanding presence.

Amélie grew impatient — "Ah, ça!" she scolded. "Will you never amount to anything but a whisper of a maître d'hôtel?" Whereupon he would bow his head, his very submissiveness causing her to repent her harshness. "You are what the Bon Dieu has made you, I suppose," she would sigh.

One night, as he was standing all by himself in a corner of the big dining-room, apart from the noise, the clatter, the joy of popping corks, Henri Marron came running excitedly up to him.

"Tell me now," he cried, "what was the number of your lottery ticket?"

Monsieur Baptiste had forgotten all about it, but he drew it slowly from his pocket. "213," he answered.

Henri Marron seized it, stared at it, then at Monsieur Baptiste.

"Great Heavens, man," he said, and his voice rose almost to a shriek, "you have won the lottery. You have made your fortune. You are worth fifty thousand francs. The numbers were drawn yesterday."

Imagine now, the bursting of a bomb, from a peanut shell! One moment ago, Monsieur Baptiste had been a nonentity — in five moments he became a personage. The aura of gold surrounding him, his back was clapped by enthusiastic hands until it felt black and blue. The great tidings swam around and around his head like a big fish in a small pool. He still grasped the creased ticket in his hand, while he listened with slow ears to a chorus of congratulations, honest or envious as the case might be. The climax was reached when Monsieur Jacques, sauntering over to him, mag-

nificently condescending, said, "You are in luck, mon vieux." Even then, he could not summon to his shrinking body the necessary swagger, nor to his voice the proper swell. Only wishing to get away, — away from the lights, the curious faces, the noise, — he applied for and readily received permission to leave.

It was good to be alone — to allow the stupendous truth to dawn upon him. Here, walking up the street, the stupid, silent street, was he, Baptiste Henriot — a rich man, an important man, Bon Dieu! A man of men. Circumstances had changed — he owed himself duties now. All of a sudden he noticed that he was swaggering naturally, — with a swagger that appeared to have come to stay. He stopped short and squared his meagre shoulders. "Baptiste, my boy," he said aloud in a sonorous voice, "Baptiste, you have done well."

Ah! what a world of peace and plenty — of claret and chicken! How simple it was to become great! Buy a lottery ticket, messieurs! And Amélie? Another succulent thought. She would indeed be overjoyed, and rightly so, for decidedly she was a very lucky young woman. He would present himself immediately to announce the news. Visions of her rapture floating uncertainly across his feverish brain, he quickened his steps down the little side street where she lived.

At last! The house is reached; the bell is rung, boldly, loudly; the door is opened. Amélie, a divine rosette of a woman, stands before him. She cries, "Baptiste, what have you?" He cries, "Amélie, I have won the lottery. I am rich." They embrace; they dance; they sing; their hearts are flooded with ecstasy; they laugh; they weep. Then there is a pause — Amélie thinks deeply.

"And Monsieur Jacques — what does he say? — And the men at the restaurant?"

"I — I have not noticed," he stammers.

Volubly chiding him for his neglect in not immediately asserting his authority,

she becomes one brilliant waving tangle of head, hair, and eyes — a torrent of words, reproach, endearment. — “Ah! I have it,” she exclaims at last.

He, Monsieur Baptiste, has stood silent, bewildered, through her tirade, unable to follow this whirlwind. A thousand Furies! To what lengths can a woman go! Here he offers her fifty thousand francs, not to mention the addition of himself, and she still babbles of crushing his rival, humbling his tyrant, publicly demanding recognition where he has received insults. What is the use? When he asks only never to be a *maître d'hôtel* again — to buy the little shop he has coveted for so long; to leave in oil the place where he has lived in vinegar. But no! It was not to be! There must occur a dramatic scene — Monsieur Jacques once and for all dragged in the dust.

Listen! Amélie has the idea, which he need only follow to make her adore him for the remaining years of heavenly existence. He is to go back, as usual; he is to treat Monsieur Jacques, as always, civilly; he is to hand in a resignation secretly to the *propriétaire*; he is to breathe his plans to no one — no one. Then, on Sunday, his customary night off in any case, at half-past six, he is to come for her, his loving Amélie, attired as she has commanded. It is settled then. Not another word. She sends him from her, a creamy smile upon his lips, his head erect — a new-fledged Monsieur Baptiste.

The restaurant had bubbled over with expectation and surmise. “Tiens, if it were my fifty thousand francs, I should do this,” said one. “And I, this,” said the other. But they all agreed that such good luck was utterly wasted on Monsieur Baptiste. Nevertheless, preparing to salute his wealth, and show him that there was no hard feeling, they awaited with amicable sentiments his return, the following night. Conceive, then, of their disgust, when he slipped to his place with the same modest face, and the aforetime threadbare coat over his meek shoul-

ders. No word, no drinks offered, no plans discussed. Can one call that a gentleman? Monsieur Jacques, disposed, at first, to be graciously friendly, took his cue from the atmosphere and resumed his original intolerant manner. He was even heard to apostrophize Monsieur Baptiste as a “half-cooked chop,” which is an insult scarcely to be borne. It was a sickening spectacle to behold, a lottery winner in the person of one who receives insults in Biblical style.

Sunday arrived. Monsieur Baptiste was missing, but it was his night off, so no one questioned. What would be the eventual destination of the fifty thousand francs had already chopped itself into a hash of despairing conjecture — then, with many shrugs of the shoulder, had finally been abandoned, to grow cold on the shelves of unsolved problems. Monsieur Jacques, in a red pepper of a temper, victim to one of his periodical fits of indigestion, stormed heavily around among the little white tables. Nothing was right; everything was wrong; customers and waiters alike were fools. It was seven o'clock, and the room began to overflow with hungry ones — gourmets and gourmands, old dyspeptics and young *bons viveurs*, *grandes dames* and *petites dames*, the generous and the stingy.

Suddenly, in the big doorway, appear two oddly familiar figures. A wave of breathless excitement sweeps ahead of them — plates rattling in mid-air suspend their noise, napkins brushing off tablecloths cease their brushing, half-opened bottles hesitate, knives and forks tinkle no more. Activity becomes carved immobility — and Monsieur Jacques, frozen in his tracks, near the door, his hands crossed behind his back, glares dumbly at these two figures. Yes — no! — yes! Allow me to introduce to you my friends, Monsieur Baptiste Henriot and Mademoiselle Amélie Demors, — Monsieur Henriot arrayed in the newest, finest, most perfectly cut dress suit — padded, let us whisper, to conceal certain unim-

portant meagre imperfections of frame. Collar, tie, and tucked shirt are of spotless white, a cream-colored waistcoat, a camelia in his buttonhole, and a glossy high hat held daintily in his pearl-gray gloved hands, complete his costume. His hair has been waved — it is tossed back from his forehead in pomaded curves. Beside him, hanging affectionately on his arm, Amélie blooms like a thornless rose. She is all that there can be of the most elegant, from her little saucer-tilted hat, right down through the lace collar, the knot of cherry ribbon, the trim adjusted belt, the underneath cherry frou-frou of silk, to the shining mice tips of her black shoes. Altogether, this happy couple are steeped in a general air of impertinent prosperity and quiet assurance.

He has been well trained, has Monsieur Baptiste. He looks around him, with lofty disdain, then, detaching himself from Amélie, he advances slowly towards the motionless Monsieur Jacques, a suspicion of a swagger marking his progress, his face slightly flushed, his bearing indicating unflinching superiority. Many curious ones hover in his wake. The near encounter is awaited with pleasurable anticipation by those who manage to be within listening distance. Monsieur Baptiste draws himself up, faces Monsieur Jacques, and with a lordly gesture of his hand, says in clear, commanding tones, —

"Garçon, a table for two."

Monsieur Jacques stands apoplectically still, his eyes become bloodshot. Bon Dieu! He — will explode! Amélie rustles up behind Monsieur Baptiste.

"Did n't you hear this gentleman request you for a table?" she demands. "Is this the way you serve your customers? Attend immediately, or you shall be complained of."

"Yes," echoes Monsieur Baptiste manfully, "you shall be complained of."

Monsieur Jacques stares at the two in front of him, while they stand their ground. It is a contest of wills, of bravado — old and new. But Monsieur Bap-

tiste is dressed like a grand seigneur, there is gold — lottery gold — in his pockets, he is gorged with effrontery, and flanked by a young woman of dramatic tendencies. There must be no scene and no scandal in the restaurant. Monsieur Jacques turns, suddenly docile, and conducts them to a distant table. It is a triumphant march. Monsieur Baptiste struts, — Amélie minces just a trifle. They bow gravely, with the condescension of the great to the small, as they sink into their seats. Monsieur Jacques hands them a table-d'hôte card.

"We shall dine à la carte," pronounces Monsieur Baptiste impressively. "Be good enough to take my order."

The dinner which he proceeds to command is a rapturous repast — short and succulent, a harmony for the palate, a perfume for the nose.

"I beg of you to pass me the wine card," continues Monsieur Baptiste, while Amélie is daintily fingering her roll, pointedly avoiding Monsieur Jacques's eyes.

"I shall take," slowly begins Monsieur Baptiste, rolling out each pompous word with careful relish, "I shall take a quart of Pommery 1893."

It is done — the last nail is driven into the tyrant's heart.

When they are left alone, at their little table, they do not look at each other for a moment, and there is the brief lull of a mighty ceremony accomplished. Finally Baptiste leans forward.

"Eh bien?" he questions, smug satisfaction lurking half daringly in his voice.

"Eh bien," answers Amélie, dimpling suddenly. "Eh, bien, mon ami, ça y est."

Then they commence to converse with a certain constrained responsibility. Conscientious, beneath the eyes of all, they nibble their food, they sip their wine, — Baptiste rigidly gallant, Amélie politely responsive. With an idle flourish, Baptiste produces a silver cigarette case, holds it carelessly so that all may see, removes a cigarette from its well-filled interior, and puffs rings of luxurious smoke. Their

table is the "clou" of the evening. It is passed, repassed, pointed to, exclaimed upon, laughed at, grunted at. Monsieur Jacques, who protests to the *propriétaire*, is told that Monsieur Baptiste has resigned his place and has a right to do as he wills.

It is a night of celebrity and celebration, as the dinner draws to its stately close. Monsieur Jacques's prestige is decidedly on the wane and he is the object of many witty remarks. At last Monsieur Baptiste drains the final green drop in his liqueur glass, and rises slowly, with the lazy gesture of a man who has dined well and wisely. He seems already to have grown more ample in proportion, as with sleek fingers he pulls down the end of his waistcoat, adjusts his boutonnière, flecks a crumb from his lapel, and swaggers over to Monsieur Jacques, who has obstinately turned his back on such a specimen of ingratitude. But Monsieur Baptiste is not dismayed. Unctuously he draws a crisp green bill from his pocket, tenderly he gazes at it — fully aware that many white-aproned slaves cluster curiously behind him. And why should he hide from them such an act of benevolent generosity? He hands it to Monsieur Jacques. Will it be torn to a thousand shreds? Who would be such a fool! Monsieur Jacques eyes it with hot scorn — tempered, let us hastily add, with longing — for it bears the legend V on its flapping ends.

"The dinner was excellent, my good

friend," says Monsieur Baptiste, resolutely tendering the luscious morsel.

"Ah! Ah! certainly — certainly," answers Monsieur Jacques in a would-be distant voice, as the bill disappears in the ever-ready yawning cavity of his pocket.

"I wish," continues Monsieur Baptiste, still pouring his newly-made wine into a golden cup, "I wish also to leave an order with you, which you will greatly oblige me by personally superintending. I beg of you to offer, in my name, a round of champagne to my old comrades here, that they may drink my health and happiness, for to-morrow I am to be married to Mademoiselle Amélie Demors. About the little formality of the account, please have it charged to my old address. It will be all right, as I hope to become one of your most constant patrons, in the future."

Where are now the scathing words, the bread-knife glances with which Monsieur Jacques was wont to cut Monsieur Baptiste into a thousand pieces? There is no sign of them — none. Monsieur Baptiste swaggers by, without waiting for thanks or curses, while from the door Amélie watches him proudly. He joins her, she takes his arm, they turn their backs, and shake from their feet the dust of menial office.

Their heads are very near together as they reach the street. "T'es un homme enfin," whispers Amélie.

"J' crois bien," answers Baptiste, curving out his chest.

THE YEAR IN GERMANY

BY WILLIAM C. DREHER

THE attention of the German people has for a year been occupied more with home than with foreign affairs. The entire aspect of home politics has been changed since my last letter in this series (*Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1906) was written. The sharp corner turned about the middle of December will apparently be of high significance for the course of domestic affairs within the next few years. Hence it will be most expedient to begin this article with a survey of home politics for a year.

In the article just referred to I spoke of the unrest and discontent prevailing among the people. This state of popular feeling was at its height when the Reichstag assembled at the middle of November, 1906. It was evident at once that the government would have to meet an unusually strong current of criticism. Even the newspapers most friendly to it had manifested a deep-seated dissatisfaction with the course of home and foreign politics. The *Kölnische Zeitung* — in the domain of foreign politics the most trusted mouthpiece of the Wilhelmstrasse — admitted that the internal harmony of the people was broken; they had lost their conviction that Federal Council, Reichstag, and Imperial Chancellor were working together upon the basis of the constitution for the welfare of the country; and hence the army of pessimists, whom the Kaiser had declared that he would not tolerate, was swelling in numbers from day to day.

It had become apparent, too, that the monarch himself was the cause of much of the discontent. He was exposed to uncommonly frank criticism in the most loyal section of the press; even the organ of ultra-conservative and aristocratic traditions found it "easy to be explained

that the people are looking up to their ruler with a certain nervous disapproval." Radical newspapers were naturally still more outspoken; the leading one remarked that "the personality of the Kaiser was making itself felt in foreign affairs in a most unwelcome manner and with the worst results." On one of the first days of the Reichstag session the leader of the National Liberals — a party that had long been in the leading-strings of the government — frankly objected to the Kaiser's hand in foreign politics. The Germans were displeased, he said, with too many telegrams, speeches, amiabilities. The early weeks of the session were marked by more plain speech about the ruler than had ever before been heard in the debates; and the general discontent of the country was daily reflected in the proceedings of the House. Never before had the Reichstag met in such an ugly, critical mood.

It was especially in the colonial debates that this feeling found its sharpest expression. The Clericals, Radicals, and Socialists vied with one another in merciless attacks upon the colonial administration. Here, however, the government had one distinctly strong force in its favor. In the late summer Bernard Dernburg, a successful banker and reorganizer of distressed joint-stock companies, — a self-made business man of the American type, in the best sense of the term, — had been appointed director of the Colonial Bureau; and he had set about the task of reorganization and reform with such vigor and straightforwardness as speedily to have won the confidence of the country. It was Dernburg, too, who was to become the pivot in the transformation of home politics just alluded to.

That transformation was brought

about by the Clerical Party, or the "Centrum," as it is called in the current political vernacular. The party had been for above a decade the dominant force in legislation and had won a powerful influence over the government's general policy. "Centrum is trumps" is an expression that was very often quoted to describe this strong position of the party. It reached that position through peculiar circumstances. The government has never had a majority of its own in the two conservative parties, and for some years the added strength of the National Liberals had not generally sufficed for the support of its policies. The Socialists and Radicals steadily opposed the government's measures, and so did the Poles and other small groups living upon petty special antagonisms. Hence the Centrum easily took up the rôle of political umpire between the government and opposition parties. It had the "casting vote," and its decisions nearly always became the law of the land. Its compact organization, backed up by the powerful religious and traditional forces of the Catholic Church, — even, to some extent, by the confessional and the pulpit, — made it the strongest party in the Reichstag, and thus brought it to pass that less than one third of the German people practically determined the course of legislation for the Empire.

The Centrum is one of the queerest, most paradoxical parties to be found in any country. It is usually called ultramontane by its enemies because it has its *raison d'être* in safeguarding the interests of the Catholic Church; yet it has not scrupled at times to disregard the wishes of the Vatican in respect to German internal affairs; and the Vatican, on its part, carefully avoids identifying its interests with those of the Centrum, since it is sure of getting better results through direct diplomatic action at Berlin. "The Centrum is an incalculable party," said Prince Bülów last winter in a campaign letter; "it represents aristocratic and democratic, reactionary and

liberal, ultramontane and national policies." The party lives upon a reminiscence, its defeat of Bismarck in the *Kulturkampf*; but since that time it has been without any sound reason for its existence. Its ecclesiastical interests are in no danger whatever, full freedom of conscience and worship is enjoyed by the Catholics, their clergy is supported by the state on the same basis as the Protestant clergy, and in general Prince Bülów was fully justified in saying that the Catholics fared better in Protestant Germany than in many Catholic lands. In secular matters the party is quite without any body of fixed principles. It apparently exists solely for political power, for love of the game of politics, and for the far-off hope of making Germany a Catholic country.

Having secured its dominant position in the Reichstag, the Centrum failed to use it with a wise self-restraint. Its motto appeared to be that all questions of legislation must be ultimately settled according to its wishes. Its steady policy was, when new measures were in their incipency, to refuse to commit itself to anything, to keep its counsels, and finally to step in at the decisive moment and dictate what was to be done. The party also extended its influence over the administrative acts of the government, — often, too, by back-stairs methods, if the Ministers are to be believed. The government chafed under the Centrum's yoke, without seeing a way to get free of it. By the time the Reichstag assembled, however, Bülów had already decided, contingently, to break with the party. When accordingly Herr Roeren made a peculiarly savage attack upon the colonial administration, Dernburg came forward with evidence that precisely this champion of the Centrum had, by mischievous and perhaps illegal meddlesomeness, tried to bend the government's course to his will. That party therefore vented its wrath by voting down a small supplementary appropriation for winding up the campaign in

Southwest Africa, and by trying to enforce a more rapid withdrawal of the troops than the military authorities thought safe. That was the immediate cause of the dissolution of the Reichstag, but it was not the sole cause, — it was rather a "last straw."

According to surface appearances the dissolution looked at first like a huge political blunder. The point of time selected, as well as the question at issue, could not, apparently, have been more unwisely chosen. The widespread discontent of the people — for one thing, over the high price of meat, which the government had done nothing to alleviate — gave the Socialists a situation which they hailed with jubilant anticipations of victory. Their leaders boasted that they would make large gains of seats; and even Count Posadowsky expected them to be reinforced by two dozen new members. Besides this, a dissolution on account of Southwest Africa was little calculated to stir the enthusiasm of any considerable section of voters. The government's attempt to break the power of the Centrum had already been tried by Bismarck in 1887 and again by Caprivi in 1893, and it had failed. Bülow's step was accordingly a display of courage which the country had not been accustomed to expect from him.

His breach with the Centrum, however, proved a most popular issue with the non-Catholic electorate; a thrill of exultation was its first response to the dissolution, and this feeling persisted throughout the campaign. Many of the most intelligent voters had hitherto stood aloof from politics owing precisely to the predominance of the Centrum; but they now greeted with enthusiasm the opportunity to extricate the government from its yoke. University professors, artists, and literary men organized an "Action Committee" which plied these stay-at-home *Intellektuellen* with campaign literature. The government, too, abandoned its accustomed attitude of supinely observing the course

of the campaign. Bülow addressed the "Action Committee" in defense of his policies, besides writing a public letter on the issues of the campaign. Dernburg was still more active, arousing great enthusiasm at huge mass meetings with his new colonial policy. This departure of the government from its old-time aloofness, and its coming into democratic contact with the electorate had a most attractive effect upon voters.

A still more striking change in the government's policy was a quasi-alliance with the Radicals. By accident they had voted with the government on the division which led to the dissolution, they having come forward with a compromise amendment which Bülow accepted. This suggested to him that it would be possible to "pair the Conservative with the Liberal spirit." He announced this as his policy, and the Conservatives, National Liberals, and Radicals conducted the campaign largely in sympathy with it.

The result of the election was a huge surprise to the country. The Socialists lost nearly half of their seats, and their gain of two hundred and fifty thousand votes was much less than the normal increase of the population would have entitled them to receive. On the other hand, the three little Radical groups, which had effected a close alliance among themselves in November, increased their vote by nearly forty per cent and raised their strength in the Reichstag to fifty members. This gain of the Radicals, who represent approximately the Anglo-American type of democracy, was one of the most significant and encouraging results of the elections. The gain, indeed, was in part due to Conservative and National Liberal aid, where they wanted to defeat Socialist or Clerical candidates; but it was also due still more to a decided drift of the younger voters toward radical political views. Radical candidates received unexpected support, too, from Socialist workmen, who deserted their party by reason of its

tyrannical electioneering methods. Thus the Social Democracy lost many of its strongholds. Important cities which it had held securely for years elected Radical or other burgher candidates. But the "Centrum-tower" withstood all assaults. The Clerical force in the new Reichstag is even slightly above that of the old. This was due in part to a trade with the Socialists, who, on their side, saved at least a dozen seats by the aid of the Centrum. In the course of the campaign a so-called National Catholic movement was inaugurated by many influential Catholic citizens who were out of sympathy with their party's recent policy; but this diversion failed to influence the result at any point.

Upon the opening of the new Reichstag Prince Bülów made it his first concern to sever the last tie between the government and the Centrum, and then to announce that certain concessions would be made to the Liberals. The Bourse Law, he promised, should be reformed, and an Imperial law should be passed for securing to the people the right of assembly and association. He had already publicly declared that the policy of social reform legislation, now that the power of the Socialists had been broken, would be carried forward with undiminished zeal. His proposal to "pair the Conservative with the Liberal spirit," while it had been greeted with a certain jocular skepticism by the parties to be paired, led nevertheless to a *bloc* of the government parties; and this union held together satisfactorily during the brief session of the new House last spring, when, indeed, it was put to no severe test. The Centrum at once shaped its tactics with a view to splitting it, but its shrewdly conceived motions and interpellations were without effect.

From the standpoint of the Radicals, whose coöperation was necessary for the success of the *Bloc*, the chief obstacle in its way lay in the Prussian Cabinet. How, they asked, can Bülów as Imperial Chancellor make concessions to Liberalism

and oppose the Centrum in the Reichstag, while as Prussian Minister-President he maintains the existing three-class, "rotten-borough" suffrage system and is dependent upon the Centrum for support in the Prussian Chamber? The Chancellor had no liking for the rôle of a "Pooh-Bah," and he found occasion to reject it by making several changes in the Ministry. In June Count Posadowsky was dismissed from his position of Imperial Secretary of the Interior, and Herr von Studt from the Prussian Ministry of Culture.

Posadowsky fell because he was out of sympathy with the *Bloc* and had given it but a lukewarm support in the Reichstag. He did not approve of Bülów's breach with the Centrum. That party had generally supported Posadowsky's social reform measures, and he thought it unwise politics to thrust it aside as anti-national. It had shown a preference for him, and, as was currently believed, wanted to have him appointed to the Chancellorship, if Bülów, as was expected, should be swept away by the elections. It was surmised that Posadowsky himself cherished such hopes, and for this reason kept himself discreetly in the background during the campaign. Under these circumstances Bülów could not regard him as a suitable coadjutor for carrying the *Bloc* policy into effect. He was accordingly forced to resign, and von Bethmann-Hollweg, till then Prussian Minister of the Interior, was appointed to succeed him. Posadowsky affords a good illustration of the semi-socialistic tendencies at work in Germany. When he entered the Ministry above a decade ago he was regarded as a *Scharfmacher*, or stalwart believer in police and military as the proper and adequate remedy for social turmoil. Closer contact with the great employers and the labor-unions, however, greatly modified his views, and he became more and more the active exponent of social reform ideas; he gave offense to employers by advocating humanitarian conces-

sions to labor; he came to recognize a certain justification for the Socialist movement; and the Social Democrats, as well as most of the Radicals, regretted his retirement.

The dismissal of von Studt was a concession to the Radicals and National Liberals, in a measure also to the Free Conservatives, who had latterly turned against him. The Minister failed to take account of the government's changed attitude toward the Centrum, and went on welding Clerical and Conservative majorities in the Diet just as if the rupture with the Centrum had never occurred. Some features of his common-school policy had offended the Radicals, National Liberals, and Free Conservatives, who last spring brought in a resolution requiring that inspectorships be given exclusively to men with a distinct pedagogical training. His administration of the universities had also aroused sharp antagonism both in the Diet and — more or less covertly, but none the less intensely — in the great majority of the professors. The liberty of the faculties had been circumscribed, their selections of professors often ignored, and other appointments made irrespective of their choice. His extreme deference to the wishes of the Centrum made it appear as if he would become the gravedigger of the *Bloc*. Bülow saw the danger and forced him to retire. This step showed plainly that the Chancellor was resolved to carry the Conservative-Liberal coalition into Prussian politics, — a decision which was still further emphasized by the appointment of von Bethmann-Hollweg to the vice-presidency of the Prussian Ministry, in addition to his Imperial office.

It is precisely in Prussian politics that the *Bloc* will be put to its severest test. The Radicals are vigorously demanding the reform of the election laws upon the basis of manhood suffrage. The National Liberals insist upon a far-reaching reform, but with certain restrictions upon the power of the poor and ignorant

voters; and even the Free Conservatives admit that the existing system cannot be maintained in its entirety. The Centrum also wants changes which have not been clearly specified. The German Conservatives and their Agrarian and Antisemitic satellites, on the other hand, are stoutly opposed to any reform however mild. They will not have this stronghold of their power touched, and their newspaper organs are saying that an election bill would explode a mine under the *Bloc*. For all this, it appears that the government is preparing a measure of reform. Necessarily this will fail to satisfy any party; and the coalition will be exposed to serious strain at this point.

Another grave danger for it will be the projected legislation on the Polish question. In a previous article in this series (*Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1905) I described how the Prussian government was trying to Germanize the provinces of Posen and West-Prussia by acquiring landed estates, dividing these up into small parcels, and settling German peasants upon them; further, how Polish banks and other agencies adopted the same policy and were more successful than the government in this settlement work; and, finally, how the Diet attempted to counteract this Polish activity by passing a law which should make it impossible for private institutions to buy and divide up lands. Even this drastic measure, however, has failed to promote the transfer of Polish estates to German hands, the owners having shown themselves less willing than ever to sell to the Settlement Commission or to individual Germans. It was declared recently at the annual convention of the *Ostmarken-Verein*, an organization for promoting the Germanization of the two provinces, that more German lands are still passing into Polish hands than vice versa.

The full significance of this confession is strikingly illustrated by a statement found in a government document reviewing the history of the first twenty years of the Settlement Commission's

work, which has recently been published. According to this official report the commission paid for the lands bought in 1901 prices averaging 78-fold more than the average annual net profits from these lands, but by last year the price had risen to 138-fold. That the Poles steadily refuse to sell their lands to the government at such attractive prices and can even buy more German lands than the commission can secure from them is remarkable evidence of their antipathy to the Germans. Indeed, the intensity of feeling between the two races is unhappily growing still deeper. When the *Ostmarken-Verein* was holding its convention in August at Bromberg a Polish counter-demonstration was made in an adjoining town, where the convention was denounced as "an orgy of hatred and *Hakatist* deceit." ("Hakatist" is a name applied in ridicule to the *Ostmarken-Verein*.) The Bromberg Convention passed resolutions quite in the spirit of "might goes before right," demanding the dispossession of the Polish landowners under the law of eminent domain, the local authorities to have power to prohibit all sales of lands not regarded as in the German interest. "Whether right or wrong is done to the Poles," exclaimed one of the leaders, "is a secondary matter; what becomes of the Poles is no concern of ours."

Incredible as it may sound, it appears practically certain that the government has decided to bring in a bill for the forcible purchase of Polish lands. The public document above mentioned closes with asserting it to be "the imperative duty of the State to find a way to acquire land for the commission according to a definite plan;" and the reiterated statements of the government press plainly foreshadow a bill empowering the local governors to buy lands under condemnation proceedings, as well as to prevent sales to undesirable persons. The newspapers are able to quote a speech of Bismarck's in which he explicitly favored such a law. The government's plan is,

apparently, not to acquire Polish estates generally and indiscriminately, but to take possession of those adjoining German settlements, so as gradually to widen the borders of these and insure their permanent German character. Of course the market price will be paid.

The embitterment between Poles and Germans was intensified by the "school strike," which broke out toward the end of 1906. This was a refusal of the Polish children in the lower schools to answer in German during the hour devoted to religious instruction. It had been the wise policy of the Prussian government to make German the language of teaching in the schools, with the exception that religion was taught in Polish in the lower schools. This arrangement was quite satisfactory to the Poles, as they wanted their children to learn German; and it should certainly have satisfied the authorities, since it gave the Polish children an adequate knowledge of German. The Minister of Culture, however, was not content. With the bureaucrat's zeal for leveling everything to a common formula, and with no perception of the imponderable human factors involved, he ordered the lower schools in the East Marches to begin to teach religion in German. This gave to a number of fanatical priests and Polish nationalist agitators an opportunity to appeal to racial antipathies, and the "strike" resulted. That it was largely artificial is clearly proved by the fact that many Polish parents who instigated their children in the primary schools to refuse to say their prayers in German had raised no objections whatever to their older children doing so in the higher schools, where no Polish has been used for some years. All the same, the government's course was, in its practical effects, extremely unwise. About a hundred priests, editors, and other persons were punished with imprisonment, and so the "strike" was at length broken down. The government carried its point, indeed, but at what a cost! The Polish children will not receive an appreciably better knowledge

of German; while, on the other hand, they have been so embittered as to be quite lost to all Germanizing influences. *Tant de bruit pour une omelette!*

Such are the difficulties in the way of the *Bloc*. There are other dangers in the Empire, which, however, seem less serious. The German Conservatives are by no means pleased with the Chancellor's announcement of a measure for the reform of the Bourse Law. The greater part of them are also opposed to a liberal law of assembly and association; and some National Liberals are in sympathy with them. It seems certain, however, that the forthcoming bill on the latter subject will go far toward meeting the best modern conception of popular rights, and that the wide discretion hitherto allowed the police in Prussia and several other states to dissolve public meetings will be abolished. Until now this matter has been left to the individual states, some of which have quite liberal laws on the subject; hence the Imperial law must be at least as liberal, else it would fail to satisfy the latter states.

Upon the whole, these Imperial measures will hardly wreck the *Bloc*. The difficulties in Prussian politics, on the other hand, are so great that many supporters of the coalition are already predicting that it will prove but a short-lived arrangement. Even some Conservatives are raising objections to the dispossession of Polish landowners, and it is certain that all the Radicals and Clericals will oppose it. So far, too, as the general attitude of the Radicals is concerned, they will go to considerable lengths to meet the government's wishes, if they can but keep the Centrum from regaining its dominant position; still they do not propose to be put off empty-handed. They went into the coalition with the expressed hope of promoting liberal reforms; but if these are denied they will forthwith obey the watchword already given out for such an event by one of their leaders: "Back to your breastworks!" The Centrum has already

grown heartily weary of its isolated position and will persist in its efforts to disrupt the *Bloc*. It has begun to throw out baits for regaining the government's favor; its leader recently announced in a public speech that there must be an increase of above fifteen million dollars in the appropriations for the army and navy at the next session.

The Social Democrats, too, have found their influence in the new Reichstag greatly shrunken, — and not merely as to numbers. Indeed, that party has never been so thoroughly discredited as now in the public opinion of the country. During the election campaign they made their chief attack upon the Radicals, the only burgher party with which they had any prospect of keeping in practical contact for purposes of democratic reforms; and the attack was delivered with such savagery, such blind malice, as completely to destroy the remnant of sympathy that was still entertained for them among the Radicals. Through this fatuous indulgence in the "swineherd's tone" — as their ruffian manner of speech is popularly characterized — they have rendered unpopular and impossible all thought of coöperation with them on the part of the more advanced Radicals; and their party stands to-day completely isolated. By reason of this fact still more than their mere loss of seats in the Reichstag, the government has begun to treat them as almost negligible, having apparently reached the conclusion that the Socialist movement has passed the danger point and begun to ebb away.

The Socialists, on their part, keenly felt the blow that was dealt to them in the elections. Their behavior in the Reichstag has accordingly been less supercilious and self-satisfied. The party has been engaged in deep heart-searchings since its mid-winter reverse, and some of the elder leaders are ready for new policies. At the annual convention of the party at Essen in September, Bebel advocated such a face-about in tactics as make him seem rather a

Revisionist than the fiery apostle of the class-struggle idea. He refused to allow the convention to commit the party to a foolish resolution against supporting any Radical candidates in future rebalots, and he clearly intimated that the Socialists were open to alliances with the latter. Instead of again emphasizing the class-struggle character of the Socialist movement, he admitted that the famous Dresden convention had injured the party; and he now demanded that it must widen the field for seeking recruits. The Socialists must appeal, he urged, to the so-called "standing-collar proletariat," the growing army of commercial and technical employees; "their stomachs," he exclaimed, "are emptier than those of the elder proletariat." Then he gave the "comrades" a lesson in political amiability, — the non-Socialist labor organizations must be treated with respect, and the national and other sentiments of the burghers must no longer be scoffed at and desecrated.

The growth of the party in the direction most important for its highest success — namely, among young men of university training — has undoubtedly been checked. Socialist writers are themselves pointing with much concern to this fact as a sure sign of the intellectual retrogression of the movement. Furthermore, the camp-followers of the party — intelligent burghers who had temporarily voted with the Socialists to promote thoroughgoing reforms — have parted company with them in some disgust and returned to the Radicals. The Socialist movement, having thus lost the power to attract the more intelligent voters, is bound to sink to the level of a mere labor movement, and will become less and less a menace to the present social order.

One of the gains for the country brought about by the new order of things is a much more hopeful attitude about the colonies. The Colonial Bureau was last spring erected into a Ministry, and Dernburg was appointed as the first Minister. He has dissipated, to a con-

siderable extent, the pessimistic feeling about the colonies, and an increasing number of joint-stock companies for colonial undertakings are coming into existence. Just now Dernburg is in German East-Africa studying its possibilities of development, — the first time that such a mission has ever been undertaken by the responsible head of the colonial administration. The era of railway-building in the colonies has begun, and the country is growing more willing to spend money upon its possessions. The cloud of colonial scandals has happily been dissipated, most of them having turned out to be baseless rumors.

Turning at length to Germany's foreign affairs, it may be said at once that these have undergone a decided improvement within a year. This is especially true in respect to England and France — precisely the two countries which had felt themselves most aggrieved by Germany's part in the Morocco imbroglio. The Berlin government's attitude toward France upon the recrudescence of that question this summer created the best impression in France, and, upon the whole, satisfied the German people. Having at Algeciras secured the independence of Morocco at considerable cost of sympathy for herself in the world, Germany was well in a position to make temporary concessions to France. She saw the political wisdom of doing so, and readily acquiesced in the French and Spanish plan for restoring order in Morocco. The good understanding with England has made still greater progress. Kaiser and King have come into more satisfactory relations with each other. Deputations of English municipal officials and a large body of English editors have recently visited Germany and carried home the conviction that the Germans are a people of peace, anxious for good relations between their country and England.

Germany's course at the Hague Conference, it is generally admitted, did much toward removing the distrust with which she was regarded abroad. Bülow's flat

refusal in advance to take any part in discussing disarmament certainly tended at first to augment that distrust; but it is no exaggeration to say that this effect was dispelled by Germany's course at the Conference, where it was soon discovered that she was one of the most zealous promoters of measures for reducing the possibilities of international conflicts, and for introducing more humane principles into the conduct of war. She favored making the Arbitration Court permanent, but opposed the obligatory feature on the ground that any general treaty for obligatory arbitration would necessarily have to provide so many exceptions as greatly to weaken its force; whereas much better results can be obtained through arbitration treaties between individual states. Germany was the first to propose an international prize court, and its establishment was largely due to her active efforts. Notwithstanding the disappointing results at the Hague, in some respects the Conference has nevertheless deepened the impression in Germany that the nations are gradually drawing together, and that the prospects for a long continuance of peace in Europe have seldom been better than now. Altogether Germany greatly improved her international position at the Hague, and her influence there was so great as quite to belie the stereotyped complaint of many German editors that their country is isolated and threatened by hostile combinations on all sides.

The active support of American propositions by the German delegation attracted attention as shrewd politics; but this only corresponded with the general policy of the Berlin government, pursued steadily for several years, of doing everything possible to promote good relations with the United States. Still more substantial evidence of this was seen in the prolongation last spring of the temporary trade arrangement under which we enjoy Germany's treaty scale of customs duties in return for very shadowy concessions on our part. Ger-

man statesmen had so explicitly asserted their unwillingness to continue the arrangement, and the discontent with it here was so pronounced, that a breach between the two countries in trade matters seemed imminent. Finally, however, the Berlin government agreed to prolong it indefinitely, or until denounced,—a step which may be taken as its abandonment of all hope of getting a satisfactory commercial treaty with us so long as the "stand-pat" element dominates the Senate.

The Pope's Encyclical against "Modernism" came at a time when the German people were already interested to an unusual degree in Catholic movements at home. Professor Schell, of the Catholic theological faculty of Würzburg University, who died about three years ago, had made it his mission to harmonize Catholic theology with modern science. He had written several works for this purpose strongly imbued with "Modernism;" but these had been placed upon the Index of Prohibited Books,—a step keenly felt by many of the best spirits among German Catholics, unable to belie their Teutonic love for intellectual freedom. A movement accordingly gained headway among prominent Catholic laymen, to send a petition to the Pope asking for a reform of the Index system. A Vatican organ, however, got wind of the matter and raised a noisy alarm about a "secret heretical league aiming at undermining the power of the Papal Chair." The German press took up the affair and discussed it as a symptom of serious disaffection among the intelligent Catholic laity. When, however, the petition was published later it turned out to be nothing of the kind. On the contrary, the petition, after making an explicit declaration against the Reform and Liberal Catholics, asked in most reverential terms for a mitigation of some features of the Index system; it should be less frequently applied, secret and summary process on the part of the Index Congregation should be abolished,

and every writer heard in his own defense before the condemnation of his work.

Another German Catholic movement that created still greater displeasure at Rome was a plan to erect a monument to Professor Schell. An appeal for subscriptions was circulated, signed by nearly two hundred prominent Catholics, including two bishops, foremost Catholic scholars, members of the Reichstag and other legislative bodies. Although the monument was by no means intended as a glorification of "Modernism," still the Pope saw in it a demonstration against the policy of the Vatican and wrote to Bishop Commer, of Vienna, a letter sharply censuring the signers of the appeal. The Bishop had been a friend and admirer of Schell, but turned upon him after his death and wrote a pamphlet in which he accused Schell of "many gross untruths, distortions, and forged quotations," — charges which the dead theologian's friends resented as maliciously false. What was their astonishment therefore when they read the Pope's letter thanking the writer for having "done good service to religion and Catholic doctrine," and bestowing upon him the apostolic benediction! The letter further characterized the signers of the appeal as "ignorant of Catholic doctrine or opposed to the authority of the Papal Chair under the insulting pretext that it held fast to antiquated views." These utterances caused extreme pain and regret among progressive Catholics. The Dean of the Catholic faculty at Würzburg, a man of the Schell type who was closely identified with the monument movement, resigned his position as a silent protest; and the monument committee sent to the Pope a humble remonstrance explaining the innocence of their undertaking as designed to honor a teacher and friend who had shown his fidelity to the church. To this communication Cardinal Merry del Val replied in extremely cold and formal terms, saying the Pope had taken note of the explanation and advised the signers to dis-

criminate between Schell's private life and his writings. That was all.

On top of these humiliations for the German Catholics came the Encyclical, which seemed to be aimed to meet German conditions. Several of the theological faculties, notably those of Würzburg and Freiburg, were known to be out of favor at Rome; and news from Rome in the summer indicated that the Vatican intended to require that the brighter theological students in Germany be sent henceforth to Rome to complete their training. That the Encyclical is profoundly deplored by the progressive wing of the German Catholics goes without saying. Baron von Hertling, the most highly respected member of the Centrum in the Reichstag and a leading professor of Munich University, has recently delivered an address before a Catholic society for the diffusion of science, in which, after referring to the Encyclical, he advocates principles directly contrary to it. Although this address was heard by most of the Catholic theologians of the country it raised no protest from them; and one bishop had the courage to remark that it is impossible to meet present-day objectors with thirteenth-century answers.

The Encyclical will unfortunately aggravate the tendency of the Catholics to separate themselves from the rest of the population. The government's quarrel with the Centrum had already given a fresh impetus to that tendency, as was seen at the annual Catholic Congress at Würzburg in August. This body adopted resolutions requiring Catholic workmen to join only their denominational labor-unions; Catholic parents were called upon to have their sons connect themselves only with Catholic young people's societies; Catholic merchants and business people must become members only of Catholic mercantile associations; while Catholic army recruits must join, not the regular military sick fund organizations, but special Catholic unions for insurance against sickness.

While the Catholics are thus trying artificially to hedge off their young people from contemporary influences, a remarkable ferment of new views of life is at work in young heads outside of that church. An uncommonly strong and wide-reaching tendency is noted with young people of both sexes to break away from all traditional trammels. An impulse toward individual self-development is felt by the younger generation, which begins strongly to suspect that it has been hoodwinked by the elder generation in the interest of an artificial and cramping authority. Radical religious and political views are fast coming into favor with young men. Also with young women, it should be added, for the "woman movement" is rapidly gaining volume and influence in Germany. The "new woman" is a type that is fast gaining in numbers. She may often wear hideous clothes, but she believes in herself, is determined to develop her individuality, and does not propose to let her parents settle for her the largest problems of her life.

Thus the relations between the younger and the elder generation have been disturbed. It is noted that the fiction of the day has begun to reflect this conflict between young and old. At first it was the gifted, high-striving young man who was in rebellion with the outworn traditions supported by parents and teachers for his oppression; latterly this struggle has been transferred to the other sex, and a new type of heroine is finding a place in fiction.

Meanwhile thoughtful men and women of the elder generation are watching with varying degrees of concern the intellectual revolution in progress with its sons and daughters. Many writers are vainly deploring the changing ideals of the young, their loss of religion under the seductive influences of Nietzsche and Haeckel; others are trying to explore the phenomenon, to find its causes, and, if possible, to turn it into wholesome channels. The latter recognize that the move-

ment is in large part a reasonable one, being a perfectly natural protest against customs and traditions which often disregard the individual in the supposed interests of society. And as for the anti-religious character of the movement, so far as it is such — this, too, is found to be a natural reaction against the present dogmatic form of religion as taught in the public schools. The teachers of Hamburg and Bremen adopt this view and would abolish all religious teaching, supplanting it with moral instruction resting on a simple human basis. Professor Paulsen explains the revulsion against religion as being due to the fact that religious teaching in the Prussian schools is based upon the theological creeds of the sixteenth century, whereas the young men at the *Gymnasien* are learning at the same time to look upon nature and the universe with the eyes of modern science. The hiatus between the two systems of thought is so obvious that the young men break away in a rebellious spirit from the standpoint of the creed, reject the Bible as a book of fables and lies, and dispense with religion altogether. This distinguished pedagogical philosopher would remedy matters by abolishing all dogmatic instruction in religion, and substituting an exegetical and historical form of teaching. At the same time the documents of religion would be treated, not as authorities to bind the mind and conscience, but as monuments of the religious life of humanity.

Whatever be the outcome of this ferment in religious and political opinions, it is certain that the Germany of the next generation will wear a very different aspect from that of to-day. There will be a greater measure of individual freedom, political institutions will have to be cast into new moulds, the relations between monarch and people will gravitate toward the English system, and in every sphere of life all authorities will be closely scanned and questioned before they are accepted and obeyed. It is evident that a new Germany is in the making.

THE YEAR ON PARNASSUS

BY FERRIS GREENSLET

"POETRY in this latter age," wrote Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*, "hath proved but a meane Mistresse to such as have wholly addicted themselves to her, or given their names up to her family. They who have but saluted her on the by, and now and then tendered their visits shee hath done much for, and advanced in the way of their owne professions (both the Law and the Gospel) beyond all they would have hoped or done for themselves without her favour." In part, no doubt, this melancholy view of the poetical profession was a personal matter, the sadly lucid conclusion of a man who after laborious years in the service of his Muse still lived in an alley, while Dr. Donne, Dean of Saint Paul's, dwelt in a house with two courtyards, and many an indifferent sonneteer splashed down Whitehall in his cushioned coach. Yet, after we have made all due allowance for the personal situation involved, the fact remains that Jonson has but stated with characteristic vigor a condition of affairs that is perennial on Parnassus. It is specially observable at the present time, when there is scarcely a single poetic talent of sufficient volume economically to justify its possessor in pursuing poetry as a vocation, while much of the finest and most successful verse that has been written for a quarter of a century has been the work of busy editors, college professors, clergymen, brokers, mothers of families, and mayors of cities "who have but saluted her on the by."

It is not always, however, in the fine and successful work of these occasional writers that we experience the most quickening encounter with the poetic spirit. The man who devotes himself with a single mind to Poetry, whether econom-

ically justified in so doing or not, may perchance know more of her wayward and whimsical heart than the occasional visitor to the Muse's bower. Whether he can effectively poetize his knowledge or not, his work will not be without its reward for the reader who can approach it, in some measure,

"With the same spirit that its author writ."

For some cause of which the determination is apart from the purpose of this paper, the present year has seen an appreciable diminution in the number of volumes of verse published in England and America. In 1906, the record was well toward the five hundred mark. In 1907 the number has probably not been more than half as great; there have been fewer volumes of distinction, and the average of quite negligible sheaflets of rhyme has been higher. It chances, however, that the year has brought forth a group of books by certain young men with whom poetry is a serious, and, in varying degrees, an intelligent pursuit. In the poems of Alfred Noyes, George Sylvester Viereck, and Madison Cawein, in the poetic dramas of Ridgeley Torrence and Percy Mackaye, and the collected dramas of Mr. Yeats, we have a body of sufficiently diverse material for the study of the poetic temper and attainment of our time as they are exhibited in the work of those with whom poetry is a profession.

I

Though still on the nether side of thirty, Mr. Alfred Noyes has put a notable variety of published verse to his credit. In England, his muscular epic of *Drake*, which has been appearing in parts in a magazine, has enjoyed a

rather surprising success. To this country he was introduced last year by Mr. H. W. Mabie in a volume of selections remarkable for its evidence of wide-ranging reading, for an adventurous imagination, and for opulence and ease of metrical expression. Yet that volume, good as it was, was admirable rather for its qualities than for its quality: there was in it no single piece that seemed secure of a place in the safe-deposit vaults of Time.

In the present volume, *The Flower of Old Japan*,¹ the situation is pretty much the same. The beverage that Mr. Noyes pours us is still must rather than wine. Mr. Noyes's enterprise is to recapture "Old Japan," the land of

"Dreams and dragons and gingerbread,"
and to set it forth in the temper of a kind of philosophical *Alice in Wonderland*. In the Prelude he invites us:—

Ah, let us follow, follow far
Beyond the purple seas;
Beyond the rosy foaming bar,
The coral reef, the trees,
The land of parrots, and the wild
That rolls before the fearless child
Its ancient mysteries:
Onward and onward if we can,
To Old Japan, to Old Japan.

If we accept the invitation we are personally conducted through sixty pages of fantastic marvels that are yet made almost convincing by the poet's bright imagination, and his gifts of vivid phrase, and fluent, melodious verse, till, at the end, he brings us comfortably home:—

Slowly, as a wavering mist
Waned the wonder out of sight,
To a sigh of amethyst,
To a wraith of scented light.
Flower and magic glass had gone;
Near the clutching fire we sat
Dreaming, dreaming, all alone,
Each upon a furry mat.

While the firelight, red and clear,
Fluttered in the black wet pane,
It was very good to hear

Howling winds and trotting rain.
For we found at last we knew
More than all our fancy planned,
All the fairy tales were true,
And home the heart of fairyland.

There is a proficiency in the workmanship that, coupled with Mr. Noyes's humorous tenderness in approaching his theme, all but disarms criticism. Yet if we look at the matter in a cool objective light, it must be said that the attempt is only partially successful. Since Lafcadio Hearn has revealed to us her delicate, mystical soul, "Old Japan" is scarcely a valid and universal symbol for the fantastic realm of childish romance of which Mr. Noyes is the celebrant.

The second half of the book is given up to a companion piece, "The Forest of Wild Thyme," in which the same adventure is assailed by another track. In the course of it occurs a passage which may be taken as suggesting by indirection Mr. Noyes's poetic creed and ambition:—

"Men toil," he said, "from morn till night
With bleeding hands and blinded sight
For gold, more gold! They have betrayed
The trust that in their souls was laid;
Their fairy birthright they have sold
For little disks of mortal gold;
And now they cannot even see
The gold upon the greenwood tree,
The wealth of colored lights that pass
In soft gradations through the grass,
The riches of the love untold
That wakes the day from grey to gold:
And howsoe'er the moonlight weaves
Magic webs among the leaves,
Englishmen care little now
For elves beneath the hawthorn bough:
Nor if Robin should return
Dare they of an outlaw learn;
For them the Smallest Flower is furled,
Mute is the music of the world;
And unbelief has driven away
Beauty from the blossomed spray."

This indictment of the England that is no longer "Merrie England," a common theme with contemporary writers of verse, has not often been put more tellingly than this. It recalls a similar indictment of the British temperament by a still younger poet.

¹ *The Flower of Old Japan*. By ALFRED NOYES. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907.

The blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer nights collected still to make
The morning precious: Beauty was awake!
Why were ye not awake?

To turn from the fairy fancies of Mr. Noyes to the Babylonian imaginations of Mr. George Sylvester Viereck is a rather thrilling psychologic adventure.¹ "Sonant" is a favorite word with Mr. Viereck, and it would be hard to find a better one to define the characteristic quality of his poetic personality. Perhaps no poet now writing is more proficient in the loud symphonious lay, and the quality of Mr. Viereck's vigorous, if unhealthy imagination is of a sort to be expressed very perfectly in his reverberating verse. Take the opening section of his titular poem:—

O Nineveh, thy realm is set
Upon a base of rock and steel
From where the under-rivers fret
High up to where the planets reel.

Clad in a blazing coat of mail,
Above the gables of the town
Huge dragons with a monstrous trail
Have pillared pathways up and down.

And in the bowels of the deep
Where no man sees the gladdening sun,
All night without the balm of sleep
The human tide rolls on and on.

The Hudson's mighty waters lave
In stern caress thy granite shore,
And to thy port the salt sea wave
Brings oil and wine and precious ore.

Yet if the ocean in its might
Should rise, confounding stream and bay,
The stain of one delirious night
Not all the tides can wash away.

From this beginning unrolls a poetic picture of "Nineveh" that is an impressive if superficial envisagement of that great rock-delving, sky-scaling city of New York that is fast coming to be more than Paris, more than London even, the typical *umbilicus gentium*, a great Babylonish hive of nations. There is undeniable power in the picture, yet

¹ *Nineveh and Other Poems*. By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. 1907.

in the conclusion we discover clearly the youthful limitation as well as the perverse literary taint in Mr. Viereck's talent:—

I, too, the fatal harvest gained
Of them that sow with seed of fire
In passion's garden — I have drained
The goblet of thy sick desire.

I from thy love had bitter bliss,
And ever in my memory stir
The after-savours of thy kiss —
The taste of aloes and of myrrh.

And yet I love thee, love unblessed
The poison of thy wanton's art;
Though thou be sister to the Pest
In thy great hands I lay my heart!

And when thy body Titan-strong
Writhes on its giant couch of sin,
Yea, though upon the trembling throng
The very vault of Heaven fall in;

And though the palace of thy feasts
Sink crumbling in a fiery sea —
I, like the rest of Baal's priests,
Will share thy doom, O Nineveh.

This is the piece in Mr. Viereck's volume that must be taken most seriously. His monotonous celebration of Ashtoreth, Lilith, Pasiphaë, Sappho, Cleopatra, Faustine, Salome, and their modern sisters is clearly derivative, and the precocious satiety which he discloses so sonantly is, therefore, not so much shocking as amusing. Some day, we may hope, Mr. Viereck will have had enough of Ashtoreth and Baal, and, turning to gods more favorable to English poesy, give us poems in which his admirable endowment of melody and imagination shall serve a nobler meaning.

Beginning with a slender sheaf of *Blooms of the Berry* some twenty years ago, Mr. Madison Cawein has cultivated his muse with such undeviating constancy that a score of books of poetry now bear his name. These he has brought together in a collected edition in five volumes.¹ Mr. Cawein has scarcely been

¹ *The Poems of Madison Cawein*. Five volumes. With illustrations by ERIC PAPER. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Co. Louisville: Ben La Bree. 1907.

well advised in collecting his work in such a formidable bulk. Such poetry as his, so largely the poetry of transient mood rather than of thought or dramatic action, cannot but produce a certain impression of ineffective monotony when massed in five stout volumes. Time is the shrewdest anthologist, and may be trusted in the long run to select the things that are worth while. Yet a poet is wise in the measure that he forestalls Time's judgments.

Mr. Cawein, nevertheless, is perhaps the most *poetical* of our living American poets. It would be hard to find another in whom poetic temperament is so uninterrupted, whose fancy riots so continually among poetic symbols. He is not free from the defects of his qualities. For structural form his work is not preëminent; it abounds in small obscurities and cacophonies; and if syntax constrains him, he treads it underfoot. There is in his verse not quite enough of that sound prose style which is the humdrum basis of poetic style, the solid torch from which the flame aspires. Yet his best work in its fine and individual quality is not easily surpassed. He gives us the sweet Kentucky landscape so poetized by the haze of temperament wherewith he envelops it, that even to Bacchus in a cornfield with chipmunks frisking about his legs we can accord that "willing suspension of disbelief" that Coleridge took to be poetic faith. It is precisely in these Kentucky pieces rather than in his ambitious narrative poems on mediæval themes that Mr. Cawein is at his very best. There is scarcely a section in his "Intimations of the Beautiful," for example, in which some mood of nature is not portrayed with a haunting melodious felicity. Take as a single instance this exquisite piece of dissolving color:—

The climbing-cricket in the dusk
Moves wings of moony gossamer;
Its vague, vibrating note I hear
Among the boughs of dew and musk,
Whence, rustling with a mellow thud,
The ripe quince falls. Low, deep and clear,
The west is bound with burning blood.

The slanting bats beneath the moon, —
A dark disk edged with glittering white, —
Spin loops of intertangled night:
An owl wakes, hooting over soon,
Within the forest far away:
And now the heav'n fills, light by light,
And all the blood-red west grows gray.

I hear no sound of wind or wave;
No sob or song, except the slow
Leaf cricket's flute-soft tremolo,
Among wet walks grown gray and grave. —
In raiment mists of silver sear,
With strange, pale eyes thou comest, O
Thou spirit of the Waning-Year!

Through scenes like these Mr. Cawein continually, like his own hermit thrush,

"Trails an enchanted flute along,"

and it is a singular refreshment to stop and listen to its plaintive, persistent note.

The volume of *Selections from the Verse of John B. Tabb*¹ made by Mrs. Meynell, would offer to the discursively-minded some provocative points of comparison with the books that we have been considering. "Quaint" and "pregnant" are the words that first occur to one endeavoring to phrase Father Tabb's poetic quality, but they are inadequate and misleading unless carefully qualified. Father Tabb's mind is curiously occupied with the correspondences between the natural and spiritual world, yet his sense of them is not so much the mystic's feeling of oneness as the modern scientist's sense of the far-reaching interrelations of life. His imagination winds into odd, sometimes macabresque cran- nies, of nature and human life. He sees each in a single flash of illumination as part of the whole, as a poetic idea; and this poetic idea refined of all dross or surplusage he has a most remarkable power of conveying in eight or twelve short lines. His imagination is analogical in the extreme. He is as full of similitudes as Herbert or Crashaw; often an entire poem is built upon a single figure. Yet despite the temptations to fantasticality that beset a mind of this type,

¹ *Selections from the Verses of John B. Tabb.*
Made by ALICE MEYNELL. London: Burns
& Oates. 1907.

overstrained and ineffective similitudes are conspicuously few. His tiny poems, like the psychologist's pin pricks, are very perfect tests of poetic sensibility.

Father Tabb's quality is not unknown to readers of the *Atlantic*, yet this page may be happily adorned by one of his characteristic pieces:—

THE PLAYMATES

"Who are thy playmates, boy?"

"My favorite is Joy,
Who brings with him his sister, Peace, to stay
The livelong day.
I love them both, but he
Is most to me."

"And where thy playmates now,
O man of sober brow?"

"Alas! dear Joy, the merriest, is dead.
But I have wed
Peace; and our babe, a boy
New born, is Joy."

II

It begins to look as if the poetic drama, after many years of desuetude and relegation to the closet, were winning a fresh foothold in our theatres. Each of the past two seasons has seen successful plays in verse upon the boards and there is even coming to be something like a "dawn-ekindled quire" of young poets to win the admiration of the world as much by their capable dealings with actors and managers as by their poetical attainments. During the coming season we are to see among others two plays presenting an interesting *partie carrée* of passionate lovers.¹

In dealing dramatically with the time-worn story of Abélard and Heloise, Mr. Torrence has evidently spared no pains to possess the literature of the subject. In the matter of texture this has been all to his advantage. To his close study of

¹ *Abelard and Heloise*. By RIDGLEY TORRENCE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

Sappho and Phaon. A tragedy set forth with a Prologue, Induction, Prelude, Interludes, and Epilogue. By PERCY MACKAYE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907.

the sources we owe the thousand vivid historical details that are woven into the vigorous give and take of the dialogue with fine dramatic and poetic effect. In the matter of structure, however, there is a question whether Mr. Torrence's play has not lost in effectiveness through his endeavor to give the whole story as it is in the books. The piece as it stands is in four acts. In the first we encounter Abélard, the "Socrates of Gaul," at the zenith of his fame, and in the full sweep of his passion for Heloise. In the second, Heloise declines to marry him, to make him otherwise than

"Free to pursue that upward path he walks
Toward that high radiance that is his ambition,"

and Fulbert, her uncle, takes his revenge. In the third, the transformed Abélard, after some futile eloquence, goes his priestly way, leaving Heloise to take the veil. In the fourth the lovers meet again after a lapse of twenty years, just as Abélard, excommunicated, dies with a characteristic burst of feverish declamation.

As history, this even division of attention between Abélard the passionate and poetic leader of the new cause, and Abélard the whimpering pawn of fate is well-considered, but as dramatic structure it is not successful. The climax of the piece comes at the end of the second act. From that point onward, save for a tense moment towards the close of the third act, the play is nothing more or less than a *drame pathologique*, that makes no appeal to our sympathies, and has but a slender intellectual interest. If instead of beginning *in medias res* there had been an initial act setting forth the growth of Abélard's love for Heloise, with the progressive disturbance of his scholarly habitudes by the perturbations of passion, and had the last fortuitous meeting been omitted, and the play concluded with the parting at the close of the present third act, it might have been considerably more memorable. This redistribution of the material would have given us the

essential tragedy of the love of Abélard and Heloise more compactly and coherently. The tragical climax would then have come at the end of the third act, and the single final act of pallid renunciation would have been not only tolerable, but tragically telling. More than that, we should have had, if I mistake not, a more complete and convincing portrayal of Peter Abélard, who, whatever his weakness and wavering, was perhaps the most interesting and modern man of that germinal middle-age, the Hamlet rather than the Socrates of Gaul. The passion of Heloise would have been more credible so, and the play as a whole less obviously built with an eye to the requirements of a leading lady.

A fine imaginative scholarship is the first quality that impresses the reader of any of Mr. Percy Mackaye's poetic plays. In *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, *Fenris the Wolf*, and *Jeanne d'Arc*, the striking thing was Mr. Mackaye's acquaintance with the life that there is in old books. In *Sappho and Phaon* this quality is still more largely in evidence. One approaches the play by an elaborate series of terraces, porticoes, and vestibules which are all compact of eager learning. Taking a hint from Horace's *ex noto fictum*, Mr. Mackaye strives to give a greater reality to his age-old theme by leading us backward from the present and actuality by easy, imperceptibly merging gradations. In the Prologue an American, an Italian, and a German savant excavating at Herculaneum find the make-up box of the ancient actor, Actius, and at the end of the Prologue, by the aid of dissolving scenes, Medbery, the American, suffers a sea-change into Actius himself. Then follows the Induction in which Actius and his mistress Naevoleia prepare to play *Sappho and Phaon* in the presence of Horace, Virgil, and Varius the author of the piece. Finally, after an erudite and entertaining Prelude, the tragedy is enacted. At its end Phaon, impersonated by Actius, dissolves back into Medbery, and we

wake up, as it were, rubbing our inward eyes. How effective all this would be on the stage is a dubious question.¹ To the imagination of the closet-reader, it gives a fine fillip like the telescopic vistas in some of Calderon's dramas; yet even to the reader the machinery is not quite convincing. Despite the great ingenuity of the contrivance the last step from Actius and Naevoleia to Sappho and Phaon is an awkward one; it is a step from *l'amour* to passionate love, from one civilization to another; and the tragedy itself is so purely Greek in setting, in development, and in tragic temper that Varius is scarcely a credible author. We hardly forget that it is a play of a play.

With a careful instinct for appropriateness, Mr. Mackaye has kept his action to a single scenic setting and compassed it within twenty-four hours, though he has allowed for some picturesque modern stage effects by the succession upon the scene of afternoon and twilight, dark and dawn. The Greek temper of the piece is still further enhanced by the skill with which in the more emotional parts Mr. Mackaye has varied his blank verse with Sapphic metres. Witness this passage in which Phaon the slave tells Sappho of his early vision of Aphrodite:—

PHAON

Oft ere the day, while all the slaves are sleeping,
I and my boat put out on the black water;
Under us there and over us, the stars sing
Songs of that silence.
Soon then the sullen, brazen-horned oxen
Rise in the east, and slowly with their wind-ploughs
Break in the acres of the broad Ægean
Furrows of fire.
So, many a time there, as I leaned to watch them
Yoked in their glory, sudden 'gainst the sunrise
Seemed there stood a maiden—a bright shadow—

SAPPHO

Ah you beheld her!

¹ Since this was written the play has been produced in New York minus Prologue, Induction, Prelude, Interludes, and Epilogue.

Greek, too, in intention if not altogether in effect, is the way in which the catastrophe is brought about. The tragic coil idly started by Sappho's freeing of a dove due to Poseidon ends in making Phaon the unwitting slayer of Bion, his child by his slave wife, and in Sappho's self-destruction. Throughout the last act we feel the true tragic pity and terror, if not in their highest potency, at any rate with an admirable consistency. Mr. Mackaye has revived excellently well the Sapphic spirit

"Of amorous hours

Fervent as fire and delicate as flowers ;"

but the trait that lingers in the mind as of the finest promise is the way in which he has invested the old passionate story with intimations of tender and wistful humanity.

The fine *flair* for romantic situation that Miss Mary Johnston has shown so notably in her novels has lost none of its keenness in *The Goddess of Reason*, her first play in verse.¹ Indeed the piece is conceived in terms of romantic situation, and for that reason it is the most *readable* poetic drama, in the popular sense of the word, that has lately been seen. Miss Johnston's imaginative historic sense and her gift of weaving a poetic setting for romantic story were never more capably demonstrated than in this play of the stirring early years of the French Revolution. The polished Arcadianism of the *ancien régime*, Breton lore, the red passion of the Revolution, these are the elements that she employs in the development of her tragic story of Love and Death. One must not suppose, however, that the piece is but an historical novel broken into blank. It is conceived and executed entirely in the poetic temper. Indeed there is a question if the temper of the author in its composition has not been, in a sense, too poetic. As her prose in her novels seemed sometimes aspiring to be poetry, so here her poetry sometimes aspires to the estate

¹ *The Goddess of Reason*. By MARY JOHNSTON. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1907.
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of music. Her mood is so lyrical that her feet are continually floated off the firm iambic ground into anapestic rhythms and even into rhyme. This is most common in the speeches of her heroine, Yvette, "The right of the Seigneur," who later impersonates The Goddess of Reason. Here the change of metre is not ineffective, as in this climax of a long emotional speech in the iambic pentameter:—

O love! is it love that stifles me so?

O love! is it love that makes me weep?

I thought that love was all splendor and light,
The bow in the sky, the bird at its height,
The glory and state of an angel bright!

But when in the middle of a narrative speech in blank verse by a male character we come upon a pure anapestic couplet,

"Green, reverend and dim as the light may be
In a sea king's palace under the sea"

the dramatic effect is blurred. This, however, is purely an objective criticism. It is clear that this metrical phase of the drama is of a piece with the curiously lyrical mood of its conception, which is perhaps the chief source of the highly individual interest. It is romance mixed with music.

As we have been considering the work of those latter-day poets who have meditated their muse without regard to advancement in "their owne professions" whether "the Law or the Gospel," one rough similarity should have become apparent,—the ultra lyricism of their mood, their impatience alike of the labor of the file and of severe reflection. Lyric and dramatic poets alike are chiefly preoccupied with the appealing, the picturesque, the romantic, the traditionally tragic, and in none of them, save perhaps in the work of Father Tabb, is there any very searching criticism of life, any compelling sense of that tragical-comical world of labor, compromise, dreams, and frustrations which is actuality for most of us. We have, however, at the end to deal with two poets, perhaps the most lyrical in temper of them

all, who have yet contrived to stir emotions that relate themselves a little less remotely to our business and bosoms.

The work of Mr. W. B. Yeats needs no description to the readers of the *Atlantic*. Yet in view of the recent publication of an edition of his *Poetical Works*¹ a word may be said as to his quality and significance. The volume of the complete Lyrical Poems does not show Mr. Yeats quite to the best advantage. Verse so mystical and shadowy, so "symbolic" as his, gains by selection and segregation rather than collection. The symbols come, by too frequent repetition, to seem a little childish. It is all very well for the poet to be

"Changed into a hound with one red ear" once. The first time this engaging phenomenon occurs we experience a pleasurable thrill, but when it is repeated again and yet again it ceases to delight us poetically. Not all Mr. Yeats's gifts of music and Celtic magic avail to make the volume other than a little tedious. But the Dramatical Poems are another matter. "Dramatic art," says Mr. Yeats finely, if debatably, in his Preface, "is a method of expression, and neither an hairbreadth escape nor a love affair more befits it than the passionate exposition of the most delicate and strange intuitions." This is plainly the ideal of a coterie, and it is not likely that the poetic dramas of Mr. Yeats will ever permanently please the large luxurious audiences that throng the theatres, 'twixt dinner and bedtime. Nor is it necessary to apprehend great results from the campaign for the reestablishment of musical speech that Mr. Yeats outlines in his Appendix. But in the plays themselves, "The Countess Cathleen," "The Shadowy Waters," "The Land of Heart's Desire," he has admirably achieved the expression in wavering, wind-swayed verse, of intuitions "the most delicate and strange" yet as real

¹ *The Poetical Works of William B. Yeats*. In two volumes. Volume I, Lyrical Poems. Volume II, Dramatical Poems. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907.

to our hearts as weariness or hope.

In the death of Richard Hovey seven years ago American poetry lost a figure of the richest promise, a poet who in addition to a fine lyric faculty and a passionate sensibility to beauty possessed the philosophic mind. How sincere and profound his preoccupations were has just become more plainly evident through the republication of the four plays of his incomplete Arthurian cycle, with a fifth volume edited by Mrs. Hovey, containing his plan for the whole, with preliminary studies and elucidations.¹ From this we discover that the poem was to be complete in nine dramas arranged in three parts of three plays each, each part to consist of a Masque, a Tragedy, and to end, respectively, with a Romantic Drama, an Idyllic Drama, and a "Harmonody." Despite the elaboration of the contrivance, it grows clear as we ponder these pathetic notes and fragments that it was a sincere and single poetic conception which might have resulted in a poetic monument of great emotional power and far-reaching ethical significance. For "Avalon," the "harmonody" wherein all the contending forces of the cycle were to find reconciliation and solution, Hovey had written at the time of his death but a few brief versified notes. So illuminative are they of the brooding creative process in a poetic mind of large calibre that four of them may be printed here:—

ARTHUR

I have laid in a long mistake.
But now at last and suddenly I see.

(States the great law of suddenness in appearance. Reconciliation of Plutonic and Neptunian theories (vide Hartmann's *Unconscious*). Slow preparation in the unconscious. Conscious sudden at end of process.)

GUENEVERE

And Galahad, thy son, who died a maid?
Shall he be ever lonely?

¹ *Lancelot and Guenevere. A Poem in Dramas*. By RICHARD HOVEY. Five volumes. New York: The Duffield Co. 1907.

LAUNCELOT

For him too
Some mystic lady waits in Avalon,
That dim mysterious mother-land of forms.

LAUNCELOT

Arthur in Avalon has found his bride,
And there is peace between his soul and mine.

LAUNCELOT

It doth not now repent me of my sins;
They oft were my salvation. But for them
I might have lain forever in my dream
In the child-hearted valleys. They, like wolves,
Roused me from my as yet unearned repose
And drove me toiling up this arduous hill
Where from the summit now mine eyes look
out
At peace upon a peaceful universe.
Nay, sweet, our sins are but God's thunder-
clouds,
That hide the glorious sun a little while;
And afterwards the fields bring forth their
fruit.

Mrs. Hovey tells us that these last lines, intended to form the concluding passage of the entire poem, were the first of all to be written. Read with the four plays previously published, so full of "brave translunary things," — they give us some conception of the vastness of the enterprise and of its ethical bearing. Had Hovey lived we should have had a poem in which a psychology of sin, in deep consonance with the trend of modern thought, would have been presented with a fervor of poetic passion and a wealth of poetic beauty, a completeness of embodiment, that must have carried its meaning home. More effectually perhaps than any other book of the year this volume of fragmentary literary remains reawakens us to a sense of the reality, the permanence and power of the poetic spirit.

WHITTIER FOR TO-DAY

BY BLISS PERRY

WHITTIER was born in 1807, the year of Byron's *Hours of Idleness*. During the year following, the English army in the Peninsular War, allied with the forces of Spain and Portugal, made what the poet Wordsworth felt to be a shameful treaty with the French. In his pamphlet against this Convention of Cintra, Wordsworth justified, with passionate eloquence, the right of noble-minded men to assert themselves in times of moral tumult and confused political aims. He pictured the human soul "breaking down limit, and losing and forgetting herself in the sensation and image of Country and the human race." In such crises, he declared, the emotions transcend the immediate object which excites them. War, terrible in its naked cruelty, yet "attracting the more benign by the accompaniment of some shadow which

seems to sanctify it; the senseless weaving and interweaving of factions — vanishing and reviving and piercing each other like the Northern Lights; public commotions, and those in the breast of the individual; . . . these demonstrate that the passions of men (I mean the soul of sensibility in the heart of man) do immeasurably transcend their objects. The true sorrow of humanity consists in this: not that the mind of man fails, but that the course and demands of action and of life so rarely correspond with the dignity and intensity of human desires."

Clouded as these words are with excess of feeling, few passages could suggest more vividly one function which Whittier's poetry was to fulfill. Gifted with far less genius than either Wordsworth or Byron, Whittier nevertheless felt "public commotions" as profoundly as did either

of the English poets. He guided the passionate feeling of his faction and party more definitely than they, and to a more successful issue. The "demands of action" matched the intensity of his desires. Confronting a specific phase of the old question of human liberty, — a question which faces every poet who reflects upon man in his social relations, — Whittier grew from a mere facile rhymester into a master of political poetry. During the thirty years that ended with the close of the Civil War, no poetic voice in America was so potent as Whittier's in evoking and embodying the humanitarian spirit.

He continued to compose verse for nearly thirty years after the conflict over Slavery had been settled, and these later poems contributed largely to his popularity. But his mind was formed, his imagination kindled, and his hand perfected, amid the fiery pressure of events. He voiced not only those voiceless generations of pioneers from which he sprang, but also the dumb passion of sympathy, of indignation, of loyalty, which was to swing vast armies of common men into march and battle. It was a curious destiny for the Quaker lad. Frail of body, timid, poor, untaught, he had discovered on reading Burns that he, too, had a poet's soul. He learned from William Lloyd Garrison the secret of losing one's life and saving it, so that in becoming — in his own words — "a man and not a mere verse-maker" he found in that absolute surrender to the claims of humanity the inspiration which transformed him into a poet.

Will our people continue to read him? At the death of Tennyson, which fell in the same year as Whittier's (1892), a decorous little company gathered in an American college town to read and discuss some of the Laureate's poetry. It was a grave and wholly edifying occasion. One of the company was a lawyer, then far advanced in age, of the highest professional standing, and the senior warden of his church. When the programme was

completed and the ice cream was imminent, the stately old lawyer drew me cautiously behind a door.

"Do you really enjoy Tennyson?" he demanded.

"Yes," said I, in some surprise. "Don't you?"

"No!" he exclaimed. "It has too many involutions and convolutions for me. I don't like it. Did you ever read Byron's *Marino Faliero*?"

"I was reading it only yesterday," said I.

The senior warden's eye kindled with sudden fire. "Well, *that's* the kind of poetry I like: *where the old man stands up and gives 'em hell!*" And with a friendly wink at me — a reader of the poet of his boyhood — the old gentleman blandly joined one of the groups of ladies who were still talking about

"laborious Orient ivory"

and

"the mellow ouzel fluting in the elm."

No coiner of literary phrases could have conveyed so effectively the nature of the spell once cast over readers by Byron's passionate declamation. The harangues of Faliero and Manfred and Cain are, if one pleases, rebel's rhetoric rather than poetry, speech instead of song. Yet they moved men once as no one is moved to-day by any living writer of verse. Whittier shared with Byron the faculty of forging at white heat such stanzas as were instantly accepted as poetry. A later age is inclined to classify them as pamphleteering or as oratory. Lowell writes to Whittier to "cry aloud and spare not against the accursed Texas plot," and Whittier straightway composes his "Texas:" —

"Up the hillside, down the glen,
Rouse the sleeping citizen;
Summon out the might of men!"

Aside from its use of metre and rhyme, it might be one of Lowell's own anti-slavery editorials. Whittier's stout-hearted sea-captain, who declares: —

Pile my ship with bars of silver, pack with coins
of Spanish gold,

From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the room-
age of the hold.

By the living God who made me! — I would
sooner in your bay

Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this
child away!

is scarcely distinguishable from Garrison
asseverating: —

"I am in earnest — I will not equivocate — I will not excuse — I will not retreat a single inch — *and I will be heard.*"

Both are honest men, aflame with righteous indignation; neither is a poet. Just as Elliott's *Corn Law Rhymes* are often but a metrical version of the speeches of Cobden and Bright, so Whittier's anti-slavery verse is sometimes but a rhythmical rearrangement of matter that would have served equally well for a peroration by Wendell Phillips or a leader by Horace Greeley. The aim of them all was to inform, to explain, to call to action; and a half-century after the action is over, the rhymes, like the speech and the article, are likely to share the pamphlet's fate. All have served their hour.

Many of Whittier's political poems, however, refuse to be disposed of thus easily. Their material still seems to be the stuff from which enduring poetry is wrought. Defects of workmanship may mar their surface, but the imaginative fabric is essentially unimpaired. The force of his ideas and sentiments far outweighs the deficiencies in technical craftsmanship. His anti-slavery poetry is based upon certain convictions, familiar enough to all who know the facts of Whittier's life. He inherited a love of freedom as an abstract notion — "the faith in which my father stood" — and a corresponding hatred of kingcraft and priestcraft. The movement for abolition in England and America seemed to him, as to his father, a legitimate consequence of the principles which had triumphed in the French Revolution. He was endowed with warm human feeling. His loyalty to the bonds of family, neighborhood, and state was absolute, and he merged this loyalty, without impairing

it, into what Wordsworth called "the sensation and image of Country and the human race."

Add to this poetic capital an intimate knowledge of the men in his section, a shrewd political eye for the currents of public opinion, a command of simple, racy, fervent speech, the self-possession of a Quaker and "come-outer," and a high courageous heart, — and you have an almost ideal image of a poet armed and ready in a noble cause.

To appreciate Whittier's moral courage is difficult without a precise knowledge of the sort of ostracism which he faced. A physician in Washington, Dr. Crandall, languished in prison until he contracted a fatal illness, under sentence for the misdemeanor of reading a borrowed copy of Whittier's pamphlet *Justice and Expediency*. No anarchist to-day is a more "unsafe" person in the eyes of respectable society than were the Abolitionists. Your

"Solid man of Boston ;

A comfortable man, with dividends,
And the first salmon, and the first green peas,"
was irritated by Whittier then as he is irritated by Gorky to-day.

In the eyes of the typical commercial circles of Massachusetts, Whittier was for twenty years an agitator and therefore an outcast. The idol of that society was Daniel Webster; and Whittier, with a scorn and sorrow all the more terrible for its recognition of Webster's high powers, described him in 1850 as an Ichabod: —

"from those great eyes

The soul has fled :

When faith is lost, when honor dies,

The man is dead !"

A year later, in the poem to Kossuth, Webster's glorious voice —

"designed

The bugle-march of Liberty to wind —"
becomes merely

"the hoarse note of the bloodhound's baying,
The wolf's long howl behind the bondman's flight."

Years afterward, it is true, in one of the

most touching of his poems, Whittier mourns that Webster's august head was laid wearily down, —

"Too soon for us, too soon for thee,
Beside thy lonely Northern sea."

But in the Titan's lifetime Whittier's words were those of stern and sorrowful rebuke.

Nor did the social forces which supported Webster fare better in Whittier's day of wrath. In his "Stanzas for the Times" (1835) and "Moloch in State Street" the

"ancient sacrifice
Of Man to Gain"

is denounced with prophetic sternness. In "The Pine Tree" the conventional arguments of the solid citizens of Boston are tossed aside as if the old, reckless "*Ça ira*" wind were blowing. The tune is, —

"Perish banks and perish traffic, spin your
cotton's latest pound."

It is, —

"Tell us not of banks and tariffs, cease your
paltry pedler cries;
Shall the good State sink her honor that your
gambling stocks may rise?"

A Trust Company in Greater Boston chose for its advertising motto, not long ago, the phrase: "Banking, the Foundation of Government." Whittier would have smiled at that placard with grim Jacobinical disdain.

Equally revolutionary was his attack upon the clergy. Crosier and crown, to him, were "twin-born vampires." Chief-priests and rulers were conniving with each other, as of old. In "Clerical Oppressors" Whittier cried, —

"Woe to the priesthood! woe
To those whose hire is with the price of blood;
Perverting, darkening, changing, as they go,
The searching truths of God!"

With bitter sarcasm in "The Pastoral Letter," with stinging invective in "The Christian Slave" and "The Sentence of John L. Brown," Whittier scourged the clerical upholders of the "divine institution." Finally, in "A Sabbath Scene," when the parson returns thanks to God

for the capture of the fugitive slave girl, the poet can endure no more: —

"My brain took fire: 'Is this,' I cried,
'The end of prayer and preaching?
Then down with pulpit, down with priest,
And give us Nature's teaching!'"

This is the unadulterated doctrine of 1789. Pennsylvania Hall, the ill-starred Abolitionist headquarters in Philadelphia, is transformed in Whittier's imagination into the one

"Temple sacred to the Rights of Man."

One is curious to know how many of the successors of the clergymen whom Whittier held up to obloquy read out his hymns to-day with any suspicion of the agony of soul, the despair for the priesthood and the church, in which many of those hymns were written.

It is needless to multiply illustrations of Whittier's attitude toward the specific issue of American slavery. To his mind this particular battle was but one phase of the long humanitarian campaign against world-wide injustice. Through the electric currents of his verse the better aspirations of the eighteenth century and even the phrases and the passions of European Revolution were brought into contact with the American conscience. But he was far more than what he modestly described himself as being, a mere

"Weapon in the war with wrong."

History and legend of Indian and colonist, songs of homely labor, pictures of the Merrimac country-side, bits of foreign lore and fancy, — all these alternate in Whittier's verse with elegies over dead Abolitionists and stern summons to action. He read a great variety of books and kept in close touch with the movements of European politics. Although he never went abroad, the names of Garibaldi, Thiers, or Pius IX suggested to him themes for poems as readily as did the personality of his friends Fields and Sumner. He could turn out a Browningsque piece like "From Perugia" without betraying the fact that he had never set foot in Italy. His was not merely a home-keeping mind or heart. Garrison's motto for

the *Liberator*: "Our country is the world — our countrymen are mankind," spoke a sentiment which permeates all of Whittier's verse like light. It sustained him when the American outlook grew dark; it sweetened and broadened his spirit. From the later forties to the close of the Civil War, it is instructive as well as pleasant to observe how many of his poetic themes are detached from the immediate emotions of the hour. More and more he emerged from the atmosphere of faction and section. Even his poems prompted by the war itself, like "Barbara Frietchie" and "Laus Deo," breathe a spirit of nationality and not of partisanship. The struggle had scarcely ceased when he wrote "Snow-Bound," an idyllic composition which was instantly and truly interpreted as an intimate revelation of Whittier's real nature. He was almost sixty when it appeared, and for the rest of his long life he was known to his countrymen as the author of "Snow-Bound." The old homestead at East Haverhill is now visited by thousands of pilgrims who are more anxious to see "the clean-winged hearth" and the stepping-stones by the brook than they are to rake the ashes from the old fires of the Abolition controversy.

So he grew old, a plain figure of a man, shrewd, gentle, loving the talk of gracious women, loving his summer glimpses of mountain and shore, and yet essentially lonely. He used to sit in the little back room of the Amesbury house, over a sheet-iron stove, and glance now at a photograph of the bust of Marcus Aurelius and now at the florid face of Henry Ward Beecher, on the opposite wall, — saying playfully that he was a sort of compromise between the two. The stoic was in his blood, certainly, and there was something, too, of the sentimentalist and the agitator. New Englanders, and especially the transplanted New Englanders of the West, loved him to the last, knowing him as only kinsmen can know one another. The rest of the country respected him for the uprightness of his long

career, for his courage in the dark days, and for the fame which his verse had won. He died, at the great age of eighty-five, only fifteen years ago.

Only fifteen years, yet in the flux and change of our national life during that interval, Whittier seems already as far away as Longfellow, who died ten years earlier. Even Hawthorne, who died in 1864, is scarcely, as a personal figure, more remote. It was as a neighborhood poet that Whittier began his career, — a rural prodigy who without schooling could make such rhymes as pleased the ear of Newburyport and Haverhill. He continued throughout his life to produce the sort of verse which appealed, first of all, to his neighbors. But even the most casual visitor to Whittier-Land to-day is struck by the change in the poet's audience. Here and there, and notably between the Whittier homestead and Amesbury, the ancient farms remain intact. Some of them are owned, as in Whittier's youth, by Quakers. As one drives along the elm-shaded roads, there may still be seen in a few dooryards the little weather-stained shops for home shoemaking, with flower-gardens around them, and perhaps, at the window, a gray head bent over the bench, finishing some fine hand work that will be taken to Haverhill to-morrow. But these old men — the men for whom Whittier wrote — are dying. Machine work and foreign "help" — as they still say in Essex County — are making the old native industries superfluous. Along the lines of the electric cars are new dwellings, ugly to the eye, and rented by French Canadians, Poles, Italians, Greeks. What should these immigrants know or care for the "pines on Ramoth Hill," though Ramoth Hill, under another name, be only over their shoulder? Their children will read "Maud Muller" and "Barbara Frietchie" in school, but even they will need an annotated edition of "Snow-Bound" to tell them why a hearth should be "winged" and what "pendent tramels" are, and "Turk's head" andirons.

Read the editorials which Whittier was writing in 1844 for the mill-folk of Lowell — an educated, thrifty, ambitious class — and then walk along the streets of Lowell and Lawrence to-day, in the endeavor to find a native New England face. They have almost disappeared. Massachusetts, which reckoned about one-fifth of her population as foreign-born or children of foreign-born in 1857, — when Whittier began to write for the *Atlantic*, — now finds this class of her citizens in the majority. To the men and women for whom Whittier wrote, the Boston of to-day would be a city of aliens. Only thirty-two per cent of its population is Protestant. No imagination can picture the laboring men of New England sitting down to read Whittier's "Songs of Labor." The very tools have changed, and the spirit of Whittier's Drovers and Shoemakers and Lumbermen is incomprehensible to their successors. It is too late — and too foolish — to raise any Know-Nothing alarm. Far better these immigrants, as raw material for Democracy's wholesome task, than that exhausted strain of Puritan stock which lives querulously in the cities or grows vile in the hill-towns. It is no worse for Boston to be misgoverned by a clever Irishman than by some inefficient Brahmin of the Back Bay. But whether these changes in the population are welcomed or deplored, the fact is obvious that the local public upon which Whittier's poetry depended for its immediate audience has altered beyond recognition.

What is true of New England is true to a greater or less degree of the whole country. New men, new habits, new political notions, are in the saddle. That New England should have lost whatever ascendancy she once possessed is not a matter of prime importance. That the country no longer looks to her for political or literary leadership is due to many causes which have nothing to do with Whittier. And nevertheless, his life and his poetry were so intimately identified with his section, that its loss of prestige in the nation

affects the present assessment of Whittier's significance.

One must admit that from some points of view he remains, what he was at the beginning, — a "local" poet. In spite of the clear resonance with which he now and again struck the note of nationality, and in spite of his cosmopolitan curiosity about the world at large, — a curiosity felt, for that matter, by many an Essex County seafaring man of the vanished type, — Whittier never lost a sort of rusticity. One may like him all the better for it. It goes with his rôle, like the rusticity of Burns. Yet it seems now, as Burns's provincialism does not, to narrow the range of his influence as a poet.

Whittier was limited, too, in his physical capacity to perceive beauty and in his artistic power to interpret it. Color-blind and tune-deaf as he was, knowing no full and rich life of the body, his poetry is deficient in sensuous charm. Its passion is a moral passion only. With a natural facility in metre and rhyme, his workmanship betrayed throughout his career a carelessness for literature as an art. His rhymes were often mere improvised approximations. In one poem alone he rhymes "God" with "abode," "word" and "record." From the hundreds of still uncollected poems which he scrawled in youth, down to the jocose doggerel — never intended for publication — with which his old age sometimes relaxed itself, Whittier exhibited little delicacy of ear, little reverence for that instrument of verse on which he had learned to play without a teacher. He cared intensely for the feelings communicated by the art of poetry, but he expressed more than once in his letters a kind of contempt for craftsmanship, for "literary reputation."

Even in that field of moral ideas where his strength lay, his path was likewise narrow. Sternly, and as it proved victoriously, he brought the teachings of the Old and New Testament, as freely interpreted by his own Quaker sect, to bear

upon the problems of the hour. His power as a moral teacher was in the veracity and boldness with which he could utter "Thus saith the Lord." He had no new message of his own. He did not even restate the enduring verities in different terms. He never attempted, like Wordsworth, a fresh philosophical grasp upon the frame of things. Like most of the prophets and saints, he took the accepted moralities, the familiar religious formulas of his day, and through his own fervor breathed into them life and passion. But he creates no novel world for the spirit of man; he opens no undreamed horizons to the imagination.

We must fall back upon Whittier's gift of fiery and tender speech. It is the case, after all, of a Marino Faliero, of an old man eloquent. And this is precisely what one would like to know: does Whittier to-day, fifty years after the full maturing of his powers, and fifteen years after his death, either compel or persuade his countrymen to listen to him?

It is easier to ask this question than to answer it. Our people as a whole respond quickly to personal leadership. They have an immense latent capacity for moral and political enthusiasm. The career of Theodore Roosevelt is a sufficient proof of this. But there is no master voice in the world of letters to which the American people are now listening. In Whittier's early manhood he set himself deliberately to learn the principles of true liberty from the prose of Milton and of Burke. There are few greater names in our literature than these. But aside from the perfunctory reading of extracts for school and college examinations, who is reading Milton and Burke to-day? Who is reading Byron and Shelley, poets of emancipation, kin to Whittier by many bonds of sympathy, and far transcending him in poetic variety, power, and beauty? The mind of the American people is occupied with other concerns. For that matter, there is not a single living poet, in any country of the globe,

who is generally recognized as a commanding voice. Tennyson was the last. That others will arise in due time no one who knows the history of humanity can doubt. But they have not yet come.

Meantime our own people, at least, no longer look to the poets — as they certainly did in other days — for inspiration and guidance in the performance of public duty. Whittier's "Massachusetts to Virginia," Lowell's "The Present Crisis," Mrs. Howe's "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," unquestionably did influence the emotions and the will of millions of Americans. That any political verse would to-day affect our public policy is very doubtful. A single illustration may serve. In 1900, when the question of forcible retention of the Philippines was still a debated one, and considerations of national duty, self-interest, and pride were struggling together in the public mind, Mr. William Vaughn Moody published his "Ode in Time of Hesitation." Many critics of poetry hailed it as the finest political poem produced in this country since Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." Yet noble in thought and masterly in execution though it was, it may be doubted whether Mr. Moody's poem affected the mind of the nation in the slightest degree; and it would be interesting to know whether one spectator in a thousand of Mr. Moody's play, *The Great Divide*, has ever even heard of the "Ode in Time of Hesitation."

But the mere fact that political poets are quoted below par to-day — if they may fairly be said to be quoted at all — does not prove that the public is justified in its indifference, or that the poets are in the wrong. On the contrary, it happens that upon at least two of the issues immediately before the American people Whittier's verse takes radical and uncompromising ground, and that upon both of these issues one may safely venture the assertion that Whittier is absolutely and everlastingly right.

The race-question is the first. Not, of course, the old issue of Slavery. Not the

wisdom or unwisdom of that hasty Reconstruction legislation, when partisan advantage was inextricably confused with the ideal interest of former slaves. The race-question transcends any academic inquiry as to what ought to have been done in 1866. It affects the North as well as the South, it touches the daily life of all of our citizens, individually, politically, humanly. It moulds the child's conception of democracy. It tests the faith of the adult. It is by no means an American problem only. The relation of the white with the yellow and black races is an urgent question all around the globe. The present unrest in India, the wars in Africa, the struggle between Japan and Russia, the national reconstruction of China, the sensitiveness of both Canadian and Californian to Oriental immigration, are impressive signs that the adjustment of race-differences is the greatest humanitarian task now confronting the world. What is going on in our States, North and South, is only a local phase of a world-problem.

Now, Whittier's opinions upon that world-problem are unmistakable. He believed, quite literally, that all men are brothers; that oppression of one man or one race degrades the whole human family; and that there should be the fullest equality of opportunity. That a mere difference in color should close the door of civil, industrial, and political hope upon any individual was a hateful thing to the Quaker poet. The whole body of his verse is a protest against the assertion of race pride, against the emphasis upon racial differences. To Whittier there was no such thing as a "white man's civilization." The only distinction was between civilization and barbarism. He had faith in education, in equality before the law, in freedom of opportunity, and in the ultimate triumph of brotherhood.

"They are rising, —
All are rising,
The black and white together!"

This faith is at once too sentimental and too dogmatic to suit those persons who

have exalted economic efficiency into a fetish and who have talked loudly at times — though rather less loudly since the Russo-Japanese war — about the white man's task of governing the backward races. But whatever progress has been made by the American negro, since the Civil War, in self-respect, in moral and intellectual development, and — for that matter — in economic efficiency, has been due to fidelity to those principles which Whittier and other like-minded men and women long ago enunciated. The immense tasks which still remain, alike for "higher" as for "lower" races, can be worked out by following Whittier's programme, if they can be worked out at all.

The second of the immediate issues upon which Whittier's voice is clear is that of international peace. Though the burdens of militarism were far less apparent in the middle of the last century than they are to-day, and the necessity of allaying race-conflicts by peaceful means was less instant than now, Whittier belonged to the little band of agitators for peace. He did not make war against war so vociferously and tactlessly as some of his later brethren in the same cause. But he faced the question with perfect clearness of conviction. The good people who are dissatisfied with the meagre results of the Hague Conference of 1907 had better read Whittier's lines on "The Peace Convention at Brussels" (1848). Then, as now, there were faithless critics —

"With sneering lip, and wise world-knowing
eyes —"

to point out the folly of this dream of disarmament; the impossibility of persuading the nations to leave the bloody

"Sport of Presidents and Kings"

in order

"To meet alternate on the Seine and Thames
For tea and gossip, like old country dames."

According to these critics, as Whittier represents them, the delegates to the Convention of 1848, such as Cobden and Sturge and Elihu Burritt, are merely "cravens" who "plead the weakling's

cant." (This language sounds curiously familiar.) But Kaisers cannot be checked by resolutions; guns cannot be spiked with texts of scripture; "Might alone is Right."

So, at least, assert the skeptics, whose case is put by Whittier, much as Lincoln used to put the case for his opponents at the bar, much more skillfully than they could do it for themselves. And thereupon, taking refuge in that hinterland of religious mysticism whither his spirit was wont to escape when hard pressed, Whittier foretells, in assured vision, the day when there shall yet be peace on earth. Ultimate international good-will is to him

"The great hope resting on the truth of God."

But it rests, and does not waver.

Time has already done much to justify his faith. To compare the conditions under which the Convention of Brussels met in 1848 with the widely organized efforts, and the very tangible progress, which the workers for international peace have made since 1899, is to become aware how much the sentiment of the civilized world has changed upon this subject. The "faithful few" who journeyed to Brussels at their own charges and upon their own initiative have become the duly accredited representatives of forty-four powers, covering the territory of the globe. It was the first real world-assembly, and its work was necessarily confused and hampered. But these professional diplomatists, warriors, and lawyers who have been meeting at the Hague are not in advance of, and many of them are far behind, the sentiment of the common people of their respective countries. The popular dissatisfaction with the concrete results of this last conference is the best proof of the progress of the cause with which Whittier was identified.

After all, then, and in spite of every

limitation, Whittier's verse does penetrate to the essential concerns of humanity. If Goethe's famous lines are true, and only those who have eaten their bread in tears have learned to know the heavenly powers, then Whittier was an initiate. He knew what it meant to toil, to renounce, to cherish unfulfilled but indefeasible dreams. That note of tenderness which Longfellow found and loved in mediæval literature was native to the author of "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim." Save for their lack of creed and formula, Whittier's hymns might have been composed in the thirteenth century, so utterly simple is their faith. He believed that "altar, church, priest and ritual will pass away;" yet his hymns, like those of many another former heretic and iconoclast, are sung to-day in all the churches. Mr. Pickard notes that in a collection of sixty-six hymns made for the use of the World's Parliament of Religions in 1893, nine were from Whittier, a larger number than from any other poet. In his early editorials he made effective use of the current conventional religious vocabulary, but for his hymns he chose the simple language of the followers of the Inner Light, unfreighted with the old burdens of dogmatism. Here again Time has been on the poet's side, and Whittier's verse has coöperated with the very general tendency to cast off dogmatic trammels and the worn conventionalities of religious expression. It would not be strange if his ultimate influence were to be that of a mystic. Controversy made him a poet, and his pictures of hearth and home and country-side confirmed his fame; his human sympathy still brings his verse into touch with vital political and social issues; but his abiding claim upon the remembrance of his countrymen may yet be found to lie in the wistful tenderness, the childlike simplicity, with which he turned to the other world.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BUBBLYJOCKS

PROBABLY everybody has heard of the little boy in Scotland who was asked if his life were happy. "Aye," he replied, but doubtfully, and added that he was "sair hauden doon by yon bubblyjock." If this laddie had been the only one so held down, the story would not have been so important; but it is all the world's story. We should all be good and wildly happy — many of us feel that we should be great — if it were not that we were so sair hauden doon by a bubblyjock. (Adam of course named the bubblyjock a turkey; Eve knew when she saw it cruising toward her with the fat overbearing gait of a bully, and before she heard its absurd voice, that it was the bubblyjock, and no other.)

They do not all appear with feathers and gobbling; some of them assume the forms of beloved relatives. We all know some one who seems to fade, and lose all charm and individuality in the presence of his family or some member of it. Your bubblyjock may be a cook, mine Mrs. Grundy. It may be a policeman, or the church, or a taste for whiskey. We do not know what our neighbor's may be, and we may not ask, for we do not want him to know what ours is; but we should be very kind and gentle with him, for he may have run to us to escape from its intolerable gobbling. Some — and these are the great — will not submit to be hauden doon by their bubblyjocks. It was perhaps his that Jacob wrestled with; as a prince he had power, and he prevailed, but as he passed over Penueel, the sun rose upon him and he halted upon his thigh. Stevenson wrestled with his, and he also prevailed as a prince and received his blessing from God and from his fellow men; but he too halted — it is a cruel fight. Our bubblyjocks are fear-

fully calculated to our strength. Columbus, whose story has enough romance in it to furnish dreams for all the dreamers in worlds yet undiscovered, had a powerful bubblyjock of ignorance and prejudice, which tried obstinately to hold him down. Think of contending with minds so lacking in imagination that they could offer him one of the richest provinces of Spain, if he would give up all claim to dominion in the new world. A province of Spain! All Spain, all Europe, all the Kingdoms of the Earth, in exchange for one handful of the dirt of America, his America, which he found first in his heart, and then sailed to find in the fearful monster-haunted sea! How lonely he must have felt when he realized that they could offer him that! A poem ought to be written about it.

Literature is full of stories of bubblyjocks — indeed all stories with a very few exceptions are about bubblyjocks and their victims. Samson — Holy Writ is rich in examples — Samson's bubblyjock is not spoken of by that name, but is plainly to be seen by those who search the Scriptures, and by those who go to the opera. It was always with him and it was always the same, though it was not always called by the same name — Delilah was not the name of the lady who wept before him seven days, and on the seventh day got what she was weeping for. He tried to joke with Delilah, to fool her, to evade her. But in the end "his soul was vexed unto death." It is folly to try and joke with that kind of a bubblyjock — they are notoriously lacking in humor.

Ibsen has dramatized the struggle. It is his great theme. Nora ran away from hers. Hedda was one — imagine trying to be a useful citizen with a wife like Hedda! imagine a childhood with Hedda for your mother. Imagine anything good

coming to fruition under the withering gaze of those bored, malignant eyes. Could any spirit have survived it? One searches in vain among the husbands of fiction (they are a sorry lot on the whole) to find one with whom we might arrange a trial marriage with Hedda in the hope that he would not allow himself to be hauden doon by her. Petruchio would be a child in her hands; the mild friendly American husbands would drive her to delirium. Othello might be the man — his methods were very direct.

One of Zangwill's heroes was "rescued from love and happiness." Poor soul, who longed to love and be happy, and who had to be great! He did not want to part with his alluring bubblyjock. Lafcadio Hearn writes to a friend that he has an assured income offered him for his work. "Of course I can write and write and write," he says, "but the moment I begin to write for money vanishes the small special flavour which is Me. And I become nobody again; and the public wonders why it ever paid any attention to so commonplace a fool. So I must sit and wait for the gods." Sair hauden doon by the bubblyjock, who snatches the very bread and butter from a man's mouth. So many of us held down by a weight of money, so many by the bitter want of it.

We know more of the bubblyjocks of the writing-bodies, because whether they want to or not, they must, happily, write about themselves, — but we others, ordinary folk, have them too, individuals and nations. France has a way of rushing at hers, wringing their necks in a great flurry of feathers. Russia, Austria, Spain — sair hauden doon. (America is less oppressed by hers, on account of her yearly rite of roasting them in effigy — She has so much to be thankful for!)

One can imagine gay souls, a few, who have lived their lives without the fear of a bubblyjock. Some innocent and busy painter, or violin-maker in Italy, long ago — some young creature in the Forest

of Arden. Leon Battista Alberti lived a more abundant life, accomplished more in his time than seems to be possible to normal men. Johann Sebastian Bach may never have known one. Certainly his music, serene and joyous, shows no shadow of its wing. He had a score of children, and perhaps he sat in their midst playing divine ensemble music in perfect harmony and peace. And we might all of us be Bachs and Albertis if we were just not so hauden doon by our bubblyjocks!

But we cannot tell. Bubblyjocks are not lions, they do not kill and devour; they torment. They do not attempt life, but the joy of life. They cannot prevent our doing as we please, but they can gobble at us and threaten us, so that we work in defiance and not in joy; grimly instead of whistling. Like the little boy in Scotland, we eat our oat-cake, and with a sort of appetite; but we keep one eye on the strutting bubblyjock.

A PLEA FOR THE VANISHING STORY

ONCE upon a time a story was written. It was not a great story, but it appealed to its author. The hero was an artist whose life in Bohemia had been flavored with a highly piquant sauce. He met a girl, dainty, sweet, and alluring, with all the perfect qualities that a heroine should have. Unfortunately certain condiments of the piquant sauce, some of the feminine atoms in Bohemia, made it seem to the hero that it was altogether impossible for him to ask the adorable, charming heroine to be his wife. Quixotic, on the part of the hero, perhaps, but some men are quixotic and it may have been simply as a study in quixotism that the tale appealed to its creator. He wrote the story and allowed the hero to live his whole life, quite to its close, loving and adoring his lady, working for her, saving her from innumerable trials and tribulations, but never permitting himself to take the reward of her love which she,

poor soul, was ready enough to give him. So much for the story!

The author, Boylston by name, had climbed past the rung of the ladder upon which manuscripts are returned with printed slips. He was even a personal friend of many editors, and these added their opinions of the story to their rejections of it. Mr. Buncie, for instance, liked the story all but the end. He suggested that the artist might outgrow his morbid conscience and that the lovers should be married after many years of probation, perhaps.

Boylston appreciated the suggestion and changed the ending, making it cheerful, — cheerful, that is, from the standpoint of a capitalized public that demands wedding bells and never waits to hear if they jangle in or out of tune.

Strangie's Magazine found this marriage forced. Surely there should be some reason given for the artist's change of mind! "Could you not intimate," the editor wrote, "just intimate, you know, some cloud on the lady's life, some mysterious question concerning her past, something that would bring her more toward his level? Your marriage comes too suddenly upon the intense renunciation in the earlier part of the story."

A tiny shadow was now thrown on the hitherto unblemished past of the lady.

Mr. Blethen of *Ridener's* had the story next. He regretted the tone of the first half. The analytical study was perfect, he said, but the public objected — and quite properly, too — to the liaisons of Bohemia. "Might not the artist's conscience," he asked, "have been equally implacable over some other form of youthful indiscretion?"

Boylston recognized the justice of this criticism at once, and the hero was made to suffer his prohibitive pangs over some unexplained, indefinitely suggested guilt. A few paragraphs in the middle of the story were all that remained as the tale had originally been written.

When it came back from *The Centurion* the editor of that magazine told

Boylston quite frankly that the artist's remorse was entirely overdone. No man who had lived in the world and with men could feel anything so intensely, and he advised that Boylston should eliminate much of the anguish and remorse, that he should merely suggest these feelings — if they must be in the story at all.

The remorse was, therefore, diminished to an infinitesimal point, and the story set forth the facts that an artist whose Bohemian past had not been quite perfect loved a lady with a faintly shadowed past, wooed her, and married her.

In this state it was sent to *The Metropolis*. Here, the editor objected to the shadow on the lady's past and could see no reason why even an insinuation of vice should be made against the artist. "Surely life in Bohemia is not always vicious," he wrote. "Why should it always be so depicted? Ought not those of us who have really lived in Bohemia to make a stand for our country?"

Once again the story underwent a transformation. An artist of great respectability loved a lady eminently virtuous, wooed her and wed her.

A most commonplace and ordinary story, no? And yet most acceptable. A quick returning mail brought Boylston his check. With half of it he paid his rent. The other half he spent on a dinner — in Bohemia.

TURGENIEFF ANEW

SOME writers, it is said, build their castles in lands where the air is suffused with a beautiful mist which transfigures everything; others compile lists of facts like inventories; some again do their star-gazing from the wrong side of a little known planet, and, seeing new universes, endeavor to describe them; some grin or weep as they dip their pens; others even write upside down, and the mirror of a clear understanding only can reflect *their* truth. The rare ones so marshal their realities, so regard the world from new stars, and feel with it, that their

craft and words live on after them. Of these is Turgénieff.

At least in their English garb, reissued afresh by the Scribners, in Miss Isabel Hapgood's translation, the novels of Turgénieff are familiar and easy of narrative, whole-handed and large and generous in attitude, and even to the dimmest soul, poetic in their fresh buoyancy. No air, no landscapes, no life of creatures dumb and eloquent are like his. Also no young people, boys and young girls; these last white-clad, with blood beneath their skins, and maiden eyes. No man so well understands the swift and awkward changes from poetry to prose which are in real life, and so unfrequently in the life of books; no man is so charitable, so wide and keen of vision. The great English Shakespeare is an unquestioned part of Russian Turgénieff: witness his *Lear* and *Prince of Denmark*.

The trilogy formed by *Rudin*, *Smoke*, and *Virgin Soil* takes our attention. In the first, windy speech and rhetoric, so Russian and so common there, finally brings a desolate old age to arid wanderings on the vastness of the plains; in the second, Litvénoff's years of study and honestly attempted practice come to naught; *he* at any rate has not talked, but has labored and has failed; and in the last, Nezhdánoff, engaged in huge, nameless causes, sees that they are futile, but perseveres mechanically till the end, dying only just freed from the harness. Thus the Hamlet of the steppes.

Questions as to form and the conventional disposition of all the characters before the book closes, one does not argue with Turgénieff. His work breathes an essence compounded not by a chemistry of laws and formulas, but by an alchemy known to the few mages. In passage after passage, like a solemn bell ever sounding the same serious perplexed note, the old theme recurs. In the noble death scene of Bazároff: "I am necessary to Russia. . . . No, evidently, I am not necessary. And who is? A shoemaker is necessary, a tailor is necessary,

so is a butcher; . . . he sells meat . . . a butcher; . . . stay, I am getting mixed up. . . . Yonder is a forest." In *Rudin*: "Thou hast done what thou couldst, thou hast striven as long as thou wert able. . . . Our roads have lain apart." And again: "I have fallen under the wheel. . . . Death is an ancient jest, but new to each person."

CHRYSA LIS TIME

I CANNOT suppose that my friends, the biologists, would, in any degree, feel obliged to me, when I say that, as an animal organism merely, I am able to verify several of their learned conclusions in Evolution. For instance, the Doctrine of Natural Selection — the adaptation of one's habits and one's self to any change of situation or climate: I, too, am of the order of hymenoptera; and, on being transferred to a Florida of perpetual sunshine and prosperity I would soon discharge all ideas of industry — let who else will, according to the prescription of that delightful bee-poet, Tom Hood, "mingle poetic honey with tradewax!"

Again, there is the theory advocated by the nature savants, of Protective Coloring, — a theory which, each of the four seasons of the year, I find myself instinctively practicing, or, at least, desiring to practice. Like the blessed wild goldfinch (who sometimes stays with us all winter), I feel a stirring, ere February is out, to shed the gray outward disguise my soul has all along been wearing, and to come forth in bright aureate splendor, of full summer plumage, — I wish to wear a green kirtle, when the grass burns emerald and even the sunset skies assume chrysopræse. In the winter, were it not for startling the good folk, I would go everywhere in the hibernal attire of the wise little ermine. In autumn — no, there the analogy stops — I would not array me in carmine or imperial orange, though nature is thus minded to do. In the autumn,

even in the late summer, a psychic revulsion from this rule of sympathetic or protective coloring, is experienced. Am I actuated by some far — some *farthest* — ancestral preparation for winter sleep? I only know that, without intent to observe it, I am as a perpetual witness (and a wondering one) on the ceaseless movement of a lowly life, here, there, everywhere, towards a mysterious investiture, — a housing whose dimension does not, as yet, exist, save in the blind projection of that same lowly life! Brown, white, or gold-colored, the furry, despised groundlings hold their way: they travel to their Mecca — or may it be their Medina? — and my wonder is pained and half-angered when the broom swerves aside the patient pilgrim, whose refuge is, still, within itself, — on the instant a close hairy ball; but soon lengthward, and straight on again, to the House of Sleep, not yet built (yet built long ago, in the instinct of the caterpillar *Ur-ältern*!). This migration to Nowhere lays hold of my fancy, with curious hypnotic attraction; so I may be pardoned if, dreamwise, I offer a verse, by way of further interpretation.

OF CHRYSALIS TIME

Now is the Year's soft afternoon,
And now a dimness veils the world,
Whose light might be of sun, or moon,
So well in misty swathings furled.

And lo! beneath yon slanting ray,
A creeping life its path pursues;
To fold in self-spun shroud away, —
Its form in changeful sleep to lose!

Ev'n so, the Day, — the Year, perchance,
With all its shimmering afterbloom,
Is clothed, amid its growing trance,
With wefts self-drawn from mystic loom.

In chrysalis, or in cocoon —
Such as the Soul herself might spin,
Were it not well a while to swoon,
Some wingèd, waking life to win?

A WINTER GARDEN

"For easie things that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store."
SPENSER.

"WHAT are you reading, Bess?"

I had spoken twice without being able to force the circle of her attention.

"Why — why," she stammered, absently. Then perceiving my determination, she cried, "Just listen, John: 'It is impossible to do justice to these lovely flowers in a printed description. Cold type cannot convey any idea of the indescribable richness, the varied and exquisite coloring, the enormous size, perfect form, and great substance of these blossoms. The plants are compact and bushy, and out of a tropical mass of dark green foliage are borne great quantities of perfect flowers of the finest colors. Over a hundred different shades have been counted in one bed of this strain. Blooms come very early and last till —'"

"Pshaw!" I interrupted. "You've caught the catalogue fever again."

She looked at me so reproachfully that I repented my hasty scorn.

"Look!" she said, holding a gorgeous color-page before my face. I felt in duty bound to scoff, but I yielded so far as to take the pamphlet in hand.

Immediately I was lost in the glories of the seed catalogue which some ambitious rhetorician — in the pride of his diction, perhaps — had sent us "absolutely free of cost." I wandered care-free over spacious lawns which

"Had not yet lost their starry diadems,
Caught from the early sobbings of the morn."

I rested in cool, shady retreats. Beside flowers of Paradise I paused and refreshed my soul with colors and odors. Then I heard a voice, as of one calling afar off in a dream. By insistent repetition, it pierced the flowery thicket at last, and I knew the voice of my Bess.

"It would look so pretty at the north-east corner, and would serve to hide the old rain-barrel."

"That's so," I murmured, slowly awakening.

"'It grows to the astonishing height of four feet,'" she quoted.

"'And is of remarkably dense foliage,'" I read.

"And only ten cents!" she softly breathed.

"Why, ye-es," I hesitated. "We might try it. At any rate, it would not harm the rain-barrel."

She rose and went straightway to write the order. Her alacrity aroused in me a vague suspicion that I had been "managed," but I soon forgot it in the seductive pages of the catalogue.

Half an hour later, I said, "Have you sealed that order yet, my dear?"

"Why, no," she answered. "Was there anything — Is there —?"

"One or two little things here that I thought — This one, for instance."

She sighed with pleasure as she followed my finger along the lines: "'Flowers of mammoth size, perfect form, and embracing the richest, most velvety colors. They are also delicately sweet-scented. The range of color is great, and the shades are mostly very delicate and dainty. In coloring they are, in fact, perfectly exquisite, there being very little of the common old blue and purple colors among them. In their place we have delicate blushes, lavenders, pinks, velvety indigos, intense scarlets —' Yes, John, we certainly must have some of his — his — Oh, verbenas!"

Thus, during the dreary first quarter of the year we stray through one fragrant catalogue after another, and all the while the order, still unsealed, increases to extravagant length. At the same time, we make imaginary divisions of our grounds, drawing to scale a plan of walks, lawns, and flower-beds. I do sundry sketches which represent, truthfully I hope, just how a rose-court would look if laid out in the angle between the upright and the L. We discuss in detail the proper size and style of a projected summer-house, and I even go so far as to construct

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laboriously a tiny, whittled-out model of a canopy for the well.

We are very happy. What more charming retreat could there be than our winter garden? Its paths are always well graveled, and not a weed ever mars their crisp white surfaces. Its borders are ever mathematically regular, and plants and shrubs are always disposed according to the letter of landscape gardening. The skies above are always blue, and clouds are of fleecy whiteness. No plebeian dandelion ever suns himself on our lawns; no fierce summer squalls ever whip our canna leaves to ribbons; no case-hardened bug ever violates the luxuriant foliage; nor does any vagrant worm ever so much as crimp the edge of a single rose petal. The soil is always rich and fine, without sticks, stones, or rotten leaves. It is never dry and baked; never soggy with rains. Planted seeds always sprout and without accident pass marvelously through all stages of growth, even to perfection, in the space of a dream.

This magic celerity with which things happen in the Garden is most delightful. At evening, I've picked bouquets which had no existence before supper. I've been lost in odoriferous thickets on a bleak spot where the snow-wraith danced but a moment before. Indeed, within a minute past, I've seen a glory of pink blossoms on a bare branch where now, as I look out, I see only the brown, wrinkled mummy of what was once an apple, all hooded with snow.

Why, then, undergo the pains of spring planting, the heat of summer drouth, the misery of autumn ruin, when it is possible to sit with one's wife beside a bright fire of a winter's evening and, with a few modest seed-catalogues to stimulate imagination, grow such a glorious garden as never bloomed on earth?

The day came, at last, for mailing the long-delayed order.

"What is the amount?" I asked.

"Eight dollars and seventy-three cents," said Bess, poisoning her pencil with minutest care.

The fire snapped a fierce protest; and the old clock debated with stately logic the question of paying so much for the privilege of shattering our dreams.

"After all," she mused, "a garden is a perpetual nuisance and an ultimate disappointment."

"Anticipation is always knocked on the head by meagre results," I declared.

"Flowers are so perishable," said Bess.

"And of fading memory," I offered.

"So expensive!"

"Such a bother!"

"John," she said, after a pause, "the last time we were in the city I saw you handling a certain choice copy of Seneca."

"And, Bess, you were looking a long time at a lovely vase."

At this, the order for seeds and bulbs was thrust into the stove.

When spring opens, we'll scratch, as usual, a few morning-glory seeds into the ground under the windows, and bestow sundry handfuls of nasturtium seeds in warm places. As for the rest, we shall look to Nature, and we are quite sure we shall find as much surprise and pleasure in the garden she plants as we should in mere man-made growths.

For my part, I love to see things spring of themselves and grow up in spite of the Adversary. I consider a dandelion a sun-

bright crown of triumph over hard conditions; a thistle a hero perpetually armed against a hostile environment; and the rank hosts of dock and burdock praiseworthy for never asking or granting quarter. I rejoice, indeed, when the despised of earth win a victory.

Weeds, then, are more interesting to us than the manufactured Frankensteins of the florist. Though they lack mammoth blossoms of sensuous colors and odors, we are content; for we love the cool, weedy smells, and find soul-rest in flowers of "common old blue." They may fail of dense, green foliage for all we care; our affections are firmly set on the thinly-clad, poverty-stricken natives of the soil, which grow up by God's favor alone. In the matter of plants, as in literature, we much prefer a Joe Gargery to a Prince Charming, and when it comes to a question of "great substance," give us a Mr. Micawber and — a squash.

So it comes to pass that the old seed-catalogues, rich with those vestiges of dreams, dogs'-ears and thumb-marks, now lie neglected in the garret, while a dainty jar of Japanese cloisonné glows sombrely beside Bess's little willow work-basket; and I, as the afternoon wanes to twilight, gravely conduct her cheerful spirit through the cool, marble porches of the Minor Dialogues.



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